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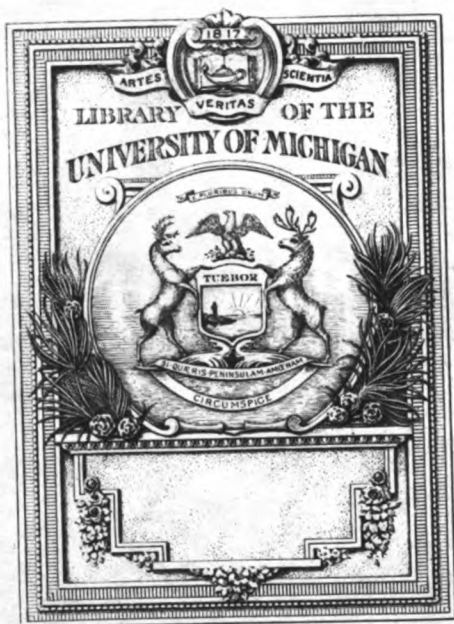
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THE
NEW MONTHLY
MAGAZINE,
AND
Universal Register.

COMPREHENDING

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.
MEMOIRS OF EMINENT PERSONS.
MISCELLANEOUS ANECDOTES.
CURIOUS FRAGMENTS, &c.
ORIGINAL LETTERS.
UNIVERSITY PROCEEDINGS.
INTELLIGENCE IN LITERATURE, THE
ARTS AND SCIENCES, &c.
NEW PUBLICATIONS, WITH CRITICAL RE-
MARKS AND EXTRACTS.
REVIEW OF THE FINE ARTS.
DRAMATIC REGISTER.
TRANSACTIONS OF PUBLIC SOCIETIES, FO-
REIGN AND DOMESTIC.
ABSTRACTS OF PARLIAMENTARY AND
PUBLIC REPORTS.

NEW DISCOVERIES AND INVENTIONS.
ACCOUNTS OF NEW PATENTS.
NEW ACTS OF PARLIAMENT.
ORIGINAL POETRY.
DIGEST OF POLITICAL EVENTS, WITH OF-
FICIAL DOCUMENTS.
REMARKABLE INCIDENTS, PROMOTIONS,
CIVIL AND ECCLESIASTICAL, BIRTHS,
MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS, WITH BIO-
GRAPHICAL PARTICULARS.
AGRICULTURAL REPORT.
COMMERCIAL REPORT, INCLUDING LISTS
OF BANKRUPTS AND DIVIDENDS, STATE
OF THE MARKETS, PUBLIC FUNDS,
EXCHANGES, &c.

1819.
PART I.
JANUARY TO JUNE.

MONTHLY MAGAZINES have opened a way for every kind of inquiry and information. The intelligence and discussion contained in them are very extensive and various; and they have been the means of diffusing a general habit of reading through the nation, which in a certain degree hath enlarged the public understanding. HERE, too, are preserved a multitude of useful hints, observations, and facts, which otherwise might have never appeared.—*Dr. Kippis.*

Every Art is improved by the emulation of Competitors.—*Dr. Johnson.*

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR HENRY COLBURN, CONDUIT-STREET;
TO WHOM COMMUNICATIONS FOR THE EDITOR (POST PAID) MAY BE ADDRESSED.
SOLD ALSO BY BELL AND BRADFUTE, EDINBURGH; AND JOHN CUMMING, DUBLIN.

[Price 12s. Boards; or 14s. Half-bound.]

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF

CHARLES THE FIRST
 BY
 JOHN RICHARDSON
 ESQ.
 OF THE MIDDLE TEMPLE
 IN A SERIES OF LETTERS
 TO A FRIEND
 IN THE COUNTRY
 VOL. II.

LONDON:
 PRINTED BY J. GILLMAN, CROWN-COURT, FLEET-STREET.
 1704.

PREFACE

TO THE ELEVENTH VOLUME.

TO blend freedom of discussion, and variety of information with purity of principle, the NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE was instituted at a time when periodical publications of an opposite description were employed, from month to month, in propagating sedition and infidelity.

That an undertaking tending to counteract the workers of mischief should provoke their malice was naturally to be expected; and the Proprietors feel a satisfaction in acknowledging, that next to the approbation of honourable minds, they account it a proud distinction to have experienced the most rancorous abuse from a quarter which cannot perhaps be more correctly described than in the language of one of our best poets:—

He hated all good works and virtuous deeds,
And him no less, that any like did use;
And who with gracious bread the hungry feeds
His alms for want of faith, he doth accuse;
So every good to bad he doth abuse:
And eke the verse of famous poet's wit
He does backbite, and spiteful poison spues
From leprous mouth, on all that ever writ:
Such one vile ENVY was, that first in row did sit.

SPENSER.

But having taken their station on the side of social order in opposition to anarchists, and having established a medium of literary commerce, unsophisticated by empiricism and uncontaminated by blasphemy, the conductors of this Magazine regard the fretful enmity with which they continue to be assailed as a motive to perseverance.

Were they not assured by positive testimonies of the most respectable character, that their publication has been instrumental of good in evil times; and were they not confident from what they have already witnessed, that still more essential benefit may yet be rendered to the cause of truth and literature, by such a vehicle of knowledge and amusement; the overflowing wrath poured forth against them by Buonaparte's adulators would be alone sufficient to strengthen the resolution which they have formed of maintaining their post without flinching, though ever keeping in view the maxim of the illustrious Roman Orator, *Refellere sine pertinacia, et refelli sine iracundia*.

In making this declaration of their principles, however, the Proprietors are anxious not to be misunderstood as intending to narrow their publication within the circle of a party, whether political or theological. They have a higher sense of duty than those, who, affecting an extraordinary zeal for liberality of sentiment, are incessantly filling their pages with the vilest insinuations against the integrity of public men, merely on account of a difference of opinion. Though, therefore, the New Monthly Magazine is founded on the basis of Loyalty and Religion, it is open to the utmost latitude of discussion consistent with those rules of decorum which should govern all literary intercourse. Personal politics and polemics, indeed, are inadmissible, on account of their direct and unavoidable tendency to generate contention for which a publication designed to promote miscellaneous knowledge cannot furnish an adequate arena, even were such topics less objectionable than they are for a Magazine devoted to general Literature.

The period in which we live is one pregnant with extraordinary events and discoveries. Never was the restless activity of the human intellect more successfully exercised than at this moment ; in consequence of which, even a Monthly Register can scarcely afford room for recording the novelties that occur in the field of science.

Desirous then as we are to keep pace with the spirit of inquiry, and solicitous of information on all practical subjects, it is incumbent on us to state that those articles of correspondence will always be most acceptable which avoid obscure brevity on the one hand, and tedious prolixity on the other. The esteemed friends to whom our thanks are due for past favours, will readily excuse a hint, the object of which is to prevent unnecessary labour and apparent neglect.

In conclusion, we have the pleasure to add, that, with a view to combine strength and increased utility, a junction has been recently formed with a publication originally established on the same public principles with our own, and carried on for a series of years with high reputation, so that henceforward, the NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE and the LITERARY PANORAMA will be one ; by which arrangement we shall not only possess additional sources of information, but, by a trifling extension, be enabled to present to our readers various important political and commercial papers, which will render our pages still more worthy of that patronage with which they have been hitherto honoured.



J. G. Smith: Print.

Henry Meyer: Sculp.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, ESQ.

Published, Feb'y 1. 1829, by Henry Colburn, (Conduit Street).

THE
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. 61.]

FEBRUARY 1, 1819.

[Vol. XI.]

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

OBSERVATIONS ON LORD BYRON'S JUVENILE POEMS, WITH SPECIMENS.

THERE never was a poet who made such rapid and successful advances in his literary career as Lord Byron. In the short period of ten years, he has acquired more popularity than any author upon record, in a similar space of time. That he may be indebted to the capricious dominion of Fashion for some share of the extraordinary attention with which his productions have been honored is a point upon which it is scarcely worth while to contend: But, even admitting this to be the case, we see no reason to think meanly of his talents, because he happens to have conciliated the applause of the frivolous, as well as the more sensible orders of society. On the contrary, we conceive it to afford the strongest presumption, if not the most positive proof, of the wonderful versatility of his genius; since, with the power of securing to himself the admiration of all classes of readers, he must needs possess qualifications of no ordinary description: and though it is a notorious fact, that writers of very trifling merit do, occasionally, "through the idle buzz of the beau monde, the venal puff, and the soothing flattery of favor or friendship," rise to a reputation as sudden as undeserved, yet, we must not therefore infer, that every writer who may chance to attract the immediate notice of those would be thought wise—in common with those who are so—is alike ephemeral and insignificant. We are not to suppose, that, because "the wild slogans of border feuds," with which Mr. Scott has administered to the romancing appetite of the public for so many years, have fallen into disrepute; the manly, dignified, and nervous poetry of Lord Byron will also fall into oblivion; or that the sterling currency of the one will cease to be admitted, because the counterfeits of the other have undergone their ordeal, and been detected. It will perhaps be argued, that the popularity of these two poets has arisen from similar causes, and that, consequently, they are both decreed to fall by the fiat which lifted them to light. This we deny. The estimation in which Lord Byron's poetry is held by the public

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lic has resulted from circumstances altogether distinct from those which have procured for Mr. Scott the temporary homage he has enjoyed. In fact the one is the complete antithesis of the other; Lord Byron being all strength, condensation, and grandeur, whilst Mr. Scott possesses little energy, and few, if any, of those recondite excellencies so peculiar to the writings of his noble cotemporary. He is, however, remarkable for a facility of composition—a certain terseness of expression, adapted to the meanest comprehensions, and an easy, if not an elegant manner, of relating his fable, which renders him acceptable to a great proportion of his readers, who like him better, inasmuch as he is sooner understood, than many others, with whom, as a poet, he cannot be put in competition. His descriptions, also, are of a superior order, when they are not ruined by excessive amplification. Poetry, to be really good, should leave something to the imagination; for, like a well dressed woman, it is always more admirable when its beauties are only partially revealed. But Mr. Scott, if he lights upon an ingenious thought, will not let it go, till it has lost the greater part of its effect by being dilated through half a dozen quarto pages. He seems fearful of ever meeting with another, and determined not to quit that which floats in his pericranium, so long as a line more can be spun from it. In the picturesque part of his art, he is minute even to trifling, and may be said scarcely to leave a blade of grass unnoticed; whilst the living objects of his drama are, not unfrequently, sketched in a coarse and imperfect manner; and seem to interest their beholders more by their bodily exertions than any feelings or passions with which they may be supposed to be inspired. The truth is, that Mr. Scott knows nothing of the anatomy of the soul; and, therefore, whatever may be his powers for engaging the curiosity of his readers, he seldom makes any very deep impression on their hearts. Yet, with all these deficiencies, he has been honored with a more than common share of the public approbation. His style is, as we have before hinted, sufficiently clear and obvious to suit the

VOL. XI. B

most common capacity; and his Poems have generally enough of incident to render them entertaining; to this—combined with the inordinate puffing of the Edinburgh Reviewers—can we alone ascribe the unmerited success which he has met with. We will now turn to Lord Byron; and endeavour to shew from what his popularity has arisen, and why it is likely to be durable. The character of his poetry has been so frequently laid before the public, that a repetition of it here could not but be considered as superfluous; we shall, therefore, only offer such general observations as we consider necessary to illustrate our meaning, in the comparison we have thought proper to institute.

Lord Byron is the reverse of Mr. Scott in all his excellencies and defects. In the first place, he is, without doubt, the most original poet of the day; and the most condensed and forcible writer of any age. He does not, like the Border Minstrel, wire-draw his beauties, because there is no necessity for it; he has abundance of them at his disposal, and can, consequently, well afford to be profuse. His conceptions present themselves before us, warm from the mint of his imagination, and if one or two chance sometimes to be stamped awry, we should take into consideration the number of the impression, and the expedition with which they have been produced; and not quarrel with him for not stopping to re-mould such as happen to be misshapen. That the Bard of Harold is occasionally less perspicuous than he might be, we are free to allow: possessed of the most exquisite perceptive faculties himself, he judges of other people's discernment by his own; and seems to consider a gem not the less valuable for its want of polish: but he should also remember, that it is only a lapidary who can estimate the value of the unwrought diamond. There are, however, many excuses to be offered for the sort of negligence to which we allude. Lord Byron's attention appears to be principally engaged in producing great effects; and provided he accomplish the end he has in view, he seems to care little or nothing about the minor embellishments of art. His *dramatis personæ* are few, and those of the very first consequence; and they excite our sympathies, not by the singularity of their situations, but by the intensity of their feelings and passions. They have none of the namby pamby negative good qualities of Mr. Scott's "gentle Knights." They are, on the other hand, "souls made of fire,

and children of the sun;" and whilst their aberrations are those of an expanded and lofty intellect, their better qualities gain such a hold upon our attention, that we almost forget to regard the darker shades of their characters with that abhorrence, with which, perhaps, they ought, sometimes, to be contemplated. But this is the fault, not of the Poet but of his genius. He sought to fix upon some theme that would afford ample scope for the display of his powers, and he has succeeded to a miracle; for it may be affirmed, with truth, that there are no heroes, in the whole compass of poetry, so exclusively attractive as his. To tread with safety such slippery ground affords the strongest evidence of the surprising extent of his powers; and that he who appeared to write only for posterity should acquire the immediate and tumultuous approbation of the world, is a fact as honorable to himself as confirmatory of his excellence; more particularly when we recollect the despicable attacks which certain critical drudges of the press—from mere envy of his talents—have, at various times, made upon his fame. Notwithstanding the revilings of Scotch Reviewers—the atrocious calumnies of English Newspapers—and the "low whispers of the as paltry few," he still continues to enjoy undiminished reputation as an author.

It is singular enough, that the Critics, by whom Mr. Scott has been so deified, were the very individuals who strove to blast with their pestilential breath Lord Byron's first fruits of promise; and it is perhaps partly from this circumstance, that we have been induced to make mention of Mr. Scott at all.

In the year 1808, Lord Byron published a Volume of Juvenile Poems, of the merits of which the subjoined extracts will bear sufficient testimony. That they contain errors will readily be supposed. The productions of a youth, from the age of fourteen to eighteen, could not be expected to exhibit an equal portion of talent with those of his more mature years. That they presented the most positive indications of what might be expected from him is a point we have only *once* seen disputed; and then, by a tribunal of whose critical acumen we had never a very exalted opinion:—we mean the Edinburgh Review. The feelings and genius of the author were trifles these greybeards never thought it worth their while to attend to. It was enough for them that he was a Lord, and the very slight impulse they had to

be just ceded to their still stronger inclination to be witty. A young nobleman had had the impertinence to appear in print; a crime for which he was to be chastised rather in proportion to his rank than his demerits. The result, it is well known, was that truly animated Satire, "The English Bards and Scotch Reviewers;" after the publication of which, notwithstanding the keenness of his northern opponents, the tables were turned, and the laugh was completely against them. Having waited a reasonable time for the chivalrous cartels which were naturally to be expected from the pseudo Bards and Critics whom he had "bedevilled with his ungodly ribaldry," Lord Byron left the country; and during a tour through Greece and part of Spain, composed his two first Cantos of *Childe Harold*. Though the Hero of this Poem is, as his Lordship himself acknowledges, "rather a repulsive personage," yet, such a character was needful to express certain opinions and observations, which, from the mouth of a "Childe," of a less impassioned temperament, would neither have been reasonable nor natural. Lord Byron wished to make the world acquainted with the sensations with which a man, satiated and disgusted with the palling pleasures of fashionable life, beholds Nature in all her varied scenes; and to achieve such an intention with any degree of success, it was necessary that he should choose a vehicle by which he might exhibit such feelings: it was also requisite that he should infuse a degree of loftiness into such a character, or how should we have believed it capable of the emotions, and sensibilities, with which, throughout the whole tissue of the composition, it appears to be inspired. However, since Lord Byron had taken up his poetical cudgels, expressing disapprobation of his productions without substantial grounds became no joke; and those who had previously turned over their past pages of criticism, in search of terms superlatively abusive and ridiculous, were the first to retract, and besmear him with *praise* which he declared to be infinitely more disgusting than their *censure*. They might be said to have observed somewhat in the style of Sir Andrew Aguecheek. "As we had known he so cunning of fence" we "had seen him damned ere we had fought him."

The following paragraph, from No. 51 of the Edinburgh Review, will pretty clearly evince how far the veracity of that jumble of democracy is to be relied on. "We had the good

fortune, *we believe*, to be among the first who proclaimed the rising of this new luminary, (Lord B.) on the poetical horizon." That the writer of this paragraph committed to paper a wilful and deliberate falsehood, the following extracts from the same person's Review of "the Hours of Idleness,"* will completely establish; and, we trust, procure for the Journal, in which it was inserted, as much contempt as it deserves. In allusion to the noble Poet's having pleaded extreme youth as his apology, we have this observation: "So far from hearing with any degree of surprise, that these *very poor verses* were written by a youth from his leaving school to his leaving college, inclusive, we really believe this to be the most common of all occurrences; that it happens in the life of nine men in ten who are educated in England; and that the tenth man writes better verse than Lord Byron." And, a little further on, we are informed that it is only in consideration of his rank, that the Edinburgh Reviewers are induced to give his Lordship's Poems a place in their Review. "BESIDE OUR DESIRE TO COUNSEL HIM THAT HE DO FORTHWITH ABANDON POETRY, AND TURN HIS TALENTS AND OPPORTUNITIES TO BETTER ACCOUNT." The worst passage in the volume, as will be seen by such parts of it as we have adduced, is then given. We shall quote it with the remark by which it is accompanied, that our readers may judge for themselves.

"Shades of heroes, farewell! your descendant, departing

From the seat of his ancestors, bids you adieu!

Abroad, or at home, your remembrance imparting

New courage, he'll think upon glory and you.

Though a tear dim his eye, at this sad separation,

'Tis nature, not fear, that excites his regret:

Far distant he goes with the same emulation;

The fame of his fathers he ne'er can forget.

That fame, and that memory, still will he cherish,

He vows that he ne'er will disgrace your renown;

Like you will he live, or like you will he perish;

When decay'd, may he mingle his dust with your own."

* The title to the first edition of Lord Byron's Juvenile Poems.

"Now we positively do assert, that there is nothing better than these stanzas in the whole compass of the noble minor's volume." After this, *we believe*, the tone of criticism which pervades the Edinburgh Review will be obvious enough. We shall not trouble ourselves to refute the malignant falsehoods of its supporters, as they now find it convenient to deny, in the most positive terms, ever having reviled Lord Byron; and *believe* that they "were among the first to proclaim his rising on the horizon."

We need not offer any apologies for having been so liberal in our quotations from the "*Juvenile Poems*" of the wondrous "*Childe*;" especially, since those of our readers who have not yet seen them, may never be likely to gratify their curiosity, in consequence of the extreme scarcity of the book, and the determination of its author never to suffer it to be reprinted. We have, to the best of our ability, endeavoured to select such of the verses as we considered most entitled to public attention. As to the one to which we have given the first place in these extracts, we will hazard the assertion that it is equal to any of the later productions of Lord Byron's all potent, and prolific pen.

TO ———

Oh! had my fate been join'd with thine,
As once this pledge appear'd a token;
These follies had not, then, been mine,
For, then, my peace had not been broken.

To thee, these early faults I owe,
To thee—the wise and old reproving:—
They know my sins, but do not know
'Twas thine to break the bonds of loving.

For, once, my soul like thine was pure,
And all its rising fires could smother;
But, now, thy vows no more endure,
Bestow'd by thee upon another.

Perhaps, his peace I could destroy,
And spoil the bliasses that await him;
Yet, let my rival smile in joy,
For thy dear sake, I cannot hate him.

Ah! since thy angel form is gone,
My heart no more can rest with any;
But what it sought in thee alone,
Attempts, alas! to find in many.

Then, fare thee well, deceitful Maid,
'Twere vain and fruitless to regret thee;
Nor Hope, nor Memory yield their aid,
But pride may teach me to forget thee.

Yet all this giddy waste of years,
This tiresome round of palling pleasures;—

These varied loves—these matron's fears—
These thoughtless strains to Passion's measures;

If thou wert mine, had all been hush'd;
This cheek, now pale from early riot,
With Passion's hectic ne'er had flush'd,
But bloom'd in calm domestic quiet.
Yes, once the rural scene was sweet,
For Nature seem'd to smile before thee;
And once my breast abhorr'd deceit,
For then it beat but to adore thee.
But, now, I seek for other joys—
To think, would drive my soul to madness—
In thoughtless throngs, and empty noise,
I conquer half my bosom's sadness.
Yet, even in these, a thought will steal,
In spite of every vain endeavour;
And fiends might pity what I feel,
To know that thou art lost for ever.

THE TEAR.

O lachrymarum fons, tenero sacros
Ducentium ortus ex animo; quater
Felix! in imo qui scateantem
Pectore te, pia Nympha, sensit.

GRAY.

When Friendship or Love
Our sympathies move;
When Truth, in a glance, should appear—
The lips may beguile
With a dimple or smile,
But the test of affection's a Tear.

Too oft is a smile
But the hypocrite's wile,
To mask detestation, or fear;
Give me the soft sigh,
Whilst the soul-telling eye
Is dimm'd, for a time, with a Tear.

Mild Charity's glow,
To us mortals below,
Shews the soul from barbarity clear;
Compassion will melt,
Where this virtue is felt,
And its dew is diffus'd in a Tear.

The man, doom'd to sail
With the blast of the gale,
Through billows Atlantic to steer;
As he bends o'er the wave,
Which may soon be his grave,
The green sparkles bright with a Tear.

The Soldier braves death
For a fanciful wreath,
In Glory's romantic career;
But he raises the foe,
When in battle laid low,
And bathes ev'ry wound with a Tear.

If, with high-bounding pride,
He return to his wife,
Renouncing the gore-crimson'd spear;
All his toils are repaid,
When, embracing the maid,
From her eye-lid he kisses the Tear.

Sweet scene of my youth,
Seat of Friendship and Truth,
Where love chas'd each fast-fleeting year;
Loth to leave thee, I mourn'd,
For a last look I turn'd,
But thy spire was scarce seen through a
Tear!

Though my vows I can pour,
To my Mary no more,
My Mary, to Love once so dear;
In the shade of her bow'r,
I remember the hour,
She rewarded those vows with a Tear.

By another possess,
May she live ever blest,
Her name still my heart must revere;
With a sigh I resign,
What I once thought was mine,
And forgive her deceit with a Tear.

Ye friends of my heart,
Ere from you I depart,
This hope to my breast is most near;
If again we shall meet,
In this rural retreat,
May we meet, as we part, with a Tear.

When my soul wings her flight
To the regions of night,
And my corse shall recline on its bier;
As ye pass by the tomb,
Where my ashes consume,
Oh! moisten their dust with a Tear.

May no marble bestow
The splendour of woe,
Which the children of vanity rear;
No fiction of fame
Shall emblazon my name,
All I ask—all I wish—is a Tear!

SONG.

When I roved, a young Highlander, o'er
the dark heath,
And climb'd thy steep summit, oh Morven
of Snow;*
To gaze on the torrent, that thunder'd be-
neath,
Or the mist of the tempest that gather'd
below;
Untutor'd by science—a stranger to fear—
And rude as the rocks where my infancy
grew,
No feeling, save one, to my bosom was dear,
Need I say, my sweet Mary, 'twas centred
in you?

Yet it could not be love, for I knew not the
name;
What passion can dwell in the heart of a
child?
But still I perceive an emotion the same
As I felt, when a boy, on the crag-cover'd
wild:

One image, a'rag, on my bosom imprest—
I lov'd by bleak regions, nor panted for
new—
And few were my wants, for my wishes were
blest,
And pure were my thoughts, for my soul
was with you.

I arose with the dawn, with my dog as my
guide,
From mountain to mountain I bounded
along;

I breasted the billows of Dee's rushing tide,
And heard, at a distance, the Highlander's
song:

At eve, on my heath-covered couch of repose,
No dreams, save of Mary, were spread to
my view,

And warm to the skies my devotions arose,
For the first of my pray'rs was a blessing
on you!

I left my bleak home, and my visions are
gone,

The mountains are vanished, my youth is
no more;

As the last of my race, I must wither alone,
And delight but in days I have witnessed
before:

Ah! splendour has raised, but embittered
my lot,

More dear were the scenes which my in-
fancy knew;

Tho' hopes may have failed—yet they are
not forgot—

Tho' cold is my heart—still it lingers
with you.

When I see some dark hill point its crest to
the sky,

I think of the rocks that o'ershadow Cob-
leen;*

When I see the soft blue of a soul-telling eye
I think of those eyes that endeared the
rude scene;

When, haply, some light-waving locks I
behold,

That faintly resemble my Mary's in hue,
I think on the long flowing ringlets of gold—
Each tress that was sacred to beauty and
you.

Yet the day may arrive when the mountains,
once more,

Shall rise to my sight, in their mantles of
snow;

But while these soar above me, unchanged
as before,

Will Mary be there to receive me? Ah, no!
Adieu! then, ye hills, where my childhood
was bred,

Thou sweet flowing Dee to thy waters
adieu!

No home in the forest shall shelter my head;
Ah! Mary, what home could be mine,
but with you.

EPITAPH ON A FRIEND.

Oh, Friend! for ever lov'd, for ever dear!
What fruitless tears have bath'd thine ho-
nour'd bier!
What sighs re-echo'd to thy parting breath,
While thou wast struggling in the pangs of
death!

* Morven is a lofty mountain in Aber-
deenshire: "Gormal of snow" is an ex-
pression frequently to be found in Ossian.

* Cobleen is a mountain near the verge
of the Highlands, not far from the ruins of
Dee Castle.

Could tears retard the tyrant in his course ;
 Could sighs avert his dart's relentless force ;
 Could youth and virtue claim a short delay,
 Or beauty charm the spectre from his prey ;
 Thou still hadst lived, to bless my aching
 sight,

Thy comrade's honour, and thy friend's de-
 light.

If, yet, thy gentle spirit hover nigh
 The spot, where now thy mould'ring ashes
 lie,

Here wilt thou read, recorded on my heart,
 A grief too deep to trust the sculptor's art.
 No marble marks thy couch of lowly sleep,
 But living statues, there are seen to weep ;
 Affliction's semblance bends not o'er thy
 tomb,

Affliction's self deplores thy youthful doom.
 What though thy sire lament his failing line,
 A father's sorrows cannot equal mine !
 Though none, like thee, his dying hour
 shall cheer,

Yet, other offspring soothe his anguish here :
 But, who with me shall hold thy former
 place ?

Thine image, what new friendship can efface ?
 Ah ! none ! a father's tears will cease to flow,
 Time will assuage an infant brother's woe ;
 To all, save one, is consolation known,
 While solitary Friendship sighs alone.

1803.

TO MARY ON RECEIVING HER
 PICTURE.

This faint resemblance of thy charms,
 Though strong as mortal art could give,
 My constant heart of fear disarms,
 Revives my hopes, and bids me live.

Here, I can trace the locks of gold,
 Which round thy snowy forehead wave ;
 The cheeks, which sprung from Beauty's
 mould,
 The lips, which made me Beauty's slave.

Here, I can trace—ah, no ! that eye,
 Whose azure floats in liquid fire,
 Must all the painter's art defy,
 And bid him from the task retire.

Here, I behold its beauteous hue,
 But where's the beam so sweetly straying ;
 Which gave a lustre to its blue,
 Like Luna o'er the ocean playing ?

Sweet copy ! far more dear to me—
 Lifeless, unfeeling as thou art—
 Than all the living forms could be,
 Save her, who plac'd thee next my heart.

She plac'd it, sad, with needless fear,
 Lest time might shake my wavering soul,
 Unconscious that her image there,
 Held every sense in fast controul.

Thro' hours, thro' years, thro' time, 'twill
 cheer ;

My hope, in gloomy moments, raise ;
 In Life's last conflict, 'twill appear,
 And meet my fond expiring gaze.

TO M.

Oh ! did those eyes, instead of fire,
 With bright, but mild affection shine ;
 Tho' they might kindle less desire,
 Love, more than mortal, would be thine.

For thou art formed so heavenly fair—
 Howe'er those orbs may wildly beam—
 We must admire, but still despair—
 That fatal glance forbids esteem.

When nature stamped thy beauteous birth,
 So much perfection in thee shone,
 She feared, that, too divine for earth,
 The skies might claim thee for their own ;

Therefore, to guard her dearest work—
 Lest angels might dispute the prize ;—
 She bade a secret lightning lurk
 Within those once celestial eyes.

These might the boldest sylph appal,
 When gleaming with meridian blaze ;
 Thy beauty must enrapture all,
 But who can dare thine ardent gaze ?

'Tis said that Berenice's hair,
 In stars, adorns the vault of heaven ;
 But they would ne'er permit thee there,
 Thou wouldst so far outshine the seven.

For did those eyes as planets roll,
 Thy sister lights would scarce appear ;
 E'en suns which systems now control,
 Would twinkle dimly through their sphere.

1806.

TO

Oh ! yes I will own we were dear to each
 other,
 The friendships of childhood, tho' fleet-
 ing, are true ;

The love which you felt, was the love of a
 brother,
 Nor less the affection I cherish'd for you.

But friendship can vary her gentle dominion,
 The attachment of years in a moment
 expires ;

Like Love, too, she moves on a swift-waving
 pinion,
 But glows not, like Love, with unquench-
 able fires.

Full oft have we wander'd thro' Ida together,
 And blest were the scenes of our youth I
 allow ;

In the spring of our life, how serene is the
 weather,
 But winter's rude tempests are gathering
 now.

No more with Affection shall Memory blend-
 ing,
 The wonted delights of our childhood
 retrace ;

When Pride steels the bosom, the heart is
 unbending,
 And what would be justice appears a dis-
 grace.

However dear S***, for I still must esteem
 you—
 The few whom I love I can never upbraid—

The chance which has lost, may in future
redeem you,
Repentance will cancel the vow you have
made.

No, I will not complain—and tho' chill'd is
affection,

With me no corroding resentment shall
live;

My bosom is calmed by the simple reflection,
That both may be wrong, and that both
should forgive.

You knew that my soul, that my heart, my
existence,

If danger demanded, were wholly your
own:

You knew me, unaltered by years or by
distance,

Devoted to Love and to Friendship alone.

You knew—but away with the vain retro-
spection,

The bond of affection no longer endures;
Too late you may droop o'er the fond recol-
lection,

And sigh for the friend who was formerly
yours.

For the present we part—I will hope not
for ever,

For time and regret will restore you at last;
To forget our dissension we both should
endeavour,

I ask no atonement but days like the past.

DAMÆTAS.

In law an infant, and in years a boy—
In mind a slave to every vicious joy;
From every sense of shame and virtue
wrean'd,

In lies an adept—in deceit a fiend;
Versed in hypocrisy, while yet a child,
Fickle as wind, of inclinations wild;
Woman his dupe—his heedless friend a tool,
Old in the world, tho' scarcely broke from
school;

Damætas ran through all the maze of sin,
And found the goal when others just begin:
E'en still conflicting passions shake his soul,
And bid him drain the dregs of pleasure's
bowl;

But palled with vice he breaks his former
chain,

And what was once his bliss appears his
bane.

LACHIN Y. GAIR *

LACHIN Y. GAIR, or as it is pronounced
in the Erse, LOCH NA GARR, towers proudly
eminent in the Northern Highlands, near
Invercauld. Its appearance is of a dusky
hue, but the summit is the seat of eternal
snows; near LACHIN Y. Gair, I spent some
of the early part of my life, the recollection
of which gave birth to the following stanzas:

* We give the poem less for its intrinsic
merit, than as it affords some information
of the early habits of its Author.—ED.

Away, ye gay landscapes, ye gardens of
roses!

In you let the minions of luxury rove;
Restore me the rocks where the snow flake
reposes,

Tho' still, they are sacred to freedom and
love:

Yet, Caledonia, beloved are thy mountains,
Round their white summits tho' elements
war,

Tho' cataracts foam, 'stead of smooth flow-
ing fountains,

I sigh for the valley of dark Loch na Garr.

Ah! there my young footsteps in infancy
wandered,

My cap was the bonnet, my cloak was the
plaid;

On chieftains, long perished, my memory
pondered,

As daily I strode thro' the pine-covered
glade:

I sought not my home till the day's dying
glory

Gave place to the rays of the bright polar
star;

For Fancy was cheered by traditional story,
Disclosed by the natives of dark Loch na
Garr.

Shades of the dead! have I not heard your
voices

Rise on the night rolling breath of the
gale?

Surely, the soul of the hero rejoices,
And rides on the wind o'er his own High-
land vale:

Round Loch na Garr, while the stormy mist
gathers,

Winter presides in his cold icy car;
Clouds, there, encircle the forms of my
fathers,

They dwell in the tempests of dark Loch
na Garr.

Ill starred, tho' brave, did no vision's fore-
boding,

Tell you that fate had forsaken your
cause?*

Ah! were you destined to die at Culloden,
Victory crowned not your fall with ap-
plause.

Still, were you happy, in death's earthy
slumber,

You rest with your clan, in caves of Brae-
mar,

The Pibroch resounds, to the piper's loud
number,

Your deeds, on the echoes of dark Loch
na Garr.

* I allude here to my maternal ances-
tors, "the Gordons," many of whom fought
for the unfortunate Prince Charles, better
known as the Pretender. This branch was
nearly allied in blood, as well as attachment
to the Stuarts. George, the second Earl of
Huntly, married the Princess Annabella
Stuart, daughter of James the Ist of Scot-
land; by her he left four sons; the third, Sir
William Gordon, I have the honor to claim
as one of my progenitors.

Years have rolled on, Loch na Garr, since
 I left you,
 Years must elapse, ere I tread you again;
 Nature of verdure and flowers has bereft you,
 Yet still are you dearer than Albion's
 plain:
 England! thy beauties are tame and do-
 mestic
 To one who has roved on the mountains
 afar;
 Oh! for the crags that are wild and majestic,
 The steep frowning glories of dark Loch
 na Garr!

GRANTA.

Happy the youth, in Euclid's axioms tried,
 Tho' little versed in any art beside;
 Who, scarcely skilled an English line to pen,
 Scans attic metres, with a critic's ken.
 What, tho' he know not how his fathers bled,
 When civil discord piled the fields with dead;
 When Edward bade his conquering bands
 advance;
 Or Henry trampled on the crest of France;
 Though marv'ling at the name of Magna
 Charta,
 Yet well he recollects the laws of Sparta;
 Can tell what edicts sage Lycurgus made,
 While Blackstone's on the shelf neglected
 laid;
 Of Grecian dramas counts the deathless
 fame,
 Of Avon's Bard rememb'ring scarce the
 name.
 Such is the youth, whose scientific pate,
 Class, honors, medals, fellowships await,
 Or e'en perchance, the declamation prize,
 If to such glorious height he lifts his eyes.
 But, lo! no common orator can hope
 The envied silver cup within his scope;
 Not that our heads much eloquence require,
 The Athenian's glowing style, or Tully's fire.
 A manner clear or warm is useless, since,
 We do not try by speaking to convince;
 Be other orators of pleasing proud,
 We speak to please ourselves, not move the
 crowd:
 Our gravity prefers the muttering tone—
 A proper mixture of the squeak and groan—
 No borrowed grace of action must be seen,
 The slightest motion would offend the Dean:
 Whilst every staring graduate would prate,
 Against what he could never imitate.
 The man who hopes to obtain the promised
 cup,
 Must in one posture stand, and ne'er look up;
 Nor stop, but rattle over every word,
 No matter what, so he can not be heard:
 Thus let him hurry on, nor think to rest,
 Who speaks the fastest's sure to be the best:
 Who utters most within the shortest space,
 May safely hope to win the wordy race.

TO ROMANCE.

Parent of golden dreams, Romance!
 Auspicious Queen of childish joys,
 Who lead'st along, in airy dances,
 Thy votive train of girls and boys;

At length in spells no longer bound,
 I break the fetters of my youth,
 No more I tread thy mystic round,
 But leave thy realms for those of Truth.

And yet, 'tis hard to quit the dreams
 Which haunt the unsuspicious soul,
 Where every nymph a goddess seems,
 Whose eyes thro' rays immortal roll;
 While Fancy holds her boundless reign,
 And all assume a varied hue,
 When virgins seem no longer vain,
 And even woman's smiles are true.

And must we own thee but a name,
 And from thy hall of clouds descend?
 Nor find a Sylph in every dame,
 A Pyrlades* in every friend?

But leave, at once, thy realms of air,
 To mingling bands of fairy elves;
 Confess that woman's false as fair—
 And friends have feeling—for themselves!
 With shame, I own, I've felt thy sway,
 Repentant how thy reign is o'er,

No more thy precepts I obey,
 No more on fancied pinions soar:
 Fond fool! to love a sparkling eye,
 And think that eye to truth was dear.
 To trust a passing wanton's sigh,
 And melt beneath a wanton's tear.

Romance! disgusted with deceit,
 Far from thy molley court I fly,
 Where Affectation holds her seat,
 And sickly Sensibility;
 Whose silly tears can never flow,
 For any pangs excepting thine;
 Who turns aside from real woe,
 To steep in dew thy gaudy shrine.

Now join with sable sympathy,
 With cypress crowned—arrayed in weeds,
 Who heaves with thee her simple sigh,
 Whose breast for every bosom bleeds;
 And call thy sylvan female choir
 To mourn a swain for ever gone;
 Who once could glow with equal fire
 But bends not now before thy throne.

Ye genial nymphs! whose ready tears,
 On all occasions, swiftly flow;
 Whose bosoms heave with fancied fears,
 With fancied flames and phrenzy glow;
 Say, will you mourn my absent name,
 Apostate from your gentle train?
 An infant Bard, at least, may claim
 From you a sympathetic strain.

Adieu! fond race, a long adieu!
 The hour of fate is hovering nigh,

* It is hardly necessary to add, that Py-
 lades was the companion of Orestes, and a
 partner in one of the friendships, which,
 with those of Achilles, Patroclus, Nisus and
 Euryalus, Damon and Pythias, have been
 handed down to posterity, as remarkable in-
 stances of attachments, which, in all proba-
 bility, never existed, beyond the imagination
 of the poet, the page of the historian, or
 modern novelist.

E'en now the gulph appears in view
Where unlamented you must lie;
Oblivion's blackening lake is seen,
Convuls'd by gales you cannot weather,
Where you, and eke your gentle Queen
Alas! must perish altogether.

X.

CULLODEN ANECDOTES.

MR. EDITOR.

THE writer delayed sending a continuation of the Culloden anecdotes, uncertain whether her partiality for the narrators had not overrated their interest. She has, however, just had the pleasure of seeing the first part in the *New Monthly Magazine*. The sequel is more copious, and in some instances more romantic; but the authenticity cannot be questioned, as the two gentlemen, and the lady from whom they were received, were persons of unquestionable veracity.

Miss M. daughter to Mr. Gordon, was a very young girl when she so narrowly escaped accidental death from the hand of John Roy Stewart. The presence of mind, self command and fortitude, she displayed in the severest trials of suspense and sorrow, as the mother of three gallant officers, who fell in the service of their country, became first apparent in refraining from an exclamation or word that might betray the fugitive. She observed to her cousin, that some of the maids wanted to frighten them; but they should be locked up, until she sent her mother to reprimand them. Having taken away the candle they had recently extinguished, and asked her cousin to light it in the parlour. She informed her mother that Mr. Grey was in his own room; but she did not give the slightest hint of her late jeopardy. Mrs. Gordon, who had been but a very short time in bed, instantly arose, convinced that no trivial cause brought John Roy to his first asylum. She knew he had a spirit above coming to bemoan himself, or to shun hardship, which his own vigilance and exertions would by any means effectually combat. She learnt from him, that in the Braes of Strathdearn, he was intercepted by a youth, who was a soldier in his own regiment, and knew him personally. Kennedy was the younger brother of the man who never gave his right hand to another, after receiving a farewell grasp from the Royal Adventurer. He was also cousin to the faithful attendant of Prince Charles, Mac Jan, the unfortunate cow stealer, to whom the clemency of George the Se-

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cond would have been extended, if the magnanimity that redeemed his faults had been more timely represented. The lad, not sixteen years old, had ranged Strathspay, Badenoch, and part of Athol, in search of John Roy; and never, even by inadvertence, endangered the gentlemen who were compelled to intrust their lives to his fidelity. These were, a Laird of the name of Drummond,—alias M'Gregor, and James M'Gregor, son to the now celebrated Rob Roy. They were both wounded. Mr. Drummond could proceed by short journeys to some place of refuge; but James M'Gregor had his foot lacerated in a manner which disabled him from walking, and if he attempted to ride, his ignorance of the bye ways required a very trusty attendant. Both the sufferers were desirous that John Roy should testify to Mrs. Gordon that they were what they represented themselves—true sons of Alpin. Mr. Gordon's progenitors were M'Gregors, and his warm heart retained a strong attachment to his proscribed clan. Mrs. Gordon was distressed. Every corner of her house, and the out-houses, where a wounded man could be concealed, were full—but humanity and clanship enforced the request conveyed by John Roy. She laid before him her perplexities, repeating a sentiment of her husband, which never should be forgotten.

"Justice has ample atonement in the prisoners which have been taken," said she, "and if many more were to be sentenced, compassion would probably excite disaffection. I repeat to you, Mr. Grey, these words of my good and wise partner, to convince you, that even for the sake of the side we have taken in these sad disturbances, I would go every length to preserve those gentlemen." John Roy asked if any of her guests were able to travel a few miles from their retreat at Alvey?

Mrs. Gordon replied, not one was fit to go a mile, except his friend Mr. Milton, and she could not, would not, desire him, or any other, to leave her house. John Roy assured her he should manage to take him away, without impeaching her hospitality. They went together to his room. He was fast asleep, but clothed and ready dressed, with his pistols charged, and sword drawn, prepared to escape or to defend himself if assaulted. Many weeks had passed since he saw a human countenance but Mrs. Gordon's, and she staid only a moment, when she brought

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him food, or changes of linen. He had endured much pain in his head, the consequence of a contusion received at the battle of Culloden. He was sometimes feverish and delirious, until a great effusion of blood from his nostrils relieved him, and his strength and spirits were much reduced by the discharge. An acute sense of his unhappy condition preyed upon his mind. In his ravings, Mrs. Gordon discerned that he yet now poignantly lamented the expulsion of the race he considered to have a legitimate right to the sceptre of great Britain. Mr. Gordon had interdicted his wife from communicating to him any particulars respecting her proteges; that if questioned, he could, with truth, assert his entire ignorance. She, however, took leave to consult him in general or figurative terms, and he suggested a remedy for misplaced loyalty. Mr. Hamilton was a steadfast protestant. Mrs. Gordon, after hearing from her husband the following story, introduced it casually, as if she wished to know whether Mr. H. knew the parties. It was the first time she sat down in his chamber, since the duties of a sick nurse prolonged her stay with him, and the natural delight afforded by society to a sensitive and cultivated mind engaged the deepest attention to her discourse. We shall find the efficacy of truths, pleasantly imparted, can overcome very inveterate prejudices.

A baronet in the south of Scotland married a roman catholic lady in 1741. Through the lady's influence, her father confessor hoped to engage Sir B. M. in the projected rebellion; but she declined taking any part which might involve his life and property. The priest often reiterated his importunities; lady M. adhered to her prudent determination, and the ghostly father, losing all self command, expected to intimidate her, by denouncing excommunication, with all the dire concomitants of ecclesiastical censure. The lady interrupted him with the dignity of offended self reverence:

"Your threats, Sir, have confirmed my purpose. I see, I feel, that while the protestant house of Hanover reigns over us, I may treat with contempt your unmanly virulence, and order you to leave my presence, no more to return. If a Stewart held the sovereign authority, I must tremble at the least sign of priestly rancour. Henceforth I renounce the fetters of reason, and of personal liberty, in which edu-

cation enchained me. I abjure your church, and its errors."

The priest made abject concessions; but lady M. was inexorable. Mr. M. was not acquainted with the family; but he applauded the lady, and from that period his spirits and health amended.

Mrs. Gordon and John Roy were aware they could not without some risk approach his bed. She waited at the door, while John Roy, after putting off his shoes, gently drew near, and got possession of his weapons. Both were painfully affected by this incident. It brought conviction, that they themselves might be disarmed and seized, when unconscious of danger.

Kenedy waited for the answer he must bring the unfortunate M'Gregors. Mrs. Gordon left John Roy and Mr. H. when she had gently roused the sleeper. Mr. H. was overjoyed to see his friend, and glad to accompany him to Glenmore. John Roy dispatched Kenedy to welcome the M'Gregors. Mr. Drummond availed himself of the invitation to Alvey: but a romantic resource, which we shall hereafter detail, procured for James M'Gregor an easy conveyance to the eastern district. The genius of the GREAT UNKNOWN might weave from our slight materials an historical story, not less illustrative of the character of the Gael than the Tales of My Landlord are descriptive of the southern Scots.

But to return to the wanderers. When Mrs. Gordon left them, John Roy informed the poet of Bangour, that in the woods of Glenmore he met an old acquaintance, who told him he had been three days without food in a cavern, beneath the root of a fir tree he cut down in a more peaceful season, and had marked, hoping to entrap foxes, or perhaps otters, by laying snares in their den:—but the time came, when he must betake himself to it for shelter from the king's troops. John Roy asked to see the place, and carved his initials on the stump, that he might know it again; and as the person, from whom he obtained the secret, was off to France, he and his friend need not fear treachery. Besides, he had secured the protection of two ladies, who satisfied him that their servant Finlay M'Donald would sooner die than prove ungrateful. Mr. Grant was at Fort Augustus with the army; and his brother Tullochgorum was one of the hostages, lodged in Edinburgh Castle, since some false aspersions had led the

Duke of Cumberland to doubt the loyalty of his clan. Thus the military would not suspect that Mrs. Grant, her sister, and a house full of young children, could be accessory to concealing any of Prince Charles's followers. The ladies and he had agreed, that the watch word for their arrival should be to send an old woman, with an enquiry, if Mag Molach had been lately seen at Tullochgorum? Mag Molach, or the woman with a hairy hand, was the tutelary genius of that branch of the Grants, and so many stories of her extraordinary performances were current, that to ask about her would seem a very natural curiosity. Whenever this parole should reach Mrs. Grant, she and her sister were plighted to come with Finlay McDonald to raise the trunk of the tree; to assist the gentlemen to descend, and to furnish them with necessaries. When winter set in, they could sometimes venture from the dungeon to take a cup of tea with the ladies, and to hear what was going forward in the world. Social intercourse had been the elixir of life to Mr. Hamilton since early youth. He joyfully accepted this proposal, and before sun-rise, he and John Roy were concealed in the fastnesses of Craig Ellachy; where, cheerfully refreshed with provisions Mrs. Gordon sent with them, they conversed in low whispers, till darkness favoured their attempt to reach Glenmore. In case of being traced, they took a circuitous route; going first to the east, instead of crossing the Spey, to the west of Alvey. We cannot minutely detail their adventures; but we know they were soon forced to separate, whilst they experienced all the miseries of outlawry. John Roy, as a soldier, and as a deserter, had been inured to hardship; but Mr. Hamilton, reared in elegance, ease, and security—in a strange country—ignorant of the language—not knowing whom to trust, and not daring to seek his only friend, lest the anxious guest should lead to the detection of both—almost sunk beneath the weight of his accumulated distresses. Worn out, and careless of life, he asked lodgings at the house of a gentleman. He was a hostage at Edinburgh; but his sister, a compassionate spinster, conjectured the stranger was a fugitive. She received him, and he almost fainted with extacy, when he found himself in the eager embrace of John Roy. In his hiding place he knew Mr. H's voice, and the feeble accents alarmed him for the delicate constitution of his friend.

They both shed tears, and the old lady

did not refuse to them the tribute of weeping sympathy. Here they passed a few nights and days, unmolested; but a party of militia sent after Lord Lewis Gordon, had orders to search every house, great and small. A woman came in breathless haste to tell them her cottage had been ransacked, and if there was any one under Mrs. Christian G.'s protection, escape would be impracticable, for the soldiers were marching with quick steps that way. The good spinster had her maids preparing to brew; the large copper was full for next morning; she ordered the women to kindle a great fire under it, and to get water heated in every way they could devise. She then went to bed, leaving instructions with her damsels to say she was sick, and must not be disturbed. If the soldiers persisted, the women must warn them they should be saluted with libations of boiling water; for they were not soldiers, but robbers. The militia-men had not uniforms, intending to conceal their purpose; and this pretext carried some appearance of reason. The soldiers came; the amazons were resolute, and the militia men decamped. John Roy and Mr. Hamilton soon set out by different routes. They did not again go so far asunder as formerly, and generally spent the night together in some rocky recess, where a human foot had seldom trod. They were often in want of food, for the wild berries were grown scarce. Their cloaths and shoes were worn, and Mr. Hamilton could ill bear the cold. Their communications were not always calculated to abate a sense of their calamity. Mr. H. told Mr. S. the anecdote of Lady M. and her confessor, and he mentioned, that the persons to whom the prince entrusted his plate and jewels, to be sold for the relief of such as were ruined in his cause, were strongly suspected of abusing the trust. Each endeavoured to speak of his own sufferance with gay raillery; but they owned to the ladies at Glenmore, that they sometimes could not help blaming the infatuation which leagued them with men of desperate fortune, who had nothing to lose, and hoped at their expense to gain by spoil, and by a change of rulers. John Roy had been distinguished by the Duke of Cumberland for his valour at the battle of Fontenoy, and now to behold his royal highness would be equivalent to the doom of a deserter and a traitor. Every day increased the perils and pains of their condition. They forded and swam rivers, climbed precipices, or dived into clefts of the mountains, where

only wild animals had hitherto sought refuge; and in various disguises had separately passed through bands of the military; and for what had they incurred those complicated afflictions? For no benefit to their country, if the enterprise had succeeded; and certain woe to multitudes had been the result of its failure. They had not fought, bled, and lost their all to ensure personal, political, or religious liberty. A roman catholic, imbued with extravagant ideas of indefeasible right, and all the claims to absolute supremacy that give rise to the exercise of arbitrary power, could bring no aggrandizement to Britain, nor any individual freedom to the inhabitants.

The roots of wild liquorice, and tender shoots of fir, were often the best repast of our fugitives, when they durst not venture to cut the green or ripened corn with their dirks, and to fill their ragged pockets. John Roy fashioned a bow and arrow. At school he was the best archer, and a little practice recalled his dexterity. He imitated the call of the doe to her fawn, and of the heath-fowl to its young, and seldom did all the creatures he designed to inveigle escape his well-aimed darts. They dared not strike up a fire, but sometimes in a shealing they got their game broiled. The report of a gun would have been a signal for the soldiers to pursue them. The ladies at Glenmore looked with anxiety for the tenants engaged to occupy the den. Weeks elapsed without any account of, or from them. At length a woman came to say, an old beggar man sent her to ask if Mag Molach had been recently seen about Tullochgorum.—Mrs. Grant understood that John Roy personated this beggar, and said the poor crazy being should be gratified with an answer, and the messenger ought to make haste to tell him that MAG MOLACH was every night in the woods of Glenmore, waiting Tullochgorum's return from Edinburgh. She had looked for him since a specified time. This was exactly the date of John Roy's very pathetic address to Mrs. Grant; committing his life to the mercy of a low-country lady and her sister, and relying on their humanity, though he was not ignorant that her husband and herself favoured the established *regime*. He and Mr. H. repaired to the woods, and lurked near the den, which he soon discovered by the initials his penknife inscribed. They saw Mrs. Grant, her sister, and Finlay M'Donald by the faint moonlight. They were laden with food; with milk and beer;

with bed-cloaths and linen. John Roy and his friend removed the trunk of the tree, assisted to deposit the stores, and thankfully descended. The ladies helped Finlay M'Donald to replace the stump, and they rose with the dawn to efface the initials, or rather to cut them away; and at a considerable distance they imitated the letters upon another remain of a stem; in case the former inscription had been observed. These ladies walked to the cave every night to give their aid to Mr. M'Donald in liberating the inmates; and it may be supposed they came provided with fresh supplies of every comfort they could afford. They watched in different directions to announce the least indication of danger. Mag Molach, called aloud, was the warning word. No gratification had ever been so delicious to the prisoners as the short ramble that allowed them to use their limbs, and again to behold the canopy of heaven. Immersed all day in darkness, the glimmering myriads adorning the firmament in a frosty night acted upon their sight with more potency than *erst* had shone the luminary of day. Mr. H. begged to have a wide black dish filled with water to collect and reflect the rays of light that penetrated through the roots of the fir, which formed the covering of their den, and this expedient cheered their subterranean abode. They had not ventured to Mr. Grant's house when a new alarm confined them by day and night. Mrs. Grant did not think it proper to invite them in absence of her husband, and uninvited, they would not presume to hint a wish to wait upon her. A rumour reached Mrs. Grant, that the commanding officer at Ruthven in Badenoch, had heard from the east country the certainty that Lord Lewis Gordon was concealed in a cave at Torriglen in Strathspey. Many an uneasy impatient look did Mrs. G. and her sister cast towards the sky, wishing the sun was gone down; and as soon as darkness favoured a visit to the cavern, they repaired thither to tell the gentleman, that a servant belonging to a near relative of Lord Lewis Gordon had overheard some mention of his lordship's asylum.

John Roy exclaimed, "No Highlander would have betrayed Lord Lewis, nor the poorest fellow who carried arms under the Prince."

Stores were left for the victims of rebellion; and at dead of night the ladies, accompanied by M'Donald, went to raise the trunk of the tree a little for

the admission of sir. Mr. Grant came home. He approved of all his wife and sister-in-law had done, and went out daily to get information. A fortnight satisfied the soldiery that all their search for Lord Lewis Gordon must be unavailing. Mr. Grant invited Mr. H. and John Roy to tea, and with Finlay M'Donald released them from confinement. The writer never shall forget the impression made by Mr. Grant's description of their baggard looks and threadbare tattered garments, covered with, and perforated by maggots. Their loathsome state was not immediately perceived. Their eyes could not support the light. The blaze of a wood fire was lowered by water; and the candle extinguished. Mr. H.'s health was impaired, and John Roy affected high glee, to amuse his pensive confederate. He composed in *Gaelic*, an extempore oration to the cherishing heat, so long a stranger to their frames, and Mr. Grant translated it to Mr. Hamilton. Shivering with cold and agitation, Mr. H. threw himself into a chair. The candles were re-lumed, and Finlay M'Donald appeared with new suits of cloaths and linens for the guests. Mr. H. observed his horrible retinue.

"Great God!" he cried, "my friend and I, in our premature inhumation, were also the prey of worms!"

A short hysterical spasm succeeded; but two glasses of wine, and Mr. Stewart's forced merriment, removed the symptoms. Mrs. Grant and her sister came to make tea. A chair was placed for Mr. Hamilton, and as he did not rise to take it, Mr. Grant led him to the table. Mrs. Grant wished to engage him in conversation; but in place of a direct answer, he muttered—

"Johannes Rufus Stewart,
With brawny limb and true heart;
Bold as the mountain lion,
And of liberty the scion.

Dens, caves, caverns, dungeons, worms, vermiculi—"

Mr. Stewart looked earnestly at the speaker. His eyes were fixed. His senses were locked in sleep. He was carried to bed, and when he awoke next morning, recollected nothing, except the hideous reptiles.

This fact is not without a parallel. It will be found in the life of Doctor Blacklock, relating the perturbed state of his feelings at Dumfries, after being insulted by the rabble, when inducted to the parish of Kirkcudbright.

After Mr. H. was laid in bed, John Roy informed Mr. Grant and the ladies, that the lines recited by him were part of a doggerel poem he composed in his dungeon. Mr. Grant asked if J. Roy's muse never visited the cavern. He could not deny that she once deigned to inspire him; but to repeat her intuitions would perhaps offend. The ladies joined Mr. G. in promising a free pardon for the party spirit of his effusions, and urged Mr. S. to rehearse them. He complied.

"My enemies search for my den,
Like wolves, raging mad to destroy;
Controul, O Lord! those cruel men,
And save thy poor John Roy.

Oh grant this boon, if I may dare
Ask on my bended knee,
Make me as many as they are,
Or they as few as me.

No favour shewn on either side,
Fate standing passive by,
The arm of flesh the cause decide,
Between their chief and I."

"But, ladies," subjoined our hero, I was tired of prison, and forgot that my own folly consigned me to a den, when I rattled off those rhymes.

As we are not composing a fiction, but recording real incidents, as the prominent feature of troublous times, there must be many chasms in the diary of men, driven from place to place, flying from the death of malefactors, with harassed minds, and weary limbs; their chafed soles often unshod, and enduring the extremities of oppressive heat, intense cold, hunger and thirst; their short intervals of quiet were needful for sleep. This register of their adventures would have been more imperfect, if an unexpected meeting with Mr. Gordon, of Alvey, at Glenmore, had not drawn from them particulars they did not till then think of reciting. Fifty years after that date, Mr. Gordon was heard to say, he never tasted the sweets of recognition so exquisitely, as in this encounter with Mr. Hamilton and John Roy Stewart. A storm of snow covered the ground, and the moon had not risen, when on a wintry night, Mr. Gordon came to Mr. Grant's house. He and the ladies, with their guests, were seated by a bright burning heap of moss fir. John Roy had seen Mr. Gordon in his youth, and recollected him. Mr. H. never beheld him, though both in emergency were weeks under his protective roof.

"Worthiest! most liberal of men!" cried John Roy, clasping Mr. Gordon in

his arms. His name, pronounced by Mrs. Grant, produced equal rapture in the heart of Mr. Hamilton, and he embraced Mr. Gordon before he could disengage himself from Mr. Stewart.

They asked for the M'Gregors. Mr. Gordon informed them, that Mr. Drummond was now on his way to the Continent; but James M'Gregor, through the agency of some secret friend, got to the east country. He procured money to bribe an Inverness merchant to convey him from Strathdearn in a cart, covered with light packages, addressed to noblemen and gentlemen of unquestionable attachment to government. Mr. S. smiled.

"Why do you smile?" said Mr. Gordon.

If my friend Hamilton will promise to smile, and smile again, I shall tell you a pretty little tale. It cannot now be dangerous to any one, and it will serve to pass our time.—"The night I passed at Strathdearn, with the M'Gregors, we lay under the shelter of a rock, surrounded at the base with birch trees. The day just began to appear, when a little old man, and a fine looking youth, in the south country garb, drew near us. The old man carried a tub of smoking water, and dressings for James M'Gregor's wound. The stripling bathed it, applied the unguent, and bandages, dropping many a tear during the operation, which was performed in deep silence. The old man then withdrew to some distance. They no doubt supposed Mr. Drummond and myself to be asleep; but long accustomed to listen for sounds of danger, the least movement awakes me, and I think a mouse could not tread the velvet moss, without informing my ear. James M'Gregor and the lad spoke in a very low voice. He urged a longer stay. 'I have been with you more than twelve hours,' said the youth: they did not seem tedious; but I have far to go, and my horse, and escort, which you know have dispersed to elude observation, are to meet me by degrees, before high noon. Even with his Lordship's written protection, I am unsafe in this distracted country, with only poor old Marjory as a travelling companion. Oh! these sad, sad times, when young women must undertake the part of bearded men, to save a father, brother, and dear relations. When I think of them, I forget all the risks I may run. Remember their lives and property are in your hands. They are safe, if you are guarded in speech and writing. Untrue you never will

be; and their influence may procure you leave to return openly among us. For their sakes think of her, who would not for worlds harm a hair of the locks she yesterday combed for the last time, until our nation shall be more settled. Farewell. May saints and angels watch over you!"

James M'Gregor opened the plaid he had all night round his person, and in the tenderest tones said,

"Let me carry with me the dear remembrance, that for once I had my only love in my arms."

"No, James, no. Your memory of this bold journey shall be pure, as the motives that brought me so far from home. If I could have ventured here without the guards my friends provided, I would willingly have travelled all the way only to give you this, that you might buy the good offices of those that are not generous enough to render unbribed services. If I am to see you no more on earth, my days are devoted to God, and the blessed Virgin. Be true to my father and brothers, as I shall be true to you."

The lady stooped to give a parting salute. James fixed his arms round her neck, and did not unloose them, till the diminutive old man interposed."

After this little narrative, the company amused themselves with conjectures as to who the lady could be; but to every one mentioned, some objection was started, which proved their supposition was erroneous. Mr. Stewart then asked Mr. Gordon to go with him to see if there were any signs of thaw. In less than half an hour they returned, and when reseated, Mr. Gordon held up two rings, requesting every one to examine them, and note their appearance.

"Colonel Stewart," said he, "wishes to place more confidence in me than should be given to mortal man. He has been insisting that I should dispose of those rings, and to send the value to a widow at —"

"Mention no names, Sir, I beseech you," interrupted Mr. S. "It is too much to have planted thorns in an innocent heart;—and at least, for some time, to have indisposed a good, artless girl to be the happy spouse of a man in her own station. I should save her from all blame, and indeed she deserves none. Mr. Hamilton knows the circumstances, and without alluding to any that can divulge the persons concerned, I shall confess my faults. If I know myself, I intended no harm; but let no

man after me permit himself to flatter an inexperienced creature with unmeaning attention. The little gallantries, which a well bred lady knows to be affected politeness, a simple child of nature translates into the language of love. I forgot this distinction until too late; and if I only suffered for my idle adulation, I should less lament my folly.

B. G.

THE KNIGHTS TEMPLARS, ENEMIES TO CHRISTIANITY.

AMONG the numerous literary Journals of which Germany may justly boast, there is perhaps none which deserves to be placed in a higher rank than that published at Vienna, under the title of *FUNDGRUBENDES ORIENTS, or Mines of the East*. Five volumes, small folio, have been successively published in numbers, of which four make a volume. Those four volumes contain a vast mass of information respecting the East. The object of my present communication is, however, the first number of the sixth volume, which is but just published, and is wholly filled by a Latin Dissertation, of the length of thirty sheets, under the very promising title of—"MYSTERIUM BAPHOMETIS REVELATUM, SEU FRATRES MILITIÆ TEMPLI, QUÆ Gnostici ET QUIDEM OPHIANI APOSTACIÆ, IDOLUDULIÆ ET IMPURITATIS CONVICTI PER IPSA EORUM MONUMENTA." This title sufficiently explains the subject and the tendency of the whole Essay, which is to prove the guilt of the Templars, not from the acts of their trials, which historical criticism would not hitherto admit as proofs against them, but from their own monuments. Such monuments, which have been till now partly unknown, and partly known indeed, but not recognised for what they really signify, are the idols common in all Europe, since their trial, under the name of Baphometsheds, and lately become celebrated in Germany by means of Werner's Templars, the adoration of which was laid to their charge in their trial.

A learned author, the celebrated orientalist, Mr. Joseph Von Hammer, first discovered them in a dozen idols in the Imperial Cabinet of Antiquities, which were before considered to be Tibetan. On most of them are enigmatical, hitherto undecyphered Arabic inscriptions, (upon some also Greek and Latin ones), which contain the name of these idols, *Mete*, the doctrine of the Gnostic Eight, and of the denial

of the Christian Religion. They represent the *Mete*, that is, the *Wisdom* or *Sophia* of the Gnostics, and particularly of the Ophites, as Hermaphrodite, with the attributes of the broken off cross, or Egyptian Key of the Nile and of life, (the T,) of the serpent of the Baptism of Fire, &c.; and contain, besides all the symbols of the MOON, SUN, STARS, APZON, CHAIN, TASSELS, BOOK, SEVEN-BRANCH CANDLESTICK, &c. which are known as masonic hieroglyphics.

The author recognises as such *Baphomete*, so called instead of *Mete*, from the Fire Baptism of Reason *ΒΑΦΗΜΕΤΙΣ*, the three idols published in the Journal called "CURIOSITIES," (vol. ii. No. 6,) which he at first took to be Alchemistical, and the inscriptions upon which, at first, led him astray, because the Greek word *Mete*, written with Arabic letters, has no meaning as an oriental word. That this word, which is met with in all the Arabic inscriptions, must be read *Mete*; he discovered afterwards, from the Latin inscriptions on other idols, and of the Castle of Pottenstein in Bohemia, formerly belonging to the Templars, on which is found the inscription (not understood by Bienenberg) "*Signata Metis caritas extirpat hostes*," lastly from coins and BRACTEATES, in which we find partly the figure of *Mete*, and partly her name, either in a cypher, to be illegible to the profane, or written at length, like the inscription on a coin in *Scelander*, which clearly consists of three words; *Mete es is*, which Mader interpreted *Metensis*.

The same inscriptions as on these idols are to be met with upon three stone vessels in the Imperial Cabinet of Antiquities, upon which, besides the above and other Gnostic symbols, the Ophitic Orgies are also represented in Bas-relief. These cups are the Chalices of the Baptism of Fire, being represented filled with flaming fire, as well at the feet of *Mete* (who holds by the arms the Neophyte placed over it) as on the Bas-relief of one of these cups, where the act of the baptism with fire is performed. On the Bas-relief of the Ophitic Orgies we also find *Mete* himself twice, as Hermaphrodite, with the chain of *Æons*, and holding in her hand the Key of Life; this T, called by the Ophites the *Wood of Life*, and also the *Key of Knowledge*, (*Lignum Vitæ*, *Clavis Gnoseos*) is the true CHARACTER BAPHOMETICUS, which the idols bear on the forehead, and which is mentioned in the depositions of the Templars.

Hitherto these idols and vessels were considered as Ophitic, and no proof could be deduced from them against the Templars, were not the same Ophitic hieroglyphics, symbols, and representations, which are united with the above-mentioned Arabic inscriptions on the vessels and idols found also upon the churches and tombs of the Templars. The most remarkable in this respect are, the sculptures, described—Nos. 44 and 45 for this year, of the Historical, Geographical, Political, and Military Archives on the church of the Templars at Schongraben, on which, besides Mete, is found also her declared enemy and adversary, the Dæmonic or Typhonicaldabaoth; together with his emblem the Lion, and the principal Gnostic hieroglyphic of the Serpent devouring a Child; (Epiphanius Hæres. xxvii. § 10). This emblem is found, also, on the Templar's church at Ebenfurt, and upon others; and the author shows that the legend of the combat of St. George with the Dragon, which the Bollandists themselves place in the list of fables, is nothing but a gnostical hieroglyphic of the Combat of the Gnostic with the World, which has been incorporated with the arms of England and of Milan, as St. George and the Serpent holding a Child in its mouth. Similar Ophitic symbols are found on the Bohemian Templar's churches, as Eger and Prague; and in the latter, (now belonging to the Chevalier Von Schonfeld), especially the Gnostic (afterwards masonic) symbols painted on glass, and in Fresco; farther, in the Templar's churches at Steinfeld, near Wienerisch-Neustadt, and at Wutendorf near Statz; also, (according to Count Teleki's Travels through Hungary, p. 216.) in the Templar's church of St. Martin, in the Peninsula of Murau. The author regrets that he could not wait for the drawings promised him of this church by his Excellency Count Festetics, as well as others by Mr. Steinbüchel from Dalmatia; because otherwise, the publication of this volume, which has been already so much retarded by similar causes, would have been delayed a whole year; but at the conclusion of his work he expresses his firm conviction that, the way being once shewn, a number of such Idols and Sculptures, not hitherto recognised as belonging to the Templars, or Gnostics, when considered in this new light, will only confirm all that is here said. Such a new light is thrown by the Numismatical observations in this Essay, on a number

of coins and BRACHTATES, the legends of which, hitherto not satisfactorily explained, the author reads and explains as gnostical, without laying any stress on them as proofs of guilt against the Templars; whom he, besides, does not declare guilty in *shape*, but proves that the properly *initiator* trod the Christian religion under foot, and partook in the most shameful licentiousness of the Ophites; so that they were nothing less than unjustly condemned. Through this discovery drawn from monuments, a new light is thrown on the tales of the middle ages of the sacred *Græle* (Goblet) which is by no means, as hitherto believed, the Chalice of the Lord's Supper; but the cup of the Gnostic Union on the vessels of the baptism with fire, three of which are in the Imperial Cabinet of Antiquities. The eight metal dishes, all bearing the same enigmatical inscription, are similar sacred *Græle*; one of these is depicted on the curiosities, and one in Busching's weekly journal; the inscription on them, which has hitherto not been rightly understood, or read, is explained by the author, by giving the true reading. By this discovery also a number of hitherto quite obscure passages of *Titarel*, as, for instance, that where his sword is changed into a staff (namely, the T shaped staff or crutch, which the Templars hold in their hands in the churches of Schongraben and Wultendorff,) and for the first time rendered intelligible; and lastly, the very ancient gnostical origin of free masonry is historically traced as far as possible up to the time of the Crusade, and still farther back. The five copper plates contain all the representations of the Baphomete symbols, hieroglyphics, cups, 100 coins, &c. necessary as proofs and illustrations of this highly interesting and important treatise, which is calculated to make a great sensation in the learned world.

NOTICES ILLUSTRATIVE OF CAMBRIAN
HISTORY AND ANTIQUITIES.

No. III.

TRUTH.

TRUTH was held so sacred by the ancient British Bards and Druids, that they would never, contrary to modern custom, admit into their poetical compositions any thing whatever of a fictitious nature; their fundamental maxim was to search for truth, and to adhere to it with the most rigid severity. Hence, in all the genuine copies that are extant of our ancient Welsh bards, from Meugant,

about the close of the fourth century, to the present time, we do not meet with a single poem founded on fiction; and, strange as it may appear, the most authentic histories of the Welsh are in verse, and all their fabulous writings in prose. Some have asserted, in their vindication of that grand romance *Geoffry of Monmouth*, that the Trojan origin of Britain is mentioned by *Taliesin*: but this is a glaring falsehood; for no one can show, in the poems of that noble bard, one single word allusive to such an event; nor do any of the coteremporaries of *Geoffry* make the least mention of it.

THE CYMRV.

The Welsh have always called themselves the *CYMRV*: the strictly literal meaning of which is *ABORIGINES*. They are the *Cimbri*, or *Cimmeri*, of the ancients; and have been distinguished by this appellation in all ages, and in all countries, from *Asia Minor* to *Britain*, as if they were the *ABORIGINES* of the world. They call their language *Cymraeg*, i. e. *original*. The Welsh in this, their national address, derived from the most remote antiquity, may find pretensions of some plausibility, to a far nobler origin than that of being the descendants of a horde of adventurers, who came from *Troy* to *Britain*, through many countries, on a predatory expedition.

STONE-HENGE.

The Welsh bards always met in the open air, while the sun was above the horizon, where they formed a circle of stones, according to the custom of their predecessors. It appears very probable that *Stone-henge* owes its origin to a Bardic meeting.

BAY OF ABERMO.

A very large tract of fenny country on this coast is called *Cantrer Gwaclog*, i. e. the lowland canton. About the year 400, it was inundated by the sea, owing to the carelessness of those who kept the flood-gates; as we are informed by *Taliesin*, in one of his poems. It was said there were many large towns, a great number of villages, and palaces of noblemen in this canton; and among them, the residence of *Gwyddno Garabir*, a petty prince of the country. There were, within the last 50 years, to be seen, in the sands of this bay, large stones with inscriptions on them in Roman characters; but in an unknown language.

CYRIC

Is the patron saint of the Welch mariners. It was usual for those, even

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females, who went from North Wales on pilgrimages to *St. David's*, to pass the dangerous strands, and sail over the rough bays of the *Dyvi* in slight coracles,* without any one to guide or assist them, so firmly were they persuaded that their adored saint would protect them in all dangers.

MENEVIA,

The ancient city of *St. David's*, in *Pembrokeshire*. The pilgrimages to this place were esteemed so meritorious, that they occasioned a proverbial rhyme in Welsh, which has been thus translated into Latin:—

Roma semel quantum, bis dat Menevia tantum.

KING ARTHUR.

This renowned prince was no more than the son of *Meiryg*, the petty king of *Glamorgan*; elected to the supreme command of the British army, to repel the inroads of the Saxons. It is extremely likely that the ancient Britons were never united under one hereditary sovereign of their own nation. The island was always divided into a great many petty principalities, which, when occasion required, elected temporary commanders-in-chief, to lead their armies in cases of invasion; such were *CASSIVELLANUS*, *CUNOBELINUS*, *CARACTACUS*, *ARTHUR*, &c.

THE ISLE OF HONEY.

Y FEL YNYS—the Isle of Honey, was one of the ancient names of Britain. The other two were, *CLAS MERDDIN*, or the Highlands in the sea; and *PRYDAIN*,† the name by which it is at present, and has been for at least two thousand years, known to the old Britons.

The strictly literal meaning of *PRYDIAN*, is *BEAUTIFUL*, and nothing can be more obvious than this etymology; yet, strange to relate, *Mr. Williams* was the first who ever noticed it. The termination, *ain*, is exactly the same as the English *ful*, in beautiful. There are but few countries in the world, which, like Britain, retain their ancient names in their aboriginal languages, still living within them, and but little, if any thing, corrupted or altered.

LOYALTY.

When the second civil war broke out,

* A sort of boat of wicker work coated with canvas dipped in tar, about the size of a large clothes-basket, which the fishermen carry on their shoulders. There is a coracle race annually at *Chester*, on the *Dee*.

† *Mr. Macpherson* sagaciously observed; that this name was never known to the Welch

in the year 1648, the Welsh were the first who took up arms in favour of Charles II. Sir Edward Stradling, of St. Donat's Castle, Sir Nicholas Kemys, of Keven Mably, and Colonel Powell, raised, armed, and equipped, each of them, 1000 men, within their own county of Glamorgan; which, under their command, joined Major-General Langhorne, and Col. Poyer; whose men were chiefly raised in the counties of Brecon, Caermarthen, and Pembroke. Their collected force amounted to about 8000. Cromwell, hearing of this, sent Col. Horton before him, with 3000 horse, and 2000 foot, to Wales, and followed himself, with all the troops he could muster. The two armies met at St. Fagan's, a village on the banks of the River Ely, in the vale of Glamorgan, on Monday, May 8, 1648. Col. Horton, engaged by Langhorne and Stradling, was compelled to give way; but being soon joined by 3000 men, with a heavy train of artillery, he charged the van of the Welsh forces, and after a bloody conflict of two hours duration, the royal army was completely routed, about 3000 slain, and as many taken prisoners. Sir Nicholas Kemys retired to Chepstow Castle, which he vigorously defended for nearly three weeks: Col. Pride, however, arriving with the artillery, a breach was made, and the Castle carried by assault. Sir Nicholas was put to death there in a barbarous manner. This battle made not less than 56 widows in the small parish of St. Fagan's, and lost more than 700 men to the county of Glamorgan. About 50 years ago, several old people lived in the village, who solemnly asserted that the river was reddened with human blood!

MADOC.

Much has been lately said in the papers, of the discovery of a colony of WELSH INDIANS in America. The following referential particulars may not prove uninteresting: Many of the Welsh historians assert, that America was discovered about the year 1170, by Madoc, son of Owain Gwynedd, Prince of Wales. It is certain they possessed MS. accounts of the discovery, written long before the birth of Columbus. Dr. Powell, quoting Guttyn Owaian, who wrote in Welsh, about the time of Edward IV. says, that Madoc, in the hope of discovering the lands that lay beyond the Atlantic, of which there were then traditionary and MS. accounts in existence, resolved on a voyage of discovery, to avoid the bloodshed which then desolated the land; and sailing

westward, in less than two months, arrived on the coast of a fine fertile country, destitute of inhabitants. Leaving there about 100 of his own men, he returned to Cambria, where he soon fitted out another fleet for the same destination, and took with him a vast number of the people of Wales, both male and female, who were enticed by his representations. He set sail from South Wales, with ten ships. This second voyage took place in 1195, according to Sir Thomas Herbert, who wrote in 1635, and having free access to the noble collections of Welsh literature, in the library of Raglan Castle, had better opportunities of tracing the history of this remarkable event, than any other person living. The total destruction, by fire, of that library, has not yet been added to the catalogue of Cromwell's glories. Long, very long shall the curse of the Welsh attend the detestable name of that ambitious and reckless monster!

THE TRIADES.

In the Bardic Triades, we have a remarkable maxim of our philosophic ancestors, which has been thus rendered:—

Three things restored will prolong a man's life:—

The country where in childhood he was brought up;

The food that in childhood nourished him;

The train of thought that in childhood amused him.

THE BARDS.

The original intention of the Bardic Institution, was the promotion of civilization. The primitive of the word BEIRDD, is PRIEST. PRYDYDD is the most common Welsh word for POET; the literal sense of which is as near as the idiom of the language will admit, *embellisher, regulator, polisher.*

MEUGANT THE BARD

Lived, as has been observed, about the close of the fourth century. He was the preceptor of the celebrated MERLIN; and this assertion is grounded on the authority of PRYS, an able Welsh antiquary, who, about the time of Elizabeth, was Archdeacon of Merioneth. There are still extant several poems of Meugant.

TALIESIN,

Called the Prince of Bards, lived in the fifth century. He professed himself a Druid; and, in many of his poems, gives an ample display of the absurd doctrine of the METEMPSYCHOSIS. He enriched the poetry of CAMBRIA, by introducing into

it the Roman versification; the hexameter, pentameter, sapphic, and other metres.

EDWARD WILLIAMS.

This amiable character, who was descended from a line of respectable ancestors, initiated into the Bardic Mysteries, and who adopted the ancient title of "Bardd wrth Ffrait a Defod Beirdd Ynys Prydain,"* had a considerable property left to him by a relative in the West Indies: but with the spirited independence of virtue, he waived all claim to it, on the ground that his principles would not allow him to enjoy riches, amassed by the slavery of his fellow creatures. He was the author of translations from the British, entitled, "Poems, Lyric and Pastoral," in 2 vols. 12mo.; and frequently adopted the signature of **TOLO MORGANWG.**

THE DRUIDS.

It is asserted that this Institution originated in Britain. It is now extinct. The last regularly initiated, was **TOLO MORGANWG**, the subject of the preceding article.

ANEURIN THE BARD

Was called **MYDEYRN BEIRDD**, the "Monarch of the Bards." He was brother to the celebrated historian Gildas. His **GODDIN** is one of the finest poems in the Welsh language. It is remarkable for the pathos of various of its passages, and is of considerable length. The subject is the battle of Catterath, fought by the Britons, under Mynyddawc 'Eiddin, against the Saxons. Gildas was, like his brother Aneurin, a bard, and fragments of his works are still extant. Indeed, we learn from an old MS. that their brothers and sisters, to the number of 24—sons and daughters of Caw o Brydyn, were all Bards! in addition to this—he not alarmed, ye modern minstrels!—they were also saints! **CAW O BRYDYN** was a petty prince of the **OTTODINI**, and having been driven out of his territories by the Saxons, he retreated into Wales with his family, where he entered on a monastic life. Gildas and Aneurin were members of the monastery of St. Cadog, in Lllancarvan (Carbani vallis).

WHITE-WASHING.

It has, from very remote antiquity, been the custom in Glamorganshire, to white-wash the houses, not only the insides, but the outsides also; and even the barns, stables, walls of yards, gar-

dens, &c. In a very ancient poem, ascribed to Aneurin, who lived about the year 550, we have the following passage:—

Gnawd ym Morganwg ddiwg ddynion
A Gwagedd mewn mawredd a muriau gwynion.

"In Glamorgan the people are courteous and gentle,
Married women are honoured; and the walls are white."

David ap Gwilym, temp. 1350, in speaking of Glamorgan, has an allusion which has been thus translated:

"The Bard loves the beautiful country, its wines and its white houses."

And in another place, where he invokes the sun, he says, "Thou sun of the bright morning, beam joyfulness around, and salute the white houses of Glamorgan."

Devo ab Ieuan Dû, a bard who wrote about 1450, has allusions in his verses, to "Glamorgan of the white walls;" and Diodorus Siculus says, that the Britons white-washed their houses with chalk.

THE BARDS UNARMED.

It was not lawful for the bard to carry arms; or for any one to bear a naked weapon in their presence. They were deemed the heralds of peace.

Caer.

L.

OBSERVATIONS ON SIR SAM. ROMILLY'S OBJECTIONS TO PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

MR. EDITOR,

THE will of Sir Samuel Romilly has been printed and circulated with remarkable ostentation, though it contains nothing particularly worthy of publication, unless it be for the information that the writer has left behind him some manuscripts on criminal law, and memoirs of the latter years of his life, about which papers he seems to have felt some concern, by submitting them to the correcting hand of his friends. On this subject, however, I should not have deemed it necessary to bestow a single observation, nor even to have taken the slightest notice of the verbose testament of this extraordinary man, had it not been for the following clause respecting his children:—"It is my earnest and anxious wish, that none of my sons should be educated at any public school, by which I mean such schools as Eton, Westminster, Winchester, and Harrow."

The right of a parent to leave directions for the bringing up of the family

* Bard according to the rights and Institutions of the Bards of the Island of Britain.

which he leaves behind him, is not to be questioned; and the prejudices of Sir Samuel Romilly, in favour of private tuition, might have passed without any other sentiment than pity, if he had confined himself to that limitation. But having thought proper to fasten a stigma upon four great schools, in language bitterly sarcastic and uncharitable, it seems a duty to vindicate those institutions, and all of a kindred nature, from the cruel reproach conveyed in this injunction. This is the more requisite, because the denunciation is posthumous, and comes abroad into the world clad in that pompous solemnity of diction, which is calculated to make a deep impression upon those who are apt to be affected by the dying declarations of eminent persons. Many parents, on the subject of education, are more inclined to follow the authority of names, than to inquire for themselves; and, therefore, considering the popularity of this celebrated lawyer, it is to be feared that his example will have numerous imitators.

The comparative advantages of public and private education have been so often and ably discussed, as to leave little room for novelty, either in argument or illustration; and it might be sufficient to remark in this place, that the weight of evidence, as far as experience goes, is decidedly on the former side; for the advocates of the opposite system would be hardly pushed to produce an adequate list of illustrious characters, brought up in their way, to match the host of luminaries who were prepared for active life in the great public schools of this kingdom.

Though it is admitted that numbers do not tell for much in speculative concerns, they are of vast importance in estimating the effects of practical institutions. It is by their fruits that we must judge of seminaries of instruction, and not by their professions. When, therefore, we find upon close examination that for a long series of years, and without any interruption, the public schools of England have furnished a constant supply of cultivated talent to meet the demands of the state, in every department essential to the national business and the general weal, it is but fair to conclude, that the method of tuition there pursued, is the one best adapted to the benefit of society. These institutions are bound by statutes from which the masters cannot depart, and they are regulated by a code of discipline, to which every scholar must in his turn submit.

Private schools, on the contrary, have no such advantages, being conducted solely by the arbitrary will of their respective principals, who adopt systems of teaching according to their fancies; while many of them, aspiring to the honour of inventors, make their pupils the victims of experiment, to substantiate the merits of new theories and boasted improvements.

But even where nothing of this kind exists, and where the preceptor discharges his duty conscientiously and with ability, the progress in a private school cannot by any means be proportionate to that made in a great seminary, where the course is uniform, and the propelling power such, that every boy moves, and is moved by his class-fellows. In these schools there is no standing still, for the whole, like a large machine, is in constant exercise; and by a perpetual recurrence to the same rules and principles, each intellect becomes habituated to labour, and stored with that elementary knowledge, which is readily applied in every successive stage of learning. This co-operation of young minds, in a track which they are all sensible leads to the highest academical honours, not only elicits genius, but keeps it steady to one purpose, and incessantly employed in a prescribed direction. Hereby, emulation, the noble spring of exertion, is equitably excited, and kept up without jealousy. Competition is free; the advantages are open to all, and he who gains by perseverance, continues to retain the goodwill of those whom he may have distanced in the race. A public school, in short, is a theatre of noble strife, where every one is aware that advancement cannot be made without effort; where the diffident is sure of receiving honourable assistance, to cheer him in his toil, and where he that shines above his companions, knows how to make a proper use of the distinction which he has acquired.

It cannot be denied that private seminaries have also the benefit of the emulative spirit, but it will not prevail there with equal activity, nor be productive of the same extensive effects. In public schools, no envy can arise from the apprehension of undue influence and unreasonable partiality; but the case is different where every look of the master is watched by his pupils, who, when they see him distinguishing one above the rest, are disposed to think ill of the preceptor and his favourite.

The claims of private schools com-

monly rest upon facility in learning, and a minute attention to morals.

Of the first it is enough to say, that knowledge is not to be had without labour, and that perfection is the work of time. Young minds must be exercised repeatedly in the diligent practice of rules, the exact reason and various uses of which, they do not understand; and which it would be an idle attempt to endeavour to explain.

Short roads to learning are temptations to idleness, and bye paths to ignorance. The first thing to be attended to, in bringing up children, is to make them sensible that nothing worth knowing can be obtained without diligent application, and that all difficulties in study are surmountable by iteration. In a public school, every boy is conscious of this truth, because he sees it exemplified all around him; and, therefore, he feels not in the least disheartened by the rugged lessons which he has to learn, but which he is sensible must be mastered before he can hope to stand as high as those above him, and who were once precisely in his own situation.

The moral advantages of private tuition, have been dwelt upon by several writers, with so much pathos, as to create strong prejudices, in many parents, against public schools altogether; but particularly those of royal foundation and a collegiate character. It certainly would be unjust to censure those who have been induced by misrepresentation to place their sons under a private instructor, or in a seminary confined to a select number of pupils. But, whatever respect may be due to the feelings and motives of those who prefer private to public education, justice, also, must be fairly administered to the great schools, which are, thus, as it were, put to the ban, and declared unworthy of parental confidence. If, indeed, these establishments are such improper places for youth, as the interdict implies:—if the mode of instruction in them be defective:—and the moral regimen corrupted, it is high time that they should be visited with the most rigid severity; since a continuance of abuses in the nurseries of learning, must, in the end, prove fatally injurious to the commonwealth.

But, before the edict is suffered to go forth in visitatorial vengeance, let the accusation be specifically stated, and the allegations clearly supported. Let not the public be inflamed to clamour and outrage, by sweeping charges and declamatory invective, to which no answer

can possibly be given:—let not the venerable foundations of our ancestors be exposed to the merciless inquisition of modern fanatics, who would substitute a new light of their own, for that which has so long irradiated the land; nor, let us see our schools and colleges purged by a herd of reformers following the heels of another Pym, with his cloke-bag crammed full of lying informations and visionary projects.

It is the misfortune of the people of this country, that, from a natural spirit of credulity, they are easily led to become dupes to every kind of empiricism, and to swallow any tale that is coined by malice, to the disparagement of public authority and ancient institutions. Hence, new schemes are continually rising with plans for the removal of evils, and the improvement of the social state. These ephemeral pretenders to extraordinary virtue and science would hardly deserve the least notice, were it not that, in certain seasons, they multiply so fast, and become so troublesome, as to endanger the public tranquillity. Of late years, these pseudo philanthropists and affected patriots, have increased to a degree, beyond what might have been expected in an age that has witnessed, more than any other, the destructive effects of innovation. But the experience of calamity is not always a preservative against rashness, and they who are fond of change, are not to be deterred by the miseries of revolutions.

Every thing of ancient establishment is now become an object of suspicion, and compelled, like the females of former times, to endure the ordeal as the test of innocence. Not satisfied with the innumerable evidences of utility which our public schools have exhibited for centuries, the inquisitors of this enlightened era presume to have discovered that the world has been besotted by error, and that these seats of initiation, instead of promoting true knowledge and virtue, have continued from generation to generation, to

Hurl dazzling spells into the spongy air,
Of power to cheat the eye with blear illusion,
And give it false presentments.

Were credit due to the reformers of these planet-stricken days, every public school is an appendage to the court of Comus; where the understanding becomes furnished at the expense of moral principles, and a progress in the classics is counterbalanced by a proficiency in the theory and practice of vice.

But when the facts are called for, in

support of this black aspersion, the inquirer will be put off with an evasive attempt to rivet the conclusion as a necessary consequence of the system. And yet, in spite of such logic, these reprobated institutions, which, according to the representation made of them, can send out nothing but a stream of depravity, continue still distinguished by the worth of character and exalted talents perpetually issuing from them into every sphere of public life.

This is a paradox not very easy of solution, even by those *Œdipuses* who can, with the dialectician of old, prove that 'light is darkness;' and that 'good is evil.' It would, however, completely nonplus even such sophists, to shew by what means youths, vitiated in their nonage, become suddenly metamorphosed and purified in their manners, after emerging from the sinks of iniquity in which they were bred. A transmutation of this kind is little short of miraculous, and totally reverses what the wisdom of all ages has taught us, that

Facilis descensus Averni

*Sed revocare gradum, superasque evadere
ad auras,
Hic labor, hoc opus est.*

But there is still a more perplexing paradox behind; and that is the unaccountable attachment of virtuous and honourable men to the public schools in which they spent their early days. Surely it is passing strange that minds acutely alive to all that is noble and of good report, should continue through life to cherish a respect for institutions, where in their prime they witnessed scenes of turpitude, of which in manhood they must be ashamed. But to complete this climax of wonders, we find persons of the purest character, the most exalted sentiment, and religious consistency, sending their own sons to the great national schools where they were themselves educated. This last circumstance, the truth of which cannot be questioned, is a riddle in human conduct that will defy every effort at explanation, upon the ground that the seminaries in question are deserving of impeachment. Supposing these schools to be really such hotheds of profligacy as their enemies would make them out, and as the clause in Sir Samuel Romilly's will more than insinuates them to be, it is marvellous that any man of common sense and common decency, who has himself escaped the pollution of them, should, in despite of experience, venture

to commit the hopes of his family to the same hazard. Such an act of infatuation is so totally at variance with every idea of prudence and self-esteem, that one may safely doubt whether even any man of the most depraved habits would be guilty of it. To say that vice is unknown in public schools, would be as absurd as to maintain that there are no blockheads in them. In an aggregate of juvenile intellects there must of necessity be a mixture of good and bad, mild and mischievous boys, as well as those to whom nothing is difficult, and others upon whom all labour will be spent in vain. But is there no depravity, and are there no dunces in private seminaries? This will hardly be asserted by the sturdiest champions of this mode of tuition; and therefore the next question will be, whether vice is not more likely to gain deep root in a state of comparative seclusion, than where it is scarcely possible to escape detection and to avoid punishment? In a public school, every boy stands continually open to the observation of his fellows, consequently the irregularities to which he is inclined must soon become exposed, and, if repeated, will inevitably bring him to disgrace. But let it be considered that the aberrations to which youth is liable seldom approximate to any thing like enormity, for

*All's not offence that indiscretion finds,
Or rashness deems so.*

That excellent scholar and pious divine, Dr. Barrow, was remarkable at school for pugilistic exercises, insomuch that his good father used to say, he 'hoped, if it pleased God to take any of his children it would be his son Isaac;' and yet this very Isaac proved the comfort of his old age and the glory of his family.

What were the precise objections which Sir Samuel Romilly had against all public schools, and to the four which he has named, in particular, it would be useless to conjecture. But as a lawyer, whose practice lay in a court of equity, he ought to have stated his reasons for the interdict, or expressed it in terms less offensive to private feelings. He could not speak on the subject from experience, because his own education was of a different description; and therefore it behoved him, whatever might have been his wishes in regard to his children, to have avoided throwing an odium upon characters equal to his own in talent and honour.

Out of the numbers of great men who have proceeded from the seminaries which he has so unjustly stigmatized, many of the brightest luminaries of his own profession might be mentioned. I shall here notice only four, because they all filled high judicial stations within his own time, and of whom it may be said that they will be remembered and adduced as legal authority when the name of Romilly shall be forgotten. At Eton, CHARLES PRATT, afterwards Earl Camden, received that education, and imbibed those high principles which enabled him to shine at the bar, in the senate, and on the bench, with unsullied reputation, and the greatest benefit to his country. His contemporary, WILLIAM MURRAY, Earl of Mansfield, whose abilities and integrity, both as a lawyer and a statesman will not now be questioned, was bred at WESTMINSTER, where also his two successors in the title received their scholastic learning. On turning to WINCHESTER our attention is at once arrested by the name of BLACKSTONE, the elegant expositor of the laws of England; and, in visiting HARROW, we stop for a moment to admire a foundation, that, among other bright characters, sent forth WILLIAM JONES; whose universality of knowledge was only surpassed by the firmness of his religious principles and the sanctity of his manners.

Such are the samples produced by these soils of moral and intellectual cultivation, which have been represented as destructive of the seeds of morality, and favourable only to useless weeds and poisonous plants. To repel this base and ungenerous accusation, it were easy to swell out a voluminous catalogue of illustrious characters, dead and living, whose virtues and talents reflect honour upon the academical institutions where they were nurtured and fitted for the church, the bar, and the state; but since these ancient foundations are assailed with declamation instead of argument, and comments supply the place of facts, it is not likely that even such a body of evidence would convince those men of their error, who being resolved to believe ill of what they dislike, are more deserving of contempt than hatred.

Jan. 8, 1819.

J. WATKINS.

THE LOST POCKET BOOK ; OR, NEW
PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

MR. EDITOR,

SOME time last autumn, a poor labourer in my neighbourhood found a

packet of papers tied carefully up together, with an old vellum covered pocket book, full of memoranda and loose scraps, all of which he carried to the parish clerk, who is also the village smith, and the oracle of this part of the country for many miles around. Honest Mulciber could make little of the contents, and after searching for bank-notes in vain, the entire collection of manuscripts was brought to me, in the hopes that I might be able to discover something as a clue to the owner, or prove of substantial benefit to the finder. Anxious to do justice in this case, I devoted much time to the examination of the book and papers, but without meeting any thing to identify the loser; though every leaf afforded evidence enough that the misfortune must have been sensibly felt. After waiting some time, and making many inquiries without effect, I gave the fellow a trifle to console him under his disappointment; and now at the recommendation of a friend, who is somewhat of an antiquary, I send you a portion of the contents of the pocket-book, which, if you think fit to insert in your Magazine, may be the means of ascertaining the person to whom the whole packet ought to be returned. I had almost forgotten to mention, however, that in the course of our inquiries, we learnt, that about the time when these papers were found, a portly personable man had been at several places on this road, making many observations, and asking questions of the country people concerning the state of the poor, and the character of the rich; from all which it is most likely that this traveller, whoever he may be, is the rightful owner of the packet, which may be had on describing the particulars and remunerating the finder.

The first page of the book presents the following curious title: "Notes of my intended Pilgrimage, for 1818."—After this, on several leaves are written down, in the form of an itinerarium, the names of places along the north road, with heads of queries for information about a variety of things and persons.

Then comes something like an Introduction, written in a very crabbed hand, and in an odd sort of style, but manifestly without any view to publication. As part of this *Proemium* may be amusing to your readers, I have been at some pains in decyphering and making a transcript of it.

"THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.—Walking, some time ago, through Chis-

well street, my eye was attracted by an old copy of this book, the most whimsical and popular, perhaps, of any in the English language; not even excepting the far famed romance of Robinson Crusoe. Not having read honest John Bunyan's rhapsody since my boyish days, when it both pleased and terrified me, I ventured to lay out a shilling in the purchase of the tattered volume, which no doubt must have seen as many possessors as the work itself has impressions.

As it has been an invariable maxim with me to turn every incident to some lucrative advantage, the idea revolved itself frequently in my mind what use could be made of the old tinker's singular production in the way of trade. This is the age of fanaticism (said I to myself) and any thing new under the name of Bunyan must assuredly have a good sale; even though it should be as coarse in its external garb as the "effectual shove to a heavy Christian." But, unfortunately, these my speculative cogitations were dispersed by the reflection, that vouchers would be necessary for the authenticity of the book, and that at all events the saints would desire to see the original manuscript. It then occurred to me that my quondam agent, of Shakspearian notoriety, might be able not only to manufacture an autograph of Bunyan, but even to write a new *Pilgrim's Progress*, as the completion of the author's design. But this again was hazardous; for though the dog has genius enough, he is as slippery as an eel, and as unsafe as a cullender. Many were the schemes which this extraordinary book suggested to my imagination, but all of them fled away as fast as they arose, like unto a dream when one awaketh from a troubled sleep. At length, when the fatigue of thinking produced pceevishness, a sudden notion sprang up in my fertile brain, and, like Archimedes of old, the exclamation escaped me, "I have found it."—"The title itself, said I, "is abundantly more than sufficient to repay me for the shilling which it has cost me; and thus the tinkers shall have the honour of perfecting what the cobbler began; for as I have dived into the recondite mysteries of nature, with the help of Jacob Behmen, I will clothe my discoveries in a popular style after the manner of John Bunyan.

From my youth upwards the spirit of daring ambition has stimulated me to projects for the aggrandizement of my name, and the acquisition of an estate.

In these attempts my fortune has been pretty oddly chequered, and it must be acknowledged that the world has given me more credit for the boldness of my designs, than the means employed in the execution of them. But this must be ascribed to certain narrow prejudices inseparably connected with the antiquated and superstitious notions that have so long shackled great genius, and prevented enterprising minds from acting with the same freedom as they think. It is plain that every man is his own world, and consequently should be his own legislator. The laborious commentaries upon those artificial rules and distinctions, called the laws of nature and nations, have always appeared to my mind ever since its emancipation from a slavish submission to old formularies, as arbitrary and unjust restraints upon the kingdom of SELF or ME.

The honest tinker of Bedford seems to have had a glimmering of this light, but unfortunately he lost it again, or rather suffered it to lead him into the bog of fanaticism, for the want of sufficient resolution to follow reason without any other guide. The hero of his allegorical tale is represented as breaking through every tie that could prevent him from pursuing the object of his fancy; and thus far the example is deserving of imitation; for every society is made up of individuals, each of whom is a state to himself. But then John's hero afterwards falls into a miserable course of strange adventures and sufferings, by his scruples of conscience and the uncomplaisableness of his temper. All these difficulties are described as necessarily arising in the progress upon which the pilgrim is bent, and which, it must be confessed, is one of the most visionary that can enter into the human imagination. Instead of directing all his pursuits to personal enjoyment, or the advantage of the kingdom of ME, this bewildered wanderer is figured as going out of Self, and making sacrifices for the sake of a reward somewhere else. Here then is an admirable hint for "*A New Pilgrim's Progress*:" not an allegorical personification of some poor hypochondriac trembling under imaginary terrors, but exhibiting the real observations and reflections of an active and free-thinking spirit, who, in spite of nursery tales and priestly craft, is determined, by all the arts that policy can devise, to make the rest of the world tributary to his little kingdom of individuality. In taking this retrogradation, indeed, a man must pos-

less strong nerves or great cunning, because he will either be obliged to trample fearlessly upon many old maxims that have obtained universal reputation as incontrovertible truths; or he must continue to evade the practice of them by devices, which, though they cannot blind his own judgment, may be successful in imposing upon others.

In representing a pilgrim as travelling to the kingdom of ME, nothing more is meant than shewing that the man so described is delivered from external obligations, and that he considers one object alone as deserving of consideration. With him the world around is a common from whence it is his business to gather every thing for his own benefit, provided it can be done without endangering his individual safety. Thus the intellect becomes sharpened, and genius is elicited in a variety of ways.

Whether mankind are exactly prepared for a publication that tends so directly to the eradication of all superstition is somewhat doubtful, especially when there are so many societies multiplying in every direction for the circulation of works of an opposite character. On this account, perhaps, the most prudent course would be to attack old systems in detail, and that under different disguises. By beginning with philosophy one may proceed successfully on to morals, politics, and every thing else by which the human mind has been hitherto governed, or rather enslaved. Thus in taking a circuitous course through different branches of knowledge, and demolishing the authority of names, the way will be prepared for a pilgrimage from Revelation to Reason, and from Christianity to Common Sense.

I had written thus far with a view to the formation of some plan, on which to carry these crude ideas into execution; when something occurred to disturb the chain of thought, and to give me much vexation.

Old Bunyan, I cannot but think, was plagued with a shrew, and children of the same humour; and this I infer from the picture of domestic unhappiness, which compelled his pilgrim to seek that tranquillity abroad which he could not find at home. The poor man, it seems, endeavoured to bring over his wife and family to the same notions which he had himself imbibed; but all his efforts proved ineffectual; and so, finding remonstrances of no use, he packed up his baggage and trudged away on foot from his native village.

NEW MONTHLY MAG.—No. 61.

This, I fear, is a pretty common case with reformers, or at least it agrees with my experience. Having long since adopted the Pythagorean doctrine, in regard to diet, it was my anxious wish to introduce the same regimen into my household, but here I was doomed to encounter the most inflexible opposition. Persuasion, intreaties, and menaces, have all proved ineffectual, and not a soul can I prevail upon by any means to forego the savoury delights of ham and veal, or ducks and green peas. All my reasoning is whistling to the winds; and if I enforce it by mandate, my olfactory nerves are sure to be tortured by the smell of a lamb's fry or liver and bacon. The other day a butcher's boy appeared at the door with a fine sirloin in his tray, which, as being contrary to the code I had established, was sent back again in no very civil terms to his master. This disappointment diffused a gloom throughout the house, and I had the mortification to hear my son singing all the rest of the day, "Oh the roast Beef of Old England!" and when desired to be silent, the youngster had the impudence to raise the ribald chant a note higher, on purpose to plague me; for which, in a momentary fit, I broke a china jug of no small value upon his pate, made a large incision in his skull, and had to pay a swinging bill to the surgeon, who, as I have every reason to believe, kept the wound open on purpose to increase the expense and my vexation.

On complaining of this unlucky business to my rib, like Job's tender wife, she told me, "that it was all of my own seeking; that with liberty in my mouth I was a tyrant in heart; and that if I had been a Christian, instead of a pretended philosopher, it would have been better for the family;" with many more consoling reflections of a similar nature. Provoked at these sarcasms, and not well knowing how to reply, I muttered in a grumbling, under tone, "Hang me if I do not go on a pilgrimage;" which effusion, instead of creating alarm or softening matters, was received with a taunting look, that said as much as a look could say, "You may go to the Devil."

Here, Mr. Editor, the book exhibits an hiatus by cutting out several leaves, after which follows an itinerary; from whence I shall trouble you with occasional extracts, if the present be deemed worthy of insertion in your next Number.

JOHN TROTTER.

Ponder's *End*, Dec. 9, 1818.

VOL. XI.

E

REMARKABLE CONFESSION OF A CON-
DEMNED MALEFACTOR, AS DETAILED
IN A LETTER FROM A CLERGYMAN
IN . . . TO HIS FRIEND AT . . .

(From the German.)

YOU are indeed right, my dearest friend, in your assertion, that the most pleasing, yet, alas! too often, the most afflicting duties of a christian minister, are those of preparing the unhappy wretch, whom the avenging arm of justice has doomed to expiate his crimes by death, for his passage into another world. Should all our exertions prove fruitless—should the malefactor turn a deaf ear to our urgent remonstrances, and rush upon his fate with cold and hardened insensibility, what shuddering sensations of horror does the scene awaken in our bosoms. Even when he listens to our exhortations with penitent grief, and appears to feel contrite devotion, what anxious compassion—yet what tormenting uncertainty must we feel, whether these emotions are caused by sincere conviction of his guilt, and repentance for his crimes, or by the dread of death alone. But, on the other hand, how sweet is that delightful consciousness of having been the means of saving a fellow creature from everlasting perdition—what a divine foretaste do we then enjoy of that moment, when, at our own anxious entrance trembling into eternity, the now blessed soul, springing to our embrace, shall conduct us to the throne of HIM who is and was and is to be.

You will perhaps, ask, for what reason I now enforce these reflections? Oh! my best friend, never before did they present themselves in such gloomy colours to my imagination as at this moment—at this awful moment—when I have but just quitted the scaffold, sprinkled with the blood of a youth, whose unhappy fate has awakened my tenderest and most heart-felt sympathy:—one, who deserved to have lived among the number of those few, yet noble souls, whose virtues, though unknown to the world, elevate them beyond its feelings and passions; with whose singular destiny I am acquainted, even to his most secret faults, and whom I have seen submit to his doom with a heroism which deprived me of all the firmness I had, with so much difficulty, summoned for his support, should he have failed in that terrible hour.

Yes, my friend, even that unfortunate being whom you will find described in the public prints as a monster of trebled

Iniquity; as one guilty of incest, an incendiary, and a murderer—who had actually committed these three horrible crimes, for either of which justice had consigned him to a merited death, before he reached his 23d year; even he, whom the many openly abhorred—whom perhaps some, though but few, more humane and enlightened minds may have secretly pitied; even he possessed a noble heart, tender feelings, and sentiments of which you or I might boast—An assertion this, which may offend you, but which my melancholy relation will fully justify.

About eight days have now elapsed, since I received from the magistrates of the neighbouring town, in consequence of the sudden indisposition of the clergyman there, the commission to prepare for death a condemned malefactor, whose crimes I knew by report, and which had been represented as of the most heinous character. I will not deny that I entered upon this duty most unwillingly.—"Only two-and-twenty years of age, and already such a hardened threefold sinner! What contrition can be hoped for from a mind so early, yet so deeply sunk in vice—how depraved must his soul have been from childhood—and what true repentance can be wrought in such a man within the short space of eight days?" Such were my thoughts as I entered the prison.

But his first appearance softened my sterner mood, and inclined my heart in his favour. Through the disguise of neglected, black and matted locks—through a complexion rendered sallow by grief and confinement—through dirt and squalid wretchedness, I could discern the lineaments of a mild, yet manly countenance. Resignation and sorrow spoke from his tearful eyes, and the expression of his look was open, confiding, and friendly. With one glance my previous aversion was vanquished, and my address was more earnest than usual, even on such occasions.

"I doubt not, (said I) but that you guess the purport of my visit, and as confidently do I trust that it will not be unpleasant, after so tedious a confinement, and so long an association with jailors and their prisoners, once more to feel yourself in the presence of one, whose heart compassionates and feels for you, and whose only wish it is to be the humble instrument of sweetening to you the last dregs of life, and softening the terrors of approaching death: and to whom in confidence you may unre-

seriously relieve yourself of the weight of guilt that must weigh heavy on your conscience."

'I would pledge you my right hand, as a sign of my grateful welcome, (answered he) were I not prevented by these chains. The society of my persecutors and of my jailors has, indeed, too long been endured by me. Willingly do I leave a world in which I never more can experience happiness, and to which I owe that debt of life, I am now about to offer, as the just punishment of my misdeeds, and to serve as a warning to others. You think me, no doubt, (added he, with a mournful smile, which pierced my very heart, as it waned beneath the overmastering expression of mental agony,) you think me, worthy Sir, no doubt, one of the vilest of criminals?'

I shrugged up my shoulders. "I would fain think otherwise of you; but can I?"

'No, no, I confess it myself. My soul is burthened with many crimes, and yet the Omiscient is my witness, that the first cause of them was a passion, in its origin not only blameless, but even exalted. The world may believe me what it will; I can endure its detestation with patience, for the unbiassed voice of my own conscience accuses me only of being one of the most unfortunate of men. But, that my comforter in these last trying hours, that he who has, at his first entrance into my dungeon, so compassionately announced himself as my friend, may learn to know me better;—this do I more anxiously desire than to be justified in the opinion of all the world besides: and the kindness, the commiseration towards me, visible on your countenance, assures me of your willing attention to my sad recital.'

You may easily imagine, my dear friend, how much my astonishment and interest were augmented by such an address; and that even a feeling of curiosity influenced my entreaties to him to confide his story to me: which he immediately commenced in nearly the following words:—

'My father was a respectable tradesman in this town, and I, his only son, was educated with all possible care, under his immediate inspection, to succeed him in his business. From my earliest years, my disposition was silent and reserved, and the perusal of instructive and entertaining books, the dearest, and almost sole employment of my leisure hours. I avoided, from choice,

the noisy pleasures of the world; and my parents cherished me, on account of this exclusive attachment for my home, with redoubled affection. In my seventeenth year I lost my mother. My father continued single for a considerable time longer, in content and happiness: he was actually approaching his sixtieth birthday, when he had the weakness to fall in love (if, indeed, the passion could be so termed) with the youthful daughter of one of our neighbours, whose only riches consisted in her extraordinary beauty and unsullied reputation. He formally demanded her hand of her parents: and the latter, who looked upon him as a thriving, wealthy tradesman, compelled their child, partly by threats, and partly by persuasion, to pledge her faith to him, rather with her lips than with her heart. The wedding day was already fixed, when my father fell dangerously ill: he, however, soon partially recovered, and although his physician, and some still remaining weakness counselled delay, he paid but little attention to either, summoned up all his strength, and celebrated his marriage as well and as gaily as his situation permitted. But on that very day, whilst seated amid his friends, enjoying the delights of the festive board, he suddenly became so faint and ill, that he was obliged to be carried from table to his bed, from which he never again arose. He lingered in this state a whole year. And it is certain, incontestibly certain, that this ill-starred marriage never was consummated.

Meanwhile the maiden whom he had espoused, assumed the name of his wife, and in reward for the resignation and cheerfulness with which she supported the toils, and fulfilled the duties of an affectionate and careful nurse, he bequeathed to her by will his whole property; and left me, his only son—against whom he had never had cause to utter a single complaint—with the exception of my scanty legal portion, penniless! How much reason soever I might now appear to have, to hate, or at least, to shun a person who had deprived me, almost in an unlawful manner, of a considerable fortune—the contrary feeling prevailed over my resentment. She was, as I have already observed, young, beautiful, of an irreproachable character; mild and obliging towards every body, and from the first moment of our acquaintance, peculiarly engaging in her behaviour to me. Little then aware of the reason, I yet sought her company

at every leisure hour—delighted in her conversation—often asked her opinion on the concerns of the house, and soon observed, with secret pleasure, that she was on her part anxious to obtain mine, even on trifles, and followed my advice with the most scrupulous attention. Thus passed on some months, and I thought not on the danger of our growing attachment: but when she daily became dearer to me, when no place without her any longer had charms for me, and sleeping or waking, her idea was constantly present to my thoughts; then, too late, I observed the flame that glowed within my breast. Terrified at the precipice on which I stood, and resolved as much as possible to avoid one who never could be mine, I should immediately have quitted my father's house, had I not been withheld by the dread of the comments my fellow citizens would make upon my conduct—by whom it might have been deemed the effect of anger against my parent for so unkindly disinheriting me—by the present situation of affairs in our business, to the prosperity of which my presence was absolutely indispensable—and lastly, by the evidently approaching dissolution of my still beloved father.

‘However, I maintained, during some time, my resolution of shunning her society; but no sooner was she aware of this, than, on the first opportunity, following me to a sequestered part of the house, she implored me, with tears in her eyes, to tell her the reason of such an alteration in my conduct, for which she had never intentionally given me any cause. I stammered out something in the form of an excuse; but all that I could say, was by her gently, yet clearly refuted: and at last, as my agitation encreased, and some words escaped me, which but too well explained my real feelings, she could no longer restrain the impulse of her affection, but throwing herself into my arms, avowed her attachment to me. This event put an end to all constraint on my part, and no longer endeavouring to disguise my love, I still forced myself to try to impress on her mind the impossibility of her ever being mine, and the absolute necessity of an eternal separation from her; and after an heart-rending effort, burst from her in an agony of despair. But she clung to my arm, asserted that she was but the legal, nominal, wife of my father; set before me the certainty of the speedy removal of that obstacle, and insinuated the delightful hope, that

a mere name would not be the insuperable barrier to the accomplishment of our mutual wishes.

‘Her urgent entreaties, and the confidence with which she adverted to the latter alluring argument, finally overpowered my weak opposition. But by that holy name, before whose judgment seat I am about so soon to appear, I swear to you, reverend Sir, that nothing passed between us, with which my conscience at that awful hour can reproach me. A tender embrace, and reciprocal assurances of attachment and constancy, were all that I wished for and attempted to obtain, or she permitted.

At length my father expired; and some weeks afterwards, she renewed her entreaties and persuasions for me to procure legal advice for our guidance. I dared not undeceive myself; but in proportion as my ardent love for her augmented, my once confident hope of ever possessing her had declined. At length, trembling for her sake, and desperately desirous of putting an end to the distracting uncertainty in which I existed, I hastened to the nearest advocate, and unreservedly confided to him every circumstance of our situation. He inspired me with hopes; instantly dispatched a petition in my name to the High Ecclesiastical Court, for a dispensation; but, either from ignorance or carelessness, for I would not willingly impute worse motives to my countryman, he touched so lightly on the important point of the unconsummated, yet legally concluded, marriage, that a double motive and a dark artful design, were with too great seeming justice afterwards imputed to us on that account.

‘Imagine to yourself our transports of joy, when, at the end of three weeks, we received the most ample permission to marry; and from a state of tormenting anxiety, were at once elevated to the calm confidence of bliss in our approaching union. Can you doubt the purity of our attachment, when I affirm to you, by the Omnipresent Deity, that notwithstanding this permission, notwithstanding she was my very shadow, and watched every look of mine to obey it; though I loved her with indescribable ardour, and thought of nothing, sought for nothing; but how I might best promote her happiness, and certainly might, with a word, have induced a woman who loved me far better than herself, to dare every thing for my sake, I repeat, that more than four weeks went by,

without any thing more having passed between us, than we might, without hesitation, or the fear of blame, have confessed to the severest inquisitor of our conduct.

'We now no longer kept our love or our intentions a secret from the world; but made open preparations for our approaching wedding, and by the singularity of the event, excited the curiosity and attention of our neighbours, already envious of our felicity. The magistracy interfered; commanded us to postpone our marriage, and made a report of the whole affair to the Ecclesiastical Court. God alone knows the reasons which induced them to resolve upon a new proceeding, which annulled their former decision: but sure I am, that the distraction of the unfortunate traveller, who feels himself reeling down the edge of an unfathomable precipice, can not be compared to mine, when I was summoned to appear before them, and heard the overwhelming sentence which prohibited our union. And then her tears, her grief, her misery—to describe our feelings, would be far beyond my powers; I cannot, will not do it—it would only give unnecessary pain to your friendly heart, and shake that resolution, which will, ere long, be so necessary for my own support.'

Here the unhappy man paused for some minutes;—tears no longer to be restrained, burst from his eyes; and mine, I acknowledge, flowed freely: he perceived them, gratefully pressed my offered hand, and continued his sad tale.

'The decree of the church ordered us to remove to separate habitations, but neither forbade my seeing nor conversing with my step-mother, as she was now denominated, as often as I pleased. All hope had not yet vanished, of once more changing our destiny by a new representation; and as my persuasions and arguments alone withheld the wretched girl from adopting the most desperate measures; and my own misery found its only relief in her society, now become indispensable to my happiness, I was by her side from morning till night, yet still guiltless as ever.

'Alas! a neighbour, who was often with us, and who manifested real compassion for our sufferings, had the imprudence one day to say before us, that were he in my place, he would not scruple to pursue another course: that the object of the Court was merely to extort money from us, and that, in his opinion, a

living proof of our love, would procure a permission for our marriage, sooner than all the advocates in Germany.

'Of what use would it now be to me, worthy Sir, to boast of a forbearance which can no longer gain me any advantage, or avert my fate; but my own heart tells me, that even this alluring sophistry would have failed to work its effect, had it not made a deeper impression on her mind than on mine. Her persuasions, arguments, and entreaties, once more conquered my resolution; and, fondly cherishing the pleasing anticipation of future happiness, which her ardent imagination suggested, in a fatal moment, we followed his rash counsel.

'Whilst inwardly convinced of the innocence and rectitude of our intentions, we indulged ourselves in a dream too blissful to be durable, she felt that she was soon likely to become a mother. With a tender embrace, her eyes raised in gratitude towards heaven, she communicated this intelligence to me; attempted not to conceal her situation from her friends; on the contrary, proclaimed every where, that I was the father—that she never would acknowledge any one for her husband but me, and that already, in the sight of God, she considered me as such, trusting that the event would facilitate the dearest wish of her heart—our so long protracted union. In short, by the intentional publicity we gave to the affair, it quickly came to the knowledge of the magistracy, who once more resolved to interfere, and summoned us to appear before them. Neither of us hesitated to confess the whole; and the natural, though by us unforeseen consequence of our avowal, was a fresh investigation, immediate separation, and imprisonment, which however, was, for her mitigated to confinement to her own house. Even yet I believe, and my friend, the advocate before mentioned, confirmed me in my opinion, that the whole might at last have been happily brought to a conclusion, had not an unexpected event confounded all who were favourable to our cause, and plunged us in disgrace and misery.

'To be brief: she, to whom confinement and separation from me, were insupportable, attempted to escape—was detected, brought back, and, notwithstanding her condition, treated with inhuman severity. At this news, my former patient endurance was changed

into despair and madness. Flight and her deliverance, were, from that moment, the sole and anxious objects of my thoughts; and, in the state of mind in which I then was, I considered but how to accomplish the first, without having imagined the means by which I could effect the second.

I contrived to make my escape unobserved, that very night; and I was already beyond the walls of my prison, ere I reflected how I could succeed in rescuing her, and carrying her off with me. Whither we should flee, or how we should live, seemed at that moment, trifles, which necessity would easily and quickly teach us. How to get to her was my only difficulty. Were I once taken, nothing could be more certain, than that I should be closer confined than before, and deprived of every future chance of escape. What was to be done for our preservation must be quickly done, as I could not assure myself that my absence would remain undiscovered another hour. Whilst a thousand plans, no sooner formed, than rejected, rushed across my mind, the idea presented itself, of setting fire to the house, or rather wooden hovel, in which she was confined; and, amidst the alarm and confusion this would occasion, to force my way to her, bear her through the flames, support her in our flight, whilst my strength sufficed, and to trust to circumstances for the rest. This project was no sooner conceived than executed: a neighbouring lamp afforded me fire, and the dry wooden work of the house soon burst into a flame. I was, unrecognized, among the first to give the alarm, rushed safely through the flames, and bore her, half dead with terror and surprise, beyond the city gates. But, alas, how seldom does our strength second our will! The exertions I had already made—the weight of my beloved burthen—the length of the way, and my own bodily weakness from long confinement, overcame me about a mile from the gates of the town, and I sank senseless upon the ground; exhausted by fatigue and loss of blood from a wound I had received in my neck during the fire. My unhappy partner attempted to support me; but in vain; her weakness required assistance for herself.—Besides, we were already missed, our pursuers arrived, secured us, and once more dragged us back to our prisons.

I was now, as I had foreseen, and dreaded, more closely confined than be-

fore, and my death unavoidable; but even this reflection strengthened my desperate resolution, once more, to dare all hazards—to succeed or perish. My jailor belonged to that class of rough hardened wretches, in whose breasts every feeling of humanity seems totally extinct. One day I surprised him asleep. Despair gave me strength; I found means to get rid of my chains, stole the key out of his pocket, and was already half out of the door, when he awoke, and sprang furiously after me. I was the younger, and, in the scuffle which ensued, proved likewise the stronger. I grappled with him, and seizing him by the throat, fastened him with so firm a grasp to the wall, as to render it impossible for him to cry out for assistance. I then demanded of him to swear not to betray my escape, but instead of replying, the wretch, unperceived by me, drew a knife from his pocket, with which he attempted to stab me in the back. I, however, wrested it from him; and as I clearly perceived, that if he lived all chance of saving my own life was lost, I buried it twice in his throat, left him dying on the ground, and fled. Again I reached her I adored in safety; for she was, I well knew, on account of her dangerous state, allowed to be at liberty on bail—and once more we resolved to fly together. But the retributive arm of the avenger of blood was close behind me—we were pursued, retaken, and now, within a few days, an ignominious and inevitable death awaits me. Oh how welcome to me is its approach!—Is it possible, think you, I can regret to leave a world, which has branded my name with infamy, and heaped upon my soul an accumulated mass of the deepest and most irremediable misery.

Here the unfortunate man concluded his history, and heroically has he kept his promise of patiently, yet firmly, submitting to his fate. Oh! I could tell you much of his courage in the last awful hour—of his heart-rending interview with his miserable wife—of his repentance, piety, and holy confidence of pardon, but you must forgive me if I break off this long letter abruptly. This poor youth has become so dear to me, that I cannot think of him without tears; and if yours have not already fallen over his melancholy history, the blame must lie upon the unskillfulness of my description, which may have weakened the interest and compassion his unhappy fate would otherwise have excited.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE AND TRAVELS OF MR. U. J. SEETZEN.

THE English, French, and German papers have made frequent mention of Mr. Seetzen, the traveller, whose premature death has excited the regret of all the friends of science; and as his name is well known to our readers, we doubt not but they will peruse with interest, some connected details of the unhappily short career which he passed through in a manner equally useful and honourable.

Mr. Seetzen was born in the principality of East Friesland, in Westphalia, and studied at Göttingen under the celebrated Blumenbach. He had scarcely left the university when he published several Essays on subjects of Natural History, Statistics, and Political Economy, which did him great credit. About this time he conceived the project of visiting the East, and the interior of Africa, and prepared himself accordingly for that great enterprise. In 1804 he published his project, and inserted in a German journal, a memoir on the manner of rendering such a journey useful to Science. The Dukes, Ernest and Augustus of Saxe Gotha facilitated the execution of his project; in the first place, by supplying him with some instruments of which he had need to make astronomical observations; and, in the second, by allowing him, for the whole time of his absence, a considerable pension, part of which was destined to pay his expenses, and the other part to purchase objects that might be interesting for the arts and sciences.

It was in the month of August, 1802, that Mr. Seetzen set out on his journey, accompanied by one of his countrymen of the name of Jacobson. He proceeded by the way of Vienna, Pesth, Galatz, and Bucharest; passed Mount Hæmus, and arrived on the 12th of December at Constantinople. The ambassadors of the European powers received him kindly, and showed themselves inclined to favour the continuation of his journey. The Russian counsellor of state, Mr. Froding, who had long resided at Mocha in Southern Arabia, and the learned Orientalist, Mr. Joseph Von Hammer, furnished him with very numerous and useful notices, respecting the countries he intended to visit, which contributed materially to the success of his researches. After a stay of six months at Constantinople, Mr. Seetzen quitted that city and proceeded by land to Smyrna; he visited on the way Mount

Olympus in Mysia, and determined the geographical position of many points. At Smyrna he met with several Europeans, among whom were, the traveller Bartholdy, the Prussian clergyman Usku, who had travelled through Syria Palestine and Persia, and the Russian Prince Oczakow, who had penetrated into the interior of Asia Minor, and of Egypt.

Though abandoned by his companion Jacobson, who could not bear the climate of Asia, Seetzen proceeded on his journey. He quitted Smyrna on the 3d of October, 1803, and with a caravan traversed the defiles of Mount Taurus, and arrived on the 23d of November at Aleppo. He stopped there more than a year, and employed that time in the study of the Arabic, in collecting Oriental MSS. for the library of the Duke of Saxe Gotha, and in composing several memoirs, which have been inserted in various German publications.

On the 9th of April, 1805, Mr. Seetzen went to Damascus, where he was very well received by a French physician of the name of Chaboceau. Being sufficiently master of Arabic to dispense with an interpreter, he was able to penetrate into various parts of Syria and Palestine, which no European had yet traversed; and to visit, with advantage, those countries formerly so rich and so celebrated when the cities of Philadelphia, Gadara, Gerassa, Capitolias, Pella, &c. flourished. Having put on the Arab dress, and assumed the name of Musa, Seetzen set out from Damascus on the 1st of May, 1805, accompanied, sometimes by Greeks, sometimes by Druses, sometimes by Mahometans, and often alone, because nobody was willing to expose himself with him to be molested by the Bedouins. On the fifth day of his journey he was suddenly surrounded by a troop of Arab horsemen, and would infallibly have been plundered had not the portable medicine chest, which he had among his effects, caused him to pass for a physician. He saw the provinces of Trachonitis and Auranitis, so famous in the time of the Romans, and went as far as the eastern extremity of the Hawran, inhabited by the Druses. The number of inscriptions and of ruins which he met with exceeds all conception. On a small extent of ground he found fourteen temples of Roman construction, an amphitheatre in pretty good preservation, an aqueduct, twenty leagues in length, ancient mausoleums of the form of those at Palmyra, three gates of a city of great beauty.

and many of the ruins which seem to date from the times of the Greek emperors. The houses in this country are all built of Basaltic stones; and those black masses in the midst of a country destitute of trees and shrubs have a singular appearance. The inscriptions which Mr. Seetzen copied are all in Greek, and they will certainly throw much light on the ancient prosperity of those countries as well as the causes of their decline.

In the month of June, 1805, Seetzen returned to Damascus. After a short stay in that city he again set out, to visit successively the heights of Lebanon, the famous forest of Cedars, the magnificent ruins of Balbec, the temple of Venus Aphacita, situated near the source of the river Ibrahim; which temple was destroyed by Constantine, with many other monuments of antiquity hitherto unknown. He saw, among others, an inscription carved in the rock, near the mouth of the river Kelb (the Lycus of the ancients) which proves that it was Marcus Aurelius who had the hanging road made which runs along the sea-side at this place. It is to be regretted that Mr. Seetzen was not provided with a barometer, that he might have determined the height of Mount Libanus, respecting which we have not at present any sure data; it must be considerable, since under a latitude of about thirty degrees the snow upon its summit remains unmolested the whole year through. In traversing Libanus and Antilibanus, Mr. Seetzen saw two curious convents, that of Kussheja, inhabited by Maronite monks, where there is a Syriac printing office, and that of Mar-Johanna-Schuvoier, of the Greek religion, which possesses an Arabic printing-office.

After he returned to Damascus, Mr. Seetzen made preparations to visit the east bank of the Jordan and of the Dead Sea, as well as the provinces, which, in the time of the Romans, bore the names of Mesabitis, Ammonitis, Galaditis, Amoritis, &c. His friends in vain dissuaded him from this journey as extremely dangerous; he persisted in his project, and a merchant of Damascus, who had traded for thirty years with the Arab tribes, offered to serve him as a guide. On the 19th of January, 1806, he left Damascus, dressed as an Arab Sheik, and proceeded on his journey. After having visited Hasbeia, Cesarea, and the lake of Tabarieh, or Tiberias, he arrived at the village of El Hossan, the inhabitants of which, who are Christians of the Greek

church, advised him to throw aside everything that might tempt the cupidity of the Arabs, if he wished to continue his journey to the east of the Jordan and the Dead Sea. He therefore wrapped himself in a ragged blue linen shirt, and in an old robe-de-chambre; and having covered his head with a wretched cotton handkerchief, in this costume traversed these inhospitable countries, barefoot, and sleeping, for the most part, in the open air. To add to the misfortune, it was precisely the season of the great fast, so that Mr. Seetzen, wishing to pass for a Greek Christian, was obliged to live entirely upon bread and oil. Among the curiosities which he remarked in this excursion, we will mention the caverns hollowed by the hand of man, so common to the province of El Botthyn, and a little tribe, who have no other dwellings than these subterranean caves. But the most interesting discovery which he made, was that of the magnificent ruins of Dschevrasch, the ancient Gerasa, near the village of Szuf, twenty leagues to the south of Damascus. These ruins, according to his description, are not inferior to those Palmyra and Balbeck. Not to mention innumerable fragments of columns, temples, and palaces, Mr. Seetzen saw there two superb amphitheatres of marble, three temples, a beautiful gate of a city, a piece of wall, of an enclosure a league in length, and a great street, having on each side a row of columns of the Corinthian order; one end of which joins a semicircular place, surrounded by sixty columns of the Ionian order. Unhappily, Mr. Seetzen could not remain long enough among these precious ruins to examine them in detail: it is to be hoped that another will finish what he has so successfully begun. Amman, the ancient Philadelphia, whose origin is, probably, more remote than the time of the Romans, was also found by our traveller to contain a great number of fine ruins, which would deserve to be investigated with care.

In a place called Es Szalt, the beautiful vegetation of which is the more striking, as the environs are sterile deserts, Seetzen became acquainted with an Arab poet, who recited to him a poem of his composition, in which, during the French invasion of Syria, he had invited the Christians of that country, to join the standard of Bonaparte. M. Seetzen afterwards traversed the frightful rocks and precipices which are

on the east and south banks of the Dead Sea; and after eight days, passed in fatigues and dangers of every description, he arrived, on the 7th of April, at the convent of Terra Santa, at Jerusalem, where he was welcomed with the greatest hospitality. On the 25th of May left Jerusalem, went to Jaffa, and thence, by sea, to Acre; where he remained till the end of the year, employed in drawing up his journal, arranging his collections, and making preparations for a new journey to the south of Arabia. It appears that, in the interval, he made a second excursion through the eastern parts of Syria and Palestine. At least, he wrote a letter to one of his friends, dated Acre, Nov. 3, 1806, in which he said: "Within three days from this time I think to recommence my travels: I shall go first to Nazareth, Thabor, Nablos, Jerusalem; I shall again go round the Dead Sea; I shall go to Bethlehem and Hebron, and thence I shall proceed, by a new route, across the desert, towards Mount Sinai; whence I shall pass on to Suez and Cairo." The details of this journey are completely unknown to us; according to all appearance, the letters in which he gave an account of them are lost. We first find our traveller again at Jerusalem, at the moment of his departure for Hebron, on the 15th of March, 1807. In this last town he sought for a guide, to conduct him across the desert: a Bedouin agreed to do it, but not without many difficulties; and Mr. Seetzen set out on the 27th of March. Several days were spent in passing the mountain of Ty (called in the Bible Seir) and after a march of twelve days, during which he had not met with a single habitation, or a human being, he arrived at the convent of St. Catherine on Mount Sinai. He staid there ten days, ascended to the summit of Mounts Horeb and Sinai, and the mountain of St. Catherine. He determined, by astronomical observations, the situation of the convent, and collected a great deal of curious information respecting those countries, which are so interesting in the history of the human race. Towards the end of April, Seetzen quitted Mount Sinai, and repaired, first to Suez, and then to Cairo, where he again found all the enjoyments of civilized life, in the house of Mr. Rossetti, the consul general of Austria.

The city of Cairo being a place of passage and of rendezvous for numerous caravans, both of merchants and pilgrims, coming from the east and the

west, afforded Mr. Seetzen great facilities in getting acquainted with the different dialects of the Arabic language, in procuring information respecting the regions of Asia and Africa which he proposed to visit, and in collecting many oriental MSS. as well as a vast number of valuable articles, relative to the sciences of Antiquities, Mineralogy, Botany, and Zoology.

In the month of May, 1808, Seetzen visited the province El Feium, the pyramids of Gizeh, the grottoes of the mummies, near Sacara, and the great lake situated near Birket-el-Koerra: on his return to Cairo, he publicly embraced Islamism, the only means of being able to visit, without danger, the holy cities of Mecca and Medina; as well as all the provinces occupied by the Wechabites.

After an abode of about two years at Cairo, during which Mr. Seetzen made such progress in the study of the Arabic, that in the sequel he was frequently taken for a native of Arabia, he returned to Suez; and, in this journey, made himself acquainted with the certainty of the existence of the ancient canal, which joined the Nile with the Red Sea. The bed of this canal is from one hundred and fifty to one hundred and eighty feet in breadth: it begins at the north part of the Gulf of Suez, goes in a northerly direction towards the Lake of El Memlahh, situated nine leagues from Suez, and traverses a long and narrow valley: it probably joined the Nile near to Birket-Hudseh.

On the eve of his departure for Arabia Deserta and Arabia Felix, Mr. Seetzen wrote to one of his friends in Europe the following letter:—"The dangers of the journey I am going to undertake are represented to me, as very formidable; I am told that the Wechabites, masters of Akaba, and Moileh, massacre every person whom they consider as an infidel; and people prophecy me nothing but misfortunes. I cannot dissemble to myself, that the dangers to which I am going to expose myself are very great: but when I think on the fine discoveries which await me at Aileh, Assium, Taraum, Median, &c. I do not hesitate to brave them."

In fact, he set out on the 19th of May for Akaba and Wady-Musa; but he could not penetrate to those two places, because the Bedouins hindered him from continuing his route. "Is not he," said one of them to Seetzen's guide, "the Christian who for

a long time past has been hovering over our country in all directions? You are wrong to introduce him among us: he will bring us nothing but misfortunes. He is the same man who came from Syria two years ago, who was always writing, and whose enchantments are the cause that no rain now falls in our country, and that we are perishing with drought; advise him to withdraw from these parts, if he will not be the victim of his temerity."

Mr. Seetzen was thus obliged to return to Suez; he again left it a short time afterwards, and went by sea to Tanbua and Djidda, two ports in the Red Sea. There he assumed the dress of a pilgrim, and repaired to Mecca, to pass the month of Ramadan, or the great fast. "I have gone seven times round the Kaaba," he wrote to one of his friends; "I have devoutly kissed the black stone; I have seven times performed the sacred course from Szoffa to Merruch; then I had my head shaved; and I have obtained permission to lay aside my pilgrim's habit, and to resume my usual dress."

In the month of November, Seetzen returned to Djidda, where he purchased several curious MSS. Early in January he made a second pilgrimage to Mecca, of which he speaks in his letters in the following manner:—"This city presents now a very different scene from what it did at the fasts of Ramadan. All the streets are crowded with people. More than a thousand make at once the tour round the Kaaba, and kiss with fervour the black stone. The crowd is such, that one is every moment in danger of being suffocated: and, when once borne away by the torrent, it is absolutely necessary to follow it. We see here united, Arabs of the provinces of Hedschah, Yemen, Hadramut, and Oman; Wechabites from Nadschd; Moore and Negroes from the interior of Africa; Persians, Afghans, Indians, inhabitants of Java, Tartars, and Turks. One must have been a spectator of this pilgrimage, to form an idea of the religious enthusiasm of the Musselmén."

Mr. Seetzen having been admitted by an inhabitant of Mecca to the greatest intimacy in his family, was initiated into all the mysteries of Islamism. He staid more than two months at Mecca, employed in drawing views of the environs. It was not easy to conceal this operation from the eyes of Musselmén. However, he succeeded in doing so. Though incessantly observed, he found means to

take the plan of the city, and the map of the environs, as well as to draw sixteen different views of the holy mosque. He also determined, by astronomical observations, the situation of Mecca; and was assisted in this operation by a native of the country, who was at once an astrologer, a grocer, a mathematician, a maker of almanacks, and a caustic.

In the month of March, 1810, Mr. Seetzen returned to Djidda, and set out for Yemen, accompanied by a well informed Arab. They went by water to Hodede, thence continued their journey by land, and visited successively Bet-el-fakih, Sebidi, the coffee plantations of Hadjje, Kusma, Doran, Sana, Taes, Aden, and Mecha; in this last city, Mr. Seetzen had the pleasure again to meet with Europeans;—Captain Rudland, Dr. Barthow (a physician), and Mr. Benzoni, a merchant. The letter which he wrote from Mocha to Mr. Von Lindenau, dated Nov. 17, 1810, is the last that was received from him. The following is the conclusion of it:—"If the collection of curiosities which I have procured at Cairo, arrives safe in Europe, I hope that the long stay I have made in that city will be approved of, and I also flatter myself, that my journey to Arabia will not appear useless. I have still to examine in this country, the Provinces of Hadramut and Oman, as well as the South Coast from Aden to the Persian Gulf; and I intend to set out upon this expedition in a few days. I shall go first to Sana, to buy some more important manuscripts, which are destined to enrich the library of the Duke of Saxe Gotha. I shall see the city of Mareb, and the famous dyke near that town: then I shall visit some ports on the Arabian Sea, situated more to the east. I shall endeavour to obtain some information respecting the language of the Bedouins of Mehra; I shall then penetrate into the province of Oman, and shall return by sea to Mocha. My desire of becoming acquainted with the interior of Africa, is still as ardent as when I first announced my project of visiting it: if I live, I think to undertake this journey as soon as I have returned from my tour in Arabia, and I hope that the mask of Islamism will prove as useful to me there, as it has hitherto been."

After this letter, written from Mocha, which was received in Europe in 1811, several years elapsed, without any information respecting the fate of Mr.

Seetzen. In 1815, Mr. Buckingham, an English traveller, communicated the following particulars to Mr. Von Hammer:—During his journey from Djidda to Mocha, Mr. Seetzen had obtained several manuscripts, and many objects of natural history, which he intended to send to Europe. He had scarcely arrived at Mocha, when the Dola or Governor of that city seized on his collections, which he thought contained treasures. Having found nothing in them to tempt his cupidity, he sent them to the Iman of Sana, on the pretext that the owner made use of them for magical operations. Mr. Seetzen, after having in vain solicited the Dola to have his collections returned, resolved to apply in person to the Iman of Sana, and set out in the month of October, 1811. A few days after his departure, information was brought to Mocha, by the Arabs who accompanied him, that he had died suddenly at Taes; and that according to all appearance, he had been poisoned by order of the Iman. Mr. Seetzen, before he left Mocha, had entrusted his most important papers to Mr. Benzoni, who was to forward them to his patron, the Duke of Saxe Gotha; but by a fatality which it was impossible to foresee, Benzoni, being seized with a mortal disease before he could execute his commission, delivered his papers to a chief of Bainans, in the service of the English East India Company: the Dola was informed of it, and took them from him, so that we must consider the Journal of Mr. Seetzen's Journey in Arabia, and the collections which he made there, as lost to us. Other travellers have pretended, that Mr. Seetzen was still alive, in the hands of the Iman of Sana; but their accounts merit little confidence, since eye witnesses have attested his death; and it is, besides, not probable, that the Iman of Sana would have ventured to keep so long in prison a Musselman, who was known to have made the pilgrimage to Mecca.

The name of Seetzen must therefore be added to the list of martyrs to the love of knowledge. His death is a great, and probably, irreparable loss. What might we have expected from a journey into the interior of Africa, undertaken by a man thoroughly acquainted with all the dialects of the Arabic language, who was inured to fatigue, whom an abode of nine years in the East, had rendered familiar with the manners and customs of the Musselmén—who com-

bined courage with perseverance; and who to all these advantages joined the quality of Haggi, that is to say, a pilgrim who has visited the holy cities, which makes him who bears that title, an object of veneration to all Musselmén.

Short as the career of Mr. Seetzen has been, yet what he has accomplished, places him on the list of the most celebrated travellers. His numerous astronomical observations serve to determine more exactly the geographical position of several cities of Syria, Palestine, and Arabia; the map of the Dead Sea and its environs, which he has drawn, gives us a clear idea of a country, concerning which we know so little. The discovery of the ruins of Deherrach and of Philadelphia, opens a new career to Archaeologists; and the inscriptions he has brought from them, will probably throw new light on the history of those eminent cities. The accounts which he gives of Damascus, Acre, Cairo, Suez, Djidda, Sana, and Mocha, and above all, of the holy cities Mecca and Medina, which are accessible only to Musselmén, are more circumstantial than any that we yet possessed: the information respecting the manners, customs, and laws of the Arab tribes, as well as the topography of the inhabitants, and the government of the central provinces of Africa, which he collected, either by his own observations, or in his conversations with travellers from those countries, greatly enrich geography; lastly, the oriental manuscripts, as well as the antiquities and natural productions which he has sent to the Duke of Saxe Gotha, furnish highly valuable materials to those who desire to study the languages and natural history of the East.

Some of Mr. Seetzen's letters to Messrs. Von Zach, Hammer, and Lindenau, have been published in several German Journals. From them we have extracted many of the details contained in this short sketch of his life. Mr. Seetzen's Journal from the moment of his first setting out in 1802, till his departure from Cairo in the month of April, 1809, put in order by himself, is in the hands of his family, who, it is said, intend to publish it.

Our readers will most certainly join in the wish, that this intention may be speedily carried into execution; but we are sorry to say, that we have not yet seen in the German Journals, any advertisement of the publication of that

part of the fruits of Mr. Seetzen's labours, which has been preserved. To the above sketch, which, though imperfect, is, however, authentic, and the only connected account yet published in this country, of the labours of this persevering and intelligent traveller, we have only to add, that the last letters from Vienna state, that circumstances have transpired, which have given rise to a hope, that a large collection of valuable articles, sent by Mr. Seetzen, will be recovered, which have hitherto, whether by accident or design, been detained, on their way to the place of their intended destination.

MR. EDITOR,

TO those of your readers who are sufficiently versed in German literature, to be aware of the revolution which has taken place among the men of letters in that country, since the middle of the last century, the inclosed conversation, which is stated as having actually occurred, may not be uninteresting; as presenting an example of the prejudices which kept the Germans so long destitute of works in their own language, by which alone a national literature can be formed, and debarred them from assuming that rank among the nations of Europe, to which the later exertions of Gothe, Wieland, Lessing, &c. have so worthily exalted them. S.

ON THE LANGUAGE IN WHICH AN HISTORIAN SHOULD WRITE.

(From the German.)

DURING a short residence at L***g, Lord Clarke was introduced to a gentleman, who then enjoyed the highest reputation among the literary circles of Germany. In the course of the conversation, which turned upon ancient literature, his Lordship evinced such an intimate acquaintance with the writings of the sages of Greece and Rome, that Dr. * * * * catching his hand, enthusiastically exclaimed, "How delighted I feel at having met with one of your rank in life, and who is, moreover, an Englishman, yet, who unites an ardent love for the learning of the ancients, with so clear a judgment and perception of their beauties!"

Lord C. Many thanks for your kind partiality, Dr. * * * *, but your admiration, though it flatters, somewhat surprises me. These are but our school studies. Every Englishman, if not absolutely destitute of industry and abilities, gains this knowledge in the course of his education in our colleges.

Dr. * * * *. That may be, my Lord, that may be; but notwithstanding this, you will excuse me, if I maintain, that your countrymen are still, generally speaking, far from possessing a true relish for the works of the ancients; and will, probably, remain so as long as your historians continue to compose in English only.

Lord C. In English only? I fear I do not perfectly comprehend you. In what other language should an historian write? Do any of your's compose in Greek or Latin?

Dr. * * * *. Alas! herein consist my fears for the future. Formerly, my Lord, formerly they did so; but for the last thirty years, this excellent custom has gradually been neglected by them. And now, most uncontrovertibly, we have much degenerated since the times of Melancthon, Leipsius, and Camerarius—that golden age is past, never to return.

Lord C. (smiling). But are there not still many among you who persevere in using the ancient languages?

Dr. * * * *. Oh yes! heaven be praised! we have yet some excellent Latin writers left.

Lord C. And pray can any of these excellent Latin writers make their own shoes?

Dr. * * * * (contemptuously). What makes you ask such a strange question?

Lord C. Or can any of them stitch the leather for their own boots?

Dr. * * * *. For heaven's sake! my Lord, what can you be aiming at?

Lord C. And yet they write good Latin?

Dr. * * * *. Undoubtedly: but what connexion can there be between writing Latin and making shoes? I am quite in the dark.

Lord C. Oh! nothing can be clearer, Dr. The rich and noble are the only persons among us who are enabled to devote their youth to study. Their exertions are directed to the discovery of the hidden causes of the operations of nature, of the springs of human actions and events, to the removal of injurious prejudices, the annihilation of errors, and the enforcing of moral and religious truths. By their labours, the great actions of our ancestors are preserved for the instruction and incitement of our youth, and the events now passing in the great theatre of the world, are transmitted for the benefit of posterity. In short, their lives are devoted to the study of sciences requiring reflection,

investigation, and judgment, and entailing no small degree of expence. Their end is to instruct their fellow-creatures, and, more especially, that numerous proportion of them, whose time is chiefly occupied in trade and manual labour; by giving to the world the result of their enquiries, and by making them wiser to make them better. Now if this result be not conveyed in a language comprehensible by that class, their aim and end are totally defeated. If they use the learned languages at all, they confine them to such works as can be useful to the learned only. For these laudable intentions, for these real services, and not for mere lucre alone, do our free born peasantry toil for our benefit and convenience; and willingly afford us that leisure of which we stand in need, so long as we continue

to confer reciprocal benefits. But if our literati were to persist in composing in a language, of which the body of the nation are ignorant, would they deserve that the latter should labour for them? Thus, Dr., do the British think; thus do they act; and I have too high an opinion of the good sense of the Germans, not to anticipate their approbation and imitation. Besides, we consider the improvement of the lower classes to be at once the best safeguard to our revered constitution—the most acceptable acknowledgment we can make to our Creator, of our gratitude for the advantages he has been pleased to confer upon us—the surest barrier against anarchy, and as affording a far nobler and purer mental gratification, than the often misplaced applause of a dazzled world.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE OF SIR PETER LEYCESTER, THE CELEBRATED
ANTIQUARY,

With a View of Tabley House, his Seat.



SIR PETER LEYCESTER was a man of persevering activity, as an antiquary, and his name is fondly interwoven with the history of his native county. His family was ancient, and truly respectable, he being descended from Sir Nicholas Leicester, Knt. Seneschal to Lucy Earl of Lincoln, and constable of Chester, in the reign of Edward I. who became possessed of the village of Nether Tabley, by marriage with Margaret, widow of Robert de Denbigh, and daughter of Geoffry Dutton, ancestor to the Warburtons of Ailey, lately extinct in the male line.

Sir Peter was born on the 3d March, 1614, and Married Elizabeth, the third and youngest daughter of Gilbert, Lord Gerard, of Gerard's Bromley, in Staffordshire, by Eleanor, daughter and sole heiress of Thos. Dutton, of Dutton, esq. at whose seat the marriage was solemnized on the 6th Nov. 1642. On the 10th Aug. 1660, he was created a baronet, and in 1673, published his "Historical Antiquities, in two books, the first treating in general of Great Britain and Ireland; and the second containing particular Remarks concerning Cheshire, faithfully collected out of authentic

Histories, old Deeds, Records, and Evidences; "whereunto is annexed, a transcript of Domesday Book, so far as it concerneth Cheshire, taken out of the original record." This book was printed in folio, and as a motto on the title page is—

"Frustra fit per plura, quod potest fieri per pauciora."

The work is curiously arranged; the introductory chapter, containing a genealogical descent of the different nations of the world from the sons of Noah, and the general History "of Bretaine"—of the Romans, and Saxons, and Normans—of Wales—of Scotland—of Ireland. CHESHIRE—of the Earls of Mercia—the Earls of Chester—the great officers of the Palatinate—the Antiquities of the Hundred of Bucklow, &c. &c.

The copy which I possess, was, I believe, that of the author: it was printed for Robert Clavell, and has an English dedication—"To his Most serene and most excellent Majesty Charles II. by the Grace of God of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, King, Defender of the Faith, &c. this volume of Historical Antiquities is, with all humility, dedicated by his Majesties most loyal and most obedient subject, Peter Leycester." It would appear, however, as is frequently the case in these days, that the author and his publisher disagreed; for I find written on the back of the title page the following address and observations—

"Augustissimo ac Potentissimo Principi, Carolo secundo, Dei gratiâ Magna Britannia, Ffrancia, et Hibernia Regi, fidei Defensori, &c.

"Author ipse, non nisi Pace vestrà Regali prius impetratâ, se suumq. librum ad pedes Maiestatis vestrâs omni cum humilitate provolvit; quippe qui sub vestris dum prodeat aliis, tutior vegetur per terras: Opus sanè tantâ Maiestati impar; utpote regum summi Imperii amplitudo sublimiorem mandet calamus. Hæc omnia (de quibus versatur) tua sunt: proin tute tibi ipsi fias patronus; quis tibi præter teipsum par nullus est. Cui omni quâ potest, reverentiâ devotissimus vester ligens hoc laboris sui specimen. D.D.D.—PETRUS LEYCESTER.

"This is the author's dedication to the King: but Mr. Clavell (who had the printing of this booke committed to him) caused the dedication (as you see in the page immediately before *) to be put in English, thinkinge thereby the booke would sell the better: but that dedication in English is none of myne;

and then I caused him to print this Latin dedication of my owne, whiche he did, and sent me some of them downe; promisinge me withall to insert this, and not the other, into all the reste of my bookes then not sold of—but I see he failes my expectation.—P. L."

Sir Peter is not the only author who has made this discovery, when too late to apply a remedy!

The fact, of the substitution of the dedication, is not, I believe, known—at least not to the literary world. It is a curious circumstance, and worthy of being recorded.

This work of Sir Peter's gave rise to a long controversy with Sir Thomas Mainwaring. The Mainwarings claim descent from the ancient Earls of Chester, by the marriage of one of the family with Amicia, daughter of Hugh Ceivilioc, about the year 1170. In his account of the Earls of Chester, Sir Peter gives an unequivocal opinion as to this said Amicia: "If Hugh Ceivilioc (he observes) had no other wife but Bertred, then Amice must certainly be a bastard, for she was not a daughter by Bertred, as is granted on all sides. But Hugh Ceivilioc never had any other wife but Bertred: ergo, Amice was a bastard." This stigma on the family blood could not be borne by Sir Thomas; he therefore published "A Defence of Amicia, daughter of Hugh Ceivilioc, Earl of Chester, wherein it is proved she is not a bastard." To this Sir Peter replied, in "An Answer to Sir Thomas Mainwaring's book, entituled, 'A Defence of Amicia, &c. London, 1673, 8vo.'" Three of these pieces of genealogical artillery were fired on each side, but without either party retreating from his first position. Ballads were circulated throughout the county, ridiculing this war of pamphlets; and, at last, the matter was brought fairly into a Court of Law. A trial took place at Chester, in 1675, when the RIGHT of the dispute was adjudged to be in favour of Sir Thomas Mainwaring. Sir Peter did not long survive the decision; he died on the 11th Oct. 1678, and was buried at Great Budworth, where a handsome monument, with a long Latin inscription is erected to his memory.

Sir John Fleming Leicester, bart. is the present representative of this truly respectable family.

The old family seat, a view of which accompanies this memoir, stands upon an island, in a most romantic situation; nearly adjoining to which is Tabley

* The English Dedication.

Chapel. This was the favourite residence of Sir Peter Leicester.

Dec. 10, 1818.

DEVANUS.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE CAUSES WHICH OCCASION THE VARIATIONS OF CLIMATE IN THIS COUNTRY.

IN announcing to our readers our intention to furnish them monthly with a *Meteorological Diary*, kept at a village two miles southward of the metropolis, and in communicating to them, in the miscellaneous department of our present Number, the details of such a register to the 24th of the last month, we avail ourselves of the occasion to offer some cursory remarks on a branch of the science of meteorology, which, although not wholly uninvestigated, has, nevertheless, attracted less attention, and has given rise to fewer philosophical disquisitions than its real importance, considered referentially either to the health, comfort, convenience, or interest of all classes of the community, and of every individual of each separate class at all periods of his existence, would appear to have deserved.

It is not our present intention to take an historical review of the various theories which the difference of temperature in a great diversity of climates, or the alterations in the state of the atmosphere with respect to heat or cold, dryness or moisture, in the same climate, and at correspondent seasons of the year, have produced;* nor shall we now extend our researches to the important improvements which have taken place in the various scientific instruments that have been invented with the view of successfully prosecuting such enquiries. To do justice to these great subjects, not one brief essay, but a series of elaborate dissertations would be required. Our design is limited, on this occasion, to a consideration of the proofs of that hypothesis, which professes to establish, upon the basis of patient and long continued examination, the possibility of prognosticating, not indeed with infallible accuracy, but with such a reasonable degree of probability, as the nature of the case will admit, the approaching changes of the weather in Great Britain at the different seasons of the year; by an attentive observation of the

state of the winds and of the direction and progress of the clouds, as they are wafted in various, and often opposite, directions, by conflicting currents of air. Whatever opinion may be formed of the feasibility of our speculations, the researches upon which they are founded will not, we trust, be deemed one of the least curious or instructive portions of the miscellaneous department of our work.

Air, like all other fluid bodies, has a necessary tendency to expansion, and to effect a perfect equilibrium. Hence, it has been remarked, that when a wind has prevailed for a long time, and with great force, from any point of the compass, and has gradually subsided into a calm, that a wind in a contrary direction, and for nearly an equal duration, has succeeded it. This fact, we think, may be explained easily and accurately, upon the datum already stated. The stream of air, so long and so powerfully impelled, in the direction to which it was originally wafted, would necessarily produce an atmospherical incumbency and accumulation in that quarter; but when the impelling force is withdrawn, the momentum of the atmospherical pressure in the quarter to which the torrent of air has been so directed, will necessarily create another eddy or stream, with an opposite bias; and the wind, so produced, will continue until the elemental balance is restored. We are aware, that exceptions to this doctrine may be adduced; that it appears to be wholly inapplicable in the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, at a distance from the continents of Asia, Africa, and America, where the wind invariably blows from the collateral points of the East (or rather, in this instance, the potency of the principle above mentioned, is counteracted by the presence of a more preponderating agent); and likewise, that the nearness of a great continent, the height and configuration of the land, and the vicinity of lofty mountains, covered with perpetual snow, are all of them causes which produce modifications of this elemental law. Nevertheless, its influence generally prevails, and our meteorological journals abundantly attest the fact. Thus, after a warm and wet winter, during which, in our climate, the wind has almost invariably blown from the south and south westerly points, the springs which have succeeded them, have been regularly bleak, cold, and dry; and the direction of the winds from the east and north east; although another hypothesis has been suggested

* Vide Works of Professor Leslie: *Mission of Astronomy to Quito*. *Travels of Humboldt*, and *Philosophical Transactions*.

for the prevalence of the late mentioned winds in the spring, yet we appeal to our meteorological records, whether the cause we have mentioned, has not been of at least equal cogency. The state of the winds during the last unusually warm and dry summer, and their direction afterwards, may be alleged as an additional evidence of the validity of this reasoning.

Opposite currents of air in different regions of the atmosphere have been repeatedly remarked, but the influence of this phenomenon upon the temperature of the climate does not seem to have been duly weighed. In the winter we are often surprized when we experience, after a long and severe frost, a sudden thaw, accompanied with a moist fog, although the wind appears to blow with undiminished strength from the east or north east. This change is entirely produced by the agency of a south or south westerly wind in the superior regions of the atmosphere, wafting hither the warmth and moisture of the equatorial regions; which, although not sufficiently powerful, in the first instance, to change the direction of the lower wind, diffuses, nevertheless, a considerable portion of its influence into that wind, until it wholly supplants it. When this last mentioned alteration occurs, it is commonly followed by a tempestuous gale from the south and south west. The application of the doctrine of the effects which a superior and contrary current of air has upon the lower one, will account for a south westerly wind sometimes producing an intense frost, and an easterly wind being accompanied by close and warm weather.

Frosts which commence with dense and moist fogs, or in a perfect calm, are rarely if ever permanent. No dependence can be placed upon the duration of any frost, which is not preceded or accompanied by a steady east or north east wind, followed by snow. Upon a careful examination of meteorological records, it will be found, that a severe winter does not occur in this climate above once in seven or eight years; and that, in other winters, the proportion of north, north easterly, and easterly winds, to south or south westerly winds, does not exceed 1 to 9 or 10. In ordinary seasons, a strong northerly wind occupies the superior region of the air, in the months of November and December, while the lower wind generally prevails from the west and south west. To this collision of currents may be ascribed the frequent alternations of frost and thaw in these

months. A north west wind, in this climate, rarely continues for more than two days; but it is indisputably the purest, the most healthy, and exhilarating wind we possess.

In the summer, the principal agent in producing warmth, is an easterly wind. The influence of this wind in that season is entirely opposite to its effect in the winter or spring, and is readily explained by two considerations: First, its extreme dryness, and the very small portion of vapour exhaled into the air, in the progress of the wind over the immense continents of Europe and Asia. And, secondly, the great accumulation of reflected heat which it acquires, not only by passing over a vast, arid, or parched surface, but which it also derives from innumerable metallic, clayey, or silicious bodies, all of which imbibe, retain, and reflect a great portion of the solar warmth, and consequently, transfuse into the easterly wind, a steady and permanent heat. The greatest elevation of the thermometer is always experienced, when a current of air from the south, in the higher regions, is generated during the prevalence of an easterly wind below; the weather is then extremely sultry, dark, ragged, electrical clouds are produced, of the most beautiful and fantastic forms, which by degrees extend over the whole southern horizon; the mercury in the barometer rapidly descends; and the result is a thunder-storm. Whilst this state of things continues, a careful observer of the circumstances now adverted to, will direct his eye not to the east, but to the south, if he wishes to form a correct judgment of the probability of rain.

Barometrical observations in all seasons of the year, although of essential utility, do not, unless taken in combination with the state of the winds, both in the higher and lower regions of the air as indicated by the course and density of the clouds, afford any certain results. A variety of causes, exclusive of a tendency to rain, will effect the range of this instrument. Before, or in high winds, whether accompanied by rain or not, the mercury descends. A violent storm of wind, at a great distance, will produce a sudden depression, and in very hot weather the mercury will remain nearly at changeable, although the weather may be dry and generally serene for many days, and then the quicksilver will rise. It may commonly be observed that the variations in the barometer are rather evidential of a certain tendency

in the atmosphere to dryness on moisture, than to be regarded as infallible precursors of rain or dry weather.

HAMLET AND THE GRAVE DIGGER.

MR. EDITOR,

I take leave to propose to your numerous and enlightened correspondents, a few queries, with a view of illustrating differently, or confirming in its present popular acceptance, the quaint remark of the grave-digger to Hamlet, *That a Tanner will last some nine years (in his grave)*.

1. Can it be established, as a chemical fact, that oak-bark will preserve a dead body for a great length of time in the earth?

2. Can the wood be defined that covers, in apparent splinters, the ancient mummies?—Is it oak, teak, cedar, or what? Is it the same of which the mummial coffin is made? Or can any analogical reason be assigned, why, from these splinters, we may infer that the ancient Egyptians buried their common dead in oak-bark-lined coffins?

3. What evidence is there to prove that the two bodies, in the highest state of preservation, lately discovered in the vaults of St. Saviour's Church, in the Borough of Southwark, were interred in oak-bark-lined coffins? Or, which is the same thing, in coffins, the vacant space of which was filled up with oak-bark?

4. Did tanners, in the days of Shakespeare, use oak-bark in tanning, or, how else did they prepare their leather? And if so, are we to ascribe the lengthened preservation of a tanner's carcase in its grave, to a previous chemical preparation to resist decay, from his trade? In this case, what would the ratio of preservation in the grave be to the time a man had been a tanner? Or are we rather to suppose that some ancient rite of the Druids sanctioned the interment of bodies in oak-bark pits? Or that, *sine causâ*, and by mere chance, a tanner might be packed up in a coffin, the vacant space of which was filled up with chopped oak-bark, as being nearer at hand than saw-dust; or a peculiarity of the trade, something like the interment of an Indian warrior, with the tools of his occupation in the chase, and "the field of the red coral die?"

5. What analogies are there to be traced, what consequences to be drawn, in the answers to these questions, that may give a new illustration, or establish

the present probable meaning of the text of our great tragic poet.

This subject is curious, at least to my own mind, but my time does not suffice to investigate it; and therefore I have proposed it to others, whose leisure and sources of information may be more ample than those of your obedient, humble servant,

ALEX. JAMIESON.

ANECDOTES OF EMINENT PERSONS.

No. III.

WALTER SCOTT.

THE life of a poet seldom abounds with much to interest public attention; his days are spent in seclusion and study, and if he does sometimes venture into the world, it is into that part of it not fertile of adventure. "The field's his study; nature is his book." The dangers he encounters are those of fancy, as are many of the pleasures he is supposed to enjoy. He draws boldly on the bank of fiction, but sparingly on that of reality; and those who look for singular events in his life will look in vain. His occupation is a solitary one: he derives his importance from his genius, and if you enquire into his domestic habits, they will be found similar to those of other men, except as being more sedentary they appear less amiable.

An exception may, however, be made in favour of the subject of the following anecdotes. The country which had the honour of receiving into being Walter Scott, is the land of the Muses, where every valley is an Arcadia, and every mountain a Parnassus: inspiration breathes around. The soul of a Spencer, a Drummond, of Hawthornden, and a Burns hovers over the scene; and none can tread the soil without recollecting a name dear to every lover of nature, Thomson. Here also fought "The Wallace;" and here the rival of Homer; here Ossian sang in strains sublime the praises of Fingal and the sorrows of Colma. No man possessing the smallest spark of poetic fire in his bosom, but would here soon find it kindle into a flame, which fanned by the breath of Amor Patriæ (for which the Caledonian is so deservedly celebrated), must produce the very soul of song.

WALTER SCOTT appears to be smitten in a great degree with the love of country, and tainted rather strongly with the pride of ancestry; and yet, contrary to general opinion—contrary

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to all the accounts which national vanity has given of this eminent and irregularly sweet and soothing bard, he was not ushered into a bright and pleasing existence from the down bed of prosperity. In early youth,

"Adversity, companion of his way,
Long o'er her victim hung with iron sway."

It has been propagated by his admirers, and the colouring of his poems sanctioned the opinion, or rather gave rise to the opinion, that he is a near relation to the noble family of Scott, Duke of Buccleugh, (a family whose munificent benevolence does honour to Scotland and the human race); this is not correct. He is most certainly a descendant of that noble race; and probably has a little of the wizard, Michael Scott's blood in his veins. At all events, the "witching tales" he has told lead us to think so. He is a very distant relation indeed of that noble house, but the "boast of heraldry, the pomp of power," cannot add any thing glorious to the name of Walter Scott. Ennobled by his superior talent and genius, he has no occasion for assistance from the records of Stirling castle to spread abroad his name, and hand it down to posterity. The Buccleugh family does no honour to the name of Walter Scott: he does honour to them, and of him they have reason to be proud—proud as a great and good man—proud of him as one of the sweetest bards that ever tuned his harp on Moray Hills, and assisted in giving immortality to the mountain scenery of his native land, and the invincible courage of her gallant children.

The father of Walter Scott was a well informed man and a gentleman, his mother a woman of the most amiable disposition, with more common sense than in general falls to female share, and was the intimate friend of Allan Ramsay, Blacklock, and Burns. It was her who moulded the mind of her son, and gave him that excessive tone of sensibility which breathe through all his works. She was remarkably attached to rural life and the poets; and to her rambling in the glens and forests of Scotland, with a book in one hand and her son in the other, we are indebted for the landscapes in "The Lady of the Lake," and all those beautiful descriptions of the Highland scenery, which whilst we are perusing, we actually imagine before our eyes; and it is not until we have finished the sentence or period, that we awaken from our dream of rapture.

In boyhood, Walter Scott was never attached to childish amusements. At seven years of age he went to school, under the tuition of a person named More, Presenter* to the Kirk at Musselburgh.

Mr. Scott carried with him to school such knowledge as we may suppose a youth of seven years of age capable of acquiring from a father very attentive to his little favourite in every respect. In fact, he could read well, and had such a propensity for drawing, that all his books were scribbled over with rude figures of men, houses and trees, whenever he could get a pen or a pencil. At this early age we may mark this fact as the dawning of a poetical genius; poetry and painting are as closely allied as music and love. This taste for drawing did not advance with his advancing years, though we have seen a sketch of his of the port of Loch Lomond, taken from the West side, in 1803, very well executed; it is done on a blank leaf of Hector Macneill's poems, and is now in possession of Captain Fullerton. Like Milton, Swift, and other great geniuses, he was, as the latter said of himself, at school "very justly celebrated for his stupidity." Perhaps much of his stupidity was owing to the want of talent in his master or rather his want of method in the art of teaching. Be that as it may, young Scott certainly did not *shine* in his early career as a scholar. He learnt to read, write, and attained a tolerable knowledge of the mathematics. In Latin he did not advance far until his tenth year, when Doctor Paterson, a clergyman of the church of Scotland, succeeded to the school at Musselburgh, and the progress of young Scott became rapid. Dr. Blair on a visit at Musselburgh, shortly after Mr. Paterson took charge of the school, accompanied by some friends, examined several of the pupils; he paid particular attention to young Scott. Mr. Paterson thought it was the youth's stupidity occupied the Doctor's time, and said, "My predecessor tells me that boy has the thickest skull in the school."—"May be so," replied Dr. Blair, "but through that thick skull I can discern many bright rays of future genius."

* Presenter is a situation in which the same duties are to be fulfilled as those of a Clerk of the Church of England, but they are all men of excellent education, and often more learned than the minister who sits above them.

DR. GOUGH AND DAVID GARRICK.*

WHEN the well known Mr. Rigby used to leave town, to spend some time at his seat at Mistley Hall, in Essex, he generally had large parties, as well of persons invited from London, as from the neighbouring country, and the villages of Mistley and Manning. During ten years residence in the same neighbourhood, which commenced just after Mr. Rigby's death, I became acquainted with many of those who had been in the habit of visiting at Mistley Hall, who used to relate numerous anecdotes of the scenes which they had there witnessed. The following always struck me as affording an instance of repartee, peculiarly happy, and may, perhaps, be new to the reader. Among the visitors at the Hall, Dr. Gough and Garrick were invited to pass some time there together. The former, it seems, was a great admirer of good living, and became, on that account, an object of Garrick's ridicule. One day, he ordered a servant to take notice of whatever Dr. Gough might eat or drink, and to put an equal quantity of the same dish or beverage, into a large punch-bowl, which was to be ready on the sideboard for the purpose. This was accordingly done; and when the company was about to rise from table after dinner, Garrick desired the punch-bowl to be brought. He then expatiated upon the enormity of the Doctor's appetite, and set the company in a roar of laughter at his expence. The Doctor very calmly listened till their mirth being exhausted, he addressed the company as follows:—"Gentlemen, from the very great familiarity with which Mr. Garrick has been pleased to treat me, you have, doubtless, been led to believe that he and I are old and intimate friends; I can, however, assure you, that till I met him here, I never saw him but once before, and then I paid five shillings for it!"

London, Dec. 1818.

H. E. L.

CURRAN.

In the anecdote of Curran, as related in our Number for October last, of the practical method he adopted, of convincing a judge that he was in the habit of anticipating the deductions of those pleading before him, Lord Clare is introduced instead of Lord Avonmore; with the latter he was living in constant habits of intimacy, which would autho-

rize him in thus setting before his friend in the strongest light, his unseen error. In so doing, he performed one of the strictest offices of friendship. Plutarch relates Antisthenes to have said, 'Opus esse vel amicis ingenuis vel acerbis inimicis. Hi quippe convitiando illi monendo, a peccatis avertunt.' Curran classed himself amongst the former, and gave the above proof of it to Lord Avonmore, who valued it as it deserved. On the contrary, to such a degree did Lord Clare carry his antipathy to Curran, that he often took with him to the bench a favourite dog, and occupied that time in caressing the animal, which should have been bestowed in attention to this eloquent pleader. On one of the days in which he received this insult, and perceived the head of the judge gently shaken, as expressing his opinion of the slender ground on which he had to support the case in which he was concerned, he took the opportunity of gratifying a slight revenge, by introducing the following philippic in his address to the jury:—"Gentlemen of the jury, said he, you may think me discouraged by the awful motion of the head, by which the learned judge seems to show an unfavourable opinion of the merits of my client's case; but when you shall have attended before his Lordship a few hours longer, you will find what is always evident to me, that when his Lordship *does shake his head, there is nothing in it.*"

Another anecdote of Curran is highly declaratory of his abundant humour, and the great simplicity for which, as for his deep learning, his friend, Lord Avonmore, was remarkable. Our orator's opponent, in a cause which he was pleading before Lord Avonmore, having thrown out some allusions as to the poverty of Curran's client, at the end of his reply, he addressed the Court thus:—"My learned friend has laid some weight on the poverty of my client, and has attempted to urge it as a fact detracting from his credit. This reminds me, and I am sure reminds every one to whom I now address myself, of the passage in Hesiod, the celebrated Greek historian, in his *Phantasmagoria*.—*Nil habet paupertas durius inse quam quod ridiculos homines facit.*"

Lord Avonmore, who had been all attention, here interrupted him, saying, "Mr. Curran, you are under a very great mistake in this quotation; the lines you have repeated are Latin, and Hesiod was a Greek poet, and no his-

* This was Dr. Gough, author of several Works on British Antiquities.

torian: besides, I thought I knew all his works, but never heard of his Phantasmagoria. Pray recollect yourself." "Indeed, my Lord," he replied, "the quotation I made, was Greek, and from the work I named." "What, Mr. Curran," said the surprised judge, "do you persist? you must have strangely forgotten yourself; you certainly repeated Latin." "My Lord," retorted the witty Counsel, "there is no one, if a point of law be urged, to whose decision I would more readily bow, than to your Lordship's; but as to a mere matter of fact, like the present, you must excuse me, if I venture to differ: however, to settle the point in question, if your Lordship will permit me, I will send up the lines, as a collateral issue, to the jury; and I will venture to

assert, they will find them Greek." Lord Avonmore perceived, at last, the flight his witty friend had permitted his genius to take, and heartily enjoyed the joke, although he concealed it from the Court.—The liberties taken at the Irish bar render this fact perfectly credible.

At another time, Lord Avonmore was sitting next his friend at a club, to which they both belonged, when the former was lost in one of those absent fits, for which he was too much noted. On the health of the absentees being drank, Curran shook his Lordship by the sleeve, whispering that the company had just drank his health, and that he was thought unmannerly in not acknowledging it. After an eloquent speech of acknowledgment thus elicited, Curran informed his friend of the mistake.

ORIGINAL AND SELECT POETRY.

THE PARTING.

By the Author of the Verses to "Octavia."

Forget thee!—No, never!—Why cherish a thought

'Gainst the friend of thy soul with injustice so fraught?

Why embitter our fast fleeting moments of bliss,

By suspicion so wild and unfounded as this? Forget thee!—No, never!—Among the light-hearted

Love may sink to decay, when the fond ones are parted;

But affection like ours is too deep and sublime

To be chilled in its ardor by absence or time:

Then, Emily, banish all doubt from thy breast!—

By the kiss that so late on thy lips I imprest—

By the grief that has blighted the bloom of my years—

By the hope that still calls forth a smile thro' my tears—

By the hour of our parting, thus sweetly delayed—

By truth, firmly tried—and by trust untrayed—

I will not forget thee!—till life's latest ray In the dark night of death shall have melted away;

Mid ambition—fame—fortune—and power, and gladness,

Pain—and peril, and hate, and contention and sadness—

Tho' changes the darkest and brightest betide,

Thy friendship shall soothe me—thy counsels shall guide,

And thy memory at once be my solace and pride!

MIRZALA.

(From an unfinished Dramatic Poem.)

Yes, in her eye there lived unto the last,
A strange, unreal light—a fearful glance—
Wild, yet most beautiful;—and o'er her cheek

Hues of such passing loveliness would stray,
As seemed not of this earth; but rather caught,—

Like the electric beams that dart across
The roseate clouds of summer's softest eve—
From the high heaven above. Upon her lip
Hung bland persuasion, eloquently mute;
And, in her very silentness there dwelt
Music's best half—expression! She had borne,

With an untiring spirit, many a grief,
And sickness that had wasted her in form,
Had tainted not her soul, for that was pure
As the last tear that Pity draws from
Love! A. A. W.

SONNET,

Written several years ago, and intended as introductory to a volume of Juvenile Poems.

For these wild flowers here twined into a wreath,

If in their lowliness they 'scape the doom
To brighter hues decreed—the blasting breath

Of critic fury—they, perchance, may bloom

A little hour;—and from the fatal gloom
Of deep Oblivion, some short respite claim.
Then, ye stern Censors, spare, oh! spare awhile—

Should nought be found to praise—your rigid blame;

Nor rob a youthful minstrel of the smile,
Which, else, may be his meed; who, to beguile

His wand'rings thro' life's sharp and thorny
way,
Hath sought the converse of the tuneful
Choir :—
Oft "lapt his soul" in Poesy's sweet lay,
And courted—not in vain—her sorrow-
soothing lyre! A. A. W.

THE EVENING BELLS OF CINTRA.*

(From the Portuguese of Luis de Camoens.)

By J. MITFORD, Esq.

Hark to the evening bells' sweet chime! —
Hark to the sound that dies o'er the hill!
The watchword of life, by father Time,
Is given—and all around is still.

If all is still,—why beats my heart?
If all is still,—why heaves this sigh?
Ah, no! when the fondest lovers part,
Words flow from the lips, and tears from
the eye.

I saw her form, and her white robe flowing,
To the breath of the forest wind gently
wave;
Heart pulse, heart pulse, why art thou
glowing
At a glimpse of next world from the brink
of the grave!

She is gone—she is fled, like a meteor in
heaven,
That leaves not a trace of its course in
the sky!

Vainly I gaze, to despair nearly driven,
While the light clouds of evening float
silently by.

Hark! 'tis the sound of the evening bells!
Inspiring religion!—My sorrows are
o'er;—

Midnight advances :—how solemn her spells,
They whisper, "we'll meet, where we'll
part, love, no more"

They whisper, Eugenia, that thou wilt be
mine,
In spite of the court, and the courtier's
spells:

Long shall the hard bless Mary's shrine†—
Long bless the sound of the evening bells.

* The Evening Bells is a favourite air in Portugal, particularly at Coimbra. The author has adhered, as nearly as translation would permit, to the measure of Camoens, rude as it may be considered. It is a style of verse which may not appear musical to a mere English reader, but which is by no means unpleasant to those who are acquainted with the Portuguese language. Hamlet, as translated by the Jesuit Francesco Peroussa, now Archbishop of Elba, reads, in this sonorous tongue, uncommonly well, though if delivered upon the stage, loses a great part of its effect; as the Portuguese have no performer who can be called a respectable tragedian.

† Mary's Shrine, at Estiforça, is a place much resorted to, and a "dip in Mary's Well," (a spring issuing from a rock in its vicinity), is considered equal in virtue to Papal absolution.

LINES,

On the Funeral of the Rev. THOMAS BARNES, D.D.* which was attended by a thunder storm at the moment of the ceremony.

The great in arms who wade through blood
to fame,
Making demand of praise prescriptive,
claim
The Muse's wreath; and when they sink in
death,
The flattering marble apes the flattering
breath.
Be mine the nobler—the more christian
task—
Justice demands what Virtue would not
ask,—
To breathe the lines which thoughts of
BARNES create,
Whose blameless life could Death and
Grave defeat:
O'er both triumphant, he hath ris'n to
Heaven,
To claim the seat to such as him is given.
When round his opened grave the mourners
stood,
Lightning spread wide—the clouds pour'd
down a flood.
Those falling drops were tears from So-
rapha's eyes—
Tears such as flow from sympathetic joys;
Those sheets of liquid fire, the tork-like
flash,
Was Heaven illumin'd—and the awful crash
Was not the thunder by which worlds are
riven,
But angels chaunting—"Welcome, BARNES,
to Heaven!" A.

TO FANNY.

No, I never have envied thy smile,
'Tho' so lovely—thou mutable fair;
Nor deemed there was aught to beguile,
In a bliss each new-comer might share.
'Tho' the rose is a beautiful flow'r,
Ere 'tis cull'd from its virginal thorn,
Yet its blossoms scarce live thro' an hour,
If on various bosoms 'tis worn.
Unprized are those favours by me,
Each fool has so frequently gained;
For sure of light worth must that be.
Which is no sooner sought than attained.
ARION.

IMITATED FROM MARTIAL.

Yes, methinks that I could, without weep-
ing, resign
Both thy beautiful eyes, tho' so fondly
they languish;
And thy lips—tho' they often have mur-
mured to mine
The soft tones of delight,—I could lose
without anguish.

* For thirty years one of the ministers of the Presbyterian Congregation of Cross street, Man-
chester. He died June 27, 1810, aged 64.

To be brief;—thou hast held so ungentle a
 sway
 O'er the heart that was given by Love to
 thy keeping,
 That, at length, from thy chains it hath
 stolen away,
 And methinks I might learn to lose *all*
 without weeping. W.

A SKETCH TAKEN FROM DOVER CASTLE
 DURING A STORM.

(From the Literary Gazette.)

'TIS midnight : eyeless darkness like a blind
 And haggard witch, with power to loose and
 bind

The spirits of the elements at will,
 Draws her foul cloak across the stars, until
 Those demons she invok'd to vex the waves
 Have dived and hid them in their ocean
 caves :

And they are fled—tho' still the mighty
 heart

Of Nature throbs ;—and now that hag doth
 start—

Her swarth cheek turning pale in bitter
 spite—

For, thro' her brow she feels the cold moon-
 light

Shoot like a pain, as on a western hill
 The setting planet of the night stood still,
 Just parted from a cloud. No more the
 blast

Wailed, like a naked spirit rushing past,
 As tho' it sought a resting place in vain.
 The storm is lulled ; and yet it is a pain
 To tell what wreck and ruin strewed the
 shore ;—

Each wave its freight of death or damage
 bore !

Here, stained and torn a royal flag was cast,
 There, lay a broken helm, a shattered mast ;
 And oh ! the saddest relic of the storm,
 Yon wave conveys a seaman's lifeless form :

'Tis morn :—the waning mists with shadowy
 sweep

Draw their cold curtains slowly from the
 deep :

'Tis morn :—but gladness comes not with
 her ray :

The bright and breathing scene of yesterday
 Is gone, as if that swift consuming wing
 Had brushed the deep which smote Assy-
 ria's king,

And left his host like sere leaves withering !
 The sea swells full but smooth ;—to passion's
 thrill,

Tho' spent her tempest, heaves the young
 heart still :

A bleakness slumbers o'er it—here and
 there,

Some desolate hull, forsaken in despair,
 Drives idly, like a friendless outcast thing,
 Which still survives the world's abandoning :
 Where are her sails—her serried tiers' dis-
 play—

EPIGRAM FROM THE FRENCH.

By T. PILGRIM, Esq.

You say, when'er abroad you roam,
 You meet with none but fools and asses.
 Would you avoid them ?—Keep at home ;
 But—hark ye !—break your LOOKING
 GLASSES !

Her helm—her wide flag's emblemed bla-
 zonry—

Her crew of fiery spirits—where are they ?

Far scattered groupes, dejected, hurried,
 tread

The beach in silence, where the shipwrecked
 dead

Lie stiff and strained: among them (humbling
 thought !)

They seek their friends—yet shrink from
 what they sought,

As on some corse the eye recoiling fell—
 Tho' livid, swollen—but recognized too well !

Apart—disturbed in spirit—breathless—
 pale—

Her unbound tresses floating on the gale—
 A maiden hastened on :—across her way—

As tho' he slept—a lifeless sailor lay :
 She paused, and gazed a moment—shud-
 dered, sank

Beside that victim on the wave-washed
 bank—

Bent shivering lips to press his haggard
 cheek,

But started backward with a loathing shriek !
 Fond wretch ! thy half averted eyes discover

The cold and bloodless aspect of thy lover !
 Their tale is brief. The youth was one of
 those

Who spurn the thought of safety and re-
 pose,

Whilst peril walks the deep :—where'er dis-
 played—

The flag which sues for succour has their
 aid—

The foemans or the friends ;—no pausing
 then

To question who implore them—they are
 men !

A noble race—and, tho' unfam'd, unknown—
 A race that England should be proud to
 own !

He, with a few as generously brave,
 Had heard the death-wail rising from the
 wave,

And in an ill-starred moment sought to save.
 The life-boat reached the foundering ship—
 her crew,

With greedy haste secured the rope it threw ;
 And, in the wild avidity for life,

Rushed reeling in : alas, that fatal strife
 But sealed their doom ! the flashing billows
 roar

Above their heads—one pang—they strove
 no more !

• • • • •

He did not love unloved ;—for she who prest
That clay cold hand so madly to her breast,
Believed his vows ; and, but for fortune's
scorn,
Young love had smiled on this their bridal
morn :
But oh, his years are few who hath not felt
That, while we grasp, the rainbow bliss will
melt ;
That hopes, like clouds which gleam across
the moon,
Soon pass away, and lose their light as soon !
The weltering mass she folds, but yester-
night
Heaved warm with life—his rayless eye was
bright :
And, she whose cheek the rose of rapture
spread,
Raves now a maniac—widowed, yet unwed :
And reekless wanderings take the place of
woe—
She fancies joys that glow not nor can glow ;
Breathes in a visionary world, and weaves
A web of bliss—scarce falser than deceives
The reasoning heart ;—oft sings and weeps,
and now,
Entwines a sea-weed garland for her brow,
And says it is a marriage wreath. Mean-
while,
Her calm vague look will dawn into a smile—
As something met her eye none else should
see,
She folds her hands, and bends imploringly
To sue its stay :—with wilder gesture turns,
And clasps her head, and cries, “ It burns,
it burns ! ”
Then shakes as if her heart were ice.

Not long

The soul—the frame,—could brook such
bitter wrong ;
Beside her lover's, that distracted head
Rests cold and calm—the grave their bridal
bed !

*Translation of the celebrated Spanish
Romance,*

“ LOS MOROS VIENEN.”

THERE 's a sound of arrows on the air,—
A sound of the thundering atabal ;
I see thro' the trees the banners glare,
This eve they shall hang on the christian's
wall ;
And the haughty hands that those banners
bore,
This eve shall be stiff in their own dark
gore.
Then leave me, sweet lady ! thy starry eyes
Are made for love, and love alone ;
Those glowing lips are for passion's sighs,
That form for the silk and the gold of a
throne.
Before the dawning sky is red,
Yon plain shall be heaped with the dying
and dead.
Hark !—hark !—'tis the christian's battle
horn ;
Behold the red-cross standard wave,

Like a fiery gleam in the opening morn ;
The shout is “ glory of the grave,”
Unclasp my hand—no tears—away !
The saracen shouts his last to-day.

One kiss sweet love—go pray for Spain—
Light every taper—pray for him,
Whose soul may on that fatal plain,
But linger for thy parting hymn.
No—be that idle thought forgiven,
We'll meet in bliss, in earth—or Heaven !
PULCI.

STANZAS

*Written as an Inscription for a Tablet in
the Church Yard of Runcorn, in Cheshire.*

OH STRANGER ! let no ill-timed tear
Be shed for those who slumber here ;
But, rather envy them the sleep
From which they ne'er can wake—to weep !

Why mourn—since freed from human ill,
The throbbing bosom, cold and still ?
Why mourn—since death presents us peace,
And in the grave our sorrows cease ?

The shattered bark, from adverse winds,
Here her last anchor drops, and finds
Safe,—where life's storms no more molest—
A haven of untroubled rest !

Then, STRANGER ! let no ill-timed tear
Be shed for those who slumber here ;
But rather envy them the sleep
From which they ne'er can wake—to weep !

Yet oh ! if thou hast learned to scan
With feeling eye, the fate of man ;
Go weep for those still doomed to sorrow—
Who mourn the past—nor hope the morrow ;

For those, whose tears must ceaseless flow—
Whose round of pain each morn renew ;
Who—if they dream—but dream of woe,
And wake ! to find their visions true !

*On a Fine Portrait, by MASQUERIE, of a
Lady standing before a Glass (since dead.)*

(From the New Times.)

She looks within the mirror, and her form
Is from its dazzling crystal given again,
In living beauty, yet a hue less warm
Reddens the lip ;—the blue pellucid vein
Wanders across a brow, where silent pain
Sheds paleness on its polished ivory.
The ruby of that cheek has felt the stain
Of tears that flowed unseen by human eye,
As from her pillow rose her midnight pray-
er—to die.

And so she died,—in early beauty died—
A violet by its first soft shower decayed ;—
A flush of radiance on life's changing tide,
Just seen and loved, and sunk in evening's
shade ;—

A young sweet star—just risen—but to fade.
And this fair image smiling in sad bloom
On her, so soon in quiet to be laid,
Looks like her angel in its meekness, come
To tell her of the tomb, her calm, her hal-
lowed tomb.

PULCI.

MEMOIR OF WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, ESQ.

(WITH A PORTRAIT.)

The penury of literary biography is a complaint of long standing, and the justness of it is evident in the scanty memorials that have been left of the learning and genius of former days. Anxious to redeem our own times from the charge of negligence, our constant efforts are employed in collecting from primary sources accurate information concerning the characters whose portraits give interest to our numbers. It is seldom, indeed, that the materials so obtained are copious or various, because pre-eminent merit is generally of a retiring nature, and the delicacy of friendship is not easily prevailed upon to be communicative.

Such is the apology which we have to offer, whenever our narratives are contracted within narrow limits, and when the memoir is brief, because the dignity of truth prevents us from drawing upon invention to supply the paucity of facts. We trust, however, that in the present instance the biography will be found substantially correct, and prove equally satisfactory to those who esteem the subject of it for his private worth, and those who, knowing him only by his writings, admire him for the use which he has made of his talents.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH was born at Cockermouth, of a highly respectable family, April 7, 1770. At the age of eight years he was sent to Hawkshead school, in that part of Lancashire which is separated from the county to which it belongs by Westmoreland and the sea. The grammar school of Hawkshead was founded and endowed in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, by the venerable Edwin Sandys, archbishop of York, and it has ever been accounted one of the best seminaries in the north of England. Two of its living ornaments are the subject of this sketch, and his brother Dr. Christopher Wordsworth, the present chaplain to the House of Commons, rector of Lambeth, and dean of Bocking; whose extremely acute and erudite letters on the Greek definitive article in confirmation of the late Granville Sharpe's Rule, procured him the patronage of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the valuable preferments which he now so deservedly enjoys.

The two boys were educated at the same school, and though they had but little similarity of taste, a strong frater-

nal attachment subsisted between them, of which a striking instance occurred while they were both very young: when one being furiously assailed by a much more powerful lad than himself, the other, with affectionate gallantry, planting himself by the side of his brother, fought with such spirit, that the aggressor was obliged to desist.

Of William, it is said, by those who were his contemporaries at school, that in his classical attainments he was considerably above par, when compared with boys of his own age; while in English composition, both prose and verse, he frequently obtained the distinguished commendation of Mr. Taylor, the headmaster, who was a man of great critical judgment. The chief delight of the youth, even at a very early age, consisted in reading and reciting passages of the best of our poets. Before the morning hour of repairing to school, he has been often seen and heard in the sequestered lane, either alone, or with a favourite companion, repeating aloud beautiful passages from Thomson's Seasons, and sometimes comparing, as they chanced to occur, the actual phenomena of nature with the descriptions given of them by the poet. At the age of thirteen, his genius was indicated in verses on the vacation, which procured him the praise of the master; but it should seem that this incipient effort did not quite satisfy himself, since we are told that at the next returning season of welcome relaxation from scholastic discipline, he composed another poem on the same subject, which was also applauded by those to whom it was shewn. This stirring of the spirit of poesy within, was kept up and invigorated by the romantic scenery which tempted his youthful steps to ramble among the mountains, and along the margin of the lake of Esthwaite, near the school of Hawkshead.

Having laid in a good stock of grammar learning, William Wordsworth removed, in October, 1787, to the university of Cambridge, where he was matriculated a student of St. John's, as his brother, sometime afterwards, was of Trinity College. Here our author continued long enough to complete his degrees in arts, but without aspiring to, or attaining, the academical honours of wrangler or prizeman. During one of

the long vacations, he made a pedestrian excursion through part of France, Switzerland, the Savoy, and Italy, accompanied by a college friend. Of this tour he wrote an account, under the title of "Descriptive Sketches in Verse," which was printed in 1793; in which year also he published, "An Evening Walk, an Epistle in Verse, addressed to a Young Lady from the Lakes in the North of England."

Whether Mr. Wordsworth was intended for any of the learned professions, we have not the means of knowing, but if such was the case, he disappointed the expectation of his friends, by leaving the university altogether soon after his return, and amusing himself in wandering over different parts of the country. At length he took a cottage in the hamlet of Alfoxden, not far from Bridgewater, in Somersetshire, where he either contracted or renewed an intimate friendship with Mr. Coleridge. In this remote part of the kingdom, they lived almost in a state of seclusion, employing their hours either in climbing the Quantock hills, traversing the winding shores of the bay, or in sitting at home, planning literary works. Sometimes, indeed, they visited the only little inn of the village, but here their conversation was above the frequenters of the place, and their character altogether such as to excite surprise and curiosity. At this time the violence of the revolutionary tempest in France occasioned much observation and dispute, not only in the metropolis and large towns, but in every obscure nook and corner of the British isles. Such a subject could not, therefore, fail to be agitated in the public house where our two friends occasionally spent their evenings. Wordsworth had no turn for politics, and was generally silent, but his friend, being at that period a zealous reformist, took such an active part in the questions which arose, as to beget a suspicion, in one person, that these two strangers were spies or incendiaries. This sagacious politician was no other than the lawyer of the village, and having once formed this idea in his fertile brain, it soon acquired the figure and substance of reality. Every action of the sojourners was accordingly watched by a person employed for the purpose; who, true to his trust, traced their footsteps, and without being seen by them, placed himself in a situation where he could hear their discourse when they sat upon a craggy cliff observing the dashing of the

waves on the beach. Sometimes he would meet them, as it were by accident, in their walks, and by entering into familiar chat with them, draw the conversation on by degrees to politics, merely to catch some clue to a discovery. All these arts, however, produced nothing, and the man, very much to his honour, gave so faithful a report of all his observations, that no farther inquiry was made, nor were the two friends apprised of the snare that had been laid to entrap them, till a long time afterwards, when all suspicion was completely removed.

It was during this retirement on the coast of Somersetshire, that the "Lyrical Ballads" were planned and in part written, "as an experiment," says Mr. Coleridge, whether subjects, which from their nature rejected the usual ornaments and extra colloquial style of poems, in general, might not be so managed in the language of ordinary life as to produce the pleasurable interest, which it is the peculiar business of poetry to impart.*

These Ballads, with some other poems, appeared first in one small volume in 1798, in which year the author and his sister made a tour through part of Germany, where they fell in with Mr. Coleridge, who, through the liberality of the late Mr. Wedgworth, had been enabled to prosecute his studies in a foreign university. How long the travellers continued abroad, we are not informed, but in 1800, we find Mr. Wordsworth settled at Grassmere, in Westmoreland, where, or at Rydall, in that neighbourhood, he has continued to dwell ever since. In 1803, he married Miss Mary Hutchinson, of Penrith, a young lady of the most respectable connexions and exemplary character, who has brought him five children, of whom three, two sons and a daughter, are still living. With such inducements to active exertion, and the aid of potent friends, who hold his merits in high estimation, the poet might no doubt have distinguished himself in public life to the lucrative advantage of his family. But alike indifferent to the temptations of ambition and riches, he seems to have imbibed the spirit of Hooker, who besought his patron to remove him from the bustle and intrigues of the world, to a situation "where he might see God's blessings spring from his mother earth, and eat his bread in peace and privacy."

The picturesque beauties of Winder-

* Biographia Literaria, vol. ii. p. 3.
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mere, and the scenery of the neighbourhood, proved more attractive charms than the pleasures of artificial society; and here, in the bosom of a happy circle, our author enjoys the utmost tranquility, on a moderate income, arising from a patrimonial estate, and the situation of distributor of the stamps for the counties of Cumberland and Westmoreland, which office he owes to the personal friendship of the Earl of Lonsdale.

In 1807 Mr. Wordsworth gave to the public a miscellaneous collection of poems, in two small volumes, of which a new and considerably improved edition made its appearance in the year 1815.—Among the many additions which the author thought proper to make to this last impression, were a preface and supplementary essay, both directed to the same object—that of applying his principle of simplicity in composition to every species of poetry.

The next original production of Mr. Wordsworth was of a different cast, and one that from his turn and habits could hardly have been expected. This was a bulky political pamphlet, printed in the year 1809, with a title remarkable for its elliptical abruptness and prolixity.—“Concerning the Relations of Great Britain, Spain, and Portugal, to each other, and to the common enemy, at this crisis; and specifically as affected by the Convention of Cintra; the whole brought to the test of those principles by which alone the Independence and Freedom of Nations can be preserved or recovered.”

In this performance ministers were censured, not for intermeddling in the affairs of the peninsula, but for neglecting to pour into the heart of Spain all their military resources. The essay is written in an energetic strain, and re-

flects credit upon the patriotic feelings of the author.

In 1814 Mr. Wordsworth published the first portion of his long-promised performance of “*The Recluse*,” in a large and splendid quarto. To this part he gave the title of “*The Excursion*,” but of the rest of the work, nothing has yet seen the light, unless the story of “*The White Doe of Rylstone*; or, the Fate of the Nortons,” which appeared in the same form in the following year, be considered as an episode of the great poem.

This last piece closes the list of our author's publications, on which we shall observe, that if the character of a man is to be inferred from his literary progeny, that of Mr. Wordsworth is at once stamped with the genuine marks of native excellence; for no liberal reader of his poems can rise from the perusal of them without sentiments of respect for that spirit of virtue which breathes in every line. But we are assured that the poet is one who writes from the heart, and who lives as he writes. They who know him most intimately, speak of him as constantly discharging all the relative duties of the husband, father, and friend, with scrupulous fidelity and the most affectionate tenderness. He is universally esteemed in his neighbourhood for the benevolence of his disposition, the courteousness of his manners, his readiness to relieve the distressed, and to promote every design calculated for the general benefit. To this summary of pre-eminent talent and substantial worth, we may add, that he is a firm friend to the constitution, which is the same as saying that he is a loyal subject of the king, and a sincere member of the Church of England.

FINE ARTS.

MEANING, in this important department, with persevering efforts, to concentrate the attention of our readers on our native artists, we shall, in the following general observations, endeavor to mark the intended spirit of our future communications, by a reference to those causes which most immediately contribute to the advancement of the Fine Arts, and the principles by which impartial criticism ought to be guided. The approbation with which the public have been pleased to honour the arrangements, and impartial variety of the

pages of the *New Monthly Magazine*, so far from lessening our efforts, furnishes only so many increasing motives for redoubled exertion.

In the first place, we consider it our duty to be unbiassed in our strictures on all the subjects which affect the general interests of the British school. Upon these points we entertain long cherished convictions. There is no right so essential to the growth of a pure public taste, as the right of free and candid opinion, in discussing the merits of ancient and modern works of art. The more

men read upon the subject the more they will understand it, and rise above the prejudices of anti-contemporarianism.

That impartial criticism, which endeavors to do equal justice to merit without any regard to names or persons, times or schools, is the true nurse of genius. No doubt, from the infirmity of human nature, there will ever be some unconscious leaning, even in the most classical minds. But if any be pardonable, it is a leaning in favor of the Artists of our own time and nation; because this inclination is not only allied to virtue, being founded in our social affections, public spirit, and love of country, but it is also calculated to advance the Fine Arts, by giving encouragement to living genius. It was, by thinking well of their own time and people, that Greece, old Rome, and modern Italy, led the Fine Arts forward, step by step, from feeble infancy to the glory of their prime; and produced their great artists and great works. The countries in which this fostering spirit is most felt, will make the greatest advance; and if Greece produced the purest specimens of grandeur and beauty, one great cause of her superiority may be found in the circumstance, that after her first rude lessons from EGYPT she never diminished the force of this *national attachment* to her own artists, by looking out of her own dominion, and instituting anti-Grecian comparisons in favour of earlier times, and foreign painters and sculptors. Old Rome, after the capture and plunder of Syracuse, in the middle stages of her advancement, derived incalculable advantages from the pure Grecian models, but she never equalled the Grecians in the last stage of refinement, owing to her preference of the military qualifications, the low estimation in which she held her artists, and the habit of constantly looking out from herself to a foreign and superior school, whose forms were more obvious than the pure principles by which they were produced. The discovery of so many antique statues enabled the Italian masters of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries to pass from the dry and mean taste of the Gothic forms, to the simplicity and grandeur of the great style: but beside the difference of subjects, customs and apparel, they were like old Rome, still as an inferior, seeking, in some degree, to excel by imitation. RAFFAELLE reaped immense improvement from the ancient remains in Italy, and the drawings and models which he

obtained from Greece: but POUSSIN observed, that although when compared with the moderns he was an angel, yet compared with the Ancients he was an ass. We are justly offended at so harsh an expression applied to the divine painter, who, although excelled in particulars by some other painters, united more of the qualities of a great master than any other modern artist. The inestimable benefit of the antique statues is proved by the fact, that the Italian schools, which were formed more essentially upon those models, such as Florence and Rome, excelled those, which, like Venice, were seduced, by colouring, to neglect the study of form. The historical painters of Germany, Flanders, and Holland, are grosser instances of this neglect. RAFFAELLE rendered whatever he derived from the Ancients subservient to nature, and the spirit of the age in which he lived; and in his wise adaptation, as well as in his genius, surpassed all other painters since the revival of the arts. POUSSIN, on the contrary, with all his great powers, departed too much from living nature, and the spirit of the age in which he lived, into that of the ancients, and is, thereby, less simple and agreeable in his compositions, than if he had, like RAFFAELLE, merged his imitation of the antique in the spirit of his own time. It is a nice consideration, to weigh how far, after having assisted to elevate and ennoble Italian art to a certain degree, the practice of unlimited or injudicious imitation of the pure and exquisite remains of Roman and Grecian sculpture, did or did not contribute with other causes of customs, manners, and costume, to prevent Italy, as in the instance of POUSSIN, from rivalling Greece in the highest refinements of form, character, and expression. This would require much room for discussion; but it is certain, that wherever this imitation is not gracefully adapted to the spirit of modern times, art must fail in originality, exhibit little beyond a dry repetition of cold purities and hacknied modes, and miss her great end, a power of exercising a moral influence over the understanding, through her hold upon the heart. One great point, to which our present reasoning tends, is derivable from the circumstance, that Italy having no Roman or Grecian paintings to adorn her churches and palaces, their artists, in their advances from stage to stage, were not subjected to an invidious comparison with painters of other countries and

former times. The painters themselves looked beyond their own age and country to the ancient marbles for principles; but the pontiffs, the Italian princes and nobles, and people, *cherished and honoured their native artists*; they took a national pride in their works, and it is to this national enthusiasm for their native artists that the world is indebted for the grandest efforts of their genius.

The preceding important truths cannot be too often pressed upon the attention of England. A mind loaded with the mere events of history, without tracing the changes in national character, may be likened to the area of a great city filled by an earthquake with a chaos of splendid ruins. The Philosopher or Statesman, who would furnish lessons of wisdom for the guidance of social institutions, must look beyond the mere whirl of occurrences, and analyze the principles by which empires have emerged from barbarism to the highest glory of refinement; and the neglect of which, caused them to sink back into their original rudeness and obscurity. Whatever other causes of custom, religion, and imitation, may have contributed to render the Italian artists inferior to those of ancient Rome and Greece, we consider it an axiom that the superiority of the Italian schools, in the best ages, over those of other countries, since the revival of the arts arose from the national pride with which the several states regarded their native artists. The deep sentiment of religion, the splendour and power of the governments, the munificent patronage and esteem of the nobles, the praise of the poets, the brilliant admiration of the men of wit and talents, the applauding energies of literature and the press, combined, with the popular feeling, to excite and keep alive an enthusiastic reverence and affection for their painters and sculptors. Their artists were cherished as a treasure from heaven. Public writers were at liberty to canvas their errors as *men*; but an author, who would persevere openly in attacking their professional reputation, and decrying the genius of his own time, would be considered an enemy to the glory of his country; be treated with scorn by the public, and receive any other name but that of a friend, or a lover of the Fine Arts.

Our sincere and constant efforts shall, therefore, be directed to create a *national pride in BRITISH GENIUS*, and a national love for *BRITISH ART*; to unite the

whole body of our native artists and their PATRONS, the ROYAL ACADEMY and THE BRITISH INSTITUTION, more closely; and to establish the glory of England in the Fine Arts as triumphantly as our victorious fleets and armies have established her fame in arms.

We mean, in our next communication, particularly to notice the fine series of National Medals executing by Mr. MUDIE, in commemoration of the British victories during the late war. This excellent artist, both as a man of genius and spirit, has peculiar claims on public taste and patriotism. The melancholy case of CLENNEL, the painter, comes before the public with an irresistible force, and shall, also, receive our best support and recommendation.

In the meantime we insert the following statement of the melancholy circumstances which have given rise to the plan of a subscription to a print by BROMLEY, from this excellent painter's picture of the Battle of Waterloo:—

“Mr. CLENNELL, the painter, is a native of Morpeth, in the county of Northumberland, and was originally pupil to Mr. BEWICK, of Newcastle. Specimens of his talents, as an engraver on wood, will be found in some of the most elegant publications of the day. The beautiful illustrations of *Rogers's Pleasures of Memory*, from the designs of *Stothard*; and the diploma of the *Highland Society*, from a drawing by the venerable President of the Royal Academy, (the largest wood engraving of the age) are both the productions of his hand. But his genius did not stop here. He had not been long in London before he was known to the public as a painter, and one too of no ordinary character. Possessing an active and ardent mind, he saw and estimated the advantages held out by the British Institution—he became one of its most assiduous students, and soon distinguished himself in its annual exhibitions. His rapid progress was marked by the admirers and lovers of art; and the patrons of the institution, ever ready to foster and encourage excellence, early and munificently rewarded his exertions.

“In the midst of this career of success, at the moment of completing a picture for the Earl of Bridgewater, representing the fête given by the City of London to the assembled Sovereigns—a picture which had cost him unheard-of labour, and which he had executed in a way to command the admiration of all who saw it, even in its unfinished and imperfect state—he was afflicted with the most dreadful of all maladies—the loss of reason! He has been now for nearly two years separated from his family and from society. This is but half the melancholy tale:—His wife, fondly attached to him,

attending him day and night, fluctuating perpetually between the hope which the glimmerings of returning reason still held out, and the almost despair which followed on his again sinking into confirmed lunacy—at the moment too when she seemed to her friends to have overcome the severity of the trial, and was preparing to enter on some business, by which she might support her children, deprived of their father's aid—became herself subject to the same malady, which, being accompanied with fever, soon terminated in death. The death of a young mother of a young family is always a most afflicting event. In the present instance, the visitation is singularly aggravated by the distressing situation of the father, whose disorder becomes every day more decided, and whose recovery is now placed almost beyond hope."

"It is to provide for three young chil-

dren, the eldest only eight years of age, that this publication is undertaken; and though the committee who conduct it cannot but hope that the melancholy circumstances, in which these little creatures are left, will not fail to excite the commiseration of the public, yet *their main reliance is on the excellence of the publication as a work of art.*—The picture selected is a spirited and splendid composition, illustrative of a great national event: which, while it added much to the military glory of the country, is still more endeared to all our memories by its having given peace to a conflicting world.

"The reward conferred on this picture by the British Institution must be considered as especially sanctioning the selection of the committee; and the well known talents of the engraver are the best guarantee that can be offered to the public for the excellence of the whole." W. C.

NEW INVENTIONS AND PATENTS.

MR. MATTHEW THOMAS, an American, has invented a method, by contrivance of leverage, to propel almost all portable bodies with extraordinary ease and facility.—Every portable body to which this contrivance may be correctly applied, will, it is said, be propelled with as much ease by one horse as by two horses without its application. He intends to apply it to Mr. Wood's plough, which he has brought from America, for the purpose of introducing here, as it is said to be the best plough extant, both for cheapness and mathematical adjustment.

To an instrument lately invented in Russia, the inventor has given the name of *Olimphikon* (perhaps it should be the *Olympikon*). It is played like a harpsichord, which it also resembles in form; but the lid is arched in a semicircle, and perforated with many round holes. Below is a pedal, and by this means a handle is put in motion, which probably turns a wheel covered with leather or horse-hair. By the pressure of the keys, the strings are brought in contact with the wheel; and accordingly, as the keys are touched with more or less force, a music is produced which resembles that of all low instruments combined. A change of the stops causes it to resemble the flageolet and the organ. The inventor refuses to shew the inside of his instrument.

FRANCIS SCHUSTER, a watchmaker at Vienna, has lately invented a keyed instrument of six octaves, which he calls the *Adiaphanon*. This new instrument, as the name indicates, possesses the advantage of keeping constantly in tune. It bears no affinity to the piano-forte, for its tone is something between the harmonica and the organ. It is very simple in its construction, and resists every variety of temperature.

A communication in *The Washington City Gazette* announces, that a machine,

which will, at one operation, cut and gather standing corn, and prepare the ground for a crop of wheat or other grain, has lately been invented by a negro slave in *Faquier county, Virginia*.

MR. MAER, of Kelso, has, by a simple process, constructed an apparatus which produces gas sufficient to supply ten different burners, the flame of each far surpassing that of the largest candle, and which completely illuminate his shop, workshop, and dwelling-house, with the most pure pellucid brightness, the cost of which is only about three pence per night. Wax-cloth bags have been invented, which, when inflated with gas, are removed at pleasure from place to place, and when ignited, they answer all the purposes of candles. By this process it would seem that any person, with bags as above prepared, may be furnished with gas from the coal-pits, and apply the gas so procured to whatever number of tubes for lights he has occasion for.

New Patents.

THOMAS PARKER, of Sevenoaks, Kent, bricklayer, for his method of regulating and improving the draught of chimnies. Dated Oct. 5, 1818.

WILLIAM FINCH, of Birmingham, gentleman, for improvements in bridles. Dated Oct. 12.

SAMUEL HOBDAV, of Birmingham, snuff-maker, for an improved principle in making of snufflers without any spring or lever. Oct. 12.

Sir WILLIAM CONGREVE, of Cecil-street, Westminster, bart. for new methods of constructing steam-engines. Oct. 19.

CHARLES WATT, of Ratcliff Highway, surgeon, for gilding and preparing quills and pens, by manual labour and chemical operations, so as to render them more durable and valuable. Oct. 31.

NICHOLAS DESTORGES, of Bucklersbury,

London; merchant, for certain improvements in propelling boats and other vessels. Oct. 31.

JOHN BOGAERTS, of Air-street, Piccadilly, gentleman, for a method or methods of raising and lowering water on canal locks. Nov. 10.

EDMUND WOOLLEY, of Bilston, Staffordshire, for an improvement in the machinery for making wood-screw forgings. Nov. 10.

JAMES INGLEDEW, of Little College-street, Westminster, licensed victualler, for the means of effecting a saving in the consumption of the ordinary articles of fuel, by the application of certain well known materials. Nov. 10.

MOSES POOLE, of Lincoln's Inn, gentleman, for the application of known mastics or cements to various purposes, such as modelling statues, making slabs, raising or impressing figures, or other ornamental appearances; also the covering of houses, and in any other manner in which mastic or cement may or can be applied. Nov. 10.

JOHN GRAFTON, late of London, now of Edinburgh, engineer, for a process or method of making carburetted hydrogen gas for the purpose of illumination. Nov. 10.

JAMES HADDEN, jun. of Aberdeen, woollen manufacturer, for an improvement in preparing, roving, and spinning of wool.—Nov. 12.

GEORGE JAMES CLARK, of Bath, working cutler, for an apparatus for the more easily applying the drag to a carriage wheel. Nov. 12.

WILLIAM STYLES, of Islington, carpen-

ter, for certain improvements in machinery for sifting cinders, and discharging them into a convenient receptacle; which machinery is also applicable to other useful purposes. Nov. 12.

ELISHA HAYDEN COLLIER, late of Boston, America, but now of Charter-House-square, London, gent., for an improvement in fire-arms of various descriptions, which improvement is also applicable to cannon. Nov. 14.

JAMES FRASER, of Long-acre, copper-smith and engineer, for a new and original junction of tunnels in a steam-boiler; also new flues in the same, or the furnace connected with its erection; the steam-boiler to be for the purposes of lessening the consumption of fuel, the appearance of smoke, and the trouble of attendance. Nov. 14.

RICHARD WRIGHT, of Token-house-yard, for certain improvements in the construction of steam-engines, and the subsequent use of steam. Nov. 14.

HENRY MATTHEWS, of Gretton-place, East, Bethnal Green, for certain improvements applicable to wheel-carriages or vehicles of different descriptions, calculated to render them more safe and commodious.—Nov. 19.

GEORGE CLYMER, late of Philadelphia, but now of Cornhill, merchant, for certain improvements in ships' pumps, Nov. 21.

JOHN CHANCELLOR, of Sacville-street, Dublin, watch-maker, for an improvement for turning the leaves of music books in a simple and effective manner, with or without pedal work. Nov. 21.

CRITICAL REMARKS ON NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Letters from the Hon. HORACE WALPOLE to the Rev. WILLIAM COLE, and others; from the year 1745 to the year 1782. 4to. pp. 260.

If it were demanded of a skilful limner, under what circumstances he would wish to sketch the portrait of a distinguished personage, he would undoubtedly reply, when that personage was not only unprepared for, but even unconscious of his design; he would then be enabled, not merely to represent the features of the individual with pictorial accuracy, but, what is of still greater consequence to pourtray the characteristic lines impressed upon his countenance, by the operations of the master passions and feelings, which might happen to be peculiar to him.

These remarks, by a clear analogy of reasoning, are strictly applicable to the private and confidential correspondence of celebrated men. In a certain sense it may be affirmed, that all those whose situations and talents call them to occu-

py a pre-eminent rank on the great theatre of the world, are necessarily, to some extent at least, actors; and it would be in vain to look to their public writings, expressions, and achievements, for a distinct and satisfactory illustration of their real sentiments and feelings in all circumstances, and upon every subject connected with their transactions as private characters. Such reflections naturally arise in our minds upon the perusal of the present volume. The celebrity of the author, his elegant genius, and the clear and steady light which his communications have thrown upon important and dubious political events, in the reigns of George I. and II. must, we conceive, render the publication of so large and valuable a portion of his correspondence, an epoch of no common interest in the literary and scientific world. The virtuosos and the philosopher will here find recorded, in the simple but striking language of undisguised feeling, the workings of a powerful and ingenious mind,

stored with a rich variety of information upon the greater part, if not all, of those subjects, with which they are most intimately acquainted. The general reader of taste, will appreciate the graces of a style, easy without negligence, occasionally forcible but never turgid, and sprightly without being frivolous. He will also admire the natural and exquisite strokes of satire which abound in Mr. Walpole's letters, and will perceive that this illustrious man aims the piercing darts of ridicule with such consummate skill, that they never fail to penetrate the vulnerable parts of his adversary.

The subjects of these epistles consist, chiefly, of Mr. Walpole's researches in *virtù*, the opinions he had formed, and confidently avows, upon several of the most eminent literati of the times in which he wrote, the origin and progress of some of his most admired works, and miscellaneous remarks on men and manners. The political, we might add hereditary, principles of our author, were those of a confirmed *Whig*. He never mentions his father Sir Robert Walpole, but in terms of enthusiastic respect and affection. Few of our readers, perhaps, will be disposed to coincide with him in the lavish encomiums he bestows upon that minister; who, although not the parent, was certainly a most successful nurse of corruption. The religious opinions of Horace Walpole are not easily to be deduced from this portion of his correspondence. It must, however, be inferred from the general tenor of his writings, though the deduction is a painful one, that his sentiments were those of a latitudinarian,

Our readers will recognise in the following extract from the twenty-third letter in this collection, a striking resemblance in the temperament of feeling, which produced the singular romance of "The Castle of Otranto," and that in which the "New Heloise," originated.

"I had time to write but a short note with "The Castle of Otranto," as your messenger called on me at four o'clock, and as I was going to dine abroad. Your partiality to me and "Strawberry" have, I hope, inclined you to excuse the wildness of the story.—You will even have found some traits to put you in mind of this place. When you read of the picture quitting its pannel, did not you recollect the portrait of Lord Falkland, all white in my gallery? Shall I even confess to you, what was the origin of this romance? I waked one morning in the beginning of last June, from a dream, of which, all I could recover was, that I had thought myself in an

ancient castle, (a very natural dream for a head filled like mine with gothic story,) and that on the uppermost bannister of a great stair-case, I saw a gigantic hand in armour. In the evening I sat down and began to write, without knowing in the least what I intended to say or relate. The work grew on my hands, and I grew fond of it—add, that I was very glad to think of anything rather than politics. In short, I was so engrossed with my tale, which I completed in less than two months, that one evening, I wrote from the time I had drunk my tea, about six o'clock, till half an hour after one in the morning, when my hand and fingers were so weary, that I could not hold the pen to finish the sentence, but left Matilda and Isabella talking in the middle of a paragraph. You will laugh at my earnestness; but if I have amused you by retracing, with any fidelity, the manners of ancient days, I am content, and give you leave to think me as idle as you please."

Mr. Walpole avows himself to be the author of a letter, supposed to have been written by Frederick the Great to Jean Jacques Rousseau. In the subjoined passage of the thirty-sixth letter, he specifies this furtive attack upon that sublime but erratic genius, the "self torturing sophist" of Ermonville,

"Rousseau is gone to England with Mr. Hume. You will very probably see a letter to Rousseau, in the name of the King of Prussia, writ to laugh at his affectations. It has made excessive noise here, and I believe quite ruined the author with many philosophers. When I say that I was the author, it is telling you how cheap I hold their anger. If it does not reach you, you shall see it at Strawberry, where I flatter myself I shall see you this summer, and quite well."

His sentiments of the elegant and ingenious spendthrift Shenstone, are strongly expressed in the subsequent paragraph, from the forty-ninth letter.

"I have been eagerly reading Mr. Shenstone's letters, which, tho' containing nothing but trifles, amused me extremely, as they mention so many persons I know, particularly myself. I found there what I did not know, and what, I believe, Mr. Gray himself never knew, that his ode on my cat was written to ridicule Lord Littleton's Monody. It is just as true as that the latter will survive, and the former be forgotten. There is another anecdote equally vulgar, and void of truth: That my father, sitting in George's coffee-house, (I suppose Mr. Shenstone thought, that, after he quitted his place, he went to coffee-houses to learn news,) was asked to contribute to a figure of himself, that was to be beheld by the mob. I do remember something like it, but it happened to myself. I met a mob just after my father was out, in Hanover-square, and drove up to it to know what was the matter. They were

carrying about a figure of my sister. This probably gave rise to the other story. That on my uncle I never heard; but it is a good story, and not at all improbable. I felt great pity on reading these letters for the narrow circumstances of the author and the passion for fame that he was tormented with; and yet he had much more fame than his talents intitled him to. Poor man! he wanted to have all the world talk of him for the pretty place he had made; and which he seems to have made only that it might be talked of."

We cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of quoting the following lines, written by Mr. Walpole for an inscription on a cross in the ground of Lord Ossory, at Ampthill.

In days of old here Ampthill's towers were seen,

The mournful refuge of an injured queen.
Here flowed her pure, but unavailing tears;
Here blinded zeal sustained her sinking years.

Yet freedom hence her radiant banners wav'd,

And love avenged a realm by priests enslaved.

From Cath'rine's wrongs a nations bliss was spread,

And Luther's light, from Henry's lawless bed.

For the benefit of those literary gentlemen who are desirous of adding the distinctive appellation of A. S. S. to their other scientific titles, we will give one of the various philippics of Mr. Walpole against the genius and proceedings of the antiquarian society at that period. It is proper, however, to add, that the attic salt of his strictures on this head, seems to have been blended with the nitrous acid of some personal animosity.

"I can be of little use to Mr. Granger, in recommending him to the antiquarian society. I dropped my attendance there four or five years ago, from being sick of their ignorance and stupidity, and have not been three times amongst them since. They have chosen to expose their dulness to the world, and crowned it with Dean Mille's nonsense. I have written them a little answer to the last, which you shall see, and then wash my hands of them."

The following extract from the eightyninth letter, presents us with Mr. Walpole's opinion of the genius, character, and writings of Gray.

"You are too candid in submitting at once to my defence of Mr. Mason. It is true I am more charmed with his book than I almost ever was with one. I find more people like the grave letters than those of humour, and some think the latter a little affected, which is as wrong a judgment as they could make; for Gray never wrote any

thing easily but things of humour. Humour was his natural and original turn—and though from his childhood, he was grave and reserved, his genius led him to see things ludicrously and satirically; and though his health and dissatisfaction gave him low spirits, his melancholy turn was much more affected than his pleasantry in writing. You knew him enough to know I am in the right; but the world in general always wants to be told how to think, as well as what to think. The print, I agree with you, though like, is a very disagreeable likeness, and the worst likeness of him. It gives the primness he had when under constraint; and there is a blackness in the countenance which was like him only the last time I ever saw him, when I was much struck with it; and though I did not apprehend him in danger, it left an impression on me that was uneasy, and almost prophetic of what I heard but too soon after leaving him. Wilson drew the picture under much such an impression, and could not bear it in my room; Mr. Mason altered it a little, but still it is not well, nor gives any idea of the determined virtues of his heart. It just serves to help the reader to an image of the person, whose genius and integrity they most admire, if they are so happy as to have a taste for either."

We will not multiply quotations from this interesting volume, as we are persuaded that such of our readers as are already in the possession of the former works of Mr. Walpole, will think these collections imperfect without the addition to them of the present correspondence.

The Campaign of 1815, or a Narrative of the Military Operations which took place in France and Belgium, during the Hundred Days. WRITTEN AT ST. HELENA, By General GOURGAUD. pp 234.

We have heard that the French had their odes, in commemoration of the Battle of WATERLOO, as well as ourselves; and if we were to put any faith in the attestations of General Gourgaud, we ought not to be much surprised; since, by his account, had it not been for the unlucky intervention of "Destiny," and the cruel desertion of "Fortune," his master would certainly have been victorious, and the British defeated in that engagement. As for the Duke of Wellington, we learn from the volume before us, that in no part of his military career, has he exhibited so absurd a specimen of his generalship, as in the total overthrow of Napoleon, in what the French, and our modern reformists, are pleased to term the action of MONT ST. JEAN. He "ought not to have engaged his troops at Quatre Bras, but should

have evacuated Belgium, in order to wait for the arrival of the armies of Russia and Austria on the Meuse." Again, "It was the intention of the emperor to have slept at Brussels, on the night of the 18th," since

"It was not probable that the Duke of Wellington, having the forest of Soignes and Brussels in his rear, would give battle. That would not have been likely, even though the contest had been wholly Belgium, but it was ABSURD to suppose he would do so when the French army formed the whole of the disposable forces of Napoleon; while the hostile armies formed only one third of the forces leagued against France."

And yet we are informed in another part of this *impartial* relation, that the allied armies exceeded their adversaries on that eventful day, by nearly 20,000 men. Now admitting this, for the sake of argument, to have been the case, (although we all very well know that it was directly the reverse,) how does such an affirmation harmonize with the paragraph previously quoted? Or how could our immortal commander be guilty of "*absurdity*", in entirely frustrating the plan his adversary had so agreeably devised for bivouacking that night at Brussels, by attempting to take a NAP himself in the same neighbourhood. Such wilful and deliberate misrepresentation is, surely, sufficient to invalidate the greater part, if not all the averments, made throughout these pages, the grand aim of which appears to be, an attempt to relieve Buonaparte from the odium so universally and deservedly attached to him, for his base and unmanly desertion of his fellow soldiers in the grand finale to the campaign of 1815, and his mean and cowardly abdication of the throne on his return to Paris; by depreciating, as far as the contracted powers of the author would permit, the valor of the British troops, and the skill and conduct of the greatest captain of this, we might almost say of any age. The following pleasant notice, prefixed to the twelfth chapter of the book, will perhaps better explain the intentions of the writer than any other passage we could adduce.

"The emperor having abdicated, the Anglo-Belgic and Prussian armies IMPRUDENTLY advance upon Paris. This manœuvre, which ought to have led to their ruin, proved completely successful."!!!

Besides a variety of equally amusing observations, a string of *ifs* runs through the "Narrative," about the certainty of success *if* such and such a plan had been adopted, and the clear probability that

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they would have gained the day *if* Marshal Ney had acted otherwise than he did, and *if* dispatches of great consequence, had not miscarried in their transit to Marshal Grouchy, &c. In fact, the sum and substance of this farrago of falsehoods and extravagancies, amount, (as an able periodical critic* has already observed,) to neither more nor less than this;—"All that Buonaparte did was right, and should have succeeded, but it failed; and all that the allies did was wrong, and should have failed, but it succeeded!"

The editor of the "Old Monthly Magazine," announces General Gourgaud's work, as the "most important book of the month," and adds, "It was written in St. Helena, under the superintendence of the emperor, and being therefore an AUTHENTIC RECORD (!!!), it puts to flight the thousand fables and falsehoods which a WEAK and BASE party have promulgated, relative to the circumstances attending this modern battle of Pharsalia."! Since when, we would enquire, has the tyrant Napoleon, whose justly merited exile has afforded the Old Monthly Magazine, and its allies in principle, so famous a topic for declamation, never exhausted, but always ready as a reserve for an attack upon the government of their country, been considered as entitled to any deference on the score of veracity? What possible claim to authenticity can any documents have, which come from his hands, or from his dictation? We really think it must appear to all unprejudiced persons, who have observed with attention, the events which have occurred since Buonaparte first came into note,—who have marked his moral as well as his political turpitude—his breaches of faith, and the whole tenor of his conduct, both public and private, that no work could have a worse possible claim to the confidence of the world, than that of its having proceeded from the ex-emperor of France, or any one connected with him.

That the professed object of the volume in question, namely, that of detracting from the merits due to our countrymen, for their late noble and gallant achievements, would give it an eminent title to the approbation of the editor of the Old Monthly Magazine, may readily be supposed; but that he should have chosen to denominate that party WEAK, which has effected what has been so gloriously accomplished by the present

* Literary Gazette.

ministry, is ludicrous enough. His acquaintance with the mathematics should have taught him that he was reasoning upon a false hypothesis, and that his conclusion was a "non sequitur." It forcibly reminds us of the scepticism of Rebecca Penlake, in the celebrated glee of "St. Michael's Chair," who could not persuade herself that she was not her husband's master, though

Richard Penlake oft a crab-stick would take,
To convince her that he was the *stronger*."

As for the epithet "*BASE*," we retort it upon the faction which has endeavoured to excite public sympathy for a man, who, if his enemies had been of his disposition, would, long ere now, have expiated the various murders he has committed in France, Egypt, Spain, and Russia, on the scaffold! This would have been justice—bare justice: as it is, he has experienced justice tempered with mercy, yet he is not content. His partizans, the self styled friends of liberty and humanity, complain of the cruelty with which he is treated; and the Editor of the Old Monthly Magazine has the impudence to recommend his restoration to Elba, that he may again have an opportunity of disturbing that peace, which is, at length, so happily established in Europe.

General Gourgaud too, is a fit object for the sympathy of those individuals who could feel no commiseration for the unfortunate victims to the ruthless ambition of his master! It was a great pity he was ever suffered to land in England: but he came over with a canting plausible tale, which imposed upon Lord Bathurst, and procured for him the protection of that nobleman. However, when he had accomplished the purpose for which he visited this country, he threw off his mask, and avowed himself the friend of Napoleon; though he had but a short time before declared, he had strong reason to be dissatisfied with him, and that it was on this account he left St. Helena. He, moreover, acknowledged that he "expected to be sent out of England, but that it was of no consequence, for his mission was completed." The account published in the Morning Chronicle, of his arrest, is an infamous fabrication, from beginning to end. He was neither treated with cruelty nor violence; the violence was all on his own part, for the police officers were assaulted, most outrageously, in the

execution of their duty, by one of his friends.

Perhaps the extraction of this gasconading Frenchman may not be generally known; we will detail it. He calls himself Baron Gourgaud; but we believe he would be troubled to produce the patent of his nobility. His father, whose name was Dugazon, was a celebrated comedian, and his mother was nurse to the present Duke de Berri. He is a natural son; and received his education at the Military School of Paris. Having served in several of Napoleon's campaigns, he was for the last six years of the Emperor's reign, taken into his special confidence, who employed him chiefly in his cabinet, and about his person. After the restoration of the Bourbons, in 1814, he remained in Paris; and the Duke de Berri, owing to a kindly remembrance of his nurse, extended his protection to him, and he retained his rank in the army. Yet when Buonaparte returned from Elba, he was one of the first to shout "*VIVE L'EMPEREUR!*"—Such was his gratitude for the favours he had experienced.

Before we conclude these observations, we may remark, that the fact of Buonaparte's poisoning his troops in Egypt, which Sir Robert Wilson so ably exposed, and which, to please his constituents of Southwark, he has so shamefully endeavoured to invalidate, has received additional confirmation in a work published at Paris, entitled, "*Victories and Conquests of the French*." Buonaparte's conversation with Dergennes, chief of the medical staff, is related by General Beauvais. The doctor declined the office of murderer, and it was undertaken by one Royer, a wretch attached to the medical staff, who remained in the country when it was evacuated by the French army, and was executed by the Turks as a spy. The number of persons thus sent to their final account is not stated; but the opium was administered to the sick of thirty hospitals! Some few recovered; but by far the greater part perished.

We should be glad to hear what Sir R. Wilson has now to say upon this subject. It is generally understood, that the whigs intend to bring before Parliament the subject of the ex-Emperor's ill treatment. Will this "able partizan" defend him from the enormities with which he has himself accused him, or will he content himself with a silent vote in aid of the cause of treachery and revolution?—It remains to be proved.

Antar, a Bedouen Romance, translated from the Arabic, by TERRICK HAMILTON, Esq. Oriental Secretary to the British Embassy at Constantinople. 8vo. pp. 298.

WE have in vain endeavoured to trace the drift and intention of Mr. Hamilton, in bestowing his time and talents upon a work of this nature; and we cannot but feel considerable difficulty in pronouncing a fair judgment upon its merits. Professing, as he does, to give a literal translation of the original Romance, and to adhere strictly to Arabic idioms, and oriental phraseology, without permitting himself to be led into an indulgence of ornament, which, we are told, "would have been equally remote from the nice refinement of the Languages of Europe, and from the copious simplicity of that of the Desert," he does not leave us the opportunity of offering, perhaps, the only opinion which the production would appear to call for; namely, with respect to the fidelity of the translation. Upon this point, as we are not in possession of the original, we are altogether in the dark. With all his apparent modesty, however, it is evident that Mr. Hamilton endeavours to institute a higher claim to literary honour than that of a mere translator; and we cannot believe that he would be perfectly satisfied, even, if we were enabled to bestow upon his volume the most unqualified approbation, as a literal translation alone. The allusion to the "Arabian Nights," and the ludicrous, we had almost said, farcical comparison, that is drawn between "the irresistible Antar," and the heroes of Homer, explain away all his studied diffidence, and sufficiently evince his real views; which, under a garb of conciliatory modesty, he has, not imprudently, sought to withhold, awaiting the success of his first publication. For his own sake, more than for that of the public at large, we would caution him against putting forth a second volume of the enormous absurdities, with which the first is so ridiculously replete. If it be peculiar to the language of the Desert to exclude all taste, all refinement, and all truth of colouring, admitting only of unnatural crudities, and extravagant impossibilities, it surely were far better to confine it to the Desert altogether, than to clothe it in English attire, and then expose it to the more enlightened part of mankind, to whom, as they are unable to appreciate "the copiousness of its simplicity," or

the purity of its "native freshness," it must be in every respect uninteresting, not to say revolting. That we may not monopolize sentiments, into a share of which our readers will expect to be admitted, we shall furnish them with one or two extracts, impartially selected, which will give them some insight into the style of the Romance, at least, in its present form, and inspire them with an horrific admiration of the tremendous exploits of the almost omnipotent Antar. This hero, we should premise, is not altogether a fictitious personage: he was the descendant of an Arab prince by a black slave, whose extraordinary courage and exalted genius, had raised him, from a state of bondage, to a pre-eminence over all the chiefs of Arabia. Whether the writer of this Romance has done justice either to his military prowess, or to his natural abilities, must be left to those who are unfortunately destined to peruse the volume before us, to determine.

"The woman's name was Zebeeda, and the two children were her's; the eldest was called Jereer, and the youngest Shiboob. He remained with the women in the field, and the children tended the flocks. Shedad visited her morning and evening; and thus matters continued till she became pregnant; and when her time came, she brought forth a boy, black and swarthy, like an elephant, flat-nosed, bear-eyed, harsh featured, shaggy haired, the corners of his lips hanging down, and the inner angles of his eyes bloated; strong boned, long footed; he was like a fragment of a cloud; his ears immensely long, and with eyes whence flashed sparks of fire. His shape, limbs, form and make, resembled Shedad: and Shedad was overjoyed at seeing him, and called him Antar; and for many days he continued to gaze on him with delight. But when Zebeeda wished to wean him, he grumbled and growled exceedingly, and the corners of his eyes became fiery red, so that he appeared like a mass of crimson blood; and this was his condition till he was weaned. And he grew up, and his name became known; but those who accompanied Shedad in the expedition, all wanted to claim him as theirs. This circumstance reached the King Zoheir, who ordered them to his presence; and it happened on that day, that he had many guests with him at dinner; and whilst they were sitting down, Shedad and his companions came and kissed the ground in the presence of the King. He asked them what had happened, and what was the cause of the quarrel? They then informed him; and related all that had passed between Shedad and the woman in their excursion; how he

had taken her to himself, and had given them the plunder; how she bore him a son, whose shape and appearance resembled a negro, and how they all now claimed the child as their slave.

When Zoheir heard this adventure, he was greatly surprised, and he said to Shedad, I wish you would produce the young slave that is the object of contention, that I may see him. Upon that Shedad departed, and brought Antar before him: and the King beheld him, and lo! he was like a lion when he roars. As soon as he saw him, he gave a loud scream, and threw a piece of meat at him; but a dog that was there got before him, and snatched up the meat like a hawk, and ran away: but Antar followed him till he came up with him, he was greatly enraged, and seized hold of him with all his strength; he wrenched open his jaws, and tore them in twain, even to the shoulders, and snatched the meat out of his mouth. When the King saw this, he was astonished, and the Arab chiefs that were present were amazed, and exclaimed, what ingenuity, what power, strength and ability!!

Unlike the King of Denmark, it would seem here as if every devil had set his seal, to give the world assurance of a monster. We doubt whether our fair countrywomen will feel much interested in the chivalrous adventures of this young knight, the ardour of whose love is represented as one of the most prominent features of his character. The taste of Arabian females, may, however, differ in some degree from the probably mistaken nicety of European refinement; and we cannot doubt that the historian meant to paint him in the colours of Arabian beauty and simplicity. His form and figure exactly *resembling those of his father*, so rejoiced Shedad, that he continued to gaze upon him many days with delight!!!

As he advances into boyhood, he displays all the promising features of his future excellence:

"Now Antar was becoming a big boy, and grew up, and used to accompany his mother to the pastures, and he watched the cattle; and this he continued to do, till he increased in stature. He used to walk and run about to harden himself, till at length his muscles were strengthened, his frame altogether more robust, and his bones more firm and solid, and his speech correct. He then began to tyrannize over boys of the same age, and beat his brothers; and, when he returned from the pasture, he amused himself with the servants and women, and he would eat nothing but what he liked; and whoever offended him, he would *thrash* with a stick, till he tortured him, and

all the tribe were his enemies; he used to employ himself in tending the flocks, and as he conducted them, he wandered about the deserts and plains, and loved solitude and retirement."

If these *torturing and thrashing* qualities were so predominant, it was certainly a fortunate circumstance for his companions, that he did love solitude and retirement. But is this premature disposition to tyranny represented as a promise of future greatness?—Is this impatience of all controul, this early resistance of all opposition to self-will, an indication of goodness? Oh dear, no! This is Arabian simplicity!

The last extract we shall present to the notice of our readers contains an account of the heroic exploits of Antar, arrived at a state of manhood.

"No sooner did the tribe of Maam behold Antar's blow, than every one was seized with fear and dismay. The whole five thousand men made an attack like the attack of a single man; but Antar received them as the parched ground receives the first of the rain, exhibiting to them his power and his courage. His eye-balls were fiery red, and foam issued from the corners of his lips; wherever he smote, he cleft the head; every warrior he assailed, he annihilated; and as the warriors still pressed on him, he tore a rider from the back of his horse, he heaved him up on high, and whirling him in the air, struck down a second with him, and the two instantly expired! "By thine eyes, O Ibla," he cried, "to day will I destroy all this race." Thus he proceeded, until he terrified the warriors, and hurled them into woe and disgrace, hewing off their arms and their joints. At length the five thousand retreated from the combat, for fear and terror had completely shaken them, and more than nine hundred horsemen he had slain, and gained an entire victory over them."

After this, who can wonder at the childish exploits of Baron Munchausen? The intrepidity of the Spartans was actual cowardice to this—and as for the battles of Copenhagen and Waterloo, we ought to feel ashamed of them.

"*Desine pervicax*," says Mr. Hamilton, and we have done, only concluding by a hearty recommendation, that this mass of absurdity be recommitted to the "STORY TELLERS of the coffee houses in Egypt, Syria, and Arabia," and that this may be the last, as it is the first attempt to transpose into an European language, "a real Arabian Story, depicting the original manners of the Arabs of the Deserts, *uncorrupted by the artificial and refined customs of the neighbouring cities!*"

The Minstrel of the Glen, and other Poems.

By HENRY STEBBING. 8vo. pp. 137.

Never, surely, was there so confirmed and distressing a "rabies" for rhyming, as prevails at the present time in this country. Scarcely a week elapses without the infliction on the public of one or more volumes of verses; and so powerful is the contagion, that high and low, young and old, rich and poor, are all, more or less, infected with the mania. Some content themselves with stringing together their crude conceptions, in the form of odes, elegies, sonnets, &c.; whilst others, less merciful to their readers,

"Send their goods to market—all alive!
Lines forty thousand, cantos twenty-five."

We would by no means have it understood that we think there is too much poetry published, though we feel pretty well assured, that a great deal of the sing-song which has recently emanated from the press, under that denomination, might have been spared, without any material loss to the admirers of the Ladies of Helicon. If authors must publish, let them wait till their talents, (when they possess any) arrive at something like a state of maturity, and not throw away the chance they might have had of gaining some reputation, by printing a parcel of trash, written before they emerged from their teens. The plea of youth might, in a court of justice, procure for the offender some remission of punishment, but this excuse will hardly be admitted at the bar of criticism; since, the very judgment that suggested the palliation, ought, it will be considered, to have obviated the necessity of making it all. These observations are not intended to apply, in their fullest force, to Mr. Stebbing; for though he appears to have been in too great a hurry to get into print, and, consequently, to have neglected the two most indispensable requisites in the composition of poetry—polish and perspicuity; yet, amid the many errors with which his volume abounds, there occur, occasionally, passages of more than common beauty, which serve only to contrast with the worthlessness, by which they are but too frequently surrounded.—The story of the principal poem in the collection is perfectly unintelligible; and notwithstanding the predilection the author expresses, in his defence of its obscurity in the preface, for "pictures thrown into the shade," we cannot receive such an apology for the production in question; as, so far from being

veiled in the "tender gloom of twilight," it is involved in pitchy and impenetrable darkness. Several inaccuracies occur in the course of the volume, with some few absurdities, which we should conceive to have resulted from affectation; for instance,

My joys are faded, and my lay
An artless tale can only say. p. 8.
For a moment in stony peace he stands. p. 44.

Leave they the rocky barrier rude,
Gain they the glen's sweet solitude. p. 47.

As ever nursed Sorrow's child. p. 59.
And knew to be that vagrant young,
Who often in these halls hath sung. p. 65.

In the loveliest wild'rings of the wild. p. 50.

his breast more high,
Seems bursting with the biggended hell,
To big within that breast to dwell. p. 77.
Far from the scenes where many a silent
joy,
Tho' mixed with sorrows oft have cheered
my heart. p. 120.

That there is only the breadth of a hair between the furthest stretch of sublimity, and downright absurdity, the following passage from the "Bride of Abydos," with Mr. Stebbing's ridiculous imitation of it, will sufficiently demonstrate. Lord Byron, with daring simplicity, says—

"Now gleamed on high a glaring torch.
Another—and another—and another!
Oh, fly no more—yet, now my more than
brother."

And Mr. S.—
Hark!—hearest thou not that shriek of
pain?

Again—and again—and again
It comes, &c. p. 40.

We have pointed out some of the defects of this volume, we now come to the more grateful task of particularizing its beauties. The following lines are in Scott's best manner;—

Slumbering is Dian's silver beam
O'er the low glen and mountain stream!
Softly the evening breezes stray,
Sighing to sleep the sinking day:
The skies' fair blue looks soft and bright
As sweetest maiden's eye of light;
And all is fair and witching still,
As moonlight melting o'er the rill.
Most sweet it is in such an hour,
Upon the hill, or 'neath the bower,
To dream on joys and pleasures flown,
To bless the memory of the gone;
And still in peace to sing again,
Some long-neglected youthful strain.
For, as the wild notes softly die,
Tho' wet with many a tear the eye,

Each joy and pleasure once that blest,
 Again delights the rising breast;
 Each being our bosoms held most dear,
 Smileth in angel beauty near;
 And the fair shades of better days
 Rise sweetly to our wakening lays. p. 6.

There is also much to commend in the poem entitled the "Pleasures of Contemplation," though such lines as this, evince a great want of care—
 "The rosy-crimson'd flush the deep and purpled tint." p. 104.

The Address to Sympathy has much merit, we shall conclude with it:—

O Sympathy! sweet bosom friend!
 With thee grief melts in bliss;
 The joys of Heaven's existence blend
 In all the sighs of this.
 Friendship may lull the gay of mind
 In Folly's careless dream,
 But firmer far her hand will bind,
 Bathed in Affliction's stream:
 Fortune may flush in joyance wild,
 Her heart may wilder beat;
 But the lone cot where ne'er she smiled
 Can offer joys more sweet.
 Unknown to her the speechless bliss
 Thy power alone imparts,
 When bright Affection's glowing kiss
 Dries every tear that starts.
 For good to every state below,
 Hath given the Power above—
 To Fortune, Pleasure's deeper glow,
 To Sorrow, Sympathy and Love.

Remarks on the Present State of Musical Instruction, with the Prospectus of an Improved Plan, &c. 8vo. pp. 44.

Our late copious criticisms upon Mr. G. Jones's History of the Rise and Progress of Music, Theoretical and Practical, preclude the necessity of entering, much at length, into the prefatory remarks contained in the first part of this ingenious little pamphlet. Upon the general question of the advantages derived from a knowledge of the theory of music, as well as of the practice of it, there can scarcely be two opinions, at least, so far as it is applicable to the professional student. In Paris, in Vienna, and in Naples, a sense of the actual necessity of such knowledge cannot be more clearly evinced, than by the attention which is there paid, equally to the science and to the art; whilst, in this country, it is a subject of regret, that, in nine cases out of ten, the one is almost wholly subservient to the other. Whether the necessity of theoretical knowledge, however, is equally called for in the amateur, is a point upon which many doubts may be expected to arise. For, if the practical part alone be so difficult, as to engross a very considerable portion of time, necessarily devoted to its attainment, a

fortiori, the two, united, will require more; and as the object of the cultivation of the science of music at all, in an amateur, is that of amusement only, it becomes a consideration whether that time which may be spared from his other avocations, towards a tolerable proficiency in the practical art, could be so advantageously devoted, with reference to that object, to the joint cultivation of the theoretical science. As this question resolves itself into one that embraces, and must have reference to particular and individual circumstances, it is, perhaps, impossible to form a correct general opinion upon the subject; but as the cultivation of music, where it can be properly pursued, cannot fail of being attended with the most happy consequences, both to the amateur himself, and to society in general, we feel no hesitation in bestowing our meed of approbation upon all attempts to facilitate its access, and to systematize its plan of education. The valuable essay, which has occasioned the present observations, seems well calculated to effect these objects. Its strictures upon the very complex mode of teaching THOROUGH BASS, are just, and highly deserving the attention of professional masters; in whom, however, there appears to be implanted a kind of general tenaciousness of their own ideas and opinions, an impatience of innovation upon the rules of the old school, and an unwillingness to depart from already-established principles, however wide a field may be opened for improvement.

A Chronological History of Voyages into the Arctic Regions. By JOHN BARROW, F.R.S. pp. 427.

The qualifications required in a compiler are, a patient and laborious examination into the authenticity of the works he abstracts; a candid selection of the ablest productions; a strict fidelity in his statements; a judgment unperturbed by an over-weening fondness for speculation, and a style distinguished by perspicuity and simplicity; from which all the higher and inapplicable ornaments of composition are excluded.—Metaphor, point, brilliancy of expression and antithesis, would be avoided by such a writer, as incompatible with the plan of his work, and as encumbering rather than adorning it.

If we are correct in this delineation of the qualities which an able compiler should possess, we have, in the foregoing statement, already expressed our opinion of the merits of the present volume. Mr. Barrow's style is clear and

unaffected, and his digest of the different voyages, the relations of which he abstracts, is judicious; neither enlarged into an uninteresting and inconvenient prolixity, nor dwindled to a meagre and un instructive chronology. He has, in effect, condensed, into the compass of a small octavo, a mass of most valuable information, with reference to a problem, the attempts at the solution of which, have, at intervals, enkindled the spirit of enterprize in, and directed the researches of every rank of men, in almost all the maritime countries of Europe, for upwards of 300 years. Mr. B. also possesses the rare merit of never permitting his adherence to the doctrine of the practicability of accomplishing the passage across the supposed Polar Basin, or through Davis' Straits into the Pacific Ocean, so far to pervert his judgment, as to lead him either to conceal, extenuate, or misrepresent any circumstances which appear to be unfavourable to that object. The work before us has been evidently written with a view to prepare the public mind for the anticipated fortunate results of the two expeditions which recently sailed from this country. Unhappily, the hopes which were so generally entertained, have been frustrated, by the return of those expeditions, without effecting, in either case, the main objects for which they were undertaken. Until we are in possession of the official details, we shall abstain from any farther comments on these interesting and important voyages, or on the soundness of the theory which has given rise to them. As Britons, however, we cannot withhold the expression of our honest pride, that in the foremost rank of those illustrious navigators, who, in an age when nautical science was very imperfectly understood, braved the hazard of the most perilous seas, in the most inclement climes and most desolate regions of the globe, in their slender and ill-provided skiffs, we should recognize, as stationed on the highest pinnacle of renown, so many of our own gallant countrymen. Long may the historians of Britain, arbitress and queen of nations, have to enrol in the splendid annals of her glories, similar and equally bloodless achievements.

Observations on ACKERMANN'S Patent Moveable Axles for Four-wheeled Carriages, containing an engraved Elevation of a Carriage, with Plans and Sections, &c. 8vo. pp. 58.

There are many well-meaning persons

in the world so ridiculously prejudiced in favour of old and established systems, as to regard every thing which presents itself in the form of an innovation with a degree of dislike, amounting almost to horror. With them no new invention, however obvious its utility, can possibly succeed, because they invariably withhold their approbation till the general opinion sanctions them in bestowing it. They reverse a well-known proverb altogether; and appear as though they would rather hazard the condemnation of real merit, than incur, in one single instance, the odium which they conceive would attach to them for the heinous crime of being too liberal in their commendations. Nor is this the only disadvantage to which genius is exposed. Those individuals, whose interests are likely to be affected by the adoption of any particular improvement, will, with very few exceptions, seek every opportunity of preventing its success; and if they cannot accomplish their object by fair and candid argument, they will, too frequently, resort to mean artifice and ungenerous misrepresentation. We have seldom met with a case more completely in point with the present remarks, than that detailed in the sensible pamphlet before us. It appears that an important improvement in the construction of four-wheeled carriages, to which no one reasonable objection either has, or can be advanced; and which promises to combine increased safety and economy, with convenience—has not received that encouragement from the public to which it is so incontestably entitled; because a set of individuals, with whose gains it may in some measure interfere, have thought proper to depreciate its merits by vague and incoherent protestations against its utility.

As we have already given a very copious description of this patent (See N. M. vol. ix. p. 234,) we need now only refer our readers to that paper, and notice, that the testimonies in favour of the Moveable Axles, have very materially increased since that period; as several coachmakers, of paramount respectability, have come forward to bear witness to their utility. We have no personal acquaintance whatever with the patentee, and cannot, therefore, have been influenced by any sinister motives in thus particularizing the merits of an invention, which we feel convinced requires only to be known to be put into immediate and universal requisition.

MONTHLY REGISTER.

ARTS.

A Compendium of the Theory and Practice of Drawing and Painting. By R. Dagkey. 4to. 10s. 6d.

ASTRONOMY.

A Short Narrative of the Creation and Formation of the Heavens and Earth, as recorded by Moses in the Book of Genesis. By Philo. 8vo. 5s.

BIOGRAPHY.

A Journal of the Life, Travels, and Christian Experience of Thos. Chalkley, written by himself. 12mo. 3s. 6d.

Annual Biography and Obituary for 1819. 8vo. 15s.

BOTANY.

Medical Botany, or the History of the Plants in the *Materia Medica* of London, Edinburgh, and Dublin Pharmacopœias. 8vo.

CHRONOLOGY.

Time's Telescope for 1819; or, A Complete Guide to the Almanack, &c. &c. 12mo. pp. 334.

The plan of this work at its outset met with our warm approbation, and it afforded us pleasure to give our meed of praise to the compiler for the taste, judgment, and industry displayed by him in the execution of it. Of one thing we were apprehensive, and that was, the fear of exhaustion on the one hand, or of disagreeable repetition on the other. It did seem impossible, in our mind, that the recurrence of the same subjects could produce a variety of illustration from year to year. But the perusal of the present volume, and a reference to the consecutive set, has convinced us of our mistake; for which we are glad, because the collection, instead of being thrown aside as old almanacks, will become more and more valuable by age; and a stimulus is thus afforded to keep up the spirit of the undertaking with a vigour equal to that which has marked its progress in the public favour.—While this annual companion and guide retains the respectable character which now belongs to it, no parlour window, school room, or private study, can well dispense with its presence.

DIVINITY.

The Pentateuch; or, The Five Books of Moses Illustrated; being an Explication of the Phraseology incorporated with the Text, for the Use of Schools and Private Families. By the Rev. Samuel Clapham, M. A. 12mo. pp. 426.

The worthy editor of this useful volume has been long known to us for his indefatigable zeal in the best of all causes; and the works which he has published, bear ample testimony to the soundness of his judgment, and the excellence of his heart.—The present attempt, to render the most ancient and most sacred writings level to the understandings of the young and unlettered, has strong claims to recommendation, on account of the importance of the design, and the simplicity of the execution. Books of interpretation have usually been hitherto more inexplicable than the sacred code which they affect to explicate; and the text is often lost in the labyrinth of the commentary. Not so this illustration of the Pentateuch. Here the Hebrew legislator and his expositor go hand in hand, and the latter never interposes his torch but where the

phraseology of the original is ambiguous, elliptical, or figurative. The book is dedicated with great propriety to that sterling philanthropist Dr. Andrew Bell, to the value of whose admirable system of education the worthy editor bears strong testimony drawn from long experience.

The Advent of Christ considered in six Sermons. By the Rev. Wm. Mandell, B.D. 8vo. 6s.

A Sermon, delivered on the 29th Nov. 1818, on the Death of her late Majesty. By the Rev. W. Taylor, jun. D. D. 8vo. 1s. 6d.

Plain and Practical Sermons. By the Rev. J. Boudier, A. M. 8vo. 9s.

A Dissertation on the Scheme of Human Redemption as developed in the Law and in the Gospel. By the Rev. J. L. Hamilton. 8vo. 12s.

Some Thoughts concerning a proper Method of Studying Divinity. By W. Wotton, D. D. 8vo. 3s.

The proper Deity and distinct Personality, Agency, and Worship of the Holy Spirit vindicated. By Robert Harkness Carne, A. B. 12mo. 6s.

DRAMA.

The Appeal, a Tragedy, in three Acts. 8vo. 3s.

Brutus, or the Fall of Tarquin, a Tragedy. By J. H. Payne, Esq. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Shakspeare's Genius justified. By Z. Jackson. 8vo. 12s.

EDUCATION.

Affection's Gift to a beloved Godchild. By M. H. pp. 127. 4s. 6d.

This little volume, which is principally composed of letters, written in a very pleasing style for the purposes of youthful instruction, we have much pleasure in recommending to public notice. It abounds in sentiments that can only have been dictated by an amiable and cultivated mind; and amidst the unprecedented variety of works devoted to a similar end, it is entitled to honourable distinction, as well for the principles it endeavours to inculcate, as for the elegant and unaffected language in which they are conveyed.

New Grammar of the French Tongue, with numerous instructive Exercises. By C. Gros.

There appears much more system in this work than in any of the numerous French Grammars already published; and as the author has availed himself, with considerable judgment, of the labours of his predecessors, Levisar, Wanostrucht, Perrin, &c. it has something more valuable than even regularity of arrangement to recommend it. The exercises are copious and well selected, and the rules prefixed to them concise, and sufficiently intelligible to suit the meanest capacities.

The Youth's Spelling, Pronouncing, and Explanatory Theological Dictionary of the New Testament, in which all the words of the four leading parts of speech are arranged under their respective heads, &c.

So many dictionaries, and works of a similar description, are already before the public, as to preclude the necessity of fresh compilations altogether; and though the present volume has much worthy of commendation in its selection, and will, doubtless prove in some measure useful for

children of a certain age, we are by no means inclined to encourage further competition where there is so little room left for improvement as in works upon this subject. We may also observe, that those persons to whom the "Youth's Dictionary" would be likely to be most serviceable, will scarcely be able to afford the price demanded for it, whilst others may have facilities which will render the possession of it unnecessary.

The Juvenile Geography and Poetical Gazetteer, with Views of the principal Towns. By J. Bissett. 12mo. 2s. 6d.

A Critical Grammar of the French Language, with Tabular Elucidations. By W. Hodgson. 12mo. 9s.

HISTORY.

Flora Britannica; or, Studies in Ancient British History. By John Hughes. 2 vols. 8vo. 18s.

LAW.

Practice of the Exchequer, and Summary of Law of Extents. By J. Manning, Esq. 8 vols. royal 8vo. 2l. 8s.

MEDICINE, SURGERY, &c.

Essays on the Morbid Anatomy of the Human Eye. By James Wardrop, F. R. S. &c. vol. 2. royal 8vo. 25s.

Elements of Medical Logic. By Sir Gilbert Blane, bart. 8vo. 7s.

Practical Illustrations of the Progress of Medical Improvement for the last 30 Years. By Charles Maclean, M. D. 8vo. 7s.

A Practical Treatise on Tropical Dysentery. By R. W. Bamfield. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

A Letter to the Sheriff Deputies in Scotland, recommending the Establishment of How's National Asylum for the Reception of Criminal and Pauper Lunatics. By A. Duncan, M. D. 8vo. 3s.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Annals of Health and Long Life, with Observations on Regimen and Diet; including Records of Longevity, with Biographical Anecdotes of one hundred and forty persons who attained extreme old age. pp. 142. 4s.

The first part of these "Annals" is occupied with rules for the preservation of health, and the prolongation of life, which, if duly attended to, would no doubt be productive of all the good effects the author seems to anticipate; and the second contains a biographical record of the various persons who, by a regular course of living, have attained to a patriarchal age. The intent of the book is good, and the form into which the matter is collected by no means uninteresting.

A Vindication of the University of Cambridge, from the Reflections of Sir James Edward Smith, President of the Linnean Society. By the Rev. James Henry Monk, B. D. Regius Professor of Greek, &c. 8vo. pp. 95.

It was not to be expected that such an attack upon a learned body, as that made by Sir James Smith upon the whole University of Cambridge, for the act of a few members, would pass unnoticed and unreturned. The president of the Linnean Society will rue the day, we apprehend, when he buckled on his armour to go into the field of controversy, though in his own cause, for verily his neighbour hath come and put him to shame. The Greek professor tells a plain unvarnished tale,

NEW MONTHLY MAG.—NO. 61.

from which it appears as clear as the noon-day sun, that the consequential president, in rendering his services to enlighten the students of Cambridge on the subject of botany, was in fact only worming himself into the chair, which, from the great age of Professor Martyn, he knew must be soon vacant.—Now, as Sir James never was a member of the University, and what is worse, avows himself to be both a dissenter from, and an enemy to, the doctrines of the church of England, we see not how he could have the assurance to seek an ostensible situation in a university hedged round by statutes and a confession of faith to which he denies his assent. Whatever may be his professional talents, and they are not meant to be contested, the objections against his appointment to a lectureship in either of our two academical foundations, are insuperable; and therefore the victory of Professor Monk was easy and certain. His pamphlet is an admirable specimen of argumentative eloquence, and forms a perfect contrast to the imbecility and virulence displayed by the president.

Critical Examination of the Bishop of Landaff's Posthumous Volume, entitled, "Anecdotes of his Life." 8vo. pp. 92.

The substance of this spirited pamphlet was printed in different numbers of the *Courier*; but the whole has undergone revision and a new arrangement at the recommendation of some persons who thought the criticism worthy of preservation. We are of the same opinion, and sincerely hope that every one who reads the bishop's posthumous libel, will afterwards carefully go over the present effectual antidote, which indeed ought to be bound with it. The ingenious author, however, would have enhanced the value of his excellent tract if he had gone into the bishop's fergiversating character, and exposed the causes of his lamentations, the falsehoods of his narrative, and his scandalous conduct as a bishop towards his diocese, from which he drew all that he could, without doing any thing for its benefit, or even residing there a single week in the year, except at certain seasons when he could not avoid it.

Letters on the Importance, Duty, and Advantages of early rising. fool-cap 8vo. 6s.

Miscellaneous Works in Prose and Verse. By G. Hardinge, esq. 3 vols. 8vo. 2l. 2s.

The Young Travellers, or a Visit to the Grandmother. By F. Thurle. 12mo. 4s. 6d.

A Defence of Dr. Jonathan Swift, in Answer to certain Observations on his Life and Writings in the 53d Number of the Edinburgh Review. 8vo. 3s.

MUSIC.

A concise Treatise on Italian Singing, elucidated with Rules, Observations, and Examples, succeeded by a new Method of Instruction, comprising Scales, Exercises, Intervals, and Solfeggios, peculiarly arranged and harmonised; dedicated to T. Broadwood, esq. By G. G. Ferrari.

Mr. Ferrari observes, that, "The English system of teaching music is, to begin by instructing pupils to play on some instrument, when they are only five or six years old, pronouncing the time with numerals. In Italy they are first taught solfeggios at the age of nine or ten years, beating time with the hand." The voice possesses two qualities, distinguished by the appellations, *voce di petto* and *voce di testa*;—i. e. the voice from the chest, and the voice from the head or throat. It is difficult to

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unite the chest with the head voice, and maintain equality and mellowness. The student is recommended to vocalise and *solfa* the scales in major and minor keys; and should his voice have a propensity to be guttural or nasal, he must endeavour to sing with his throat forcibly open, and try to unite the chest and head voice by art, strengthening the extremity of that which happens to be the weakest. Many words which hitherto had been left in much obscurity, are here fully explained. Thus *portamento* (which Joel Collyer says means "as round and as tight as a portmanteau") is defined to be "the carriage of the voice with dignified expression." In carrying the voice from one note to another, the second must receive a slight intonation previously to its being articulated; when ascending, the second note must receive the most strength; but in descending, more stress must be laid on the first, taking care, however, not to produce harsh shrieks instead of mellifluous tones.—Among the ornaments of singing, the *appoggiatura* is more frequently used in Italian vocal music than in any other. In recitatives and Italian melodies, when two or three notes on the same space or line terminate a period, the first note should be changed into an *appoggiatura*, a tone or semitone higher than the written note. After inculcating the vast importance of keeping strict time, by beating the aliquot parts of the *measure note*, he touches on the term *Tempo Rubato*, in which accelerations and retardations greatly heighten the expression of emphatical words. In order to learn to sing at sight, the singer should practise without an instrument, or the accompanying piano forte should play notes independently of the voice part; and scales should be drawn out in various keys, in order to familiarize the ear to the different temperaments. Those who expect readily to sing at sight, should first acquire a command of voice, a perfect intonation, and a facility of measuring time. The examples which accompany these instructions are numerous and effective. We have nothing of the kind since the treatise by *Aprile*, for that of *Tresobio* was spoiled for want of somebody to correct the language, or to translate it. But as Mr. Ferrari has had the good fortune to meet with a friend in Mr. Shield, the master of the king's band, we need not say that the translation is elegant and faithful.

NOVELS.

Charenton, or the Follies of the Age. By M. De Lourdoueix. Translated from the French. pp. 252.

The translator of this volume has, in our opinion, been guilty of one of the worst "follies of the age," in devoting his attention to so silly a production as "Charenton." We have, unfortunately, abundance of nonsensical romances in our own country, without importing foreign monstrosities. The scene of the absurd details contained in these pages is, we are informed, laid in a celebrated establishment near Paris for insane persons. Whether this is or is not the case, we shall not undertake to enquire; but we may observe by the way, that if the author did absolutely visit the place above alluded to, for the purpose of collecting materials for his book, the conductors of the institution did not do well in setting him at large before they had accomplished his cure; for he appears to have been in as alarming a state of lunacy as any of the rest of the inmates.

Coraly, a Novel. 3 vols. 12mo. 10s. 6d.

Charms of Dandyism, or Living in Style. By Olivia Moreland. 3 vols. 12mo. Edited by Capt. Ashe.

Campbell, or the Scottish Probationer. 3 vols. 12mo. 21s.

Saint Patrick, a National Tale of the fifth Century. 3 vols. 12mo. 21s.

The Betrothed Cousins, a Tale for the Use of young Persons. By Mrs. E. Hamilton. 12mo. 4s.

POETRY.

A Nineteenth Century, and Familiar History of the Lives, Loves, and Misfortunes of Abcillard and Heloise, &c. By Robert Rabelais the Younger!!

The author of these verses would fain assume to himself the character of a wit; and in order to persuade his readers that he is so in reality, he calls himself Robert Rabelais the younger. We must, however, deceive them on this point, as he does not happen to possess one single spark either of the wit, genius, or vivacity of the writer whose name he has so impudently pilfered for his title-page. As for his poem, we venture to pronounce it the vilest and most contemptible bunch of doggerel that has appeared for many years, having no one redeeming point to save it from unqualified condemnation. It is at once trite, dull, and obscene; and so far from becoming the hot-pressed pages of a guinea volume, would disgrace the penny pamphlet of an itinerant hawk.

The Banquet, a Poem. 8vo. 9s.

POLITICS AND POLITICAL ECONOMY.

Remarks on the Liberty of the Press in Great Britain, together with Observations on the late Trials of Watson, Hone, &c. Translated from the German of Gentz. 8vo. 4s.

The Soul of Mr. Pitt, developing that by giving the Funded Proprietors the permissive Faculty of claiming Debentures, transferrable to the Bearer, 18 millions of Taxes may be taken off, and the 3 per cent. Consols be constantly above 100l. 8vo. 1s. 6d.

SERMONS.

A Sermon on the Death of her late Majesty Queen Charlotte, preached before the University of Cambridge, on Dec. 6, 1818. By Herbert Marsh, D. D. Lord Bishop of Landaff, and Lady Margaret's Professor of Divinity. 4to.

A Sermon, preached at the Parish Church of St. Martin in the Fields, Nov. 22, 1818; being the Sunday after the Death of her Majesty the late Queen Charlotte. By Joseph Holden Pott, M. A. Archdeacon of London, and Vicar of St. Martin in the Fields. 8vo.

The Moral and Religious Character of her late Majesty, a National Blessing; a Sermon, preached in the Chapel of the Magdalen Hospital, on Sunday, Nov. 29, 1818. By the Rev. George Richards, M.A. F.A.S. Vicar of Bampton, and Rector of Lillingstone Lovell, Oxon. 8vo.

A Sermon, preached in the Temple Church, on Wednesday, Dec. 21, 1818; being the Day of her late Majesty's Funeral. By the Rev. John Lonsdale, M. A. Assistant Preacher at the Temple, and late Fellow of King's College Cambridge. 8vo.

On the Death of her Majesty the late Queen, a Sermon, preached in the Parish Church of St. Giles, Cripplegate Without

on Sunday, Nov. 29, 1818. By Robt. Jones, D. D. 8vo.

A Sermon, preached in the Parish Church of Wasing, on Sunday, Nov. 29, and in that of Newbury, on Sunday, Dec. 6, 1818, on the occasion of the Death of her late Majesty the Queen. By the Rev. Samuel Slocock, Rector of Wasing, and Afternoon Preacher of the Parish Church of Newbury, &c. 8vo.

Such is the list of funeral discourses that have appeared in public on the late national loss, for so we may justly term the demise of our late excellent Queen, notwithstanding the advanced age to which she had arrived. In evil times like these, we can ill spare the great and good, however old they may be; for the longer they have lived, the more forcible is their example as the lights of the world. The sermons of which we have given the titles are, with the exception of that of the bishop of Landaff, very slender performances, and extremely insipid as funeral orations. There was a subject for

such a genius as Flechier; but unfortunately the character of her Majesty is treated by almost every one of the preachers in a strain the very opposite to that of warmth and feeling. The bishop, indeed, has drawn a neat and accurate portraiture of the queen; but even this learned and eloquent prelate has diffused little animation into his discourse, the peroration of which is as cold, bald, and rapid as the tail of a statue.

TOPOGRAPHY.

The History and Antiquities of the Town of Newark. By W. Dickinson, esq. 4to. 2l. 2s.

The History of the ancient Town and Borough of Uxbridge, with Plates and Appendix. By George Bedford, M. A. and T. H. Riches. 8vo. 2ls.

A brief Account of the Guildhall of the City of London. By J. B. Nichols, F. S. A. 8vo. 5s.

VARIETIES—LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

UNIVERSITIES.

OXFORD.—The following subjects are proposed for the CHANCELLOR'S prizes, for the present year, viz.

For Latin verses,—*Syracusæ*.

For an English essay,—*The characteristic differences of Greek and Latin Poetry*.

For a Latin essay,—*Quænam fuerint, precipue, in causa, quod Roma de Carthagine triumpharit?*

The first of the above subjects is intended for those gentlemen of the university, who have not exceeded four years from the time of their matriculation, and the other two for such as have exceeded four, but not completed seven years.

SIR ROGER NEWDIGATE'S PRIZE.—For the best composition in English verse, not containing either more or fewer than fifty lines, by any under-graduate who has not exceeded four years from the time of his matriculation.—*The Iphigenia of Timanthes*.

Mr. J. S. and Mr. P. B. Duncan, Fellows of New College, have lately presented to the anatomical theatre, in this university, some very beautiful wax models, formed with so much accuracy as even to supersede the necessity of having recourse to the human body for anatomical instruction and experiment. They were purchased in Florence by these gentlemen. No. 1. Is a full-grown human female, in which are represented the following points; namely, the whole of the absorbent system; the viscera of the thorax, of the abdomen, and of the pelvis, together with the arteries and veins belonging to them; the brain and its membranes; and numerous muscles of the head and of other parts of the body. No. 2. Two models representing sections of the human head, together with six smaller models; the whole completely illustrating the anatomy of the eye, with its nerves and blood-vessels. Nos. 3 and 4. Two models representing with minute

accuracy, not only the external form and character, but also the whole of the interior anatomy of the male and female crayfish.

The whole number of degrees in Michaelmas term was, three D. D.; one D. M. Incorp.; two B. D.; one B. C. L.; one B. M.; twenty-four M. A.; sixty-seven B. A.; Matriculations 130.

CAMBRIDGE.—The subject of the Hulsean prize for the present year is, "*The fitness of the time when Christ came into the world.*"

The subject of the English poem for the chancellor's gold medal for the present year, is, "*Pompeii.*"

The following subjects are proposed by the Cambrian society, for their prizes for the year 1819, viz.—*The Harp new strung* for the Englyn; *the death of the Queen* for the Awl; and, *the death of Sir Thomas Picton* for a poem, in any one, or all, of the four-and-twenty metres. The following subjects are proposed for the Society's English prize essays: 1. On the language and learning of Britain, under the Roman government, with a particular reference to the testimony of Martial, (*Dicitur et nostros cantare Britannia versus*;) and of Juvenal, and to the influence of Agricola's schools. 2. On the distinct characters and comparative advantages of the Bardic institutions of Carmarthen and Glamorgan; and on the notices which remain of each. Also a silver harp, with a gratuity, will be given to the best proficient on the harp, and other gratuities to the several competitors to defray their expences. The recitation of the successful compositions, and the performances on the harp, will take place in the first week of next July, and will, we have no doubt, afford an entertainment of high interest to all lovers of Cambrian literature and music.

The Church Union Society's prizes, for the last year, are adjudged as follows: The premium, by benefaction, of fifty pounds, to Eusebius Exoniensis, for the best essay on the evidence from scripture, that the soul, immediately after death, is not in a state of insensibility, but of happiness or misery. The society has also adjudged ten pounds each, to two other essays on the same subject, viz. to the Rev. Johnson Grant, late of St. John's college, Oxford, and the Rev. Edward Griffin, B. A. Perpetual Curate of Great Bowden, near Market Harborough, Leicestershire.

Shakespeare.—The following very singular reasons have been assigned by Mr. C. Butler, as grounds for a belief that Shakespeare was a Roman Catholic:

"May the writer premise a suspicion, which, from internal evidence, he has long entertained, that Shakespeare was a Roman Catholic. Not one of his works contains the slightest reflections on popery, or any of its practices, or any eulogy of the reformation. His panegyric on Queen Elizabeth is cautiously expressed, whilst Queen Catharine is placed in a state of veneration; and nothing can exceed the skill with which Griffiths draws the panegyric of Wolsey. The ecclesiastic is never presented by Shakespeare in a degrading point of view. The jolly monk, the irregular nun, never appears in his drama. Is it not natural to suppose, that the topics on which at that time, those who crminated popery loved so much to dwell, must have often solicited his notice, and invited him to employ his muse upon them, as subjects likely to engage the favourable attention, both of the sovereign and the subject? Does not his abstinence from these justify a suspicion, *that a popish feeling withheld him from them?* Milton made the gunpowder conspiracy the theme of a regular poem. *Shakespeare is altogether silent on it.*" Butler's Memoirs of the English Catholics, vol. ii. p. 322.

We will only oppose a single observation to Mr. Butler's "suspicion." Shakespeare was buried at his own desire in a protestant church, with this rather ominous inscription, which we recommend to Mr. Butler's perusal:

*Good Friend, for Jesus' sake forbear
To dig the dust inclosed here,
Blest be the man that spares these stones,
And curst be he that moves my bones.*

Meteoric Iron, from Baffin's Bay.—The officers in the expedition under Captain Ross, lately returned from Baffin's Bay, expressed their great astonishment to have found the native Esquimaux in possession of instruments made of iron, which led them to imagine, either that they must at some period have had traffic with other nations, which seemed almost impossible, or, that iron must be produced there. A diligent search, however, satisfied them on the point; for an immense mass of iron was discovered

on the surface of the earth, a lump of which they brought with them to England, which has since been analysed by some scientific gentlemen at the Royal Institution, and found to be composed of 3 per cent. nickel, and the rest iron. From the circumstance of nickel never having been found in iron, but in one instance, viz. a lump brought by Professor Pallas from Russia, which the Royal Academies of London and Paris pronounced to be meteoric, and fallen from the clouds, there remains no doubt of that brought from Baffin's bay being of a similar kind. This extraordinary fact, perhaps the most important result of the expedition, may not only teach us ultimately how to explain the phenomena of the *Northern Lights*, from which it is possible meteoric iron may be produced to an extent hitherto unimagined, but also to account for the remarkable variations of the compass in these latitudes, if not to unravel the entire mystery of magnetism and the needle.—*Literary Gazette.*

The Dog of Galloway.—The following remarkable instance of animal sagacity, occurred a short time ago: While one of the Dalbeattie carriers was on his way to Dumfries, he had occasion to stop at some houses by the road side, in the way of his business, leaving his cart and horse upon the public road, under the protection of a passenger and a trusty dog. Upon his return, he missed a led horse, belonging to a gentleman in the neighbourhood, which he had tied to the end of the cart, and likewise one of the female passengers. On inquiry he was informed, that during his absence the female, who had been anxious to try the mettle of the pony, had mounted it, and that the animal had set off at full speed. The carrier expressed much anxiety for the safety of the young woman, at the same time he cast an expressive look at his dog. Oscar observed his master's eye, and aware of its meaning, instantly set off in pursuit of the pony, which he came up with soon after he had passed the first toll-bar on the Dalbeattie road, when he made a sudden spring, seized the bridle, and held the animal fast. Several people having observed the circumstance, and the perilous situation of the girl, came to relieve her; Oscar, however, notwithstanding their repeated endeavours, would not quit his hold, and the pony was actually led into the stable with the dog, till such time as the carrier should arrive. Upon the carrier entering the stable, Oscar wagged his tail in token of satisfaction, and immediately relinquished the bridle to his master.

Medicinal Properties of Gold.—M. Percy has lately presented a report to the Royal Academy of Sciences of Paris, on the medicinal virtues of various preparations of gold. Dr. Chretien, of Montpellier, some time since submitted to the academy several papers of observations on the success which has attended the exhibition of preparations of gold in different diseases. On this sub-

ject the reporters observe, gold and its preparations are by no means so inefficacious and inoperative, as many modern writers and physicians of eminence assert. On the contrary, those substances possess indubitable medicinal properties, and are in a high degree exciting. A careful study of the qualities of this species of medicines, and a more accurate investigation of their peculiar phenomena, will doubtless enrich the medical art with powerful remedies, the utility and innocence of which have been so long denied. Dr. Chrestien assures us that he cured a most obstinate syphilis with very fine filings of pure gold, rubbed upon the tongue in doses of one, two, and two and a half grains. This account is doubted by several medical men; but the reporters have observed, conformably with the statement of Dr. Chrestien, that the rubbing of four grains of pulverized gold upon the tongue and gums, produces in some instances a strong salivation, in others, violent diarrhoea and frequent perspiration.

Fossil Tree.—A fossil tree is in existence near the village of Penicuik, about ten miles from Edinburgh, of which curious phenomenon the following description is given in a letter by Sir J. S. Mackenzie, Bart.

"On the south bank of the river North Esk, a short distance above the paper-mill at Penicuik, where the strata usually accompanying the coal formation of this country, are exposed, a large portion of the trunk, and several roots, of a fossil tree, are visible. It rises several feet above the bed of the river, as far as the strata reach, and the roots spread themselves in the rock. It appears as if the tree had actually vegetated on the spot where we now see it. It is, where thickest, about four feet in diameter. The strata, in which the remains of the tree stand, are slate clay, and the tree itself is sandstone. There is sandstone below and immediately above the slate clay, and the roots do not appear to have penetrated the lower sandstone, to which they reach. Small portions of coal were observed where the bark existed, the form of which is so distinct on the fossil, that we may conjecture the tree to have been a Scotch pine. This conjecture may appear more probable, from the roots spreading more horizontally than those of other species. There are several rents across the trunk, which may have been caused by frost."—*Constable's Mag.*

Great Britain and France.—The following Table is extracted from a work lately published in Paris, by Count de la Borde:—

FRANCE.	
Extent of Territory -	108,000,000 Acres.
Population.	
In Agriculture -	17,500,000 Persons.
In Manufactures -	6,200,000
Indigent -	800,000
Various -	4,000,000
Total	28,500,000

Annual Agricultural

Produce -	- L.140,000,000
Manufactures -	- 38,000,000
Permanent Public	
Revenue -	- 30,000,000

GREAT BRITAIN.

Extent of Territory -	55,000,000 Acres.
Population.	

In Agriculture -	- 6,125,142 Persons.
In Manufactures -	- 7,071,289
Indigent* -	- 1,548,400
Various -	- 2,347,300
	17,096,831

Annual Agricultural

Produce -	- L.225,000,000
Manufactures -	- 115,000,000
Permanent Public Re-	
venue -	- 62,000,000

Extraordinary Fungus.—A phenomenon which tends much to elucidate the origin and nature of vegetable funguses, particularly of that species termed mushroom, lately occurred to the observation of Sir Joseph Banks. Having a cask of wine rather too sweet for immediate use, he directed that it should be placed in a cellar, that the saccharine matter it contained might be more perfectly decomposed by age. At the end of three years, he directed his butler to ascertain the state of the wine, when, on attempting to open the cellar door, he could not effect it, in consequence of some powerful obstacle. The door was consequently cut down, when the cellar was found to be completely filled with a firm fungus vegetable production, so firm, that it was necessary to use an axe for its removal! This appeared to have grown from, or have been nourished by, the decomposed particles of the wine, the cask being empty, and carried up to the ceiling, where it was supported by the surface of the fungus.

Suicide.—A very general notion is entertained, that more suicides are committed in England, than in other countries; and day after day, the newspapers are filled with communications, in which this is always assumed as an undoubted fact. A late publication by Mr. Kamptz, of Berlin, founded on official returns, proves, that, in the towns of Prussia, the suicides are more numerous than they are in England. For instance—

* The Count, upon this part of his statement, has the following note:—"It is a singular fact, that notwithstanding the superior resources of the English nation, the number of indigent is double that of France, which country is twice as large as England. Whence does this arise? From the extravagance of the people, and the introduction of so much machinery."

	Population.	Suicides in 1817.
Berlin - - - - -	166,384	- 57
Postdam (not including the military - - -	15,425	- 77
Frankfort on the Oder - - -	12,500	- 41
Breslau - - - - -	63,020	- 58
Liegnitz - - - - -	10,000	- 37
Reichenbach - - - -	3,500	- 56
Magdeburg - - - - -	27,869	- 50
Merseburg - - - - -	6,000	- 39
Dusseldorf - - - - -	15,000	- 24

We do not believe that in any one town of the British dominions, the capital not excepted, the suicides amount to one-tenth of the rate of Reichenbach, which is no less than 1 to 62.—*Cornwall Gaz.*

Cabbage versus Wine.—A French Journal observes, that the cabbage is a sovereign remedy for curing intoxication from wine, and that it has even the power of preventing it; for we are informed, that by eating a certain quantity of cabbage before dinner, we may drink as much wine as we please, without experiencing any inconvenience. This property of the cabbage is mentioned by Aristotle and Theophrastus, who are of opinion that it proceeds from the antipathy which the vine shews for the cabbage. If a cabbage be planted near a vine, the latter retires to as great a distance as possible, or perhaps dies. Hence it is concluded, that the vine, owing to this aversion, allows itself to be overcome by the cabbage. Be this as it may, the phenomenon is indisputable, and the recipe, which was declared to be effectual by the ancient Egyptians, is now universally adopted in Germany.—*Lit. Gazette.*

Moirée Metallique.—The Marquis Ridolfi has suggested a modification of this ornamental material, which consists in sketching flowers, figures, or other designs, upon the tin plates, with pale or coloured varnishes, before they are dipped in the acid bath. The figures are, of course, left with the original appearance of the tin, and may be brought out in great perfection; or they may be made by laying on leaf gold or silver, the latter metals with the varnish denuding the surface of the tin covered with them, from the acid.

Distillation of Coal.—It is one of the important results of chemical science, that the various products from the distillation of coal, amount to nearly six times the price of the original article. A chaldron of Newcastle coals, which costs in London 3l. will produce

1½ chaldrons of coke, at 31s. - -	1 18 9
12 gallons of tar, at 10d. - - -	0 10 0
18 gallons of ammoniacal liquor, at 6d. 0	9 0
20,000 cubic feet of gas, at 15s.	
per 1000 cubic feet - - - - -	15 0 0

17 17 9

New Comets.—The Paris Journals an-

nounce, that M. Pons, of Marseilles, has discovered a comet in the constellation *Pegasis*, and another in the constellation *Hydra*. According to the observations of M. Blaupain, this new star was on the 30th of November, at 17h. 37m. of mean time, reckoned from mid-day, at Marseilles, by 179. 38. of right ascension, and 29. 17. south declination. On the 1st of December, at 17h. 57m. of mean time, the right ascension was 180. 39. and the declination 28. 47. This comet is easily visible through a night telescope. It is of a pale nebulosity, round, and from five to six minutes in diameter. The nucleus is very confused. As the motion of declination carries the comet towards the north, it is natural to suppose, that in a few days, it will have acquired more intensity, and perhaps become visible to the naked eye.

New Dye.—A chymist of Copenhagen has discovered a means of producing a lively yellow colour for dyeing cloth. He gathers the tops of the potatoes when ready to flower, presses the juice, mixes it with more or less water, and suffers the cloth to remain in it during twenty-four hours. He then dips it in spring water. The cloth may be either of wool, silk, cotton, or flax. By plunging the cloth thus tinged with yellow, into a vessel of blue, a brilliant and lasting green is obtained.

Cattle consumed in London.—The consumption of sheep and lambs in London in twelve months, has been lately estimated at the number of one million, sixty-two thousand, seven hundred. The number of horned cattle slaughtered, at one hundred and sixty-four thousand; and by the inspector's return, it appears, that the number of horse hides produced at Leadenhall market, amounted to twelve thousand nine hundred.

Singular Discovery.—The Nuremburg Correspondent, of the 29th ult. gives the following as authentic:—"A hat-maker of Cassel, named Maulich, has discovered a method of manufacturing felt, so as to make it impenetrable to the stroke of the sabre in the hands of the strongest cuirassier, and even to a musket ball. The fact has been proved by numerous experiments. He offered to discover the secret to our government for a suitable recompence; but no attention was paid to it. A report of this invention, however, reached St. Petersburg, and Mr. Maulich was invited to present himself to the Emperor of Russia, at Aix-la-Chapelle. The Russian generals being satisfied of the truth of his assertions, he has been invited to establish in Russia a manufactory of this felt, upon the most liberal terms."

Army of Europe.—In a statistical survey of Europe, lately published at Vienna, it is estimated, that the armed force of Europe, on the Peace Establishment, consists of 1,798,000 men; and on a War Establish-

ment, of 3,808,000. The marine is calculated at 462 vessels of the line, 370 frigates, and 1,922 vessels of lesser rank.

The last Census made in Bavaria, states the number of families in that kingdom, to be 789,190, which supposes a population of four millions of inhabitants.

Dry Rot.—Captain Duff, in a paper lately read before the Royal Society of London, after stating the well known effects of peat moss in preserving wood for ages unaltered, suggests that a series of experiments should be made, to ascertain the effects of impregnating timber, both sound, and already partially decayed by the dry rot, with the water from peat mosses, with a view to determine whether it possesses any power in preventing or suspending the insidious operation of that destructive agent,

FRANCE.

Growth of Vegetables.—M. du Petit Thouars some time since exhibited to the Royal Academy of France an onion which weighed 3 lbs. 7 oz. and was 19 inches in circumference. Dr. Desaguliers, in calculating the ratio of the growth of a turnip and its seed found, that the root was 438 thousand times as heavy as the seed: consequently that during its growth it had gained in every minute seven times the weight of the seed. Applying the same calculation to the weight of the onion, M. du Petit Thouars found that in every minute it had gained only thrice the weight of its seed.

At the extraordinary sitting of the French Academy, on the 2d inst. Count de Segur read a moral fragment, entitled *Gratitude*; M. Lemercier, a poetic composition against *the Love of Solitude*. Count Daru closed the sitting by reading an extract from his History of the Republic of Venice, entitled, *Des Sciences, de la Littérature et des Arts, chez les Vénitiens*.

Several accounts of useful inventions have appeared in the French publications relative to the Arts and Sciences; among others the following:—a method of separating the hair from the rabbit down, and thus rendering the latter equal to the finest beaver for the manufacture of hats, the down being more susceptible of the dye when unmixed with the hair, which has hitherto given a coarse appearance, to even the best hats in which rabbit down has been mixed with the beaver; and a plan of silvering looking-glasses, which effectually secures the silver from damp or mildew. This plan has been fairly tried, and a looking-glass placed in water for eight days, sustained no kind of damage.

GERMANY.

German Literature.—One of the most voluminous novel writers of the present day is Gustav Schilling, in Dresden. He has just published four new novels. His collective works (all tales or novels) amount to fifty volumes. A very excellent novel, called *Female Dignity*, in four volumes, by

the much-admired writer, Mrs. Caroline Pichler, has just been published at Vienna. The collective works of this lady, which are all distinguished for their pure moral tendency, now amount to 23 volumes. The twenty-second volume of Kotzebue's plays is just published. It contains, besides two other pieces, the *Pocket Book*, the well-known of Pelisson, which has been performed with applause for these two years past on all the theatres of Germany. The Poets, in three volumes, by Horn, is also esteemed. *Oriental Poems*, transplanted into German ground, are now extremely successful. Goethe has very skilfully paraphrased, and published under the title of *The Divan*, the poems of Hafiz (which the great Orientalist, Joseph Von Hammer published in German some years ago). Hammer himself, of whose instructive "*Mines of the East*," the first number of the sixth volume has just appeared, has published under the title of the *Kleeblatt* (trefoil leaf), a collection of Hymns in the manner of the ancient followers of Zoroaster, Parsee Hymns, Arabian Elegies and Turkish Eclogues, with copper-plates and explanatory remarks.

The elegant poem, *The Enchanted Rose*, which was first published in the "*Urania* for 1818," one of the best of the numerous pocket books annually published in Germany, has now appeared in a pretty volume with six copper-plates. We are indebted for this poem to the enterprising and public spirited bookseller, Brockhaus, in Leipzig, who offered a prize for the best Epic Romance. The prize was gained by Ernest Schulze, a young man of great promise, who lived but just long enough to witness the publication of the first edition. He died in the house of his father at Cilli, in the kingdom of Hanover, in the 29th year of his age, just as he was going to set out on a journey to Italy, for the recovery of his health, shortened by his exertions in the war, for the deliverance of Germany, depicted by the German Muse, still mourning over the urn of Körner. The *Enchanted Rose* consists of three cantos of about 100 stanzas each, and sings the fortunes of Clotilde, a princess transformed by enchantment into a rose, who, after several partly laughable adventures, is at length disenchanted by the Bard Alpin. This charming poem, dressed in the loveliest colours, breathes a mystic inspiration, like perfumes wafted on the wings of the southern gale. An earlier poem, by the same author, called "*Cecilia*," in twenty cantos, has been published by Brockhaus, in 12 volumes, with a preface by his preceptor, Professor Bonterweck, in Göttingen. Cecilia, the daughter of a professor at Göttingen, was the beloved bride of the poet, whose untimely death, in the 18th year of her age, filled the poet with despair. Mourning over her corpse, he formed the resolution to write this poem, in which he painted

his melancholy, and the struggle between reason and misfortune. Brockhaus has also just re-published, under the title of "Simbilder der Christer," the "Religious Emblems," published ten years ago by Ackermann, in London, with beautiful wood engravings, after designs of Thurston's, by Nesbit, Branston, Clennel, and Hale. The explanations in the English are short and in prose, but in this edition each print is accompanied by an excellent religious poem or hymn by Arthur Von Nordstern, under which assumed name Germany recognises and honours one of its most popular poets, Adolf Von Nostitz, minister to his majesty the King of Saxony, who finds in the train of the Muses recreation from affairs of state. As the German publisher has procured from the proprietor of the admirable original wood engravings, the impressions necessary for this edition, we have in this elegant volume a pleasing union of English art with German poetry. The same Arthur Von Nordstern has presented us with another pleasing collection of poems, under the title "Gems Explained by Arthur Von Nordstern, 1818," Sixteen Allegorical Representations (neatly engraved in aqua-tinta) taken from Gems such as are seen in the Museum Florentinum, and other collections, receive here in gay, tender, or satirical songs, a practical application to the life and wants of the times. The poet shews a refined knowledge of the antique. Of the poems of the favorite of the famous Schiller, there are publishing, at the same time, a small edition, by Colta, in Stuttgart, in a pretty pocket size, stereotyped by the indefatigable Tauchnitz, in Leipzig, who is likewise publishing neat stereotype editions of all the Greek classics.

ITALY.

A great difference of opinion still prevails at Rome among the artists, respecting the best and readiest road to perfection. The system of old modern painting is defended and practised, by the Germans in particular, as the only doctrine that leads to salvation. Even the Hanoverian Counsellor of Legation, Reufner, has written an essay expressly against the "Friends of the Arts," at Weimar, and against what Goethe, in the "Views on the Rhine," has said with so much reason against this abuse. In this essay it is directly affirmed, that it is much more advantageous to take the old German, and old Florentine schools for models, than to study the antique. He, indeed, who, as the school of David has done for some time, paints statues in pictures, may go greatly astray.

The gallery of paintings belonging to Cardinal Fesch, is one of the sights most worth visiting in Rome. The Borghese Gallery has lost, it is true, 50 of its finest paintings, during the storms of the Revolution, but what remains, and is now to be seen, is more beautiful than before. The valuable paintings which it has retained, are restored by

Camuccini, and disposed in admirable order. Here, therefore, according to the ancient proverb—the half is almost better than the whole. Palmaroli, the greatest master in the art of restoring pictures, has performed wonders on many paintings—fresco and oil. It is to be wished he would communicate his mode of proceeding to younger artists. Almost all the good galleries of pictures in Europe resemble wrinkled old maids. An artist from Dresden, at present in Italy, is said to take much pains in learning something of this art. It is likely enough that it may be wanted there! There is a talk of inviting Palmaroli to Naples, that he may restore the Royal Gallery, which has suffered extremely. Thorwalden's Mercury is absolutely a miracle of sculpture. The God is represented at the moment when he is preparing to cut off the head of the sleeping Argus, and is drawing his sword. The attitude, the figure, the expression, are all admirable. The Ægina statues belonging to the Crown Prince of Bavaria, which are restored with profound knowledge of the spirit of this style of art, made a wonderful impression. Seventeen of them are completed and set up. Thorwalden has received a commission from the Neapolitan court to model an equestrian statue of the present king, Ferdinand I. which is to be cast in bronze, and placed before the palace at Naples. Overbeck is incessantly employed on the Cartoons, respecting scenes from Tasso's Jerusalem Delivered, which are to adorn the villa Mas-simi; they are conceived in the spirit of Raffaele. May he succeed in the colouring.—Cornelius has laid aside, for a time, the Cartoons from Dante, to proceed with the Mythological subjects, for which he has received orders from Munich. Orpheus before Pluto and Proserpine is finished.—Cornelius is a fertile ingenious composer, perhaps, at present, the first in his line; but the colouring, and *chiaro oscuro* admit of some doubts. Yet, perhaps, he may put those who doubt to shame. The painter Schadow has finished some admirable portraits. The Riepenhausens are very diligent, and have happily escaped almost all *mannerism*. The Royal Museum at Naples receives daily an increase of its treasures. The most valuable part, the bronze, are extremely well arranged. The engraved stones are likewise arranged, and the coins also. The precious collection of vases of the Marchese Vincenzo of Nola, has been purchased, and added to the museum. The excavations at Pompeii go on slowly, and furnish but little that is interesting. The principal quarters of the city and the public buildings have been uncovered; there are now none but private buildings to find, and these produce only a repetition of what we had before. Art freezes here in the execution, in the midst of the greatest heat. The last exhibition was wretched. The villa Rinaldi is carrying on to Pausilippo. It is do-

cided that in the course of the next summer, with the King, whole Court, and the Diplomatic body, will go for a time to Palermo.

Lord Byron still continues at Venice; and is, we are informed, diligently employed in the composition of a poem, on which he purposes to bestow a more than common share of his attention. A work has been recently, received in England from his Lordship, written in the style of Beppo, entitled, "Don Juan," which is speedily to be committed to the press. It appears to be a production, to which, like his Venetian Story, he has resorted as a relaxation from deeper studies.

GREECE.

Fine Greek Antiquities in the Crimea.—Extract from a Letter written by the Engineer, Von Stier, from the fortress of Fanagoria, in the government of Tauris, formerly the Crimea, dated the 20th of August, 1818:—"Among the curiosities of this place are the remains of antiquities of the time of the Greeks, who planted colonies here. In the beginning of this month, in digging up a hill, a stone vault was discovered, which contained a corpse six feet and a half long, in a very good state of preservation. The head was ornamented with a golden garland of laurels, and on the forehead a golden medal, which represents a man's head with the inscription, Philip. On both sides of the corpse stood golden and earthen vessels, as was the custom among the Greeks; also several golden chains and ear-rings; and on one of the fingers, was a gold ring with a valuable stone, on which were represented a male and female figure, all of exquisite workmanship. From all this it may be concluded, that this was the burying place of one of Philip's generals.

AUSTRIAN DOMINIONS.

Thirty-one Periodical Journals are published in the dominions of the Emperor of Austria; thirteen of which are printed at Vienna, nine in Italy, two at Prague, three at Salzburg, one at Gratz, two at Pest, and one at Presburg. Of these, twenty are in the German language, eight in Italian, two in Hungarian, two in Slavonian, and one in modern Greek.

As to the subjects to which they are appropriated, these journals may be classed as follows:—two are devoted to theology, two to legal disquisitions, three to medicine and surgery, two to metaphysics and natural history, one to military science, two to the discussion of politics and statistics, and one to political economy; four treat on theatrical subjects, the Belles Lettres, and the fashions of the day; one is particularly adapted for the perusal of the lower classes, one for young people, and eleven contain a great body of information on all subjects connected with the arts and sciences, together with dissertations on a variety of points, of a more general description than those which occupy the attention of their contemporaries.

AFRICA.

Algiers, Nov. 26.—The plague has entirely ceased its ravages in our unfortunate country: but it carries off at Constantinople from forty to fifty persons daily; and it prevails at Bono, which gives us reason to entertain fear that it may yet again burst out at Algiers. It appears certain, that the number of persons who have fallen victims to it here, is not less than 24,000: and in the country parts, 20,000.

LITERARY REPORT.

[We beg to remind our Correspondents that all Notices for this Department must be sent on or before the 15th of each month.]

MEETING OF BOOKSELLERS.

A numerous meeting of the publishers, booksellers, stationers, and all others interested in the sale of the Holy Scriptures, was held, on Friday the 22d ult., at the Globe Tavern, Fleet-street, London, to take into consideration the recent attack made on the trade, as relates to the sale of Bibles and Prayer-books. As the nature of this attack may not be known to the generality of our readers, we shall endeavour to explain it, by giving, in a few words, a short abstract of a Report made by a Committee appointed to investigate its extent. It appeared from that report, that for two or three years past, bills in Chancery have been filed, and silently operating, under the instruction of a patentee, against persons selling Edinburgh Bibles or Common Prayers. These bills have been compounded privately, to the no small gain of the attorney employed, and

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vexation of the party attacked. During the last term, 100 injunctions were obtained against different booksellers in London and the suburbs; and 90 are entered for the present term. The clerk of the solicitors, Messrs. Foss and Co., is generally the informer. At first the injunctions were only levelled against bibles printed at Edinburgh, but lately they have been extended against Bibles, Testaments, and Common Prayers, printed in England, with commentaries and notes. This proceeding has spread terror and dismay among the various booksellers both in town and country: especially as they have been likewise informed, that they cannot, under the existing law, sell any Bible in the English tongue, or in any other tongue whatsoever, of any translation, with note or without note, which is not printed at the press of the king's printer, or at the press of the two Universities. The sufferers, by

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these precautions, have been chiefly among the petty retail dealers, who, it was supposed, would willingly enter into any terms of compromise offered by the attorney conducting these processes, rather than incur all the risk and expense of a Chancery suit. The wholesale dealers have in general escaped free from attack, though latterly some of them (Mr. Wood, in the Strand; Mr. Wilson, at the Exchange; and Messrs. Arch, of Cornhill) have been visited by the same annoyance as their less wealthy brethren. As this system was rapidly spreading in every direction, the trade took it up, and assembled on the above day to discuss the propriety of resisting it with all the energy which such an invasion of what they deemed their long-established rights, demanded.—The impropriety, if not the illegality of these vexatious measures on the part of the patentees, was strongly insisted upon; and the judgment of Lord Clare, in the case of *Grierson*, the king's printer at Dublin, v. *Jackson* (*Ridgeway's Reports*, 304), was stated to be decisive of the matter. In the course of that case, which originated upon an application for an injunction to prevent the defendant from printing an edition of the Bible in numbers, with prints and notes, Lord Clare asked if the validity of such a patent as the king's printer enjoyed had ever been established at law; and said that he did not know that the crown had a right to grant a monopoly of that kind. He further added, "I can conceive the king, as head of the church, may say that there shall be but one man who shall print Bibles and books of Common Prayer, for the use of churches, and for particular purposes; but I cannot conceive that the king has any prerogative to grant a monopoly as to bibles for the instruction of mankind in revealed religion. If ever there was a time which called aloud for the dissemination of religious knowledge, it is this; and therefore I should with great reluctance decide in favour of such a monopoly as this, which must necessarily confine the circulation of the book. As to very particular purposes, I have no doubt that the patentee has an exclusive right to print Bibles and Prayer-books; but unless I am bound very strictly, I will not determine upon motion, that no man but the king's printer has a right to print such works as these."

The report concluded by stating several most distressing instances in which the injunctions of the court had been rigidly enforced. A Mr. George, in Brick-lane, for selling a second-hand Bible, was served with an injunction, and had above 37l. of expenses to pay; as had also a Mr. Edgar, and others in the same street. Mr. Bowling, Newgate-street, for selling one Bible, had 38l. to pay for the injunction being served on him; as had also Messrs. John and Arthur Arch, of Cornhill, for a diamond Bible, which they had offered for sale for

eleven years. Mr. Walker, in the Strand, Mr. Effingham Wilson, Mr. Offer, Mr. Biggs, of Parliament-street, &c. were all in the same situation, as were also several persons for selling a Bible with notes, by the Rev. Wm. Gurney, of St. Clement Danes.

It was maintained that such testimony as that of Lord Clare was entitled to high consideration, as it proceeded from a nobleman who was much attached to the prerogative of the crown. Great stress was also placed upon a document which had been extorted by the patentees or their attorney, from a poor individual, by which he bound himself under a penalty of 2,000l. never to sell a copy of the Bible, Testament, or Common Prayer, which did not come from the king's printing-office, or that of the two universities, and by which he also bound himself never to take any steps to dissolve the injunction obtained against him.

The speakers were, Mr. Maxwell, Mr. Baldwin, Mr. Mawman, Mr. Wilks, Mr. Bagater, Mr. Taylor, and Mr. Hone; between whom and the chairman, Mr. Leigh, some very warm altercation ensued. In the course of the debate, Mr. Mawman, who is the agent to the University of Cambridge for the sale of their Bibles, stated that he had written on the morning of that day to the syndics there, declaring his opinion to be, that the measures pursued were such as ought to be immediately terminated, on account of their vexatious nature, and expressed great confidence that they would be instantly discontinued. The declaration did not, however, serve to produce much effect upon the minds of his audience, who, in consequence, after some discussion, entered into a resolution of appointing a committee of twelve London booksellers, with powers to add to their numbers, and with full power to adopt all such measures as should be requisite to terminate the depending prosecutions, and to prevent any future occurrence. This was followed by another resolution, empowering them to receive subscriptions to enable them to proceed with vigour and energy in the great cause in which they were so necessarily engaged. We understand that large sums were immediately deposited in the hands of the committee, several persons advancing from 30*l.* to 30*l.* each, and one gentleman in particular, the large sum of 150 guineas. From hints that were dropped in the course of the discussion, we are led to conjecture, that the great body of booksellers will immediately combine, and present a petition to the two Houses of Parliament, to obtain some modification of the present patent. A professional gentleman, who spoke in behalf of Mr. Blanchard, of the City-road, stated, that he had very great doubts as to its legality, and expressed his intention of examining into that point, whenever his client should be regularly brought before the Court.

MR. ROGERS, author of the *Pleasures of Memory*, &c. has in the press a poem entitled *Human Life*.

A Series of Letters are preparing for publication, written by the Hon. Lady Spencer to her niece, the late celebrated Duchess of Devonshire shortly after her marriage.

SIR ARTHUR CLARKE has nearly ready for publication, an *Essay on Warm, Cold, and Vapour Bathing*, with practical observations on Sea Bathing, diseases of the Skin, Bilious Liver Complaints and Dropsy.

MR. BOILEAU will shortly publish the *Art of French Conversation*, exemplified on a new plan with an Introduction, &c.

The *Recollections of Japan*, by CAPTAIN GOLOWIN, are expected to appear in the course of a few days; they will be accompanied by a Chronological account of the Rise, Decline, and Renewal of British Commercial Intercourse with that Country.

MR. COLBURN is preparing for publication, *The Hermit in London or Sketches of English Manners*, some specimens of which have appeared in the *Literary Gazette*, and have been received with extraordinary favour: the whole collection will form Three volumes.

The Second or Concluding Part of DR. WATKINS' *Memoirs of her late Majesty*, may be expected early in the present Month.

MR. W. B. TAYLOR is preparing to publish by Subscription, an *Historical account of the University of Dublin*, illustrated with coloured plates, &c. The work is to be in the same style as those of Oxford and Cambridge, to which it will form an accompaniment.

CAPTAIN JAMES BURNES, of the Royal Navy, has in the Press, an *Historical Review of the Maritime discoveries of the Russians*, and of the attempts which have been made to discover a North East passage by sea, from the Atlantic Ocean to China.

The subscription to MR. VALPY's Edition of *The Delphin and Variorum Classics* will close on the publication of Part I. which will appear in the course of the present week.

THE REV. GEORGE CRABBE has nearly ready for publication a new work, entitled *Tales of the Hall*. An erroneous report has gone forth respecting the purchase money; the fact is, Mr. Crabbe has disposed of the entire copyright of all his works, including this new poem, for the sum of 3,000*l*.

In the Press and may shortly be expected:

The *History of the Crusades* undertaken for the recovery of the Holy Land: a View of the Latin states in Syria and Palestine; the Constitution and Laws of the Kingdom of Jerusalem; the Military orders which sprung from the wars between the Christians and Musselmans; and the consequences of the Crusades upon the Morals, Literature, Politics, and Manners of Europe. By

C. MILLS, Author of a *History of Mohammedanism*.

The *Young Arthur, or the Child of Mystery*, a Metrical Romance. By C. DISDEN, Esq.

Tom Crib's Memorial to Congress, with a Preface, Notes, and Appendix. By One of the Fancy. — The Appendix contains, among other Flash Articles, some chaunts by BOB GREGSON, the present Poet Laureate of the Fancy.

A Voyage up the Persian Gulph, and a Journey overland from India to England, in 1817; containing an account of Arabia Felix, Arabia Deserta, Persia, Mesopotamia, Babylon, Bagdad, Koordistan, Armenia, Asia Minor, &c. &c., illustrated by Plates. By WILLIAM HENDE, Esq. of the Madras Military Establishment.

Observations on the Nature and Treatment of the Epidemic Fever, at present prevailing in the Metropolis, as well as in most parts of the United Kingdom. By DR. CLUTTERBUCK. To which are added Remarks on some of the opinions of Dr. Bateman in his late Treatise on that subject.

Introductory Greek Exercises to those of Neilson, Dunbar, and others; arranged under Models to assist the learner. By N. HOWARD, Author of Greek and Latin Vocabularies, &c. &c.

Illustrations of Affection, and other Poems, by MR. G. H. TOULMIN.

Decision, a Tale, by the Author of *Correction*, in 3 vols.

The Desert, a Poem, by the Author of the *Banquet*.

Illustrations of the Architecture and Sculpture of the Cathedral of Lincoln, consisting of 18 plates by the first Artists from drawings by C. WILD.

Specimens of Irish Eloquence, now first arranged and collected, with Biographical Notices and a Preface, by C. PHILLIPS, esq. Essays, Biographical, Literary, Moral, and Critical, by the Rev. JOHN EVANS.

The Stage, a Poem, addressed to Mr. Farren, containing strictures on various Actors, by J. BROWN, esq.

A Literal Translation of the Penal Code of Napoleon, by J. WILKINSON, esq.

A Churchman's Second Epistle, with Notes and Illustrations, by the Author of *Religio Clerici*, 8vo.

HUMBOLDT's Personal Narrative of Travels to the Equinoctial Regions. vol. 4.

An Inquiry respecting some of the Diseases of the Serous Membranes of the Abdomen and Thorax, by DR. JOHN BACON.

A Biographical Dictionary of the Worthies of Ireland, in 3 vols. by MR. RYAN.

Childe Harold in the Shades, an *Infernal Romance*.

CAPT. J. C. LASKEY has in a considerable state of forwardness, a set of Plates illustrating the Napoleon Mint Medals, executed by an eminent Artist.

IF the advantages of commerce were to be estimated by the extent of operations, the transactions of 1818 might be considered of important interest to the country. The Custom-house returns for the year, as well in London as all the out-ports of the kingdom, exhibit an increased and extended intercourse with every part of the globe. The importation of almost every article of merchandise has exceeded (and in several articles considerably so) that of the preceding year. The fluctuation of value, however, in a variety of articles, has been so considerable as to render the aggregate results extremely doubtful of any advantage to the commercial part of the community. *Cottons, Coffee, Tobacco, and Tallow*, in particular, have experienced that fluctuation and decline, which must produce ruinous consequences to some of the holders, as well from the high price they still maintain, when their growing value is considered, as the excess of supply beyond the consumption. The importation of cotton has exceeded that of any former period, being no less than 680,000 bales; which, added to the stock at the close of 1817 of 114,000, makes the total supply of 1818, 774,000 bales, whilst the consumption has been about 417,000, and 60,000 exported, leaving a balance of stock of about 278,000 bales, 160,000 of which are East India. By this statement it will appear, that the excess of importation has been principally in East India descriptions, and which are reduced in value since the close of the year 1817 nearly one half, the common Bengals commanding only from 6½d. to 10d. per pound, which, in the present year, commanded from 1s. to 14d.; and Surats from 8d. to 15d., which previously commanded 15d. to 17d.; by which it will be perceived the decline falls principally upon the lower descriptions of quality; the decline upon the fine, as well as all other kinds of American, Brazil, and West India, being only from 3d. to 4d. per pound, or 15 to 20 per cent. on the value; whilst upon the low quality of East India, the depreciation is full 50 per cent.: and when it is considered how great a proportion the low qualities of East India form to the whole, the loss in the aggregate to the importers cannot be estimated at less than a million of money.—Of *Coffee* the consumption keeps pace with the supply; and the stock in this country having become greatly reduced, has rendered it a favourite article of speculation; its value for fair middling quality at the close of 1817 was about 95s., from which it generally rose, up to the months of July and August, to about 165s., receded again to 130s., and now remaining at about 140s. to 145s. The evil of speculation was perhaps never more manifest than has been evinced in this article within the last year; when in London the holders have been asking 140s., the same quality would not produce, in the great markets of consumption upon the Continent, more than 125s. to 130s., and in France not more than 105s. to 110s., whilst in the West India islands, at the places of growth, the prices had been run up equal to 180s. or 190s. It must therefore be obvious to every rational observer, how extremely prejudicial wanton speculation is to the true interests of commerce. *Tobacco*, which, ever since the renewal of intercourse with America, has maintained a price nearly double its usual value in periods of uninterrupted intercourse, is at length, from the accumulated stock of nearly 30,000 hogsheads, yielding to something like its natural price; but the article at present is in such limited demand, as to render any idea of its specific value impossible: cargoes that a few months ago were sold at 1s. per pound all round, would not now find buyers at 9d., if at 8d.—*Tallows* have likewise experienced a correspondent decline, having two or three months since realised 95s. per cwt., and are now difficult of sale at below 70s.; and when it is considered that 45s. per cwt. has generally been estimated a fair price for this article in times of free intercourse, it must obviously subject the parties concerned in it to great risk. This extreme maximum of value and fluctuation has also prevailed in several of the minor articles of commerce, very much to the prejudice of the consumer and fair dealer; indeed the evil consequences of extravagant speculation are so manifest, as to render some efficient measures necessary to expose its absurdity, and suppress its pernicious influence. The condition of society, in every part of the globe, is better suited than at any former period for promoting a mutual reciprocity of interests, by a legitimate interchange of productions that constitute the materials of commerce; and, in fact, the productions abound in a greater proportion, both of nature and art, than at any former period; and yet there never was a period when suspicion and distrust so much prevailed. Our cotton manufactures, instead of being counteracted by the rivalry of the Continent, as was uniformly insisted upon when the unrestricted intercourse was first established, have increased nearly one-fifth, with every prospect of a still further increase; yet, the condition of the manufacturing labourer was never more miserable, not receiving more than one-third for his labour, to which he is entitled, and which is necessary for his subsistence, being sent to the parish funds for a further pittance. Subversive as this principle is of the general interests of the parties pursuing it, and degrading as it is to the national character, both the public and legislature, whose duty it is to point out the folly and check the absurdity of the measure, seem determined to let it run its course, and work its own cure. Disappointed, as we confess we are, at commerce, in conformity with the opinion we have invariably advanced, not having before this attained its wonted energy and respectability of character, we still indulge in the conviction, that the country possesses all the requisite means for extending and conducting commercial intercourse in a way that, by restoring an honourable confidence, it shall operate to the interest and advantage of society in every part of the globe.

BANKRUPTS.

FROM DECEMBER 23, TO JANUARY 23, 1819, INCLUSIVE.

Where the address of the Solicitor is not mentioned, he must be understood to reside at the same place as the bankrupt. The Solicitors' names are between parentheses.

A.

ATKINSON J. Dalston, Cumberland, cotton manufacturer (Pearson, Carlisle; & J. Birkett, Cloak lane.—Atherton T. Liverpool, tanner (Adlington and Gregory, Bedford row.

B.

Bryant W. Greenwich, coach master (Clarke, Richards, & Medcalf, Chancery lane.—Broadbelt, W. Preston, Lancashire, corn merchant (Avison & Wheeler, Liverpool, & Castle street, Holborn; & Blackhurst, Preston.—Bedells W. Knighton, Radnorshire, woolstapler (Wellings & Co. Ludlow; & Jenkins, James, & Abbott, New Inn.—Elomherby W. Bolton, Lancashire, cotton manufacturer (Meddowcroft, Gray's Inn; & Boardman & Merry, Bolton.—blackborn, J. Witham, Essex, corn factor (Carter, Staple Inn.—Bradshaw T. Manchester, check manufacturer (Snaw, Ely place; & Smith, Manchester.—Brunner J. Birmingham, patten manufacturer (Bousfield, Bouverie street; & Hicks.—Brown J. Leeds, straw hat manufacturer (Ashley, Royal Exchange.—Bell J. Church str. Spital Fields, bounbasin manufacturer (James, Bucklersbury.—Booth J. Oxford str. grocer (Hindman, Basinghall st.

C.

Crimes T. Chester, coach proprietor (Dicas; & Huxley, Temple.—Curgenven T. Truro, Cornwall, linen draper (Bennallack.—Collens R. Maidstone, hop merchant (Lindsay, St. Thomas's street, Borough.—Chambers R. Market Rasen, Lincolnshire, currier (Eysie, Gray's Inn square; & Rhodes.—Cater S. & J. Home, Wadling str. warehouseman (Chapman, Stephens, & Wood, Little St. Thomas Apostle.—Chapman R. Hammersmith, surgeon (Gutty & Haddon Angel court, Throgmorton str.—Cassells R. St. Swithin's lane, merchant (Poole, Adam's court, Old Broad str.—Churchill J. Stanhope at Clare market, common brewer (Brown, London Commercial Sale Rooms, Mincing lane.—Collins F. New Fishborne, Sussex, mealman (Hume, Holborn court, Gray's Inn.—Carver J. & W. Peet, Basinghall st. merchants (Jacomb & Bentley, Basinghall str.—Cowley T. Bolton-le-Moors, Lancaster, warehouseman (Milne & Parry, Temple.

D.

Dion W. Threadneedle str. wine merchant (Anderson, jun. Broad str. chambers.—Daniels W. jun. Bishop Stortford, Herts, malt factor (Makinson, Elm court, Temple; & Gee.—Darey J. Foulsham, Norfolk, ironmonger (Tilson & Preston, Coleman st.; & Wade, Sheffield.—David J. Threadneedle str. merchant (Knight & Freeman, Basinghall str.—Durham J. Lower Shadwell str. carcass butcher (H. & J. Bull, Holles str. Cavendish sq.—Davis N. Gloucester terrace, New road, White-chapel, merchant (Blandford, Bruton street, New Bond str.

E.

Everett W. Cambridge, corn merchant (Haggeston & Whiteley; & Croft, Chaucery lane.

F.

Flinders J. Nottingham, hosier (Farren, Threadneedle st.—Friday R. jun. Isleworth, Middlesex, barge master (Noy & Hardstone, Mincing lane.—Flint W. Old Bailey, printer (Amory & Coles, Lothbury.—Fitzgerald T. St. Catherine st. near

the Tower, ship owner (Pulley, Crown court, Broad str.

G.

Gilson R. Bawtry, victualler (Knowles, New Inn; & Hill.—Gardiner D. Chiswell street, hatter (Clabon, Mark lane.—Gardner N. & H. Gloucester, bakers (Cecil Becke, Devonshire street, Queen square.

H.

Hogg I. E. Broad str. warehouseman (Wright & Freeman, Basinghall str.—Hort A. Dean street, Finsbury squ. merchant (Steel, Bucklersbury.—Hewitt P. Bold, Lancashire, farmer (Rawlinson & Huddleston, Warrington; & Chester, Staple Inn.—Hogg J. E. Broad str. warehouseman (Knight & Freeman, Basinghall str.—Haywood H. Great Portland str. paper hanger (Archer, Southampton str. Bloomsbury square.—Hardie A. Union court, Broad str. merchant (Nind & Cotterell, Throgmorton str.—Hudson W. Upper Thames st. earthenwareman (Jacomb & Bentley, Basinghall st.—Hughes S. Liverpool, liquor merchant (Dacie & John, Palsgrave place, Temple Bar.

I.

Ingram L. Cheapside, hatter (Birkett, Cloak la.

J.

Johnson R. Plymouth, grocer (Kelly.—Jenkins J. Whitechurch, Glamorgan, timber merchant (Jenkins, James, & Abbott, New Inn; & Meyrick, Merthyr-Tidvil.—Jackson G. Mile Town, Isle of Sheppy, baker (Milne & Parry, Temple.—Jacob J. Gravel lane, Houndsditch, tobacconist (Norton, Commercial Chambers, Minories.—Jennys, J. C. Catherine str. Strand, dealer (Comerford, Copthall court, Throgmorton str.

K.

Kendrick J. Bellington Mills, Chaddesley Corbett, Worcestershire, miller (Lodington & Hall, Temple; & J. Emery, Kidderminster.—Keats T. M. Poultry, hatter (Blandford, Bruton str. Bond street.—Kernot J. Castle street, Leicester Fields, druggist.

L.

Lovien S. Kennington, Surrey, Exchange broker (Poole, Adam's court, Old Broad street.—Longstaff C. Kingston-upon-Hull, merchant (Rosser, Son, & Rosser, Bartlett's buildings, Holborn; & Sandwith, Hull.—Longman F. O. Norwich, maltster (Narston & Day; & Abbott, Rolls yard, Chancery lane.—Lumley W. Jermyn st. St. James's, wine merchant (Osbaldeston, London street, Fenchurch street.—Lush E. Sherborne, Dorset, linen draper (King & Lukin, Gray's Inn square; & Watts, Yeovil, Somerset.—Lucy R. Tapsley, Herefordshire, builder (Pewtress, Gray's Inn; and Evans, Hereford.—Lutey T. Wapping, mariner (Gregson & Fonnereau, Angel court, Throgmorton street.

M.

Moxon R. W. G. & J. Kingston-upon-Hull, merchants (Frost, Hull; & Rosser & Son, Bartlett's buildings.—Morgan W. Bristol, victualler (King, Serjeant's Inn; & Frankes.—Merchant, J. Shepton Mallet, Somerset, inn keeper (Burfoot, Inner Temple.

N.

Neale J. & S. Warner, Milk street.

O.

Onlet J. Charlotte st. jeweller (Poole, Adam's court, Old Broad street.—Osenham J. T. Oxford str. mangle maker (Kearsey & Spurr, Bishopsgate street Within.

P.

Peyton W. Lincoln's Inn Fields, wine & brandy merchant (Hartley, New Bridge str. Blackfriars.—Peet W. Basinghall str. merchant (Jacob & Bentley, Basinghall street.—Perry J. sen. Stockport, Cheshire, muslin manufacturer (Walters, Stockport; & Wright & Co. Temple.—Perkins J. Tiverton, Devon, timber merchant (Birkett, Clouk lane.—Phillips T. Bread st. hill, merchant (Clarke, Bishopsgate str. Without.—Paterson M. Halifax, Yorkshire, dyer (Morton & Williamson, Gray's Inn square; & J. E. Norris.—Power J. & R. Warwick, Finsbury square, merchants (Warne, Change alley.—Pidding J. J. High Holborn, stock broker (Guy, Croydon, & Howard, Strand.—Parsons S. Hanover st. Long Acre, coach platcr. (Robins & Hill, Serjeant's Inn.

R.

Rogers J. Old Broad str. merchant (Cottle, T. Aldermanbury.—Ridley T. Seaton Sluice, Northumberland, brewer (Meggisons & Pock, Hatton Garden; & Forster, Newcastle-upon-Tyne.—Robinson J. Holywell, Flintshire, butcher (Lowe & Bower, Southampton buildings, Chancery lane.—Richmond T. Bell yard, Carey st. plumber (Fisher, Inner Temple lane.—Ritchie T. Air st. Piccadilly, merchant (Evans & Bartram, St. Mildred's court, Poultry.—Richards D. Mann's row, Bow Common, Middlesex, manufacturing chemist (Venner, Thornhaugh st. Bedford square.—Russell J. Palace Wharf, timber merchant (Loxley & Son, Cheap-side.—Richards H. Beaconsfield, Buckingham, carpenter (Tucker, Bartlett's buildings, Holborn.

S.

Salt M. Stoke-upon-Trent, flour dealer (Flint, Uttoxeter; & Tooke, Gray's Inn.—Scales C. Bennington, Oxfordshire, baker (Hedges, Wallingford; & Price, Williams, & White, Lincoln's Inn.—Stanbury J. Gloucester terrace, Whitechapel road,

A.

ABEL M. Bungay, banker, Jan. 22.—Ashby W. Godmanchester, Huntingdon, miller, Feb. 2, and Feb. 5

B.

Bewley J. Newgate Market, salesman, Jan. 19.—Brown G. Lime-street, wine merchant, Jan. 23.—Bell J. & T. Kingston upon Hull, merchants, Jan. 21.—Blankenhagen T. C. Bishopsgate-street within, merchant, Jan. 30.—Bell W. Brumpton, Cumberland, brandy-merchant, Jan. 28.—Bayfield B. Mark lane, wine broker, Jan. 23.—Bell J. Pocklington, J. F. and T. Bell, Sculcoates, Yorkshire, merchants, Jan. 28.—Burton H. Burton upon Trent, Staffordshire, butcher, Jan. 27.—Bayley J. Pitsea, Essex, Feb. 30.—Brown T. Strand, tailor and gaiter maker, Feb. 16.—Beauchamp R. Coventry street, Haymarket, lace dealer, Feb. 13.—Ball J. M. Great Spring street, Shadwell, auctioneer, Feb. 13.—Basset W. Church street, Spital Fields, silk manufacturer, Feb. 6.—Bailey J. Reading, linen draper, Jan. 22.—Baker C. T. Marlborough, Wilts., woollen draper, Jan. 18.—Buchanan Wm. Oxenden street, Haymarket, merchant, Feb. 6.—Bragg W. A. Rotherhithe Wall, shipwright, Feb. 13.—Bottrell T. Ratcliff highway, victualler, Feb. 23.—Bussell C. Prospect Place, Lambeth, insurance

grocer (Hall, Coleman street, Bank.—Symonds W. Lowestoft, Suffolk, merchant (Bromley, Holborn court, Gray's Inn.—Symmons T. Strand, brass founder (Mount, Tokenhouse yard, Lothbury.—Sumner T. Preston, Lancashire, corn merchant (Dewhurst, Pioston, & Blacklock, Sergeant's Inn, Fleet street.—Smith W. Moffat street, City road, corn dealer (T. Dobson, jun. Chancery lane.—Stiff W. Rotherwick, Southampton, shopkeeper (Bridger, Angel court, Throgmorton street; and Prickett, Odiham, Hants.—Swan R. Gainsborough, merchant (Cicke & Evans, Aldermanbury.—Still J. South Island place, Briston, Surrey, merchant (Leachman, Basinghall street.

T.

Tippett R. Totness, baker (Poole & Greenfield, Gray's Inn square; & Carey, Bristol.—Twylford J. Portwood, Chester, cotton spinner (Walters, Stockport; & Wright & Cole, Temple.—Tully F. Bristol, baker (Poole & Greenfield, Gray's Inn square; & Carey.—Thomas W. Cheapside, tailor (Amory & Coles, Lothbury.—Thompson W. H. Liverpool, merchant (Orred & Brooks; & Lowe & Bower, Southampton buildings, Chancery lane.

U.

Unwin R. Chapel-le-Frith, timber merchant (Wake, Sheffield; & Blgrave & Walter, Symond's Inn, London.

V.

Venus J. Lower Shadwell, viutner (Robinson & Burrows, Austin Friars.—Vertue S. Mark la. corn merchant (Sudlow & Co. Monument yard.

W.

Wheeler D. Hyde street, Bloombury, coloring maker (Grimaldi & Stables, Cophthall court.—Wilson J. H. jun. Upper Belgrave place, Pimlico, picture dealer (Newcomb, Vine st. Piccadilly.—Wattson J. Gravesend, Kent, coach master (Yatman, Aundel str. Strand.—William H. Duke str. Bloombury, wine merchant (Younger, Well close square.

Y.

Young T. Paddington street, St. Mary le-bone, grocer (Shuter, Millbank str. Westminster.

DIVIDENDS.

broker, Feb. 13.—Birch W. Great Queen street, coach maker, Feb. 13.—Batt E., J. Backsheil, and A. W. Batt, Witney, bankers, Feb. 13.—Bennet J. Manchester, woollen cord manufacturer, Feb. 17.—Bass P. Ashborne, dealer, Feb. 26.

C.

Clay C. Aston, Coach maker, Jan. 27.—Coombes, J. and J. Shadwell dock, coopers, Jan. 23.—Cutting J. Playford, Suffolk, miller, Jan. 28.—Clarke W. Warley, York, seedsman, Jan. 19.—Clarke T. West Barnard, Somerset, Cheese dealer, Jan. 25.—Cook W. Chapel street, New Road, grocer, Jan. 23.—Crosseley J. King street, London, merchant, Jan. 30.—Capewell T. Uttoxeter, Stafford, grocer, Feb. 9.—Cotsford, W. F. Upper Clapton, glazier, Jan. 26.—Carnaby J. Morpeth, common brewer, Feb. 6.—Cunliffe R. Astley, Lancaster, shopkeeper, Feb. 8.—Cutbush H. and W. Maidstone, carpenter, Feb. 13.—Coltman W. Long Acre, Baker, Feb. 9.—Cady T. Ipswich, baker, Feb. 14.—Carne H. Austin Friars, insurance broker, Feb. 13.

D.

Dalton S. Coventry, grocer, Jan. 28.—Doxon J. Manchester, merchant, Jan. 19.—Damon T. Liverpool, merchant, Jan. 16.—Davidson J. East India Chambers, Leadenhall street, merchant, Jan. 32.—Dean T. Sunderland, near the sea, sail maker, Feb. 2

—De Roure, J. P. and J. Hambrook, Angel court, Throgmorton street, merchants, Feb. 15.—Doeg A. North Shore, without the Walls, Newcastle upon Tyne, ship builder, Feb. 11.—Dooble W. H. Bristol, ironmonger, March 2.

F.

Fosset T. Mincing lane, merchant, Jan. 25.—Fletcher B. Deptford, linen draper, Jan. 19.—Flower T. Castle Street, Holborn, jeweller, Feb. 13.—Farrington P. Wood street, silk manufacturer, Feb. 6.—Forge W. Holderness, thrashing machine maker, March 5.

G.

Goodman B. Romsey Infra, Southampton, miller, Jan. 21.—Grigg T. Plymouth, Tea dealer, Jan. 25.—Glasson R. Graysbeck, Cumberland, butter-facter, Jan. 22.—Gilding F. Aldersgate street, cabinet maker, Jan. 20.—Grant J. Hatton garden, merchant, Jan. 23.—Gilding F. Aldersgate street, cabinet maker, Jan. 30.—Goodair J. Queen street, Cheapside, merchant, Jan. 30.—Goodyer S. Market street, Herts., grocer, Feb. 13.—Griffith J. Caernarvon, carrier, Feb. 11.—George T. Leeds, merchant, Feb. 12.—Gomme J. Buckland common, Bucks, timber merchant, Feb. 13.—Green E. Dartford, linen draper, Feb. 13.

H.

Hall E. Newton, Manchester, cotton manufacturer, Jan. 18.—Hamlyn R. and J. Chanter, Bideford, Devon, bankers, Jan. 25.—Halse T. H. and T. D. Meriton, Maiden lane, Wood street, Cheapside, button manufacturers, Jan. 23.—Hornsby T. Cornhill, stock broker, Jan. 23.—Houlbrooke T. High Holborn, linen draper, Feb. 6.—Hill T. Leeds, merchant, Feb. 24.—Hooper P. and T. Bedford, Bartholomew place, Bartholomew close, timber merchants, Jan. 16.—Headlain J. Skinner street, warehouseman, Feb. 6.—Hornsby T. junr. Hull, grocer, Feb. 26.

J.

Jump J. and T. Hargroves, Fore street, hat manufacturers, Jan. 23.—Jackson J. junr. Greenlaw Walls, Durham, miller, Feb. 1.—Jacob B. Bartholomew close, merchant, March 6.

K.

Kershaw T. W. Southwark, linen draper, Jan. 23.—Kendal J. Exeter, Statuary, Feb. 15.

L.

Lomas G. Dowgate Hill, merchant, Jan. 16.—Linders W. Tetworth, Oxford, innkeeper, Jan. 26.—Lee R. Great Winchester street, underwriter, Jan. 23.—Ladbroke J. Draycote, Warwickshire, farmer, Jan. 28.—Lancaster J. Michael's grove, Brompton, merchant, Jan. 23.—Lynnel 8 and W. and E. Perkins, Chatham, grocers, Jan. 26.

M.

Miller R. Tottenham, watchmaker, Jan. 16.—Mosedan S. Dean Street, Finsbury Square, merchant, Jan. 23.—Manners J. and J. Carr, Sheffield, edge tool manufacturers, Jan. 27.—Mac Knight, J. Parliament street, linen draper, Jan. 26.—Mac Kenzie W. St. Paul's, Covent garden, merchant, Feb. 2.—Markham R. junr. Sunderland, near the sea, mercer, Feb. 16.—Marquis D. C. Queen street, merchant, Feb. 6.—Martindale J. New Bond street, wine merchant, Feb. 13.

N.

Northcote A. Lloyd's Coffee house, underwriter, Jan. 23.—Northcote H. J. Lime street, wine merchant, Jan. 16.—Nunn H. and J. Barber, York street, Covent garden, haberdashers, Feb. 27.—

Neale J. and S. Warner, Milk street, wholesale linen drapers, Feb. 2.

P.

Phillips L. and J. High Holborn, glass merchants, Jan. 19.—Pitaw H. R. Riches court, Lime street, Jan. 5.—Phillips J. Exeter, innkeeper, Feb. 11.—Palmer S. Bourton on the Water, Gloucester, mercer, Feb. 6.—Polac B. Sheffield, jeweller, Feb. 6.—Palmer J. Piccadilly, tailor, Feb. 16.

R.

Rowlatt J. Charterhouse square, merchant, Jan. 9.—Rhodes W. East Smithfield, baker, Jan. 16.—Ritchie W. Finsbury square, merchant, Feb. 2.—Robb W. S. Blackfriars road, merchant, Jan. 30.—Rawlinson R. Kingston upon Hull, merchant, Jan. 19.—Robertson S. Liverpool, merchant, Jan. 30.—Rowlatt J. Charterhouse square, merchant, Jan. 23.—Ravenshaw T. Liverpool, grocer, Feb. 2.—Rawlinson R. Kingston upon Hull, merchant, Feb. 9.—Ronalds H. F. and J. Singleton, Foster lane, Cheapside, warehousemen, Feb. 20.—Redmayne T. Preston, linen draper, Feb. 17.

S.

Smith J. Milton, Kent, rope maker, Jan. 23.—Statter J. Wakefield, York, linen draper, Jan. 23.—Smith W. Beccles, Devonshire, lime burner, Jan. 25.—Street J. F. and W. Bucklersbury, stationers, Jan. 30.—Smith S. Coventry, watch maker, Jan. 28.—Smith W. Oxford street, ironmonger, Jan. 12.—Staudish L. H. Bishopsgate street Without, straw hat manufacturer, Jan. 26.—Smith, T. P. Bristol, whalebone brush manufacturer, Feb. 2.—Shaw S. Brunswick square, underwriter, Feb. 6.—Snuggs J. Henrietta street, Covent garden, mercer, Jan. 16.—Sherwood W. Liverpool, Soap manufacturer, Jan. 30.—Stabler F. J. Marshall and T. Marshall, York, linen merchants, Jan. 21.—Shepherd J. Sutton, Yorkshire, Ship builder, Feb. 22.—Smith J. Manchester, Manufacturer, Feb. 15.—Smith W. Oxford street, ironmonger, Jan. 30.—Senders S. Fleet street, perfumer, Feb. 13.—Sanders J. Chichester, grocer, Feb. 15.

T.

Twemlow W. Manchester, draper, Jan. 16.—Turner J. Hemel Hempstead, Herts, corn dealer, Jan. 16.—Tucker J. Long Acree, linen draper, Jan. 26.—Thomas J. Broad street buildings, merchant, Jan. 20.

V.

Vos H. and J. C. Essers, New court, Crutched Friars, merchants, Jan. 26.

W.

Warren G. T. and H. Little Grovesnor street, Grovesnor square, builders, Jan. 16.—Watts G. and W. Bush, Bristol, ivory black manufacturers, Jan. 19.—Warrington N. High street, Borough, Jan. 19.—Werniuch G. and J. Plymouth, merchants, Jan. 19.—Whitehouse J. Stratford on Avon, Warwick, mercer, Jan. 20.—Warren G. T. and H. Little Grovesnor street, Grovesnor square, builders, Jan. 30.—Wicks W. Frampton upon Severn, Gloucestershire, shopkeeper, Jan. 26.—Wood J. Moss side, Manchester, merchant, Feb. 1.—Wheeler S. A. Birmingham, merchant, Jan. 21.—Willits T. Great Queen street, ironmonger, Jan. 5.—Walker J. Shoreditch, furniture broker, Feb. 6.—Wale T. Lutterworth, Leicestershire, draper, Jan. 28.—Willits T. Great Queen street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, ironmonger, Jan. 12.—Woodcock W. Preston, Lancashire, timber merchant, Feb. 9.

DAILY PRICES OF STOCKS, FROM DECEMBER 22, 1818, TO JANUARY 25, 1819, BOTH INCLUSIVE.

1818 Days.	Bank Stock. Holiday.	3 per C Redu.	4 per C Cons.	5 per C Cons.	5 per C Navy.	Long Annas.	Irish 5 per C per Ct.	Imp. Annas.	Omnium.	India Stock.	So. Sea Stock.	O.S.S. Stock.	N.S.S. Stock.	4 per Ct. Ind. Bon.	Ex. Bills. 2d per Day for Ac.	Consols
Dec. 25																
26		77½	86½	87½	87½	19½			par 0 dls.					76 78 pm.	10 16 pm.	78½
27		77½	86½	87½	87½	19½			0½ pm.					76 78 pm.	11 16 pm.	78½
28		77½	86½	87½	87½	19½								78 79 pm.	12 18 pm.	78½
29		77½	86½	87½	87½	19½								70 80 pm.	13 18 pm.	79½
30		77½	86½	87½	87½	19½									15 17 pm.	79½
31		77½	86½	87½	87½	19½								80 pm.	16 18 pm.	79½
1819 1		77½	86½	87½	87½	19½								42 90 pm.	17 19 pm.	79½
2		77½	86½	87½	87½	19½								93 93 pm.	18 20 pm.	79½
3		77½	86½	87½	87½	19½										
4		77½	86½	87½	87½	19½										
5		77½	86½	87½	87½	19½										
6		77½	86½	87½	87½	19½										
7		77½	86½	87½	87½	19½										
8		77½	86½	87½	87½	19½										
9		77½	86½	87½	87½	19½										
10		77½	86½	87½	87½	19½										
11		77½	86½	87½	87½	19½										
12		77½	86½	87½	87½	19½										
13		77½	86½	87½	87½	19½										
14		77½	86½	87½	87½	19½										
15		77½	86½	87½	87½	19½										
16		77½	86½	87½	87½	19½										
17		77½	86½	87½	87½	19½										
18		77½	86½	87½	87½	19½										
19		77½	86½	87½	87½	19½										
20		77½	86½	87½	87½	19½										
21		77½	86½	87½	87½	19½										
22		77½	86½	87½	87½	19½										
23		77½	86½	87½	87½	19½										
24		77½	86½	87½	87½	19½										
25		77½	86½	87½	87½	19½										

All Exchequer Bills dated prior to the month of Feb., 1818, have been advertised to be paid off, and the Interest thereon has ceased.

N. B. The above Table contains the highest and lowest prices, taken from the Course of the Exchange, &c. originally published by John Castaign, in the year 1719, and now published, every Tuesday and Friday, under the authority of the Committee of the Stock Exchange, by
JAMES WETENHALL, Stock-Broker, Angel court, Throgmorton-street, London,
 On application to whom the original documents for near a century past may be read.

**Prices of Canal Shares, &c. in the Month of January, 1819, at the Office
of Mr. Clarke, 39, Throgmorton Street.**

CANALS.	Div. per Ann.	Pershare.
	l. s.	
Ashby-de-la-Zouch . . .	—	20l.
Coventry . . .	44 0	1000l.
Dudley . . .	3 0	47l.
Ellesmere & Chester . . .	2 0	66l.
Grand Junction . . .	9 0	250l.
Grand Union . . .	—	40l. 39l.
Huddersfield . . .	—	12l. 10s.
Kenner & Avon . . .	17 6	22l.
Old Union . . .	4 0	90l.
Oxford . . .	31 0	630l.
Rochdale . . .	1 0	47l. 48l.
Thames & Medway . . .	—	31l. 10s.
Warwick & Birmingham . . .	10s.	222l. 225l.
Warwick & Napton . . .	10 0	217l. 220l.
Worcester & Birmingham . . .	—	33l.
Wilts & Berks . . .	—	12l. 10s.
DOCKS.		
East India . . .	10 0	180l.
London . . .	3 0	81l.
Commercial . . .	3 0	63l.

	Div. per Ann.	Pershare.
	l. s.	
WATER-WORKS.		
East London . . .	3 10	90l. 86l.
Grand Junction . . .	—	42l.
Kent . . .	3 0	40l. 42l.
South London . . .	—	19l.
West Middlesex . . .	—	45l.
BRIDGES.		
Southwark, Old . . .	—	60l.
Ditto New . . .	—	51l. 10s.
Waterloo . . .	—	10l.
Do. Annuities, 60l. pd. . .	—	35l. 10s.
Do. Do. . . 40l. pd. . .	—	25l.
Vauxhall . . .	—	30l.
Ditto Bonds . . .	5 0	98l.
MISCELLANEOUS.		
Globe Assurance . . .	6 0	127l. ex. div.
Hope . . .	—	4l. 4s.
Rock . . .	—	4l. 4s.
Auction Mart . . .	1 5	20l. 21l.
Westminster Gas Light . . .	4 0	74l.
Do. New, . . . 30l. pd. . .	—	52l. 15s.

. It is with great satisfaction that we again congratulate our readers and the public upon the improving commerce of the country. The rates of tonnage upon the several leading Canals throughout the kingdom for the last year exhibit a larger amount than at any former period.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE.

N.B. The Observations are made twice every day, at Eight o'Clock in the Morning and at Ten in the Evening.

1819.	Ther.	Wind.	General Remarks	1819.	Ther.	Wind.	General Remarks
Jan. 1	41.31	W.S.W.	Clear	Jan. 19	41.36	W.	Cloudy
2	E. 32	W.S.W.	Foggy	20	E. 39	W.S.W.	Cloudy, showers
3	M. 32½	E. cloudy	Foggy	21	M. 36	W.	Cloudy
4	E. 36	E. cloudy	Cloudy	22	E. 40	S.W.	Rainy
5	M. 38	S.S.E.	Thin transp. clouds	23	M. 35	W.	Brisk gale
6	E. 32	E.	Serene	24	E. 36½	W.S.W.	Cloudy
7	M. 28½	E.	Slight fog,	25	M. 36	W.S.W.	Serene
8	E. 30	S. & S.S.E.	Serene	26	E. 45	S.W.	Rainy, afterw. fine
9	M. 30½	E.	Foggy	27	M. 37	S.W.	Serene
10	E. 35½	S.E.	Faint breeze	28	E. 39	S.W.	Gentle showers
11	M. 36	S.E.	Foggy	29	M. 43	E.S.E.	Cloudy
12	E. 33	E.S.E.	Gentle breeze	30	E. 44	W.S.W.	Stormy
13	M. 40½	S.	Fresh breeze				
14	E. 42	S.S.W.	Showers				
15	M. 31½	S.W.	Serene				
16	E. 43	S.	Stormy				
17	M. 46	S.W.	Showers				
18	E. 43	S.W.	Stormy				
19	M. 44	S.W.	Cloudy				
20	E. 52	S.W.	Cloudy				
21	M. 45	W.S.W.	Partially cloudy				
22	E. 41	W.S.W.	Showers				
23	M. 43	W.S.W.	Serene				
24	E. 41	S.W.	Cloudy				
25	M. 35	S.S.W.	Serene				
26	E. 36	W.N.W.	Showery				
27	M. 40	S.W.	Cloudy				
28	E. 52	S.W.	Showers				
29	M. 41	W.S.W.	Partially cloudy				
30	E. 40	W.N.W.	Stormy				
31	M. 35	W.	Serene				
32	E. 49	W.S.W.	Rainy				
33	M. 18	S.W.	Strong gale				
34	E. 43	W.S.W.	Serene				
35	M. 41	W.	Slight showers				
36	E. 35	W.N.W.	Serene				

METEOROLOGICAL REPORT.

DURING the first six days in this month, the air was nearly calm, with frequent and very dense fogs, which when they cleared up disclosed, in most instances, a cloudless sky; the wind fluctuating between the S. and E. a very slight frost prevailed in the mornings, but the thermometer never descended lower than 46°. From the 7th to the 14th inclusive, the wind has generally blown from the collateral points of the southward of the west, accompanied by heavy occasional showers. The days, however, have been for the most part serene. The principal characteristic of the weather this month has been its remarkable mildness; and what is perhaps entirely unexampled, no snow has hitherto fallen from the commencement of the winter. Every thing presages that the succeeding month will be unusually warm, and, as may be reasonably anticipated, the ensuing spring cold, bleak, and unfruitful.

DIGEST OF POLITICAL EVENTS.

GREAT BRITAIN.

THE new sessions of the Imperial Parliament was opened on Thursday the 21st January, by commission, on account of the recent death of her majesty, when the following speech was delivered to both Houses of Parliament by the Lord Chancellor:—

“My Lords and Gentlemen—We are commanded by his Royal Highness the Prince Regent to express to you the deep regret which he feels in the continuance of his Majesty’s lamented indisposition. In announcing to you the severe calamity with which it has pleased Divine Providence to visit the Prince Regent, the Royal Family, and the Nation, by the death of her Majesty the Queen of the United Kingdom, his Royal Highness has commanded us to direct your attention to the consideration of such measures as this melancholy event has rendered necessary and expedient with respect to the care of his Majesty’s sacred person. We are directed to inform you that the negotiations which have taken place at Aix-la-Chapelle, have led to the evacuation of the French territory by the allied armies. The Prince Regent has given orders that the convention concluded for this purpose, as well as the other documents connected with this arrangement, shall be laid before you; and he is persuaded that you will view with peculiar satisfaction the intimate union which so happily subsists amongst the powers who were parties to these transactions, and the unvaried disposition which has been manifested in all their proceedings for the preservation of the peace and tranquillity of Europe. The Prince Regent has commanded us further to acquaint you, that a treaty has been concluded between his Royal Highness and the Government of the United States of America, for the renewal, for a further term of years, of the commercial convention now subsisting between the two nations, and for the amicable adjustment of several points of mutual importance to the interests of both countries; and as soon as the ratifications shall have been exchanged, his Royal Highness will give directions that a copy of this treaty shall be laid before you.

“Gentlemen of the House of Commons—The Prince Regent has directed that the estimates for the current year shall be laid before you. His Royal Highness feels assured that you will learn with satisfaction the extent of reduction which the present situation of Europe, and the circumstances of the British empire, have enabled his Royal Highness to effect in the naval and military establishments of the country. His Royal Highness has also the gratification of announcing to you a considerable and progressive improvement of the revenue in its most important branches.

“My Lords and Gentlemen—The Prince

Regent has directed to be laid before you such papers as are necessary to shew the origin and result of the war in the East Indies. His Royal Highness commands us to inform you, that the operations undertaken by the Governor-General in Council against the Pindarees, were dictated by the strictest principles of self-defence; and that in the extended hostilities which followed upon those operations, the Mahratta princes were, in every instance, the aggressors. Under the provident and skilful superintendence of the Marquis of Hastings, the campaign was marked in every point by brilliant achievements and successes; and his Majesty’s forces and those of the East India Company (native as well as European) rivalled each other in sustaining the reputation of the British arms. The Prince Regent has the greatest pleasure in being able to inform you that the trade, commerce, and manufactures of the country are in a most flourishing condition. The favourable change which has so rapidly taken place in the internal circumstances of the United Kingdom, affords the strongest proof of the solidity of its resources. To cultivate and improve the advantages of our present situation will be the object of your deliberations; and his Royal Highness has commanded us to assure you of his disposition to concur and co-operate in whatever may be best calculated to secure to his Majesty’s subjects the full benefit of that state of peace which, by the blessing of Providence, has been so happily re-established throughout Europe.”

The customary address was moved in the House of Commons by Mr. Brownlow, and seconded by Mr. Peel, who thought that every honorable member in the House might give it his support, whatever were his political views, without any impeachment of his character for consistency, or without pledging himself as to the support of future measures. This, however reasonable it might appear, was not the case, for Mr. Macdonald rose to remark, that he could not, through mere courtesy, permit it to escape without some opposition. He rejoiced that reductions in the army were in progress, but stigmatised the colouring as it respected the state of the country. It was well to hear, he said, that the people had been enabled to pay nearly four millions more than they had done last year, but it would be much better to learn that in future they would have less to pay. He regretted the omission in the speech of all allusion to a reduction of our taxation.—After taking a rapid, but somewhat mistaken, view of the intentions of ministers to redeem the pledge made during the last session, for further reductions in taxation, and of the measures necessary to be adopt-

ed for the final abolition of the traffic in human species, he concluded by observing, that it was well known that the principal result of the Congress had been decided without our interference; but, as these remarks were made without being embodied in the shape of an amendment, the address was agreed to.

On the 22d some very important conversation took place in the House of Commons as it respects the general prosperity of the country. At this very early period of the sitting the agricultural petition, which has for a considerable time agitated and alarmed the commercial, manufacturing, and labouring classes of society, was presented by Sir Gerard Noel, on behalf of certain farmers and landholders of the county of Rutland. After some few observations from the baronet, Mr. Calcraft called the attention of the House more particularly to the point which produced an official communication from the President of the Board of Trade, stating the sentiments entertained upon it by the Prince Regent's ministers, who lamented extremely that such a question had been agitated, and assured the House that should the subject be brought forward in parliament in the shape of a substantive proposition, it should be met with their most decided opposition. From this specimen of the feelings of ministers, and of the sober-thinking part of the House of Commons, we may fairly conclude that the object of those who would add to the burdens of the poor, by increasing the price of the staff of life, has wholly failed.

The Bank Restriction Bill also underwent a partial discussion, on which subject the assurance of the Chancellor of the Exchequer was truly gratifying; he said, he saw no reason to suppose that he should find it necessary in the present year to have recourse to a loan or funding. From what passed in the House of Commons, as well as what fell from the Earl of Liverpool on Tuesday, in the House of Lords, it appears evident that ministers intend to propose a further extension to the 1st of March, 1820, of the restriction on cash payments by the Bank of England.

FRANCE.

The Chambers continue their sittings, and are nearly as active as our own Parliament. They are at present occupied in a measure, the importance of which is not confined to their own country. According to the ancient laws of France, and the renewal of part of them in the Code Napoleon, the goods of foreigners, dying in France, became the property of the crown; so that, if a foreign traveller should have a considerable sum with him, or should have purchased any leasehold interest in a house or land, such sum of money and such leasehold become, upon his death, forfeited to the crown. This law, and the prerogative under it, are called the *droit d'aubaine*.

A proposal has been made by government for the abolition of this barbarous and feudal law, and for enabling foreigners to possess their property in common with natives, and, if naturalized by law, to exercise the elective franchise.

The finances of this kingdom are evidently improving, the funds have risen, and continue steady at about 147½ Bank stock. The 5 per cents. 67½. 40c.; from which it may be fairly inferred, that the new ministerial arrangements are popular. Report has attributed the rise in the funds to the expectation that Baron Louis, the new minister, will immediately cause the sale of the royal forests, and apply the proceeds in the purchase of *rentes*, to the amount, it is calculated, of from 10 to 12 millions.

SPAIN.

Complaint continues to be made of the bad state of the police of this country, and of the depredations of large troops of banditti.

The cabinet of Madrid have confided to the Junta or Corporate Body of Cadiz, the task of providing transports for the completion of the long-talked of expedition. The merchants of London, in consequence, have dispatched an agent to Cadiz with power to contract for any number of ships that may be required. The sudden death of the queen, in the 22d year of her age, has caused considerable consternation at Madrid. Her majesty, whose accouchement was hourly expected, was seized with convulsions on the evening of the 26th, and lived only twenty-two minutes after the first attack. After her majesty's decease, the Cæsarian operation was performed, but the child (a female) only survived a few minutes. The deceased queen, Maria Isabella Francisca, was born at Lisbon on the 16th May, 1797, was the daughter of the Prince of Brazil, now John VI. King of Portugal, by Charlotte Joachima Bourbon, Infanta of Spain. Her majesty was married in person to the king on the 29th September, 1816, having been before married by proxy. His Majesty was born in 1784.

AMERICA.

A very important public document has been submitted to the President of the United States, from Mr. Graham and Mr. Rodney, two gentlemen employed by the American government to report upon the present state of South America, which exhibits the views of America towards these provinces. It is almost matter of certainty, that they will be divorced from Spain, and thereby released from a thralldom which cramped their growth, and whilst it prohibited enjoyment to others, kept them in a constant state of pupillage.

A bill has been brought into the House of Representatives, the observations on which afford a melancholy picture of the sufferings of the emigrants from Europe, in their passage to the United States. They are

not exceeded by the privations of the blacks in the middle passage, nor attended with less mortality. Of 5,000, who sailed from Antwerp, &c. &c. in the year 1817—1,000 died on the passage. In one instance, a Captain sailed from a Dutch port with 1,287 passengers, in a single ship; he shortly afterwards put into the Texel; in the interval 400 had died, and 300 more died before the vessel reached Philadelphia.

SOUTH AMERICA.

Active operations are about to take place among the Patriots, in consequence of the arrival of Admiral Cochrane, who, on the

14th of December, sent a dispatch to Admiral Biron, stating, that he was at Tescos, to the windward of Margareta, with four vessels under his command: his flag was then flying on board a forty-four gun frigate, which had been struck by lightning a few days previous, by which she was much injured. It is intended to give up the point of superiority to Lord Cochrane, and an attack will then immediately be made on some part of the Main. General Bolivar has resigned his civil office, and declares that he will accept of none but a military one.

INCIDENTS, PROMOTIONS, BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, DEATHS, &c. IN LONDON AND MIDDLESEX;

With Biographical Accounts of Distinguished Characters.

BULLETIN OF THE KING'S HEALTH.

Windsor Castle, Jan. 2, 1819.

"HIS Majesty's disorder remains unaltered. His Majesty continues cheerful, and in good general health."

(Signed as usual.)

THE LATE QUEEN'S WILL.

The will of her late Majesty was last week proved in Doctors' Commons, by Lord Arden and Gen. Taylor, the executors. The personal property is sworn to as being under 140,000*l*.

The will is in substance as follows:—

Her Majesty directs her debts, and the legacies and annuities given by her will, to be paid out of the personalty, or out of the sale of personalty, if there is not sufficient in her Majesty's treasury to provide for those payments.

Her Majesty states her property to consist of a real estate in New Windsor, called the Lower Lodge, and of personals of various description: those of the greatest value being her jewels, which are classed as follows:—

1. Those which the King purchased for 50,000*l*. and presented to her (supposed on her marriage).
2. Those presented to her by the Nabob of Arcot.
3. Those purchased by herself, or being presents made on birth-days, or other occasions.

In the event of the King surviving, and being restored from his malady, her Majesty bequeaths to him, the jewels which he purchased and gave her; but if he should not survive, or not be restored to a sound state of mind, she then gives those jewels to the House of Hanover as an heir-loom.

Her Majesty then alludes to the Queen of Wurtemberg being so handsomely provided for, and gives the jewels presented by the Nabob of Arcot, to her four remaining daughters, directing those jewels to be sold, and the produce divided amongst the four daughters, subject to the charge of debts, &c.

The remaining jewels she gives equally amongst the four daughters just mentioned, to be divided according to a valuation to be made of them.

The house and ground at Frogmore, and the Shawe establishment, her Majesty gives to the Princess Augusta Sophia; but if she should find living in it, and keeping it up too expensive, it is directed to revert to the Crown, upon a valuation being made and given for it to the Princess Augusta Sophia, with due consideration to the improvements; whether it shall please the Prince Regent to reserve the possession of it as an appendage to Windsor Castle, or to authorize any other disposal of it.

Her Majesty gives the fixtures, articles of common household furniture, and live and dead stock in the house at Frogmore, or on the estates, to her daughter Augusta Sophia.

She gives the real estate in New Windsor, purchased of the late Duke of St. Albans and commonly called the Lower Lodge, with its appendages, to her youngest daughter Sophia.

Her books, plate, house-linen, china, pictures, drawings, prints, all articles of ornamental furniture, and all other valuables and personals, she directs to be divided in equal shares, according to a valuation to be made, amongst her four younger daughters.

Her Majesty states, that she brought various property from Mecklenburg, as specified in a list, No. 1, to be annexed to her will; and she desires, that that property shall revert to the House of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, and be sent back to the senior branch of that house.

Her Majesty then expresses her intention of giving several legacies, as specified in a list No. 2, to be annexed to her will, to be paid out of her personal property, within six months after her death; but no such lists as these were annexed to her will, or made out by her Majesty.

Her Majesty appoints Lord Arden and

General Taylor, trustees for the property bequeathed to her daughters, Elizabeth and Mary; stating that property to be left to them for their sole benefit, and independent of any husbands they have, or may have, and she also appoints Lord Arden and General Taylor her executors.

The will is dated Nov. 16, 1818 (the day before her Majesty's death). It is in the hand-writing of General Taylor; and two of the attesting witnesses, are Sir Francis Millman and Sir Henry Hallford.

Society for the Encouragement of Industry, and Reduction of Poors' Rates.—The Provisional Committee recently formed in London, for the above purposes, continue their well-meant and patriotic endeavours; and are collecting a mass of practical information from all parts of the country on the condition of the labourers in agriculture. The expedients principally recommended in the communications made to the Committee are, it is stated, of two kinds; the one proposing the allotment of small portions of land, at a moderate rent, to married labourers; and the other recommending a more general adoption of spade cultivation. On the former subject, the Provisional Committee have been favoured with a letter from the Bishop of Chester, in which his Lordship strenuously recommends a mode once adopted by himself, among the married labourers at Wallingham, near Cambridge, at the time he was rector of that parish. His lordship divided a certain quantity of glebe lands into allotments of half and single acres, and each labourer, with a family, was allowed to rent one of these allotments, at the rate of three guineas per acre a year.—Upon this land, with the assistance of a little common grazing, they were, in most instances, soon able to keep a cow and a pig; to raise more than sufficient vegetables for their families; to add materially to their comfort in many minor respects; and they were shortly enabled to contribute to the parish funds, instead of being consumers of them. “At the same time,” adds his Lordship, “the men were kept from the ale-house, their leisure time being more happily occupied in cultivating their little spot of ground: the rent was always punctually paid, and the land as well, if not better, cultivated, than any in the parish.”—Upon the subject of *spade cultivation*, the committee have received very conclusive calculations of the advantages to be derived from it. Among others, Mr. Tallor, of Gateshead, near Newcastle (a gentleman to whom they were referred for information, by the venerable President of the Board of Agriculture), has communicated a variety of important facts on this head. He gives an instance of lands cultivated by the spade, and the wheat *planted* in dibbles, producing the enormous return of *seventeen* quarters of wheat to the acre! The average produce in the ordinary mode of cultivation, is not

more than four quarters; so that the extra expense is more than repaid four-fold. The expense of *digging* an acre of ordinary land, at nursery price, he states to be 33s.; and this, he adds, is an operation worth two ploughings; and besides, by planting the wheat, there is a great saving in seed. In the usual mode of broad-cast, it requires two bushels to the acre; but in ploughing, one peck is sufficient. Mr. T. also states, that by spade husbandry he has made an acre of land produce the almost incredible quantity of 800 bushels! and he gives it as his opinion, that the more general use of the spade would have the most beneficial effect, not only upon the agricultural labourers themselves, but on their employers also; for although the farmer might not be able to find labourers to cultivate large quantities of land in this way, he might at least cultivate sufficient to employ his quota of the labourers of his parish, and so at once exonerate the poor rates, and be himself amply repaid.

With respect to the probable general and ultimate success of the exertions of this Society, we shall not at present offer any opinion. Every humane mind, however, must wish that it may prove unqualified. Meanwhile, we give circulation to the following queries, proposed by the committee, with a view to elicit such information as they conceive likely to favour their praiseworthy undertaking:—

Inquiries.—1. If such of the poor as have small families, and are out of work, or whose low wages are insufficient to maintain them, were supplied with a small portion of land nearly rent free, with the means of erecting a cottage, if necessary, on the same, would it prove a stimulus to industry, be accepted and cultivated, and eventually render parochial relief unnecessary?

2. For persons with large families, say six children and upwards, in similar circumstances, would it be considered likely, if a cow and a sufficient quantity of land, say one and a half or two acres, at a low rent, were supplied, that such would be enabled to live without parochial assistance?

3. What effects might such assistance be expected to produce in a given number of years (say ten or fifteen) on the moral condition and happiness of the poor, especially of the rising race, and the welfare of the community at large?

4. If approved (and the money necessary to accomplish it could be raised), your opinion is requested as to the best mode of carrying the same into effect.

5. Your opinion is requested on the propriety of large and populous places employing land for the occupation of their poor under suitable superintendence (which has in some instances been practised) with a view to enable them to subsist without parochial aid?

6. Any other information on the subject

of furnishing employment to our industrious poor, not prejudicial to existing occupations, will be esteemed.

A General bill of all the christenings and burials from December 16, 1817, to December 15, 1818:—Christened in the 97 parishes within the walls, 1,048; buried, 1,204. Christened in the 17 parishes without the walls, 5,317; buried, 4,078. Christened in the 23 out-parishes in Middlesex and Surrey, 13,110; buried, 10,099.—Christened in the 10 parishes in the City and Liberties of Westminster, 4,458; buried, 4,324.

Christened	Males	-	12,530
Ditto	Females	-	11,703
Buried	Males	-	9,883
Ditto	Females	-	9,822

Whereof have died,

Under two years of age	-	-	5,381
Between two and five	-	-	1,815
Five and ten	-	-	808
Ten and twenty	-	-	703
Twenty and thirty	-	-	1,453
Thirty and forty	-	-	1,884
Forty and fifty	-	-	2,040
Fifty and sixty	-	-	1,364
Sixty and seventy	-	-	1,585
Seventy and eighty	-	-	1,271
Eighty and ninety	-	-	722
Ninety and a hundred	-	-	175
A hundred	-	-	1
A hundred and one	-	-	1
A hundred and two	-	-	1
A hundred and eight	-	-	1

Decreased in burials this year, 263

The late Lord Ellenborough died worth upwards of 240,000*l*. By his will he has left 2,000*l*. for life to his widow; 10,000*l*. a year to his eldest son, the present lord, and 15,000*l*. to each of his other children. He has directed the house in St. James's-square and the villa at Roehampton to be sold—the former cost 18,000*l*.

The following regiments are under orders to embark at Cork for foreign service:—The 27th, for Gibraltar; 50th and 92d, for Jamaica; 82d, for the Mauritius; 20th, for St. Helena; 45th, for Ceylon. The 3d West India regiment, at Jamaica and the Bahama Islands, and the 4th West India regiment, at Gibraltar, are both to be taken by the transports to Sierra Leone to be disbanded. The 22d regiment is to return from the Mauritius. The 20th regiment is an additional corps, to be stationed at St. Helena (the 66th being there), owing to the reduction recently made in the number of men in each regiment.

Ecclesiastical Preferments.—Rev. H. Beva, to the living of Congresbury, Somerset.—Rev. J. Brewster, to the vicarage of Grantham, Durham.—Rev. John Davison, to the rectory of Washington, Durham.—Rev. George Feaver, A. M. to the vicarage of Lydling St. Nicholas, Dorset.—Rev. J. T. Horton, to the vicarage of Ormskirk, Lancashire.—Rev. J. Hollist, to the perpetual curacy of St. James's Church, Manchester.—Rev. P. Hudson, to the rectories of Ailmer-

ton and Felbrigg, Norfolk.—Rev. H. D. Leeves, M. A. student of C. C. Oxford, to the domestic chaplaincy of the earl of Whitworth.—Rev. Charles Lethbridge, to the perpetual curacy of St. Stephens, by Launceston.—Rev. E. I. Poweys, to the rectory of Bucknall and Bagnal, Staffordshire.—Rev. H. Poynder, to the rectory of Horne, Surrey.—Rev. R. B. Plumtree, to the rectory of North Coates, Lincolnshire.—Rev. George Pearson, M. A. to the perpetual curacy of St. Olaves, Chester.—Rev. John Risley, to the rectory of Thornton, with that of Ashton, Notts.—Rev. E. Spettigle, to the rectory of Michaelstow, Cornwall.—Rev. E. Valpy, to the rectory of Twaite, Norfolk.—Rev. James Ward, to the rectory of Bisingham, St. Peter, Norfolk.—Rev. H. B. Wroth, M. A. to the vicarage of Tottenham, Bedfordshire.

Births.—At Cay Hill, the lady of E. Harman, esq. of a son and heir.—In Bull's-head court, the wife of Mr. Saunders, of twins; she is in the fifty-ninth year of her age, and had no children for thirty-five years before.—In Tavistock-square, the lady of Duncan Campbell, esq. of a daughter.—In Cecil-street, the lady of H. R. Plaw, esq. of a daughter.—In Tower-street, the lady of G. Farrar, esq. of a daughter.—In New Bridge-street, Mrs. Martin Ware, of a son.—The lady of captain Weyland Powell, of the guards, of a daughter.—In Welbeck-street, the lady of sir James Lake, bart. of a daughter.—In Bernard-street, the lady of R. H. Ripley esq.—In Norfolk-street, Park-lane, the hon. Mrs. Repton, of a son.—In Charlotte-street, Portland-place, the lady of W. Vansittart, esq. of a son.—In Tavistock-square, the wife of J. Braham, esq. of a son.—The lady of J. Levien, esq. of a son.—In Manchester-street, Manchester-square, the lady of J. Baillie, esq. of twin sons.—In High-street, Mary-le-bone, the lady of H. Down, esq. of a son.—In Gower-st. Bedford-square, the lady of William Oldnall Russel, esq. of a son.—In Bernard-st. Russel-square, the lady of R. H. Coote, esq. of a son.—In Berners-street, the lady of J. Lecklie, esq. of a son. In Southampton-row, Russel-square, the lady of J. Chabot, esq. of a daughter.—In Woburn-place, the lady of J. H. Merivale, esq. of a daughter.—In Lower Brook-street, the lady of Dr. Warren, of a daughter.—In Henrietta-street, lady Wilson, of a son and heir.—In St. James's-square, the duchess of St. Albans, of a son.—Mrs. T. H. Longden, of Wood-lodge, of a son.—In Lower Brook-street, the lady of D. Warren, esq. of a daughter.—The lady of Lieut. Col. Forsteeen, of a daughter.—In Nottingham-place, the lady of Hugh Rose, esq. of a son.

Married.—At Sunbury, James Ross, L. L. D. to Miss Smith.—At St. George's, Hanover-square, J. Delafield, esq. to Charlotte, fourth daughter of H. C. Combe, esq. of Cobham-park.—At St. George's church, the most noble Marquis of Blandford, to lady

Jane Stewart, daughter of the earl of Gallo-way.—M. F. Farr, esq. to Mary Anne, youngest daughter of Sir E. Lacon.—At Hampsted, J. Spencer, esq. of Bellanger, to Julia, daughter of the late Dr. Lawrence.—At St. Mary-le-bone, E. B. Deeple, esq. to Miss L. Elmsley, of Stratford-lodge, Wilts.—T. Prior, esq. of the 18th hussars, to Miss Skinner, of Moore-hall, Berks.—R. Paterson, esq. of Woburn-place, to Caroline Frances, youngest daughter of the late R. Cateley, esq.—At St. George's, Hanover-square, the Rev. G. Godbold, M. A. to Miss Elen Cooke, niece of the bishop of Durham.—At St. Pancras, M. Holmes, Esq. to Miss E. Holmes. At Harrow, L. Mc. Kinnou, esq. to Miss Duncan.

Died.—In Friday-street, J. Elliott, esq. aged seventy-five, common council-man of Broad-street ward for twenty-seven years.—In Salisbury-court, Fleet-street, Daniel Lovell, esq. proprietor and editor of the *Statesman* newspaper.—In Upper Berkely-street, Mrs. Scott, formerly of Scott's-hall, Kent, aged ninety-three.—In King's-parade, Chelsea, W. Bolland, esq.—The Right Hon. Earl Powlett, Viscount and Baron of Hinton, St. George's. He was twice married; by his first wife, Sophia, daughter of Admiral Pocock, K.B. he had 10 children, 5 of whom died in the flower of youth and manhood. His Lordship had been in a declining state for some months; but his health had of late so much improved, that his medical attendants entertained the most sanguine expectations of his recovery. He was, however, seized with a fit of apoplexy, which terminated his existence in the course of a very few hours.—In Lincoln's-inn-fields, Aaron Graham, esq.—In Clarges-street, I. Manby, esq. of Downsell-hall.—At Clayhill, Enfield, J. Carr, Esq.—In Southampton-st. Bloomsbury, A. Toulmin, esq.—In Gower-street, aged 86, the Rev. Dr. William Morrice, the senior of his majesty's chaplains.—At Pentonville, W. Jones, esq. aged 81.—In Charlotte-street, Bloomsbury, Miss Ann Wyndham, daughter of col. Wyndham.—In York-place, Mrs. O'Neil Power, wife of Dr. O'Neil Power.—At Gloucester-place, Jemima, third daughter of the late Charles Pasley, Esq.—Adrian Hope, esq. second son of the late J. Hope, esq. of Harley-st.—In Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square, Mrs. Bewers, widow of captain J. H. Bewers, R. N.—At Homerton, Frances Mary, the eldest daughter of H. Dickinson, esq.—At Chelsea, Helen, wife of R. Price, esq.—At Blackheath, Mary, wife of S. Kent, esq. aged 61.—In Upper Berkely-street, Mrs. Scott, relict of Edward Scott, esq. aged 91; she was wet nurse to the Prince Regent.—At Stepney, captain Wm. Snow, Royal Navy, aged 86.—In Beaumont-street, R. Heathcote, esq. of the audit office, aged 74.—In Poland-street, Charles Newby, esq. aged 75.—Thomas Leach, esq. magis-

trate of Hatton Garden, aged 72.—James Moffat, esq. of Hoxton-square, London.—At Chelsea, Capt. Wolfe, relict of Lord Kilwarden.—In Green Park-place, Lady Araminta Monck.—In Warren-street, Fitzroy-square, Col. James Robertson, 66.—Miss Clark, daughter of James Clark, esq. of Northampton.—In Wimpole-street, George Augustus Frederick, youngest son of the late H. Vernon, esq. of Hilton-park, Stafford.—In Red Lion-square, G. Sandeman, esq. M. D. 72.

SIR PHILIP FRANCIS.

At his house in St. James's-square, on the 22d of December, SIR PHILIP FRANCIS, K. B. He was born at Dublin, October 22, 1740, old style, being the son of Dr. Philip Francis, translator of Horace; grandson of John Francis, dean of Lismore; and great grandson of another John Francis, dean of Leighlin; a series of similar honours descending in the line scarcely to be paralleled. His mother's name was Roe, and she was a descendant of the famous ambassador of that name. The late Sir Philip was educated partly in Ireland, and partly at St. Paul's School, in which last seminary, however, he did not long continue, for at the age of sixteen, we find him placed in the Secretary of State's office. Two years afterwards, he was appointed Secretary to General Bligh, in his expedition against Cherburgh. In 1780 he acted in the same capacity to the Earl of Kinnoul, ambassador to the court of Lisbon: and in 1763, he received a considerable appointment in the War Office, which situation he resigned in 1772, on account of some difference with Lord Barrington. The same year, he travelled through Germany, France, and Italy; and soon after his return, was named in the new Act of Parliament as one of the council appointed for the government of Bengal. He remained in India some years, which period exhibited little else than a history of the disputes between him and Mr. Hastings. These contests ran so high as to produce a duel, in which Mr. Francis was severely wounded. He left Bengal in Dec. 1780, and arrived in England in Oct. 1781. On the dissolution of Parliament in 1784, he was elected for Yarmouth, in the Isle of Wight. He had now an opportunity of venting his resentment against his old antagonist, and he did not fail to take advantage of it. The prosecution of Mr. Hastings followed; and to the disgrace of the managers, they strove hard to get his most inveterate enemy associated with themselves in the conduct of the impeachment.—This, however, was too barefaced to pass, and the motion was repeatedly negatived. In 1806, the king invested Mr. Francis with the Order of the Bath, since which he has appeared but little before the public, except in a "Letter to Earl Grey on the State of Affairs;" and in the form of a claimant to the Letters of Junius. Whether the book

in which his pretensions are pompously set forth was written with his cognizance we dare not say; but it does not appear that he has ever disavowed the assumption which it advocates in his name. For our parts, we have not the smallest faith in an assertion which is at variance with every rule of probability. It is said that he has left an historical manuscript relating to the principal characters of the present reign; and when that appears, if ever it doth appear, we shall be better enabled to judge of the literary merits of a man whose talents were certainly not very conspicuous beyond the precincts of his party. Before his death, he was reduced to extreme debility by an excruciating disease in the prostate glands, with which he had been for several years afflicted, and from which his age precluded all chance of recovery. He has left a son, Philip, and two daughters, Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Cholmondeley. A short time ago he married Miss Watkins, the daughter of a clergyman. The disparity of years was great, but the attachment had been of long duration. In person Sir Philip was thin, well formed, and above the ordinary stature; his features regular, and his eyes keen, quick, and intelligent: his appearance altogether prepossessing, gentlemanly, and dignified.

JOHN COURTOIS.

At his house in St. Martin's-street, Leicester-fields, JOHN COURTOIS, an hair-dresser, and a native of France. He came to England in the capacity of a gentleman's valet, about fifty years ago; and after living with several persons of respectability, set up shop in the very house where he died. Here he carried on the business of a peruke maker and hair dresser, on a respectable footing; many years: but he added to his profession another, which proved more lucrative: having a very extensive acquaintance with the servants in genteel families, his shop became the resort of persons of that description; particularly those who were out of place. These he instructed in the art of hair-dressing, gave them temporary employment, and never failed in procuring them situations, for all which he expected a handsome acknowledgment; and if they refused to comply with his terms, he was sure to make them feel the effects of his resentment. By these means, and the most penurious habits, he soon made money, which he very carefully placed out upon public security, where interest reduplicating upon itself with continued additions to the principle, multiplied to a large capital in the course of a few years.

The late Lord Gage one day met Courtois at the East-India House, where a sharp contest for the direction was pending, and being rather surprised, he accosted him thus:—"Ah, Courtois, what brings you here?" "To give my votes, my Lord," was the answer. "What, are you a proprietor?" "Most certainly." "And more

votes than one?" "Yes, my Lord, I have four." "Aye, indeed! why then, before you take the book, be kind enough to pin up my curls." With this demand, the proprietor of four votes, amounting in the whole to ten thousand pounds, immediately complied. Let it be observed, however, in justice to this eccentric nobleman, that Courtois was actually the regular attendant upon his Lordship, as his friseur at this very time. In the year 1795, Mr. Courtois was brought before the public in a very remarkable manner, on the following occasion:—A female adventurer, named Maria Theresa Phipoe, who lived in Hans Town, Brompton, formed an acquaintance with the miser, whom she inveigled to her house upon an invitation, and when there, with the assistance of Mary Browne her servant, she fastened the visitor in a chair, and extorted from him a cheque on his banker for 2,000*l.* after threatening, and even attempting to cut his throat. Even after he had signed the note, she again made an attempt to murder him: and it was with the greatest difficulty that he effected his escape, three or four of his fingers being cut in the struggle. The next morning, Mr. Courtois gave information at the police office and the Bank, in consequence of which, the virago was taken into custody, and committed on a capital charge. Though convicted at the Old Bailey, on the evidence of her servant, a point of law was raised in her favour by the ingenuity of her counsel, and she eluded justice for that time; but a few years afterwards suffered death for murder. Since then, old Courtois has had a family of five children, two sons, and three daughters; to the last of whom he has bequeathed the bulk of his fortune, amounting at the least to 250,000*l.* He had in his lifetime made a handsome settlement on the mother, who is not, therefore, named in his will, which is remarkably technical and curious. He has left small annuities only to his sons, alleging their extravagance as the reason. The rest is vested in trustees for the girls, who are very young; but in failure of legitimate issue on their part, the property is to pass to the children of his sons; and in case of their dying without any, the whole is to go to St. George's Hospital.

It should be observed of Courtois, that he was scrupulously honest in his dealings, and faithful to his engagements. The tax-gatherers had never to call upon him twice, for if he was not at home, and they left their bill, he made it a point the same or the next day, to wait upon them with the amount of their demand. His appearance was quite of the last age; his chapeau being such as was worn forty or fifty years ago, and his coat invariably of a fawn or morone colour, though sufficiently threadbare to denote the carefulness of the wearer.

PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES

IN THE COUNTIES OF ENGLAND, ARRANGED ALPHABETICALLY.

BEDFORDSHIRE.

The Earl of Bradford was lately in imminent peril of his life by a bull, belonging to the Duke of Bedford. His Lordship was viewing the animal in its stall, when it attacked him with its horns, and trampled upon him. His Lordship happily escaped from the animal's ferocity, by getting under the manger.

Married.] At Kempston, J. Chandles, esq. jun. to Caroline, daughter of Sir W. Long.

Died.] At Woburn, Mr. Lucas, 70; he had been to Brickhill church, to hear a sermon on the death of the queen, and, immediately on his return home, apparently in good health and spirits, fell down in a fit of apoplexy, and expired without a groan.

BERKSHIRE.

We are rejoiced at any thing like the appearance of a return of the good old times. We allude to the re-establishment of a pitched market for corn, at Abingdon. This mode of traffic in the staff of life, was formerly generally adopted in this part of the country; and we are at a loss to account for its being superseded by the sale by sample. In our opinion, no possible good can result from the latter to the public; and if a sale in bulk should again become general, it will have, in a great measure, the effect of excluding those called middle men. We were highly gratified on Monday, the market day at Abingdon, at beholding upwards of 70 teams of corn drawn into the town, by some of the finest horses in the kingdom, and their arrival was hailed with joy by a numerous body of the inhabitants. We have the satisfaction to add, that nearly the whole found a ready sale, and the circumstance bespoke the future prosperity of this spirited undertaking. Prices per qr. were as follow:—Wheat 66s. to 90s. Barley 65s. to 73s. Oats 36s. to 45s. Beans 70s. to 78s. Peas 74s. to 78s. Bread, at Abingdon, 1s. 8½. per gall.

Reading Gazette.

Births.] At Maiden Erlegh, near Reading, the lady of J. Weble, esq. of a son.

Married.] Mr. Jarman, of Bath, to Ellen, second daughter of David Fenton, esq. of Reading.—Capt. A. B. Valpy, lt. N. third son of the Rev. Dr. Valpy, to Anna, daughter of R. Harris, esq. banker; both of Reading.—At Windsor, J. K. Picard, esq. of Hull, to Miss Homfrey, of Boworth House.—T. Prior, esq. to Miss E. Skinner.—At Reading, Mr. J. Armatrong, to Miss Atkinson.

Died.] At Windsor, Louisa, daughter of the late Dr. Thackway.—At his seat, Buckland, Sir J. Courtenay Throgmorton.

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

Births.] At Hambleton House, the lady of Chas. Scott Murray, esq. of a son and heir.

Married.] At Chingford, the Rev. W. L. Baker, M. A. to Harriet, daughter of the Rev. R. Lewis,

rector of that place.—W. J. Spence, esq. to Julia, only daughter of the late J. Lawrence, D. D.

Died.] At Aston Clinton, the Dowager Lady Williams, relict of Sir D. Williams, of Surest.—As Buckland, Sir J. Trognorton, bart.—At Chesham, P. Hepburn, esq. 95.—At Eton, Mr. R. Atkins, 72, who for 55 years had been employed as a compositor at the Eton press.—At Marlow, S. Cleobury, esq. 62.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

Married.] At Kneeworth Hall, A. M. Nightingale, esq. to Marianne, only daughter of the late Capt. H. Beaver.—Mr. Filby, to Miss Hayward, of Fordham.—Mr. King, to Miss Edwards, of Dullingham.

Died.] At Trinity College, Cambridge, R. N. Cook, esq. of Dartford, Kent.—At Cambridge, Mrs. E. Houghton.—Richard Langly, esq.

CORNWALL.

Births.] At Truro, the lady of C. Carlyn, esq. of a daughter.—At Truro, the lady of Col. Head, of a daughter.—At Truro, Mrs. Batchelor, of a daughter.—At Truro, the lady of J. W. Chilcott, esq. of a son.—At Launceston, Mrs. Darke, of a daughter.

Married.] E. Paul, esq. of Penzance, to Jane, daughter of the late Wm. Steward, esq. Mylor.—J. K. Lethbridge, esq. of Launceston, to Miss Baron, of Tregner.—A Cooke, esq. of Upcot House, to Miss Anne Heysett.—At St. Martin's, the Rev. J. Pascol, to Miss Anne Bennett.—At Redruth, Mr. T. Vincent, 78, to Miss Hodge, 28.—At Truro, Capt. Parnall, to Miss Cleave.—At Meyness, J. C. Cookworthy, esq. M. D. to Miss Jane Urquhart.

Died.] At St. Evon parsonage, the Rev. T. J. Hamley, 59.—At Falmouth, Mr. A. Gray.—At Tregolls, near Truro, Rear Admiral Luke, 71.—At Calstork, Thomas Wallis, esq.—At Launceston, Mrs. Mary Jones.—At Heston, Mrs. Johns, relict of T. Johns, esq.—At Penryn, Mrs. Heame, wife of B. Heame, esq. 67.—At South Petherwin, Mrs. E. Turner, 101.—At Penzance, Miss Ustick, 82.—At Launceston, Miss Kingdon, 73.

CHESHIRE.

The Earl of Grosvenor is about to erect a number of almshouses at Chester, for the reception of aged and reduced freemen of that city, and to endow them with an annual sum for their comfortable support.

Births.] The lady of John Sleaton, esq. of Plas Heaton, in the county of Denbigh.—The lady of the Rev. R. Newcome, of a son.—The lady of Randle Withrham, esq. of a son.—At the Vicarage, Leamase, the wife of the Rev. H. Parry, of a son.—At Thelwall, the lady of P. F. Clarke, esq. of a daughter.

Married.] At Wilmslow, H. Holditch, esq. to Miss Edwards, of the Grove House, Wilmslow.

Died.] T. White, esq. Little Sutton, 65.—Miss Parker, daughter of George Parker, esq. of Newton, near Chester.—At Chester, Joseph Bowes, esq. 78.—At Congleton, Helen, the wife of N. Paterson, esq. 55.—At Nantwich, Mrs. Spelton.

CUMBERLAND.

The mildness of the season has been noticed in almost every quarter of this kingdom, and its effects with regard to the vegetable creation; but a more extraordinary instance was perhaps never recorded in natural history than that of a young brood of Red Grouse (Moorgame) being hatched, and now just able to fly, on Eskdale Moor, near Whitehaven.

Married.] At Workington, Captain John Tolson, to Miss Eleanor Whiteside.—At Carlisle, J. Rawes, esq. to Miss S. Mitchell.

Died.] Ambrose Turner, esq. of Keswick, formerly of Manchester, 66.—At Carlisle, 56, Mrs. Collins, relict of the late R. Collins, esq.—At Whitehaven, J. Harriman, esq.—At Egremont, Mr. T. Atkinson, 75, forty-five years of which he was parish clerk.—At Carlisle, Miss Anne Ferguson, fourth daughter of the late J. Ferguson, esq., 41.—Ralph Hodgson, esq. 81.—G. Hodgson, esq. 77.—At Whitehaven, Mrs. Hodgson, 98.—At Newcastle, Mr. Maxwell, surgeon, 40.

DERBYSHIRE.

Married.] At Matlock, J. Wygram, esq. M. A. to Anne, daughter of R. Arkwright, of Willersley, esq.—At Aubley, the Rev. J. Mainwaring, of Blombro' Hall, to Miss Anne Edwards.—At Wirksworth, J. D. Cummins, esq. to Miss A. P. Ward.—At Donby, Mr. J. Townsend, to Miss E. Poyser.—At Boscill, Mr. Oldfield, to Miss C. Hobson.

Died.] E. Hancock, esq. 73.—At Tupton Hall, W. Atwood Lord, esq. 39.—At Burton, Dr. J. Rogers Stokes.—At Derby, Mrs. Leadbeater, 91.—At Buxton, J. S. Rogers, esq. M.D. 32.—At Buxton, Dr. Stokes.—At Staveley, the Rev. F. Dixon, LL.D.

DEVONSHIRE.

Plymouth, Jan. 2.—We regret to say, that the last month has proved particularly disastrous to the shipping of this port. No less than four have been lost during that period, and we are sorry to state that two of them were regular traders, having valuable cargoes on board, the property of the tradesmen of this and the neighbouring towns.—The following are the names of the unfortunate vessels:—Emily, Thomas, from Bristol, and the Flora, Palmer, from Liverpool, both bound to this port, with general cargoes; the Providence, Power, from hence to St. Michael's, in ballast; and the Effort, Baker, from the Ionian Islands to Grimsby, with fruit. To this melancholy list we have to add the loss of the ship Eliza, of this port, Lych, master, in the Gulph of St. Lawrence, in November, and the Neptune, also of this port, Wilson, on the island of Newfoundland, at the same time.

Mildness of the Season.—Mrs. Kingsnorth, sen. of Appledore, gathered on Christmas day a second crop of apples, which were full grown; and what renders it more uncommon, the tree was in full bloom when relieved of its former burthen.

Births.] At Exeter, the lady of the Hon. C. Langdale, of a daughter.—At Woodlands, near Exeter, the lady of R. Pennington, esq. of a daughter.

Married.] At Littleham, C. Offord, esq. to

Mary, eldest daughter of Fairfax Moresby, esq.—At Rockbeare, the Rev. C. H. Martin, to Miss Porter, Sloane.—At Plymouth, J. Fotheringham, esq. to Miss Banks.

Died.] At Exeter, Mrs. Kilpin, wife of the Rev. S. Kilpin.—At Exmouth, S. Tickell, esq. 31.—The Rev. W. Moore, rector of Chagford.—At Plymouth, the Rev. H. Meads, 59.—The Rev. W. Carter, vicar of West Anstey.—At Dawlish, Mrs. Anne Hughes.—At Exmouth, Isabella, wife of T. Hobbs, esq.—At Barnstaple, J. Mortimer, esq. R.N.—At West Anstey, the Rev. W. Carter.

DORSETSHIRE.

At a quarterly meeting of the Vice-president, Trustees, and Managers of the Dorchester Bank for Savings, on Saturday the 9th, W. M. Pitt, esq. M.P. V.P. in the chair, the treasurer's accounts were produced, examined, and proved highly satisfactory, the amount of deposits are 5,750l.

Births.] At Osmington, the lady of the Rev. Archdeacon Fisher, of a daughter.—At Preston House, the lady of J. Mills, esq. of a son.

Married.] At Abbotsbury Castle, Sir R. Sheffield, bart. to Miss Newbolt, daughter of Sir H. Newbolt, chief justice at Madras.—At Poole, R. Slade, esq. to Miss E. S. Slade.

Died.] At Sherborne, J. Cruttwell, esq. proprietor of the Dorchester and Sherborne Journal.—At Melbury House, in childhood of her fourth child, the Right Hon. Countess of Ilchester.—At Poole, Mrs. Bristow, wife of J. Bristow, esq.—The Earl Poulett, 63.—At Dorchester, Mrs. Gould Read.—At Eudige House, Mrs. Cann, 70; also J. Cann, her son; at the same place, Mrs. A. Hughes.—At Shaftesbury, Mrs. Collis, 75.

ESSEX.

Land Draining.—There are many thousands of acres of land in Essex which are now draining, without straw, by digging the ditches in the usual manner, (after ploughing them) and placing at the bottom of the ditch a board, about one inch and a half in thickness on the lower edge, and two inches and a half at the upper edge, in breadth eight or nine inches, and in length about four feet, with two joints; this board fitting the ditch, the earth to be rammed upon it, and the board drawn out by a hook or short chain affixed to it. This method has been practised with the utmost success at Old Sampford, by Mr. Harrison, and is now extensively so at Thaxted, particularly upon an estate belonging to William Hills, esq. by Mr. John Harvey, his tenant.—(*Suffolk Chronicle.*)

Births.] A New Year's Gift.—Late the wife of John Bridgerman, cooper, of Broomfield, was delivered of three children, two boys and a girl, who with the mother, are likely to do well. She had twins about three years since, who survived but a short time.—At Layton the lady of R. H. Innes, esq. of a son.—At New Grove, the lady of E. Goodhurst, esq. of a son.

Married.] At Wamstead, J. Dunning, esq. to Miss Jones.—At Chingford, the Rev. W. Baker, A.M. to Miss Harriet Lewis, daughter of the rector of that place; at the same place, Mr. Ambrose to Miss S. Stoneham.

Died.] The lady of Capt. Johnson.—At Housham Hall, Harlow, Mrs. Bishop, 38.—At Lutley

Park, Great Waltham, Essex, second daughter of J. Clarke, esq.—At Woodhouse, Rebecca, relict of Sir G. Wright—At Chelmsford, Mrs. S. Oakley—At Colchester, Mr. R. Yates, sen.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

Births. At Linton Court, the lady of Fleming Trotman, esq. of a daughter.—At Charlton Kings, near Cheltenham, the lady of Capt. F. W. Burgoine, R.N. of a son.—At Colebourne, the lady of W. Elwes, esq. of a daughter.

Married. At Gloucester, J. Preston, esq. of Loughborough, to Elizabeth, daughter of the late W. Cecil, esq.—At Cheltenham, S. Hughes, esq. to Mrs. Cox—At Alveston, Lieut. C. W. Hockley, to Miss Weaver—J. Wigram, esq. of Cambridge, to Anne, daughter of R. Arkwright, esq.—At Cheltenham, F. Lewis, esq. R.N. to Miss Harriet Neyder—At Crombush, M. Walker, esq. to H. D. eldest daughter of Lieut. Col. Langley—At Highnam Court, R. Harvey, esq. to Miss J. Collins, of Bath Court, Somerset.

Died. At Wotton Underedge, Mrs. Adey, relict of C. Adey, esq.—At Burghall Lodge, W. Lingon, esq.—At Cheltenham, Mrs. Norris, wife of G. Morris, esq. lieut. general of infantry—At Gloucester, Mrs. Greenway, 60.—At Dansbourn, Mrs. Chapman, relict of the Rev. J. Chapman—C. F. Kellow, esq. of Codford.

HAMPSHIRE.

Births. At Ash Park, the lady of the Rev. E. St. John, of a daughter.—At Preslaw House, near Winchester, Lady Mary Long, of a son.

Married. At Cotherington, S. B. Inglis, esq. to S. Charlotte, widow of Major-General Pringle.

Died. At Portsea, in the 115th year of his age, Thomas Bolwell, a native of that town. He was married to one wife 70 years, who died in her 101st year.—At Lingstock, the Rev. H. Arnold, rector of that parish—Mrs. Alcott, wife of J. Alcott, esq. storekeeper of Portsmouth—At Andover, F. Pugh, esq. 85.—At Fawcett, Martha, wife of W. Keech, esq.—At Alresford, Lieut. Col. C. Duke.—At Hereford, Mrs. J. Parsons, 83.

HEREFORDSHIRE.

At the late Herefordshire Agricultural Dinner, the meeting was decidedly against the intended agricultural petition to Parliament, for imposing high protecting duties on "corn, meat, flour, rye, oats, pease, beans, barley, wool, flax, hemp, hides, tallow, seeds, butter, cheese, poultry, vegetables, apples, and pears," as injurious to the consumers, and ultimately ruinous to the farmers and growers.

Births. At Hereford, the lady of the Rev. H. Cripps, of a daughter.—At Rocklands, the lady of W. R. Wills, esq. of a daughter.

Died. At Whitechurch, the Rev. S. Phillips—Mr. Linzen, 20, son of the late W. Linzen, esq. of Burghall Lodge—J. Harris, esq. of Brilley—At Hereford, Mrs. K. Barry—J. Goble, jun. esq.—At Kiddleminster, Mrs. Cooper, 81.—At Irvington, Mr. M. Whittle.

HERTFORDSHIRE.

Deaths. At Shepel Bury, the lady of S. Unwin Heathcote, esq. of a son and heir.

Married. At Cheshunt, S. Hughes, esq. to Mrs. Cox, of Mayo.

Died. At Rowley Lodge, near Barnet, the Rev. W. Martin Trinders, LL.B. and M.D. 75.—At Hertford, J. Rush, esq.—At Sarrai, R. Day, jun. esq. 40.—At Whitechurch, Rev. S. Phillips, 78.

HUNTINGDONSHIRE.

Married. At Conington, Wm. Jackson, esq. to Miss Brumfield, both of Daldington.

Died. Wm. Margetts, esq. of St. Ives.

KENT.

No vessels are able to enter Dover harbour on account of the bar which has accumulated so much that it is dangerous to attempt it with the present heavy swell. A new harbour has been formed for the last four months, immediately at the back of Payne's Hotel. The Dart, Captain Bushel, lately came into this new harbour, and landed all the passengers on the beach; there is three feet water at low tide.—*Canterbury Paper.*

The agricultural petition is stated to have been signed at Dover and Sandwich markets, by 118 occupiers, holding in the aggregate 40,000 acres of land.

An investigation again has taken place at Calais, relating to the sudden loss of Mr. W. Keys, of Dover, as strong presumption remains that he lost his life by some underground practices of which there is at present no directing clue: suspicion fell on one of the gendarmes, who had been heard to threaten him. The holes in the harbour have been dragged, and a particular well, where some suspicion had lighted on, and the neighbouring canals, have undergone a search, but to no purpose; so that this dark business remains still to be developed.

Births. At Bromley, the lady of E. Goodhart, esq. of a son.—The lady of J. Barrow, jun. esq. of a son.—At Newington, near Sittingbourne, the lady of H. Day, esq. of a daughter.

Married. At Horton Kirby, J. De Bie, esq. of the Minerva, to Mary, second daughter of W. Mageridge, esq. at Town Malling.—J. Parker, esq. of Windermere, to Miss A. Parsons.—At Canterbury, T. Coombe, esq. to Ann Maria, elder daughter of M. H. Wagner, esq.—At Malling, J. Kentish, esq. to Miss E. Parsons, and T. Park, esq. to Miss Anne Montague Parsons.—At Rochester, the Rev. S. Hall, to the widow of Capt. Laws.—J. Leisner, esq. to Augusta, eldest daughter of P. Beger, esq. of Brompton.—W. Manning, esq. to Miss E. Turner.

Died. S. Midgley, esq. late of Cookridge, near Leeds.—At Ramsgate, Dr. Strachey, archdeacon of Suffolk.—At Pembury, H. Woodgate, esq. of Spring Grove.—At St. Leonard's, West Malling, F. H. Douce, esq.—At Boxley House, J. Coker, 69.—At Horshamden, Mrs. C. Marriott, widow of late J. Marriott, LL.D.—At Bromley, Wm. Walmesley, esq. 74.—At Eltham, Mrs. Henshell, relict of T. H. esq. 92.—At Deal, Mr. Hinchworth.—At Rotherfield, Hannah Maynard, 100.—At St. Dunstan's, the Hon. Thos. Roper, 73.—At Chatham, Miss M. Wolse.—At Farnham House, Margaret, eldest daughter of R. Fox, esq. of Fox Hall.—At Rochester, the Rev. W. P. Memble.—Mr. E. Bush, 90.

LANCASHIRE.

A new Sunday school, erected for the purpose, at an expense of 2,400*l.* capable of accommodating 2,500 children, has been opened at Manchester.

Birth. At Liverpool, the lady of V. Stuckey, esq. of a son.

Married. At Manchester, Mr. Wm. H. Gibbs,

of London, to Miss E. W. Osbaldiston—At Eccles, C. Hammond, jun. esq. of Newmarket, to Ellen Wilson—Mr. Wm. Robinson, solicitor, of Lancaster, to Alice, daughter of the late Mr. Benj. Hunter, of Kendal—M. Walton, esq. of Liverpool, to Frances, eldest daughter of Edw. E. Deacon, M.D.—At Warrington, Robt. Ellison, esq. of Upton, to Elizabeth, only daughter of John Jackson, esq. of Brick Hall.

Died.] At Gilead House, Liverpool, 38, Mrs. Solomon, wife of Dr. S.—At Stutford, in her 83d year, Margaset, relict of late Mr. N. Mashiter, of Bolton-by-the-sands — Mr. C. Brownlow, 40, of Horwich—Aged 21, Sarah Hariman, of Stanley House, near St. Helen's, in Liverpool—Margaretta, wife of R. R. Lingwood, esq. of Dodgehill, Heaton Morris—In her 70th year, Margaret, wife of James Bateman, esq. of Islington House—Mary Harrison, 108; she had lived in service in Mr. Mader's family, at Bacup, upwards of 95 years.—At Liverpool, Lady Crews.

LEICESTERSHIRE.

Birth.] At Carleton Carlieu Hall, the lady of the Rev. H. Palmer.

Married.] At Kegworth, the Rev. J. Davenport, of Sutton Bonnington, Notts, to Elenora, youngest daughter of the late T. W. Roberts, esq. of Thornby Grange, Northamptonshire—Mr. T. Backwell, of Lockington, to Miss Mary Uuill, of Kemington.

Died.] In her 77th year, Mrs. Chapman, widow of Mr. Geo. C. of Upton—In his 81st year, John Nowcate, esq. of Cotes Duval—At Peatling Hall, the lady of J. Clarke, esq. from the bursting of a blood vessel—At Hinchley, Mr. Sam. Craven, 78.

LINCOLNSHIRE.

Married.] At Spalding, Mr. F. Groom, late of Muscott Mill, Northamptonshire, to Miss Willis, of Boston—At Thorpe, Mr. Francis Whitley, merchant, to Miss Webster, both of Wainfleet, All Saints—At Horncastle, Lieut. Sheppard, R. N., to Miss Ann Baldock—At Glenham, near Gainsboro' the Rev. W. Wilkinson, to Miss Robinson—At Gainsboro' T. Pinder, esq. to Miss E. Walters.

Died.] The Rev. T. H. Helgate, formerly of Manchester, and latterly of Grantham—At Bourn, 26, Mary Frances, wife of Mr. W. D. Haggard—Mr. Silvester Obbins, Boston, 72—Mr. Clayton, farmer, Wirtan Holmes, near Boston—Mr. Patrick Drummond: he was the oldest common councilman for Lincoln, 88.

MONMOUTHSHIRE.

Married.] At Nant-y-Glô, W. Williams, esq. to Miss Harriet Thomas—J. Preston, esq. to Miss Cecil, of Duffyn.

Died.] Mrs. Towell, relict of W. P. esq.—Lady F. T. Briggs.

NORFOLK.

Birth.] At Cromer, the lady of B. Wilson, esq. of a daughter.

Married.] At Foulton, J. Carter, esq. to the daughter of W. O. D. Tyssen, esq.—At Lynn, Lieut. Garland, R. N. to Miss Raven.

Died.] At Yarmouth, Anne, the lady of J. D. Palmer, esq.; same place, Mr. J. Hunt, 80; Mrs. M. Jackson, 74; Capt. G. Holland, 65—Mr. H. Roberts, alderman of Thetford—At St. Edmund's, Mary, the wife of Mr. Edward Starking.

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

Births.] At Normanton Hall, the lady of Sir W. W. Dixie, of a daughter.—At Moor Hall, the lady of T. B. Hackett, esq. of a son and heir.

Married.] At Harrington, Mr. Barton to Mrs. Foa—At Northampton, Mr. W. Burn, to Miss Wil-

son; same place, J. Holt, esq. late of the 4th Dragoon Guards, to Mrs. Halfpenny—At West Haddon, Mr. Woodcock, of Oxford, to Miss Lovett—The Rev. J. Field, to Louisa, daughter of the Rev. J. Bousquet.

Died.] At Peterborough, T. Mann, esq.—At Coston, Mrs. Brookesbank—At Northampton, T. Dowbiggen, esq.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

A fish, not before remembered by the fishermen in this part of the world, was lately caught at Newbegin, on this coast. In the outline, it is something like the salmon, the length is 5 ft. 7 in.; girth 2 ft. 10 in.; weight 6 st. 12 lb.; the scales, which are about the size of an 18-penny piece, are beautifully glossed or reflected with green and bronze, and sprinkled or powdered with brilliant gold and silver. A tolerable figure of it is to be found in Geener, A. D. 1806. He calls it *Gobius marinus marinus flavescens* et *saxatilis*; and it was actually caught among the rocks, in the lobster nets of the Newbegin fishermen. It was alive, but appeared very sick, and had a foreign hook in the anus.

Births.] At Newcastle, the lady of Aubene Surtees, esq. of a son—The lady of the Rev. O. Barnes, of a son—At Newby Wiske, the lady of the Rev. D. Wastile of a daughter—At Colfield, Mrs. Lyson, of a daughter.

Married.] At Ponteland, the Rev. W. Briggs, A.B. to Miss Raine—At Walton, Wm. Robson, esq. to Miss Culvert, of Sandysike, Cumberland—At Mitford, James Renshaw, esq. to Miss Mitford—At Newcastle, the Rev. Rob. Green, A.M. to Miss Robinson.

Died.] At Westwood, John Orde, esq. 81—At Waterloo, near Blyth, Mr. Briggs, esq. 46—At Bank House, Miss Tate—At Newcastle, Mrs. Hothwaite, of Hurtle Lodge, 63—At Newcastle, Mrs. Airy, mother of Major-general Airy, 91.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.

A pair of shoes, the upper leathers of which were made of *rat-skin*, were exhibited a few days ago at East Retford; the leather is exceedingly smooth, and as soft as the finest kid, and yet appears stout and firm. It took six skins to make the pair of shoes.

Birth.] At Nottingham, the lady of Lieut. Col. C. Cronkshanks, of the 33d regiment, of a son.

Married.] The Rev. W. Tiffin, of Malmsa and Hayton, to Miss Rolleston, daughter of the late C. Rolleston, esq. of Wauhall—At Newark-upon-Trent, T. Blain, esq. M. D. Miss Tomlinson.

Died.] At Deeping, Mrs. M. Pocklington, daughter of the late J. Henshaw, esq. of Cawthorpe Hall—Mr. John Wood, 90—Mrs. Thompson, 40—At Newark, in one family named Haywood, two brothers and one sister, their ages 18, 15, and 10, in one week—John Rose, well known in Nottingham as a singer and player on the violin.

OXFORDSHIRE.

Births.] At Wykhall Park, the lady of D. Stuart, esq. of a daughter—At Stearns House, the lady of G. Harding, esq. of a daughter.

Married.] Charles Ross, esq. to Miss S. Thornton—At Cookham, T. Prior, esq. to Miss Eliza Skinner.

Died.] Alex. Croke, esq. of Oriel College, Ox-

ford, 21.—At Jesus College, Oxford, J. P. Jones, esq.—At Sonning, Mrs. Rachael Berris, 99.

RUTLANDSHIRE.

Births.] At Carlton Curlew Hall, the lady of the Rev. H. Palmer, of a daughter.—At Belvoir Castle, her Grace the Duchess of Rutland, of a son.

Married.] Mr. Tippin, of Gussy, near Colsterworth, to Mrs. Pears, of Balsnack.—At South Witham, Mr. J. Smith, to Miss S. Hotching.

Died.] Mrs. Amelia Laak, of South Luffenham.—T. B. Grantham, esq. of Stamford, 56.—Mrs. Ann Faulks, of Langham, 62.

SHROPSHIRE.

Married.] At Shrewsbury, Mr. J. Prosser, to Miss Maria Bromley.—At Edmond Rectory, H. J. Close, esq. 5th dragon guards, to Sarah, third daughter of H. Bevan, esq.—At Abington, A. Manson, esq. to Miss Beylis.

Died.] At Terrick-hall, Emma, second daughter of J. Barnes Watson, esq.—At Shrewsbury, Mrs. Lyon, widow of the late J. Lyon, esq.—At Tedsmerd-hall, H. B. Owen, esq. 67.—At Shrewsbury, E. Lloyd, esq.—At Sherrington-hall, Viscount Kilmorey, At Hope Bowdler, W. C. Hart, esq.—At Shrewsbury, Mr. Moreton Cotton.—At the same place, Mrs. Saxton.—The infant daughter of the Rev. Reginald Heber.—At Edgeholton, Mrs. Vaughan, after 40 years illness, 84.—At Hales Owen, Mr. J. Crutchley.

SOMERSETSHIRE.

Births.] At Langport, the lady of V. Stuckey, esq. of a son.—At Bath, the lady of Sir A. Wilson, of a son and heir.—At the same place, the lady of Charles Eyston, esq. of a daughter.—At Longford, the lady of W. G. Douglas, of a son.—At Rodley Stoke, the lady of G. E. Northcote, esq.

Married.] At Bath, H. B. Hunt, esq. to Lydia, daughter of Dr. Merry.—At Wells, Peter Layng, esq. of Wells, to Mrs. Bridges, Chilcompton.—At Bath, George Barclay, esq. to Matilda, only daughter of A. Aufrere, esq. of Hoverton-hall, Norfolk.—At Bath, Sir John Palmer Ackland, bart. to Maria, third daughter of Robert Kuipe, esq. of New Lodge, Herts.

Died.] At Bath, R. Mitford, esq. late of the Audit Office.—At Clewstone, the Rev. J. B. Butler.—At Bridgewater, Mary, widow of Charles Anderson, esq.—At Bath, Elizabeth, widow of D. Burridge, esq.—At Bath, Mrs. Gordon, relict of Sir W. Gordon, bart.

STAFFORDSHIRE.

Died.] Frederick, youngest son of the late Henry Vernon, esq. of Hilton Park.—Mary, eldest daughter of W. H. C. Floyer, esq. of Hints.—At Wolverhampton, Miss Tannington; at the same place, Sarah, only daughter of J. Litwly, esq.—At Cannock, the Rev. J. Butler Barber, 71.—At Chesdale, J. Blagg, esq.

SUFFOLK.

Lowestoft, Jan. 1.—For this last day or two past, Mr. Ronnie, engineer, and several other gentlemen from Norwich, have been inspecting our coast, with a view to the cutting a harbour. They appear highly satisfied with the situation, &c.

A threshing machine, upon a simple and useful construction, was exhibited at last Bury fair; the whole complete can be drawn by a single horse to any distance, and not heavier than a common tumbrel: it is made to work by four levers, similar to a pump sweep, and those worked by men, who can

thrash from fifteen to twenty coombs of wheat per day.—*County Herald.*

Married.] At Lavenham, Mr. Ribbatts to Miss East.—At Lotherton, W. Woods, esq. to Louisa, youngest daughter of R. Knights, esq.—At Lowestoft, C. Crowe, esq. to Miss E. Phillips, of Bristol.—Ensign Smith, of the 31st, to Miss Emily Knight.—Mr. Woolgate to Miss A. Green.

Died.] At Long Milled, J. Richardson, esq. 69.—At Brome, the Rev. F. Colman, Negus, 44 years rector of that place, 75.—At Ipswich, Mrs. Hunter, relict of B. Hunter, esq. 71.—At Haughley, C. Godfrey, esq.—At Bury St. Edmunds, Mrs. Mathews, 86.—At Bury's Parsonage, Mrs. Good, wife of the Rev. J. Good.—At Hadleigh, Mrs. Corbett, 74.—At Woodbridge, J. Copperthwaite, esq.—At Amerham, Miss Scott, Es.—At Leicester, Lieut. J. O. Holton, R. M. 32.—At Woodward, W. Mudd, esq. relict of A. Bungay, Mrs. Heyhoe, relict of the Rev. G. Heyhoe, of Hardingham Hall.

SURREY.

At no place in the whole kingdom are the good effects of bettering the morals and condition of the poor, more visible than at Kingston-upon-Thames, in this county; which, from its being a town of considerable trade, abounds with a very large proportion of the labouring classes. A Society for this purpose has been lately formed there, consisting of the most respectable inhabitants of the place, and headed by Charles Nicholas Palmer, esq. a gentleman of large property, and of the most humane and benevolent disposition, who sacrifices a great portion of his time, as well as fortune, in forming establishments for promoting the welfare of his poorer neighbours, and exciting them to honest and industrious pursuits: indeed, so unwearied and indefatigable have been his exertions, that he is universally looked up to and hailed as the *father of the town*; and he is most ably seconded in his laborious undertakings by the Rev. Wm. Gandy, the worthy and truly pious vicar of this ancient place. Amongst other institutions set afloat by Mr. Palmer, and going on in a complete state of prosperity, are a *Savings' Bank*, a *National School* on a very extended scale, a *Public Dispensary*, and a *System of Public Rewards* for the most deserving characters in the parish. It is much to be wished that every town throughout the country was equally fortunate in enjoying the benevolent and paternal assistance of such a character, who has not only the means, but likewise the will, of conferring so many blessings on his fellow-creatures.

Births.] At Streatham, the lady of J. Meyer, esq. of a daughter.—The lady of J. Thornton, esq. of a daughter.—At Clapham, the lady of Wm. Bolind, esq. of a daughter.

Married.] Major Robertson, to Miss Chapman, of Croydon.—At Chess, the Rev. G. Millett, M.A. to Miss Agnew.—At Mortlake, Lewis Dales, esq. to Miss Ayton.—At Newington Butts, W. Turner, esq. to Miss Spence.—At Richmond, T. Mudge, esq. to Miss Anna Robson.

Died.] Elizabeth, wife of Mr. Faircliff Freer, of Lambeth.—At Epsom, the wife of John Richardson,

esq. of Bury St. James—At Clapham, Gabriel Copland, esq.—At Richmond, Mrs. Bean, relict of the late S. Bean, esq.

SUSSEX.

Married.] At Wellingly, James Merricks, esq. to Mrs. Hull—At Brighton, J. Lockwood, esq. to Eden, daughter of J. Thackeray, esq.

Died.] Lewis Barton Buckle, esq. of Rogate Lodge—At Brighton, Frances, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Haggitt, 12—At Chichester, J. E. Boyce, esq.

WARWICKSHIRE.

Births.] At Moor Hall, the lady of F. Benyon Hackett, esq. of a son.

Married.] At Birmingham, Mr. T. Mountford to Miss S. Wale.

Died.] At Birmingham, Mr. B. Palmer, 100—At Alveston, Lieut. S. Nason, 60th regiment—At Stretton, Mr. G. W. Salmon, 51—At Leamington, Anna, daughter of W. W. Doveton, esq. of St. Helena.

WESTMORELAND.

Married.] At Appleby, N. Dent, esq. to Miss Shaw, eldest daughter of the Rev. H. Shaw, LL.B.—At the same place, Mr. Stevenson, surgeon, to Miss Briggs.

Died.] In his 80th year, Mr. T. Leighton, one of the society of Friends—At Shap, the Rev. H. Hulme, vicar of that place.

WILTSHIRE.

Birth.] At Lougheat, Lady E. Campbell of a daughter.

Married.] At Lacock, Edw. Jennings, esq. of Bath, to Mary Jane, eldest daughter of Lieut. Col. H. Tufnell—At Bradford, Mr. T. Spackman, to Anne, youngest daughter of R. Tolly, esq.—At Salisbury, J. Woolfryes, esq. to Miss C. Normansell—At Teffont Evras, Peter Layng, esq. to Miss E. Kemp—At Dauntton, Mr. R. Frasier to Miss J. Humby.

Died.] At Chippenham, Mrs. Gaby, wife of R. Gaby, esq.—At Salisbury, the Rev. J. Hughes, 44—At Wotton, Mrs. Adey, 83—Near Salisbury, Miss Mary Anne Bennett, 20—At Wilsford, G. T. Benson, esq.

YORKSHIRE.

Births.] At Harrogate, the lady of Wm. Shepherd, esq. of a son—At Woodlands, near Harrogate, the lady of Capt. Kenyon, of a son and heir—At Hull, the lady of I. Barkworth, esq. of a son—At Hull, the lady of J. C. Parker, esq. of a daughter.

Married.] J. S. Power, M. D. of Doncaster, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Thos. Chives, esq. of Asklham, near York—Mr. W. Staley, of Hull, to Miss Staley, of Burley, Oxfordshire—At Hull, Mr. T. Bead, to Mary, second daughter of Capt. Foster, of that place.

Died.] At Doncaster, Thomasina, wife of James Fenton, esq. of Loversall—At Hull, Mrs. Mary Gre, 83—R. Dnnhill, esq. of Pontefract—Mrs. Anne Kidd, of Hull, 95—Wm. Walker, esq. of Huddersfield, 77—Mr. Hargrove, the well known historian of Knaresboro, Harrogate, and the surrounding country.

WALES.

Births.] At Conway, the lady of C. Alderson of female twins—At Llanasa, the lady of the Rev. H. Parry, of a son—At Ruthin, the lady of the Rev. R. Newcome, of a son.

Married.] At Haverdun, the Rev. R. W. Eytton, vicar of Llanelollen, to Charlotte, third daughter of the late T. Griffith, of Rhul, a q.

SCOTLAND.

The house of Major Grant, of Auchterblair was, on the 3d ultimo, entirely destroyed by fire, owing, as it is supposed, to a spark from the kitchen chimney having fallen into the interstices of the roof, which the long period of dry weather preceding the catastrophe had rendered more than commonly liable to ignition. We are happy, however, in being enabled to state that no serious consequences, beyond the loss of some valuable furniture, ensued. The two sons of Major G. youths of 15 and 16, displayed, we are informed, a degree of intrepidity deserving the highest commendation; and even the ladies of the family, with that presence of mind which the occasion demanded, resorted with the utmost celerity and fearlessness, to various expedients to effect the extinction of the flames. A large tarpaulin was by them soaked in a neighbouring ditch, which the young gentleman, with the assistance of an old man who was accidentally passing, endeavoured to draw over the roof, but without success. Many articles of consequence were nevertheless preserved through the exertions of these daring boys. No personal injury was sustained.

Perth, Dec. 31.—This morning, between five and six o'clock, a very alarming fire broke out in the east wing of Methven Castle, and for some time threatened destruction to this extensive building. On the first alarm a great crowd of people assembled, and the family servants, aided by their exertions, succeeded in extinguishing the fire before the arrival of the engine from Ruthven Printfield, which was sent on the first notice. We learn with regret that the dining and drawing-rooms, together with part of the library, have been destroyed; the books, however, were all removed before the fire had communicated to the ceiling of the room. It has not been ascertained from what cause the fire originated.

Births.] At Woodslie, the lady of G. Scott Elliot, esq. of a son and heir—At Lincolne, near Haddington, Lady Blantyre of a son—At Moor Park, Mrs. R. C. Oswald of a daughter—In Edinburgh, the lady of Capt. Menzies, of a son—The lady of S. Boswell, esq. of a daughter—At Minto, Lady Minto of a son.

Married.] At Glasgow, J. Blackwood, esq. to Jane, daughter of M. McFarlane, esq.—Mr. G. Elliott, to Miss Jean, daughter of Wm. Bell, esq.—At Kelso, Alexr. Macdowall, esq. to Margaret, daughter of E. Gillespie, esq.—At Montrose, J. Leighton, esq. to Miss Alison.

Died.] At Kilmarnock, Mrs. Bruce, who bore a long indisposition with cheerful and christian patience. She was tapped 42 times, and 300 Scots pints of water drawn off, a quantity almost incredible in the short space of 25 months, amounting to weight to 2000lbs.—At Ormiston, Ann, daughter of Captain Johnson, Barrack Master of the Dumfriesshire militia—At Edinburgh, the Hon. Henrietta Napier, second daughter of the late Lord Napier, 60—Mrs. Dove, wife of J. Dove esq, 88—Mary the wife of Dr. Brunton, authoress of *Self Control, Discipline, and other popular Novels*—Mrs. Du-

can, sister of the late Admiral Lord Duncan, 80—Mr. Sinclair, father of the celebrated singer—Lady Hay, widow of Sir A. Hay—Mrs. Jane Davie, daughter of J. Davie, esq.—Miss Graham, of Orc hill—Dr. W. Brown, F.R.C.S.—At Glasgow, the Rev. J. Turnbull, 76—Miss Eliza Buchanan, daughter of the late G. Buchanan, esq.—At Polmont Park, Mrs. Speira, relict of Alexander Speira, esq.—At Castlewigg, J. Hasthorne, esq.—At Ormiston, Miss A. P. Johnstone, daughter of J. Johnstone, esq.—At Musselburgh, Helen, daughter of H. Jardine, esq.—At Leven Lodge, P. Hadaway, esq.—At Perth, D. Treggs, stapholmaster of Tippermain for 40 years—In Fifehire, J. Hogg, sear.—The Hon. G. Duff, of Milton, third son of the Earl of Fife.

IRELAND.

Fire in Dublin Castle.—On the 19th ult. at two o'clock, the inhabitants of the Castle were alarmed by a cry of "Fire!" when it was discovered that in the drawing-rooms of the south-east wing of the grand front, now nearly finished, it had commenced its ravages, and threatened the destruction of the entire new building. The fire was occasioned by the airing of the rooms before the hearth stones and grates were set. There was a large quantity of coals and turf, for that purpose, in the centre of each room, to which had the fire communicated, it would have been scarcely possible to have saved the whole. It was extinguished before it had attained much strength, and no damage of any consequence was done.

Castlebar, Dec. 7.—We have not at any time had to relate an occurrence in this county, productive of such extensive misery, or so distressing and awful in all its particulars, as one which took place in the night of Monday the 30th ult. about 14 miles from Croomelina, in the mountains of Erris, where 17 souls were hurried into eternity. The house of a comfortable and hospitable farmer, named O'Hara, in that remote quarter which was seated on the side of a valley, and was overhung, at about two miles distance, by four lakes, which communicated with each other, was completely swept away by an immense body of water, which burst forth from those lakes, leaving a frightful gap in their former boundary, and in its impetuous course levelling and carrying away every thing that interposed. O'Hara, his wife, and children (except one that happened to have been absent), some travellers who were passing to and from Erris, and three soldiers of the 92d Highlanders, composed the unhappy party that perished by this dreadful eruption. When the last accounts were received from this scene of suffering, the bodies of nine of the inhabitants, and one of the soldiers, had been discovered, and a

party of the 92d regiment had proceeded from Ballina to inter their lamented comrades with military honours. The unfortunate deluge has also destroyed several head of cattle, as well as great quantities of hay, straw, oats, &c.

Lately on Mr. Basil Marriott's farm at Freshford, was turned up by the plough, a gold coin of Edward III. called a rose-noble, and then value 6s. 8d. It is in tolerably good preservation, and presents on the one side, "the king standing in a ship crossed, holding a sword upright in his right hand, and a shield on his left, with the arms of France *semé-de-lis*, three lions passant, and three Fleur-de-lis upon the side of the ship, *Edwar. Dei gra. Rex. Angl. Z. Franc. Dns. H.* On the reverse appear, in a large rose, a Cross Fleuri, with a Fleur-de-lis at each point, and a lion passant under a crown in each quarter, the letter E in a rose in the centre. *Domine, in furore tuo arguas me.*"

Births.] At Dublin, Lady Burgh of a daughter—the Lady of the Rev. R. Macdonnell, F.T.C.D. of a son—In Rutland-square, the Lady of B. Riley, esq. of a daughter—At Killarney, the Lady of J. O'Connor, esq. of a daughter—At Gmitteen, the Lady of C. Power, esq. of a daughter—At Cork, the Lady of P. Flannaghan, esq. R. N. of a son—The Lady of Captain Farrel, of a daughter.

Married.] At Dublin, T. Butler, esq. to Miss Lucy Richards—W. Smith esq. to Lucinda, second daughter of Sir W. Stamer—H. Jervis, esq. to Miss Marian Campbell—J. Franklen, esq. of College Green, to Mrs. Mills, relict of the late Rev. R. Mills.—A. Mansfield, esq. to Catherine, eldest daughter of J. Delaury, esq.—At Carrigrahm, G. Chapman, esq. to Miss Isabella Dennis—The Rev. R. Ward to Miss Marsh.

Died.] At Strokestown House, county of Roscommon, aged 81, the Right Honourable Maurice Baron Hartland. His lordship was married in 1766 to the Hon. Catherine Moore, daughter of Stephen Lord Mount-Cashel, and is survived by her Ladyship, by whom he has left issue, the Hon. Major-General Thomas Mahon, now Lord Hartland, Lieut. Colonel of the 9th Dragoons: the Hon. Major-Gen. Stephen Mahon, Lieut. Colonel of the 7th dragoon guards; and the Hon. and Rev. Maurice Mahon, one of the Prebendaries of St. Patrick's Cathedral.—At Dungannon Park, Lord Viscount Northland, 90—At Dublin, Capt. H. Harrison, 48—Sir H. May, bart., of Mayfield, Waterford—The Honble Montague Mathew, M. P. for Tipperary—At Ballynagarry, County of Galway, W. Donaldson, esq. 81—At Mullingar, H. Shea, esq. 28—At Lubeck, county of Wicklow, Mrs. E. Wilson, relict of the late W. Wilson, esq.—At Limerick, Mrs. O'Grady, widow of the late D. C. O'Grady—At Aran Lodge, Roscommon, D. O'Cultighan, esq. 87—At Portobello, Elizabeth, wife of the Rev. D. S. Digby—At Nenagh, Mrs. Abbott, 94, relict of J. Abbott, esq. she had had 28 children.

•• THE last month has afforded nothing remarkable in the dramatic line. Considering the stage as an organ that possesses an important influence on the taste of the capital, and the morals and manners of the Nation, we shall for the future more particularly consider this subject in its general spirit, than in its more temporary details; which, in a monthly publication, must frequently prove tedious to many of our readers.—Want of room obliges us to defer a very copious memoir of Dr. Welcot, (better known as Peter Findar,) which will be given in our next.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

PRIZE ESSAY.

AS a proof that no expense is spared in our endeavours to perpetuate the respectability and importance of our pages, by presenting to the Public communications of the very first order, we beg to announce our intention of giving this year a Premium of

ONE HUNDRED GUINEAS,

which will be paid by Mr. COLBURN, for the best ESSAY,

"ON ENGLISH LITERATURE DURING THE 18th AND 19th CENTURIES."

We propose that the Work shall be written on a plan somewhat similar to that of the "Tableau de la Littérature Française pendant le Dix-Huitième Siècle;" and that the Candidates should deliver their Essays on or before the 31st of November next. The PRIZE to be adjudged by a Council, the constitution of which, with other particulars, will be made known in our next Number. In the mean time, we pledge ourselves it shall be so formed as to insure the strictest and most satisfactory impartiality.

AMONG a variety of interesting Papers, which will be inserted as soon as the press of temporary matter will permit, we may enumerate the following:—On the Genius and Conduct of Rousseau, with Remarks on the Appreciation of his Merits, in No. 59 of the *Edinburgh Review*—An Original Critique on Grainger's Sugar-Cane, by Dr. Samuel Johnson—Childe W., or an Editor's Pilgrimage; a Serio-comic Romant, in two Cantos—Thoughts on Planetary Motion—Memoirs of the late Gale Faux, Stenographer and Patriot, by his Friend, Agathonasonides Mumps, Esq.—Plan for an Organized Supply of the Metropolis with Provisions, by Water Carriage—Imitations of the most celebrated Poets of the Day, by the Author of the Verses "to Octavia;" No. 1. Byron; No. 2. Moore; No. 3. Scott—Thoughts on the Liberty of the Press—Notices of the Hungarian Gypsies, Nos. 1, 2, and 3—Sabina, from the German of Bottiger—On Song Writing, Nos. 1 and 2; with Observations on Moore's Irish Melodies—*Nugæ Literariæ*, Nos. 5, 6, and 7—Some Account of the Goblet which the University of Wittenburg presented to Martin Luther on his Marriage (with an Engraving)—Culloden Anecdotes, continued—A Cockney Pastoral, cum Notis variorum—On the Conduct of Historians—On Inscriptive Writing, with curious Specimens; No. 1. Epitaphial Inscriptions; No. 2. Mural Inscriptions—On the Life and Writings of the late Mrs. Henry Tighe—A Description of Eaton House, the Seat of Lord Grosvenor, with an Engraving—On the Art of ascertaining the Dispositions of Men by their Hand-writing (with Fac-Similes of the Autographs of several of the most distinguished literary Characters of the Day—On the Alliteration of Lord Byron and Dryden—Canabrian Notices, Nos. 4, 5, and 6—Histrionic Criticism, No. 1—Observations on Plymouth Breakwater, by M. Dupin—Description of Trinidad and the Mouths of the Orinoco—Notices of the Lives and Writings of the early English Poets; No. 1. Drummond of Hawthornden; No. 2. Drayton; No. 3. Lovelace; No. 4. Carew.

Our correspondent, W. J. of Mylor, is requested to accept our best thanks for his valuable communication. As the principal object we have in view is the promotion of free inquiry, and the dissemination of useful information on all subjects connected either with the sciences or the arts, we never intend shutting our pages against able and candid investigations of particular and long-established systems, however wise and eminent may have been their original projectors; since, from the fallibility of human knowledge, an ample field of argument is always open to the daring and ingenious disputant. The "New Theory of Tides," we shall expect with considerable impatience.

There is, doubtless, much truth in the remarks of H. G., although he appears, in some respects, to have taken rather an exaggerated view of his subject. We cannot insert his present letter, but shall be happy to hear from him again on a question of less limited interest.

We thank J. R.—X. A. X.—and a Correspondent at Gloucester, for their friendly suggestions, which, though we may be prevented from attending to implicitly, shall not be entirely lost sight of. *Anglicanus* will perceive that we have, in part, availed ourselves of his information: his request shall certainly be complied with.

We will endeavour to find a corner in our next for the ingenious little Essay of W. K.

"Night, a descriptive Poem," is under consideration.

M.'s verses are not sufficiently correct for our pages. The Legend of J. P. T. Y. is in a similar predicament. We cannot oblige our Poetical Correspondents at the expense of our own credit.

Our sprightly friend at Woburn has done well; but as we feel assured he can do better, we shall await the results.

M. Doncaster's note shall be attended to. Mr. Price's communication may perhaps appear in an early number.

Advertisement puffs, however ingeniously worded, can be inserted in no part of the New Monthly Magazine, excepting it be the wrapper, and then they must be paid for accordingly. This observation will particularly apply to several letters now before us.



Drawn by W. Brown

Engraved by H. May

THE REV. C. R. MATURIN.

Published March 1819 by Henry Colburn, Conduit Street.

THE
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. 62.]

MARCH 1, 1819.

[Vol. XI.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

ACCOUNT OF THE BREAKWATER AT PLYMOUTH. BY M. CHARLES DUPIN.

THE Roads and the port of Plymouth are, perhaps, the spots where nature has done the most for a naval establishment, and they are, besides, situated at the point most important to the security of Great Britain. Industry, power, and opulence have combined their efforts to add to the local advantages all the improvements of which they were susceptible. On the confines of Devonshire and Cornwall, along a very uneven part of the coast, and within the extent of only three miles, are situated three rich and populous towns: namely—Plymouth, Stone-House, and Plymouth Dock. Two rivers, the Plym and the Tamer, which enlarge at some distance above their outlets, form two vast basons, the Catwater and the Hamoaze; they mingle their waters in front of the three towns above mentioned, in another bason, larger than either the Catwater or the Hamoaze: this is Plymouth Roads, usually called the Sound.

The commercial establishments and the town of Plymouth are situated on the right bank of the Plym, close to the Catwater. The naval and ordnance establishments, together with the town of Plymouth Dock, lie, on the contrary, on the left bank of the Tamer, beside the Hamoaze. The two towns are insensibly united by the enlargement of a third, called Stone-House, which extends along an intermediate valley: these three towns contain altogether upwards of sixty thousand inhabitants. Plymouth and Stone-House are not surrounded by fortifications; they are defended on the sea-coast by a citadel erected on a promontory. The guns of this citadel cross those of an island, which nature seems to have placed at the entrance of the Hamoaze, to render still more secure the anchorage of vessels in that immense inward port:—this is called Drake Island. It is pleasing to observe that national gratitude has given to this island the name of the illustrious Drake, who, in time of peace departed to discover unknown regions, and to share the

glory of Americus and Columbus;—who, during the war with Spain in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, sailed from Plymouth to defeat the Grand Armada, as Themistocles quitted Athens to capture the fleet of the great king;—and who, when war was at an end, became the father of those whom his genius had led on to victory, by converting, under an ingenious arrangement, the scanty but regular savings of brave warriors into means of cheering the old age of the veteran disabled by the scythe of war, and of shielding from want the widow and orphan of the sailor who had perished for his country. —But in addition to these titles, which must ever render the name of Drake venerable to the English people, and dear to all friends of humanity, it possesses a still more direct claim to the gratitude of the inhabitants of the banks of the Plym and the Tamar. Between the Dartmoor Hills and Plymouth, that is to say, along an extent of upwards of twenty miles, there is an aqueduct, which was constructed under the direction of Drake, and the expenses of which he himself defrayed; he afterwards presented this admirable monument of public utility to the corporation of Plymouth. Drake Island separates the entrance of the Hamoaze into two divisions; on the north side its guns cross the fire of those of the citadel, as has already been observed. On the west, they cross the fire of the batteries of Mount Edgcumbe.

Mount Edgcumbe stands on an extensive base: it rises and projects like a promontory, forming the western boundary of Plymouth Roads. Its sides are majestically shaded by some beautiful old plantations, and its summit commands one of the finest prospects England presents. On the east, the spectator beholds, as if beneath his feet, the road and the vessels lying at anchor. The long narrow line, formed by the town of Stone-House, is distinctly marked; in front rise the citadel and insulated barracks of the Royal Marines; and in the rear the magnificent naval and ordnance hospitals. Further to the left, the Hamoaze sends off nu-

merous and deep ramifications from both its banks, as the trunk of a vigorous tree shoots forth its branches in all directions. Along an extent of upwards of four miles, its principal course is filled by vessels, frigates, and smaller ships of war; some entirely dismantled, others rigged, fully equipped, and ready to join any sudden expedition at a moment's warning. Finally, to crown this magnificent picture, the plains, hills, and high mountains of Devonshire and Cornwall, forin, on the east, north, and west, an immense amphitheatre of fields, meadows, heaths, forests, and rocks. The two extremities of this amphitheatre extend gradually to the ocean, the immense surface of which presents no resting point to the eye, except Eddystone light-house.

This remarkable monument is erected on the narrow base of a detached rock, which is twelve miles off at sea, and which rises to an immense height. Nevertheless, when the sea is agitated, the light-house frequently disappears, and is entirely enveloped amidst the thick vapour of the waves which break against its base, and ascend along the inclined surface of the structure. About a century ago, an old light-house stood on the same spot, but it was swept away during the night by a tempest. At day-break nothing was visible but the rock on which the beacon stood. The celebrated Smeaton was then employed to build a new light-house. He was supplied with stone, iron, and work-men; he surpassed himself, and erected a monument which promises to resist the fury of the sea for centuries to come.*

* The first light-house on the Eddystone rock was erected by Mr. Henry Winstanley, and finished in 1696. He was so confident of the stability of his structure, as to wish to be in it when it stood the test of a violent storm. He, ultimately, was indulged by the gratification of his wishes, but not with a propitious result. On November 26th, 1703, the light-house was blown down during a violent storm, Winstanley himself being amongst those who perished in the catastrophe.

The second light-house, which was constructed of wood, was built in 1709 by John Rudyerd, and was burnt down on December 3d, 1755. The sad accident is rendered memorable by a remarkable circumstance. Henry Hall, one of the light house keepers, an old man of 94 years of age, looking upward from within, to observe the progress of the fire, received into his mouth a quantity of melted lead from the lantern above.

Having made the reader in some degree acquainted with the admirable topography of the environs of Plymouth Roads, we may proceed to describe the great work which was wanting to render the Sound one of the securest harbours for the shelter and rendez-vous of a fleet.

Plymouth Roads, which are both wide and deep, are surrounded on the east, north, and west, by hills and high mountains; and are thus sheltered against the wind from south-east to north, and from north to south-west. Of the four quarters of the compass, Plymouth Roads are only exposed to the wind on one. But as the latter faces an open sea, which is not broken by any island, the waves rush into the Sound with as much fury as they would dash against an unprotected coast. The extent to which they are engulfed, far from diminishing their force, augments both their magnitude and their power, from the same cause which renders tides stronger in straits and narrow bays, than in open seas, where there is no object to impede their motion.

To render perfectly secure the anchorage of vessels in Plymouth Roads, the English have followed the example which we set before them in constructing the jetée of Cherbourg.* But they

He lived 12 days: after his death a piece of lead, weighing 7oz. 5drs. 18grs. was found lodged at the bottom of his stomach! This was then thought so incredible, that fused lead was afterwards poured down the throats of domestic fowls, to ascertain how long they might survive it. See the Philosophical Transactions, vol. xlix. for the year 1755.

The third light-house on the Eddystone, which is the one now standing, was begun by the celebrated Smeaton in April, 1757, and finished in August, 1759. This great work exhibits a remarkable union of taste and science: and the history of its progress written by Smeaton himself, furnishes remarkable proofs of that fecundity of expedients with which a man of genius overcomes obstacles insurmountable by all other men.—ED.

* The British coasts exhibit some fine examples of *natural* Breakwaters. One of the most interesting of these is the beautiful little island of Inch Keith, which tends so pleasingly to enrich the noble picturesque effect of the approach to Edinburgh by sea. This island, by its happy position, enables vessels to ride quietly at anchor in Leith Roads, during winds which would otherwise considerably endanger their safety. And, to mention only one more example of this kind, the small island of Balta, in the north

were not, like us, obliged to employ vast sums in experiments. They saved the money which we had expended, to ascertain how far a simple dyke of sunk

of Shetland, by standing athwart the entrance of Balta Sound in the island of Unst, renders that sound (often resorted to by our Greenland and Archangel vessels) one of the most safe as well as commodious harbours in the British dominions.

Among *artificial* breakwaters, M. Dupin would, we think, have classed Ramsgate pier and harbour, had he visited that extraordinary work. The harbour is completely stolen from the sea; not, as at Plymouth, upon a deeply indented line, but upon a *straight* line of coast. The pier is a complete breakwater, and of a refined construction; and much earlier in its erection than the work at Cherburgh, to which M. Dupin refers. With regard to the breakwater at Cherburgh we are not able to speak accurately as to its present state: but, we fear, that notwithstanding the large sums of money expended upon it during more than 30 years, it still remains incomplete. We learn from M. de Cessart, in his *Description des Travaux Hydrauliques*, that the expense incurred between March, 1783, and January, 1791, exceeded 900,000*l.* sterling; and that was an estimate in which the extra pay to the troops and seamen employed was not included. The whole sum expended upon the Cherburgh work, there is every reason to believe, is nearly quadruple the amount just specified. During the time M. de Cessart superintended the work, he employed more than 680 artificers to sink the cones he made use of; and for the whole operation of the breakwater, there were simultaneously employed from 1,200 to 1,500 artificers and labourers, together with about 3,000 soldiers. By way of contrast, we may add the statement of the whole establishment for carrying on the Plymouth Breakwater, viz:—

A superintendant, with clerks, &c.	10
Warrant officers and masters of the government vessels	21
Seamen and boys to navigate those vessels	90
Seamen in the superintendants' vessels, boats' crews, &c.	45
Masons, blacksmiths, carpenters, &c.	39
Seamen in the contractors' vessels	170
Quarrymen and labourers employed by the contractors	300
In all	675

This is about *a sixth* of the number employed at Cherburgh; a circumstance with which M. Dupin appears to have been much struck, although he makes no specific comparison in his interesting description.—*ED.*

stone was capable of opposing the fury of the sea, and resisting its most powerful efforts. At the distance of two miles from the bottom of the Bay, a right line was drawn from east to west;* this line was prolonged by two other right lines, inclining inwardly, and forming with the principal base, an angle of one hundred and thirty-nine degrees. Such is the plan according to which the outline of the structure has been formed. The total length of this line is four thousand two hundred feet. On the completion of the work, there will be two entrances to the roads, one on the east, not quite half a mile in width; but deep enough for the passage of ships of war, until within a short distance from the shore; the other on the west, above a mile in width, and also presenting, along an extent of two thousand seven hundred feet, sufficient depth for the passage of ships of war. By sounding the roads, according to the line along which the structure has been raised, it was ascertained, that the average depth is thirty-six feet, at low water. In the equinoxes, the difference between the highest tide and the lowest, is eighteen feet; the breakwater is to be raised three feet above this latter limit, which will make its average height fifty-seven feet. Its width is three hundred feet at the foundation, and only thirty at the top: these two surfaces are united by rectilinear inclined planes. The transverse section of the structure is consequently a trapezium; the length of its parallel sides being thirty feet, and three hundred feet. The internal inclined side or plane is one hundred and eighty feet in horizontal length;† the external inclined side or plane, ninety feet in horizontal length: consequently, the inclination of the internal, is three times greater than that of the external plane.

In constructing the immense work, of which I have described the dimensions, it was necessary to choose between the white Portland-stone, furnished by a neighbouring coast, the granite which forms the basis of the primitive mountains of Cornwall and Devonshire, and the stone which constitutes the secondary mountains, and which is covered by

* It inclines a few degrees towards the north-west.

† That is to say, that the most inclined line, measuring this slope, and projected horizontally, is 180 feet long.

a light stratum of vegetable earth: the latter was preferred.

The hills of stone, lining the right bank of the mouth of the Plym, (the Catwater) have been cut, and, by the aid of gunpowder, masses are detached weighing ten or twelve tons. These masses are thrown into the sea, without any particular order, but within the lines fixed for the boundaries of the work. The points for depositing the stone, so as to diminish the width, and thereby form the internal and external slopes, are determined by means of sounding. When the work at any part rises high enough to be visible at low water, the largest blocks of stone are employed. They are laid together in such a way, as to produce the greatest possible resistance to any derangement which might be occasioned by the waves of the sea. They are not, however, so combined, as to form a smooth surface externally; on the contrary, they present great irregularities, and thus form a *breakwater*, in the true sense of the word. The external plane or slope, from the level of low water to the summit, as well as the horizontal part of the summit, have a smooth and uniform surface: but the stones, though smoothed on the external surface, are not squared on the other sides. They are laid one into another; and in form, bulk, and mode of connexion, perfectly represent those ancient structures, celebrated for solidity, and known by the name of *Cyclopean Structures*.

Having enabled the reader to form some idea of the Breakwater, we may now describe the means employed in extracting the stone from the quarries, placing it on board vessels, and disembarking it at the necessary point. These methods are, generally speaking, as simple as ingenious, and are well worthy the attention of the mechanician. The hills, from which the stone is extracted, extend to the bank of the Plym; and a quay is constructed on the bank of the river, to afford conveniences for the loading of several vessels at the same time. The hills are every where covered with strata of vegetable earth, more or less thick. This earth is gradually removed before the stone can be got out. The hills are cut from the top downwards, by sections nearly vertical.

The vegetable earth which has been removed, together with the small pieces of stone procured in course of the excavation, are piled up, and form an ar-

tificial hill, which rises beside those which are gradually disappearing. By means of iron chains, flying bridges are thrown from the summit of the new hill to the summit of the primitive hill; and the workmen, with wheel-barrow and hand-barrow, remove the vegetable earth along these bridges.

There appeared to be nothing peculiar in the process by which the quarries are worked; only that it is much more easy, when the stone is found in vertical strata, than when it lies horizontally. It sometimes happens, that in the same hill, there are strata nearly horizontal, contiguous to others nearly vertical; a geological fact, which, though not without example, is nevertheless very remarkable. The largest blocks of stone, which are reserved for the external and upper parts of the work, are extracted from the latter strata. At the foot of each section of the hill, a file of cranes is established, on an extremely simple principle. The feet of these cranes rest on a sole fixed into the earth; and the heads turn in an iron collar provided with rings, to which chains are fastened; these chains, four or five in number, extend some from the top downwards, and have their point of attachment in the ground—and others from the bottom upwards, and have their point of attachment on the summit of the hill. In proportion as the excavation advances, the points of attachment of the chains are altered, and the range of cranes is extended, so that the pieces of stone detached by the gunpowder, and thrown down by the workmen, are always caught by some one of the cranes. They are each moved by means of a double handle, the axis of which has a pinion attached to it; this pinion sets in motion a toothed wheel, which acts upon the pinion attached to the cylinder, round which the chain, by which the weight is raised, rolls and unrolls. Two men are sufficient to work each crane: one links together the two ends of the chain round the piece of stone to be raised, and the other turns the handle. As soon as the stone is disengaged from those who surround it, the workman, who fixed it in the chain, pushes it with his hands, and makes the crane turn on itself, until the stone comes on a level with a flat carriage, with four small cast iron wheels, of nearly equal diameter.

The block of stone being deposited on

this carriage, the two workmen at the crane proceed to raise another piece of stone, and to place it on another carriage. These little carriages are provided at both ends with two strong iron hooks, for fastening to the traces of a horse, either before or behind, according as it may be found necessary to make the carriage advance or retrograde; for it is not made to turn upon its wheels. The wheels are placed in the grooves of an iron rail-way, prepared for that purpose. These iron rail-ways meet at the different points of embarkation, and branch out to each of the cranes above described.

When a carriage arrives to be loaded at the cranes, a driver is in readiness with his horse, and he fastens the traces to the hooks in front of the carriage. He drives off, proceeding a little before his horse, in order to turn the little pieces of iron, which form edges for the grooves of the rail-way, at places where two roads, crossing each other, renders it necessary that the edges of the rail-way should be capable of taking two different directions. The rail-ways lead to the point of embarkation, parallel with the quay, and the carriage which runs in this direction must turn at right angles, in order that it may be embarked on board the vessel which is waiting at the quay to receive it. For this purpose, a circular plate of cast-iron is laid down, with edges which appear to be a prolongation of the rail-way. This plate, the centre of which is in the middle of the road, turns on rollers fixed circularly beneath it. It is moreover encased in a cast iron hoop, and fixed into the ground, to prevent it from inclining either to one side or the other. The driver having brought his carriage to the iron plate, which prolongs the iron rail-way, unfastens the horse, and turns with his hands the iron-plate, with the carriage upon it, until the rail-way on the plate is brought in a line with the turn of the road leading to the vessel, perpendicular to the quay.

A strong beam is fixed into the front of the quays. Two beams perpendicular to this, on a line with the grooves of the latter part of the rail-way, are fixed, with strong hinges, in front of the immoveable beam. The iron grooves of the rail-way are carried along these two beams, which may be either raised or lowered by turning upon the fixed beam. The free extremities of the two beams rest on the edge of a port-hole, at the

stern of the vessel that is to be loaded. According as the tide is either high or low, the slope of the beams changes, though the ends still rest on the port-hole.

The vessels employed to convey the blocks of stone have only one deck, along which run two iron rail-ways extending from stem to stern, one on the starboard, and the other on the larboard side. Two similar rail-ways take the same direction into the bottom of the hold. A horizontal capstan in the middle of the vessel, moved by iron wheel-work, makes the carriage advance from the circular iron-plate, before mentioned, to the deck of the vessel, where the carriages are ranged, so that the front of the one comes in contact with the back of the other.

It will naturally be supposed that in order to keep the vessels steady during the loading, it is necessary, in depositing the carriages in the hold, to begin by introducing them alternately on the starboard and larboard sides. Thus the vessel is prevented from heeling either on one side or the other, which would render the operations difficult and even dangerous. In this manner sixteen or twenty carriages are put on board each vessel; six or seven on each side of the hold, and two or three on each side of the deck. With one horse for drawing the carriages to the circular iron plates on which they are turned to the point of embarkation, the driver of the horse, and six or eight men for working the capstan and pullies, a vessel bearing sixty tons is loaded in the space of *fifty* minutes.

The great works which I have here attempted to describe, the enormous masses of stone which the workmen strike with huge hammers, or precipitate from the summit of the hills; the suspended roads for conveying away the earth; the lines of cranes and their simultaneous machinery; the movement of the carriages; the arrival, loading, and departure of the vessels, present altogether, to an admirer of the great works of art, one of the most imposing spectacles that can be imagined. At certain hours the ringing of a bell announces the explosion of the quarries. The works instantly cease, the workmen retire; all becomes silence and solitude; and this silence is rendered still more imposing by the report of the gunpowder, the breaking of the rocks, the crash occasioned by their fall, and the prolonged

echoes. Near the quarries there are several workshops for repairing the tools, carriages, vessels, &c. A little square building serves as an office for the engineer and a few agents,* who are sufficient for the direction and completion of an undertaking, the annual expences of which amount to one hundred thousand pounds. The works are entrusted to two contractors: one superintends the transport of the stone, and the other the explosion of the quarries and the construction of the breakwater. The vessels employed in conveying the stone are previously gauged, and each vessel has its burden marked on scales fixed up at the stem and stern. In proportion as the vessel is loaded, the scale descends in the water, and thus the burden is ascertained. This serves for the rule by which all the works are paid. A certain sum is paid for the extraction of every ton of stone, and so much for placing it on board the vessels and conveying it to the breakwater.

The work was commenced four years ago (in 1812), and the sum of one hundred thousand pounds has been annually expended on it. Five hundred thousand pounds more are wanted, and it is expected that the structure will be finished in five years. Thus the Plymouth breakwater will cost nine hundred thousand pounds, regularly expended in the course of nine years.

The quantity of stone which had been employed on the 10th of Sept. 1816, amounted to nine hundred and forty four thousand five hundred and one tons. Supposing that at the conclusion of the year the whole should have amounted to a million tons, the work will at that time have cost four hundred thousand pounds, which, at an average, is at the rate of eight shillings for the shipment, transport, and deposit of each ton.

When the vessels arrive at the breakwater, their cables are fastened to buoys parallel with the works, one range within and the other without; they then take the position which is assigned to them. The port lids are lowered and the port-holes at the stern for loading become the port-holes for unloading. These port-lids turn on strong hinges fixed at the lower end, whilst the upper end is fastened by strong chains extending to a post above the prow. When

the port-lid is lowered by means of these chains it becomes horizontal. A tackle is fastened to the hind-part of the carriage which is to be unloaded; it passes over the carriage, runs through a block fixed on the stern, and then winds round the horizontal capstan. The capstan is now put in motion, the carriage ascends from the hold, is drawn along the deck to the port-hole, which it passes. Then the tackle acting vertically on the carriage, while the motion of the capstan is continued, raises the hind part of the carriage, and the stone which is now unconfined, falls by its own weight into the sea. This operation being ended, the unloaded carriage is brought back and placed on the clear part of the deck, and another is unloaded in the same manner.—For a burden of sixty tons, for example, this operation occupies only forty minutes, and fifty vessels are employed in conveying the stones.

A crane is used in arranging the enormous blocks of stone, which are laid together systematically from the level of low water to the summit of the Break-water. This crane, which is furnished of two long masts firmly lashed together at the top, and resting on the deck and the side of a vessel at the stern, is very strong and large. It is worked by the horizontal capstan on board the vessel; whilst a smaller capstan acts upon a cable, by which the vessel is made either to approach the Breakwater or to recede from it. I conceive it to be impossible to employ a more simple and advantageous system of mechanism for raising and placing the stones in slightly inclined gradations, which consequently renders it necessary that the crane on board the ship should project considerably, so that the vessel may not strike against the Break-water.

Some other little fixed cranes, which present nothing remarkable, are ranged in succession at different points of the Break-water, for moving and depositing the last pieces of stone.

Such is the rapid sketch of the great works of Plymouth Breakwater. The admiration excited by the contemplation of such an enterprize is increased on consideration of the rapidity with which it has been completed, and reflects honour at once on the enlightened Government which promoted these immense expences for the attainment of an object so eminently advantageous to the public, and on the industrious individuals who,

* The engineer, his assistants, and all the clerks, amount only to ten individuals.

by the most prompt, ingenious, and yet simple means, have overcome the greatest difficulties.

My friend, Mr. JOHN RENNIE, who drew the plan of the Plymouth Break-water, and who, together with Mr. WHITBY, immediately superintends the works, invented the different methods which have here been explained. Mr. WHITBY, the companion of Capt. Cook, is already known for his talent as a mechanician, by an interesting memorial of the methods adopted for raising the frigate *Ambuscade*. To his politeness I am indebted for the explanation, given on the spot, of all the operations which he himself superintends with indefatigable activity.

OBSERVATIONS ON GRAINGER'S POEM
"THE SUGAR CANE;" BY DR. JOHNSON.

MR. EDITOR,

IT is well known that Dr. Johnson was in the habit of writing critical articles on the performances of his friends, for the purpose of recommending them to public notice. The following is one of those productions which the Doctor wrote, with that good-natured purpose, in behalf of Dr. James Grainger's poem of "*The Sugar Cane*;" on its first appearance in 1764. As this effusion has escaped the collectors of Dr. Johnson's fugitive pieces, the insertion of it will, perhaps, be acceptable to his admirers and the general body of your readers. This critique appeared in three successive numbers of the *London Chronicle*: a paper to which the Doctor occasionally contributed.

S. TAYLOR.

Dec. 28, 1818.

THE SUGAR CANE: a Poem. In Four Books, with Notes, &c.

To travel usefully in any country, requires a course of study and disposition of mind suited to the objects which that country particularly presents to curiosity. Holland will be most properly surveyed by the merchant, and politician, and Italy by the antiquary and virtuoso. America is well known to be the habitation of uncivilized nations, remarkable only for their rudeness and simplicity. The plains and mountains of the western hemisphere afford no monuments of ancient magnificence, nor any exhibitions of modern elegance; the lives of their vagrant inhabitants, insecure and unfriended, can only shew how labour may supply the want of skill, and how necessity may enforce expedients.

But Nature has filled these boundless regions with innumerable forms to which European eyes are wholly strangers. "In passing down the river of Amazons," says Condamine, "I saw new plants, new animals, and new men."

The qualifications of an American traveller are, knowledge of Nature and copiousness of language, acuteness of observation and facility of description. It is, therefore, with that pleasure which every rational mind finds in the hope of enlarging the empire of science, that we see these enlightened regions visited by a man who examines them as a philosopher, and describes them as a poet. The subject which he has chosen to illustrate, demands, by its commercial value, the attention of a mercantile, and by its physical curiosity, that of a philosophical nation. And it is reasonable to expect, that all to whom SUGAR contributes usefulness or pleasure, will be willing to know from what it is produced, and how it is prepared.

Every author is best recommended by himself; we shall therefore subjoin some examples of the descriptions and precepts, both physical and moral, with which this poem abounds. They are not selected as superior in excellence to many other passages in the poem, but as more easily separated from the rest, and more intelligible when the connexion is broken.

In the first Book, directions are given for the choice of soils: and here the poet having celebrated the dark deep mould, when intermixed with clay or gravel, thus proceeds:—

This soil the CANE

With partial fondness loves: and oft surveys
Its progeny with wonder. Such rich veins
Are scattered plenteous o'er the Sugar Isles:
But chief that land, to which the bearded

Fig,

Prince of the forest, gave Barbadoes name:
Chief Nevis, justly for its hot-baths fam'd;
And breezy Montserrat, whose wondrous

springs

Change, like Medusa's head, whate'er they

touch

To stony hardness.

Tho' such the soils the Antillean Cane
Supremely loves: yet other soils abound,
Which art may tutor to obtain its smile.
Say, shall the experienced muse that art re-

cite?

How sand will fertilize stiff barren clay,
How clay unites the light, the porous mould,
Sport of each breeze? And how the torpid

nymph

Of the rank pool so noisome to the smell
May be solicited, by wily ways,

To draw her humid train, and prattling run
Down the reviving slopes? Or shall she say
What glebes ungrateful to each other, but
Their genial treasures ope to fire alone?

Having enumerated the soils proper for the sugar cane, the Poet proceeds to mention the seasons of planting; and here takes occasion to describe a West Indian shower, with its various prognostics and effects. These he exhibits first as they appear upon the plain, and then turns the reader's eye to the hills; where he opens a scene which will equally strike Europeans by its grandeur and its novelty:—

But chief, let fixed attention cast his eye
On the cap't mountain, whose high rocky verge

The wild fig canopies (vast woodland king,
Beneath thy branching shade a banner'd host

May lie in ambush) and whose shaggy sides,
Trees shade, of endless green, enormous size,

Wood'rous in shape, to botany unknown,
Old as the Deluge.—There, in secret haunts,
The watery spirits ope their liquid court;
There, with the wood-nymphs, link'd in festal band,

(Soft airs and Phœbus wing them to their arms)

Hold amorous dalliance. Ah, may none profane,

With fire, or steel, their mystic privacy:
For there their fluent offspring first see day,
Coy infants sporting: silver-footed dew
To bathe by night thy sprouts in genial balm;

The green stol'd Naiad of the tinkling rill,
Whose brow the fern tree* shades; the power of rain

To glad the thirsty soil, on which, arrang'd
The gemmy summits of the cane await.

In one of his precepts for planting, a moral sentiment arises so naturally from a physical observation, that we cannot but wish it may be generally read:—

In plants, in beasts, in man's imperial race
An alien mixture meliorates the breed;
Hence canes, that sicken'd dwarfish on the plain,

Will shoot with giant vigour on the hill.
Thus all depends on all; so God ordains.
Then let not man for little selfish ends,
(Britain, remember this important truth!)
Presume the principle to counteract
Of universal love; for God is love,
And wide creation shares alike his care.

* This only grows in mountainous situations. Its stem shoots up to a considerable height, but it does not divide into branches, till near the summit, where it shoots out horizontally, like an umbrella, into leaves, which resemble those of the common fern.

Equally new to the readers of this hemisphere will be the Carnation-hedge and Humming-bird, of which we shall give the author's account both in verse and prose:—

Boast of the shrubby tribe, Carnation fair,*
Nor thou repine, tho' late the muse record
Thy bloomy honours. Tipt with burnish'd gold,

And with imperial purple crested high,
More gorgeous than the train of Juno's bird,
Thy bloomy honours oft the curious muse

Hath seen transported: seen the Humming-bird,†

Whose burnish'd neck bright glows with verdant gold;

Least of the winged vagrants of the sky,
Yet dauntless as the strong-pounc'd bird of Jove;

With fluttering vehemence attacks thy cups,
To rob them of their nectar's luscious store.

The Second Book describes the various dangers to which plantations are exposed; first, from vermin and insects; and then from causes more dreadful and destructive, hurricanes, calms, and earthquakes.

Say, can the Muse, the pencil in her hand,

* This is, indeed, a most beautiful flowering shrub. It is a native of the West Indies, and called, from a French governor, named De Poinci, *Poinciana*. It permitted it will grow twenty feet high; but, in order to make it a good fence, it should be kept low. It is always in blossom. Though not purgative it is of the senna kind. Its leaves and flowers are stomachic, carminative, and emmenagogue. Some authors name it *Cauda Pavonis*, on account of its inimitable beauty; the flowers have a physical smell. How it came to be called *Doodle-doo* I know not; the Barbadeans more properly term it *Flower-fence*. This plant grows also in Guinea.

† The Humming-Bird is called *Piciflore* by the Spaniards, on account of its hovering over flowers, and sucking their juices, without lacerating, or even so much as discomposing their petals. Its Indian name, says Ulloa, is *Guinde*, though it is also known by the appellations of *Rabilargo* and *Lison-gero*. By the Caribbeans it was called *Collotree*. It is common in all the warm parts of America. There are various species of them, all exceeding small, beautiful, and bold. The crested one, though not so frequent, is yet more beautiful than the others. It is chiefly to be found in the woody parts of the mountains. Edwards has described a very beautiful Humming Bird, with a long tail, which is a native of Surinam, but which I never saw in these islands. They are easily caught in rainy weather.

The all-wasting hurricane observant ride?
 Can she, undazzled, view the lightning's
 glare,
 That fires the welkin? Can she, unappall'd,
 When all the flood-gates of the sky are oped,
 The shoreless deluge stem? The Muse hath
 seen
 The pillar'd flame, whose top hath reach'd
 the stars;
 Seen rocky, molten fragments, flung in air
 From Etna's vext abyss; seen burning
 streams
 Pour down its channel'd sides: cause such
 dismay,
 Such desolation, hurricane! as thou;
 When the Almighty gives thy rage to blow,
 And all the battles of thy winds engage.
 Soon as the virgin's charms ingross the sun;
 But chief, when Libra weighs the unsteady
 year,
 Planter, with mighty props thy dome sup-
 port;
 Each flaw repair; and well with massy bars
 Thy doors and windows guard.
 —Then, or calms obtain;
 Breathless, the royal palm-tree's airiest van;
 While, o'er the panting isle, the dæmon Heat
 High hurls his flaming brand; vast, distant
 waves
 The main drives furious in, and heaps the
 shore
 With strange productions: or, the blue
 serene
 Assumes a louring aspect, as the clouds
 Fly, wild-careering, thro' the vault of heaven;
 Then transient birds, of various kinds fre-
 quent
 Each stagnant pool; some hover o'er thy
 roof;
 Then Eur^{us}* reigns no more; but each
 bold wind,
 By turns, usurps the empire of the air
 With quick inconstancy;
 Thy herds, as sapient of the coming storm,
 (For beasts partake some portion of the sky)
 In troops associate, and in cold sweats bath'd,
 Wild bellowing, eye the pole.
 —See, the mists that late involv'd the hill,
 Disperse; the mid-day sun looks red;
 strange burs
 Surround the stars, which vaster fill the eye.
 A horrid stench the pools, the main emits;
 Fearful, the genius of the forest sighs;
 The mountains moan; deep groans the ca-
 vern'd cliff.
 A night of vapour, closing fast around,
 Snatches the golden noon.—Each wind ap-
 peased
 The North flies forth, and hurls the frightened
 air:
 Not all the brazen engineeries of man,
 At once exploded, the wild burst surpass.
 Yet thunder, yok'd with lightning and with
 rain,

Water with fire, increase the infernal din:
 Canes, shrubs, trees, huts, are whirl'd aloft
 in air.
 The wind is spent; and "all the isle be
 low;
 As silent is as death."
 Soon issues forth the West, with sudden
 burst;
 And blasts more rapid, more resistless
 drives:
 Rushes the headlong sky: the city rocks;
 The good man throws him trembling on the
 ground,
 And in his inmost soul the murderer dies.
 Sullen the West withdraws his eager storms.
 Then the South, sallying from his iron
 caves,
 With mightier force, renews the aerial war;
 Sleep, frightened, flies; and, see! yon lofty
 palm,
 Fair Nature's triumph, pride of Indian
 groves,
 Cleft by the sulphurous bolt! See yonder
 dome
 Where grandeur with propriety combin'd,
 And Theodorus with devotion dwelt,
 Involv'd in amould'ring flames.—From ev'ry
 rock
 Dashes the turbid torrent; thro' each
 street
 A river foams, which sweeps, with untam'd
 might,
 Men, oxen, cane-lands, to the billowy main.
 Pauses the wind.—Anon the savage East
 Bids his wing'd tempests more relentless
 rave;
 Now brighter, vaster coruscations flash:
 Deepens the deluge; nearer thunders roll;
 Earth trembles; ocean reels: and in her
 fangs,
 Grim desolation tears the shrieking plain.
 Nor does the hurricane's all-wasting breath
 Alone bring ruin on its sounding wing:
 Even calms are dreadful, and the fiery
 South
 Oft reigns a tyrant in these fervid isles:
 For, from its burning surface, when it
 breathes,
 Europe and Asia's vegetable sons,
 Touch'd by its tainting vapour, shrivell'd,
 die.
 The hardiest children of the rocks repine;
 And all the upland Tropic-plants hang down
 Their drooping heads: show arid, coil'd,
 adust.
 The main itself seems parted into streams,
 Clear as a mirror; and, with deadly scents,
 Annoys the rower; who, heart fainting,
 eyes
 The sails hang idly, noiseless, from the mast.
 Thrice hapless he, whom thus the hand of
 Fate
 Compels to risk the insufferable train!
 A fiend, the worst the angry skies ordain
 To punish sinful man!

When such the ravage of the turning calm,
 On the stout, sunny children of the hill;

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* At other times the east wind constantly
 blows in these climates.

What must thy cane-lands feel? Thy late
 green sprouts
 Nor branch, nor joint; but sapless, arid,
 pine;
 Those, who have manhood reach'd, of yellow hue,
 (Symptom of health and strength) soon
 ruddy shew,
 While the rich juice that circled in their
 veins,
 Acescent, watery, poor, unwholesome tastes.
 Then earthquakes, Nature's agonizing pangs,
 Oft shake the astonish'd isles. The Solfa-
 terre
 Or sends forth thick, blue, suffocating
 steams:
 Or shoots to temporary flame. A din
 Wild, thro' the mountains quivering rocky
 caves,
 Like the dread crest of tumbling planets,
 roars.
 When tremble thus the pillars of the globe,
 Like the tall cocoa by the fierce North
 blown;
 Can the poor, brittle, tenements of man
 Withstand the dread convulsion? Their
 dear homes,
 (Which, shaking, tottering, crashing, burst-
 ing, fall.)
 The boldest fly: and, on the open plain,
 Appall'd, in agony the moment wait,
 When, with disruption vast, the waving
 earth,
 Shall 'whelm them in her sea-disgorging
 womb.
 Nor less affrighted are the bestial kind:
 The bold steed quivers in each panting vein,
 And staggers, writh'd in deluges of sweat,
 The lowing herds forsake their grassy food,
 And send forth frighted, woeful, hollow
 sounds;
 The dog, thy trusty centinel of night,
 Deserts his post assign'd, and piteous
 howls.—
 Wide ocean feels:—
 The mountain-waves, passing their custom'd
 bounds,
 Make direful, loud incursions on the land,
 All-overwhelming: sudden they retreat
 With their whole troubled waters: but,
 anon,
 Sudden return, with louder, mightier force;
 (The black rocks whiten, the vex'd shores re-
 sound;)
 And yet, more rapid, distant they retire.
 Vast coruscations lighten all the sky,
 With volum'd flames; while thunder's aw-
 ful voice
 From forth his shrine, by night and horror
 girt,
 Astounds the guilty, and appals the good:
 For oft the best, smote by the bolt of Hea-
 ven,
 Wrapt in ethereal flame forget to live.

In the Third Book, a West Indian
 harvest is described; and the manner of
 boiling the juice of the cane. From

this part we shall give the description of
 a cane field on fire.

Ah me! what numerous deafening bells re-
 sound?

What cries of horror startle the dull sleep?
 What gleaming brightness makes, at mid-
 night, day?

By its portentous glare, too well I see,
 Palæmon's fate: the virtuous and the wise!
 Where were ye, watches, when the flame
 burst forth?

A little care had then the hydra quell'd:
 But, now, what clouds of white smoke load
 the sky!

How strong, how rapid the combustion
 pours!

Aid not, ye winds, with your destroying
 breath,

The spreading vengeance.—They condemn
 my pray'r.

Rous'd by the deaf'ning bells, the cries, the
 blaze;

From ev'ry quarter, in tumultuous bands,
 The negroes rush; and 'mid the crackling
 flames,

Plunge dæmon-like! all, all, urge ev'ry
 nerve:

This way, tear up those canes; dash the fire
 out,

Which sweeps, with serpent-error, o'er the
 ground.

There, hew these down; their topmost
 branches burn:

And here bid all the watery engines play;
 For here the wind the burning deluge drives.
 In vain.—More wide the blazing torrent
 rolls;

More loud it roars, more bright it fires the
 pole!

And toward thy mansion, see, it bends its
 way.

Haste, far, O far, your infant throng re-
 move:

Quick from your stables drag your steeds
 and mules:

With well-wet blankets guard your cypress-
 roofs,

And where the dried canes in large stacks
 are pil'd.

Efforts but serve to irritate the flames:
 Nought but thy ruin can their wrath appease.

Ah, my Palæmon! what availed thy care,
 Oft to prevent the earliest dawn of day,

And walk thy ranges, at the noon of night?
 What though no ills assail'd thy branching
 sprouts,

And seasons pour'd obedient to thy will:
 All, all must perish; nor shalt thou persevere

Wherewith to feed thy little orphan throng.
 Oh, may the cane-isles know few nights like
 this!

The Fourth Book (the subject of
 which is the proper choice and treatment
 of Negroes) opens with the following
 fine personification:

Genius of Afric! whether thou bestrid'st
 The castled elephant; or at the source

Of thine own Niger, sadly thou reclin'st,
Thy temples shaded by the tremulous palm,
Or quick papaw, whose top is necklac'd
round

With numerous rows of party-colour'd fruit:
Or hear'st thou rather from the rocky banks
Of Rio Grande, or black Sanaga?
Where, dauntless thou, the headlong torrent
bear'st

In search of gold, to braid thy woolly locks,
Or with bright ringlets ornament thine ears,
Thine arms, and ankles; O attend my song.
A muse that pities thy distressful state;
Who sees, with grief, thy sons in fetters
bound;

Who wishes freedom to the race of men;
Thy nod assenting craves; dread Genius,
come!

After this the poet gives a curious
account of the genius and disposition of
the different Negro nations; and pro-
ceeds to recommend mild treatment to
their masters; in which the generosity
of the author's temper, and the inge-
nuous liberality of his sentiments, will
be admired and approved by every hu-
mane reader.

Planter, let humanity prevail—

Perhaps thy Negro, in his native land
Possess'd large fertile plains, and slaves, and
herds:

Perhaps, whene'er he deign'd to walk
abroad,
The richest silks, from where the Indus
rolls,

His limbs invested in their gorgeous plaits:
Perhaps he wails his wife, his children, left
To struggle with adversity. Perhaps
Fortune, in battle for his country fought,
Gave him a captive to his deadliest foe:
Perhaps, incautious, in his native fields,
(On pleasurable scenes his mind intent),
All as he wander'd; from the neighbouring

grove,
Fell ambush dragg'd him to the hated
main.—

Were they even sold for crimes; ye po-
lish'd, say!

Ye, to whom learning opes her amplest
page;

Ye, whom the knowledge of a living God
Should lead to virtue; are ye free from
crimes?

Ah pity, then, these uninstructed swains; -
And still let mercy soften the decrees
Of rigid justice, with her lenient hand.

Oh, did the tender muse possess the power
Which monarchs have, and monarchs oft
abuse,

'Twould be the fond ambition of her soul,
To quell tyrannic sway; knock off the
chains

Of heart-debasing slavery; give to man,
Of every colour and of every clime,
Freedom, which stamps him image of his
God.

Then laws, oppression's scourge, fair vir-
tue's prop,

Offspring of wisdom, should impartial reign,
To knit the whole in well accorded strife:
Servants, not slaves; of choice, and not
compelled,

The Blacks should cultivate the Cane-land
isles.

We have afterwards an enumeration
of the several ails to which the Negroes
are peculiarly liable, with their cures.
The wild opinions and customs of this
sable race are also described; particu-
larly the grand Negro dance on festival
occasions.

The poet concludes the whole with
an address to the mother country; and
with a premonition of the dangerous
consequences likely to arise from that
independency to which the northern co-
lonies are gradually advancing.

All hail, old father Thames! tho' not from
far

Thy springing waters roll; nor countless
streams,

Of name conspicuous, swell thy watery store;
Tho' thou no Plata, to thee the sea devolve
Vast humid offerings; thou art king of
streams:

Delighted commerce broods upon thy wave;
And every quarter of this sea-girt globe
To thee due tribute pays; but chief the
world

By great Columbus found, where now the
muse

Beholds, transported, alow, vast fleecy clouds,
Alps, pil'd on Alps, romantically high,
Which charm the sight with many a pleas-
ing form;

The moon, in virgin glory, gilds the pole,
And tips yon tamarinds, tips yon cane-
crown'd vale

With fluent silver; while unnumber'd stars
Gild the vast concave with their lively beams.
The main, a moving, burnish'd mirror
shines;

No noise is heard, save when the distant
surge,

With drowsy murmurings, breaks upon the
shore;

Ah me, what thunders roll! the sky 's on
fire!

Now sudden darkness muffles up the pole!
Heavens! what wild scenes before the af-
frighted sense

Imperfect swim!—See! in that flaming
scroll,

Which time unfolds, the future germs bud
forth,

Of mighty empires; independent realms!—
And must Britannia, Neptune's favourite
queen,

Protectress of true science, freedom, arts,
Must she, ah! must she, to her offspring
crouch?

Ah, must my Thames, old Ocean's favour-
 ite son,
 Resign his trident to barbaric streams,
 His banks neglected, and his waves un-
 sought,
 No bards to sing them, and no fleets to
 grace?
 Again, the fleecy clouds amuse the eye,
 And sparkling stars the vast horizon gild—
 She shall not crouch! if Wisdom guide the
 helm:
 Wisdom that bade loud Fame, with justest
 praise,
 Record her triumphs! bade the lacqueying
 winds
 Transport, to every quarter of the globe,
 Her winged navies; bade the scepter'd sons
 Of earth acknowledge her pre-eminence!
 She shall not crouch, if these Cane-ocean'd
 isles,
 Isles, which on Britain for their all depend,
 And must for ever; still indulgent share
 Her fostering smile; and other isles to gain,
 From vanquished foes.—And see another
 race!
 A golden æra dazzles my fond sight!
 That other race, that long'd-for æra, hail!
 The British George now reigns, the Patriot
 King;
 Britain shall ever triumph o'er the main!

THOUGHTS ON PLANETARY MOTION.

AS the theory of gravity has long
 been received and sanctioned by a mul-
 titude of learned men, some people may
 be surprised to see any thing advanced
 against it. But let it be remembered,
 that truth can never suffer by fair in-
 quiry:—the candid professor of philo-
 sophy will readily submit his opinions to
 the test of investigation, and willingly
 relinquish whatever cannot be supported
 by reason and sound argument. The
 venerable name of Newton may justly
 claim great respect, and challenge very
 honourable notice: but, while we pay
 to departed worth the just tribute of
 merited praise, we ought to consider that
 infallibility belongs not to dying men,
 whose contracted span of mortal exist-
 ence precludes a long course of scientific
 researches; and whose feebleness of
 constitution prevents those vigorous ef-
 forts of the mental faculties, which are
 absolutely necessary to the acquisition of
 perfect knowledge.

The Newtonian system is very popu-
 lar—and if it can be proved sufficient to
 account for the phenomena of Nature,
 it is worthy of the greatest honour: but
 if impartial discussion should clearly
 point out its defects, let it not be perti-
 naciously held as an invariable creed,
 to be received without consideration,
 and repeated without thought. Were

men always contented to take things
 upon trust, without examining the pri-
 nciples upon which received systems are
 founded, popular errors must for ever
 remain without correction, and new
 discoveries would very seldom be made.
 It was by stepping out of the common
 path, that Columbus ventured on a new
 undertaking, and succeeded in disco-
 vering a new world. Every friend to
 improvement in science will gladly en-
 courage a spirit of inquiry: and the
 hope of finding many persons of this
 description has induced me to offer sen-
 timents so very different from those of
 my superiors in the literary world.

James Ferguson, F. R. S. has pub-
 lished a *Treatise of Astronomy*, ex-
 plained upon Sir Isaac Newton's prin-
 ciples, wherein he makes the following
 remark:—

"By the above-mentioned law, § 150
 et seq. bodies will move in all kinds
 of ellipses, whether long or short, if the
 spaces they move in be void of resist-
 ance. Only those which move in the
 longer ellipses have so much the less
 projectile force impressed upon them in
 the higher parts of their orbits; and
 their velocities, in coming down to-
 wards the sun, are so prodigiously in-
 creased by his attraction, that their cen-
 trifugal forces in the lower parts of their
 orbits are so great, as to overcome the
 sun's attraction there, and cause them
 to ascend again towards the higher
 parts of their orbits; during which time,
 the sun's attraction acting so contrary
 to the motions of those bodies, causes
 them to move slower and slower, until
 their projectile forces are diminished
 almost to nothing; and then they are
 brought back again by the sun's attrac-
 tion, as before." Eleventh edition, p. 81.

In opposition to this system, I main-
 tain, that when the planet moves in an
 elliptical orbit, the centrifugal force and
 the sun's attraction cannot possibly ex-
 ist. My arguments are as follow:—

1. There can be no progression from
 inferiority to superiority, without ar-
 riving at a point of equality.

2. The planet's centrifugal force
 being once inferior to the sun's attrac-
 tion can never become superior thereto,
 without the planet's arriving at a point
 in the orbit, where the centrifugal force
 and the sun's attraction are perfectly
 equal.

3. The centrifugal force and the sun's
 attraction can never become perfectly
 equal, without causing the planet to
 move in a perfect circle.

4. The planets can never move in ellipses, while the centrifugal force and the sun's attraction do exist; also, the centrifugal force and the sun's attraction cannot exist, while the planets move in ellipses.

The truth of the first position will plainly appear, when it is considered that where equality cannot be accomplished superiority can never be attained.

It is evident, that tangents and secants are increasing quantities as the angle increases; and that, in ascending from the lower part towards the vertical point, they are constantly approaching nearer and nearer to equality: and yet, if they be continued to any determinate length whatever, and extended as far as thought and imagination can reach, they will never become perfectly equal. The tangent will always be something less than the secant; although we should conceive them to reach from the earth to the utmost bounds of the solar system, or suppose them to be commensurate with the whole extent of creation. As far as the mind can form any idea of the subject, there will be an eternal approximation to equality; and yet, the very point of equality will never be attained.

Geometrical projection and arithmetical calculation plainly prove, that, in ascending the arch, the difference between the tangents and secants is gradually diminishing; and therefore they are perpetually approaching towards equality, as the angle increases towards 90 degrees. But, though the approximation to 90 may be carried on ever so long, and the approach to it rendered very near, yet, as two parallel lines can never meet together, so the secant of 90 can never be drawn or calculated; and consequently its tangent can never be estimated or determined. And as the tangent, which is the inferior quantity, though always increasing, can never equal the increasing secant, so it can never exceed it in length. But if there be two increasing quantities, and it is found that the quantity which was inferior at one point or period is become superior at another point or period, it is manifest, that there is a point passed, where both quantities were exactly equal. It is known, that tangents and double sines are increasing quantities; for, in ascending the arch from 0 to 10, from 10 to 20 degrees, &c. the tangents and double sines are increasing; it is also evident, that the tangent here is the inferior quantity, and

the double sine is the superior quantity: but when we rise to 70 or 80 degrees, the tangent is found to be the superior quantity, and the double sine* is the inferior quantity. Now, as the tangent, from a state of inferiority, is become superior to the double sine, it is plain, that there must be some point between 20 degrees and 70 degrees, where the tangent and double sine are perfectly equal. And by examination, we shall find this point precisely at 60 degrees. Below 60, the tangents and double sines are increasing and approaching towards equality; at 60, the tangent becomes perfectly equal to the double sine; and above 60, it rises to superiority, and goes on increasing its superiority, as long as the projection or calculation is continued.

Here, then, is a progress from inferiority to superiority, where 60 degrees must be reckoned the point of equality, which forms the boundary between both states, and through which the progression is made. All this illustrates and confirms the above-mentioned position: and every progression in nature that we examine will serve to prove, that it is impossible to pass from inferiority to superiority, without arriving first at the point of equality, where neither of the quantities exceeds the other.

2. The planets' centrifugal force being once inferior to the sun's attraction can never become superior thereto, without the planet's arriving at a point in the orbit, where the centrifugal force and the sun's attraction are perfectly equal.

It is said that, in the higher part of the orbit, the centrifugal force is too weak to balance the sun's attraction; but that when the planet is come down to the lower part of the orbit, the centrifugal force is become too strong for the sun's attraction.

Here, then, the planet's centrifugal force and the sun's attraction are supposed to increase during the planet's descent from the Aphelion to the Perihelium; but with this difference, the centrifugal force, which was the inferior quantity in the higher part of the orbit, has increased so much faster than the sun's attraction, that, in the lower part of the orbit, it is become the superior quantity. So that according to this doctrine, the centrifugal force has made

* By the term "double sine" is meant the sine doubled, or the chord of twice the arch.

a progress from inferiority to superiority. This plainly implies, that it must have arrived at the point of equality, where the two forces were perfectly balanced, without the least excess on either side; for, without arriving at that point of equality, it never could attain a state of superiority: as it has been already proved. Therefore the planet's centrifugal force being once inferior to the sun's attraction can never become superior thereto, without the planet's arriving at a point in the orbit, where the centrifugal force and the sun's attraction will be so perfectly balanced, as to admit of no preponderance, and so exactly equal, as to admit of no inequality.

3. The planet's centrifugal force and the sun's attraction can never become perfectly equal, without causing the planet to move in a perfect circle.

When the planet arrives at that point in the orbit, where the centrifugal force and the sun's attraction are perfectly equal, how can the planet approach nearer to the sun? Will the sun's attraction draw it nearer?

Certainly it will not: for that attraction is completely balanced by the centrifugal force, which acts with equal power and in an opposite direction. Therefore, upon this principle, it is impossible for the planet to come any nearer to the sun.

Again. When the centrifugal force and the sun's attraction are perfectly equal, How can the planet go farther from the sun?

Will the planet's centrifugal force carry it to a greater distance from the sun?

Certainly it cannot: for that centrifugal force is directly opposed by the sun's attraction, which, in this case, must be perfectly equal to the centrifugal force. Therefore, upon this principle, it would be impossible for the planet to go any farther from the sun. Hence, it follows, that as the planet cannot come nearer the sun, because of the centrifugal force, and as it cannot go farther from the sun, because of the sun's attraction, if the planet move at all, it must move in a perfect circle round the sun, without increasing or diminishing its distance from the sun. But it may be objected that the planet is supposed to be descending from the Aphelion towards the Perihelium, in a direction which leads it nearer to the sun: and when, in that descent, it arrives at a certain point in the orbit, the cen-

trifugal force and the sun's attraction are considered to be equal: yet it is manifest, that the planet has been approaching nearer the sun; and as every moving body has a tendency to continue the same direction, unless it be prevented by some powerful cause, will not the planet, in consequence of its former direction, continue for some time to approach the sun, although the centrifugal force and the sun's attraction are become perfectly equal?

To this I answer; the centrifugal force is considered to be produced by the increased projectile force in combination with the planet's direction: therefore the influence of the planet's direction is fully allowed for, in counting the centrifugal force; and being once duly allowed for, can never be reckoned a second time. The centrifugal force is declared to be caused by the planet's velocity in a certain direction: therefore, both the direction and velocity are completely accounted for, in reckoning the centrifugal force produced by them. Hence, the increase or decrease of distance from the sun, can never be caused by the planet's former direction; seeing that all influence arising from that source has been reckoned in counting the centrifugal force, and consequently can never be counted again as a separate principle.

The consequence is, that the continuance of planetary elliptical motion is impossible, according to the Newtonian system; for the planet's centrifugal force and the sun's attraction can never become perfectly equal, without causing the planet to move constantly in a perfect circle.

4. The planets can never move in elliptical orbits, while the centrifugal force and the sun's attraction do exist; also, the centrifugal force, and the sun's attraction cannot exist, while the planets move in elliptical orbits.

It is plainly proved, that all motion regulated by centrifugal and centripetal forces must be perfectly circular; so that, when a body moves in an elliptical orbit, its motion cannot be regulated by centrifugal and centripetal forces. But the earth, moon, and stars move in elliptical orbits; therefore the motion of the earth, moon, and planets, can never be regulated by centrifugal and centripetal forces. The whole may be briefly comprised in the following statement:

The centrifugal force and the sun's attraction cannot exist, without becoming equal in some part of the orbit; and

they cannot become equal in some part of the orbit, without producing a circular motion, and precluding an elliptical motion.

The plain inference is, the existence of centrifugal force and the sun's attraction absolutely precludes elliptical motion; and the existence of elliptical motion absolutely precludes the existence of centrifugal force, and of the sun's attraction.

Thus it appears, that the Newtonian system is quite insufficient to account for planetary motion: and therefore that motion must be ascribed to a principle which our celebrated countryman never thought of.

5. If the above arguments are conclusive, it must necessarily follow, that the theory of the tides, so generally received, is perfectly erroneous. The ebbing and flowing of the sea can never be caused by the attraction of the sun and moon, if it be proved that no such attraction does exist. In this case, the movement of the waters must be referred to a principle of a very different nature.

6. It is now requested, that some advocate for the theory of gravity will undertake to answer what is here advanced against it; and it is hoped that the issue of the debate will tend to confirm and illustrate the present popular system; or else to introduce another, subject to fewer incumbrances, and capable of clearer proofs.

Perhaps it will be asked, If the present system should prove defective, what substitute can be found for it?

My answer to this inquiry is, I have something to offer in its stead; but to render it fit for public inspection, it is necessary that it should be elucidated and confirmed by several experiments, which are too expensive for me at present to undertake: therefore, until some favourable turn take place in my circumstances, I shall confine myself to the investigation here proposed. When the above-mentioned positions have received sufficient discussion, I intend to bring forward against the theory of gravity, other arguments, founded upon the moon's revolution round the earth, &c. &c.

W. JENKIN.

Mylor.

NOTICES OF THE HUNGARIAN GYPSIES. No. I.

SOME account of the mode of life, manners, and character of a people, partly unknown, and partly disregarded, on account of their political insignifi-

cance, yet not the less remarkable, cannot fail of proving interesting to the general reader. The author is far from pretending to furnish a complete description of them; for so many of the less prominent features in the character of this singular race of beings, may escape the most attentive observer, that it would be presumption to offer a sketch like the present, as exhausting the subject. What he does give, however, is the result of his own observations; and, both in the outline and colouring, shall bear the stamp of truth. It need hardly be mentioned, that where his account disagrees, more or less, with others already published, the situation of the writer, and, doubtless, here and there, a more accurate knowledge of the subject, is the cause.

Though this is by no means the place for historical researches, I cannot avoid saying a few words respecting the origin of the gypsies. It was formerly the fashion seriously to infer the descent and origin of a people, from its name. The gypsies being called in German Zigeuner, Hasse* thinks he has found them in the Syginnoi of Herodotus. Even if we did take into the account that Herodotus (Herod. V. p. 351. sq. ed. Steph.) as he frankly confesses, speaks of the country north of the Ister, which he, upon hearsay, assigns to the Syginnoi, at a time quite unknown; and makes these Syginnoi dwell from Pontus to the Adriatic Sea, and that he again finds Syginnoi a province; that, therefore, no conclusion can be drawn from his uncertain notices. It must appear strange, that a people who inhabited so vast an extent of country, could wholly vanish from history; and not till after a lapse of two thousand years, (in the first quarter of the 15th Century) shew themselves again, and that too, in several parts of the world at the same time. The main objection to Hasse, is, however, that a people so long settled in Europe, would not as evidently betray, in figure, manners, and complexion, its oriental origin.

There can scarcely be a doubt, that, in historical criticism, the similarity of names is a very weak support for such assertions. A Frenchman might, with equal reason, derive the Gypsies from Bohemia, they being called Bohemians in French. Grellman's hypothesis is more tenable, who, (in his Historical

* The Gypsies in Herodotus &c. Koningsburg, 1803.

Essay on the Gypsies, 2nd edit. Göttingen, 1787) upon much more solid grounds, endeavours to prove, from the analogy of the language, that they are of Hindoo origin. The general proof seems satisfactory; but to make the Pariahs, or Saddases, who are, however, not the same, the ancestors of our Gypsies, is surely going farther than we have authority to do. Adeling-ton, (Mithridates, part I. p. 237) could hardly resist the temptation of fixing precisely the original seat of the gypsies in India, at the mouth of the Indus, (Sind.) where there is still a plundering tribe, called Zinganesse, or Teshinganesse, and this merely because there is some likeness with the German name Zigeuner.

But all this needs no refutation, when I say, that the Gypsies, in their own language, call themselves Pharaon; and the reader will smile, when he hears that they pretend to be descended from the remains of Pharaoh's host, drowned in the Red Sea. This is almost calling in question the accuracy of Moses, who says, that Pharaoh and his host perished to a man. The Gypsies, nevertheless, pride themselves on this biblical derivation, just as if they must absolutely be in the Bible. It is not our intention to carry this inquiry any further. The reader will excuse this little digression, as not wholly foreign to the purpose of these observations, and as it at least informs him of the name which the Gypsies give themselves.

When I promise a description of the Gypsies, I speak only of such as inhabit Hungary, and are particularly numerous in Transylvania. Those are excluded, who wander about Europe under such repulsive shapes, that it is not probable any body would desire a picture of them. Others in Hungary and Transylvania are a more civilized race, and keep up no intercourse with them, though they speak at the bottom the same language; a clear proof that they consider themselves as something better than their brethren.

That these sketches may not appear confused, I must make a distinction in the Gypsies of Hungary and Transylvania themselves. They are partly *Nomades*, partly living in fixed habitations. I will first describe each class separately, and then enumerate the features common to both, by which, at the end, the character of the people will appear.

OF THE NOMADES.

The wandering Gypsies have different dwellings for summer and winter. In

summer they reside in tents of a coarse hung stuff, mostly of a dark brown colour, either from nature, or the smoke. In such a tent, which consists of a cloth spread over two cross beams, and is, consequently, of but a moderate size, a whole family frequently lives. The father, with his wife, and often his married children and grandchildren; or if the family be much too large, they erect two or three such tents. For the most part, a family chuses its abode alone, near to a town or village, on a heath, where wood and water are at hand. But I have frequently seen hordes of thirty or forty tents together, as in a little camp. The population of one of these camps is astonishing; for the marriages of the Gypsies are blessed with children, more, perhaps, than is necessary.

It affords a true picture of the patriarchal life, to walk on a fine star-light summer's evening through such a camp. In every tent there is a fire, round which the father, mother, children, and grand-children, pass away the time in lively conversation; joy and mirth prevail in these abodes of apparent misery; and the inhabitant of the tent, happy in his existence, smokes his pipe, which nobody, surely, grudges him. When the flame expires, old and young lie down together, with little or nothing under them, but the bare earth; and Morpheus fails not to bestow his most precious gifts on these his light-hearted votaries. But when the summer nights become more cool, they assemble, like radii, about the central fire, which is replenished through the night, to keep their feet at least warm, as the rest of the body is poorly enough covered. The spoiled child of civilization is ready to pity those harder sons of Nature. To us, it is true, such a way of life seems uncomfortable; but the Nomade feels himself a king in it; he is free, not bound down to the soil; in whatever part of the fair creation of God he finds himself happy, he can say, "here I will abide," and when he is tired of uniformity, he can journey on. The following anecdote is well authenticated:—When the Emperor Joseph II. attempted to extend his plans of reformation in Hungary and Transylvania, even to the Gypsies, whom he ordered to be called from that time, "*New Peasants*," and commanded that every Nomade should permanently settle in a regularly built hut, near a town or village, several of them being thus compelled, built huts with walls and roofs, and in the inclosed

space, set up their beloved smoky tents, and thus evaded the purpose of the law. After the lamented death of the Emperor Joseph, things returned, in this respect, to their old course; and though many had become attached to a more fixed abode, there were still enough who, faithful to the way of living of their ancestors, returned to liberty, and inhabited their tents as they had done before. In this manner they live during the harvest round about the villages, where they earn the most indispensable necessities. But this enjoyment is allowed them only in summer. Winter is a hostile demon to them; however they know how to provide against this also.

Without having previously learnt it from the Marmots, they dig themselves a hole in the ground. For the most part they hollow out, in the side of a sunny hill, a place which, on two accounts, is rather narrow; first that they may not overwork themselves in digging, and, secondly, the better to retain the natural or artificial heat in them. Far be it from me to shock the delicate nerves of the reader by introducing him into such a dwelling; for I myself have never ventured to examine one minutely. The atmosphere alone enabled me to paint in my fancy the whole establishment. I shall therefore confine myself to the exterior. The hinder wall of the dwelling is the hill itself cut down perpendicularly. In front a stake is planted, upon which, and on the hinder wall, a cross beam rests, which supports and forms the roof; all round is duly filled up with wood, sods, and earth; so that no rain can penetrate. Only one half of the front remains open, in the form of an eight-angled triangle, for an entrance, and a hole in the roof to let out the smoke. A window it not to be thought of; the necessary light comes in at the entrance, which is closed during the night and in stormy weather, with a cloth, or the now superfluous covering of the tent: the fire retains its place in the centre, the master of the cave with his family lies round it—enough to afford in miniature a pretty faithful picture of the infernal regions.

The passenger whose nerves are delicate shudders at such an abode as at the entrance of Dante's Hell; but he may go past it; for the smoke issuing from the top, and the entrance, serves as a sign that human moles inhabit these places: besides there generally stands near the dwelling a shed of wood, brushwood, straw, and sods, in which the

owner's *Bucephalus* awaits with impatient longing the coming spring and his pasture.

Scarcely has the first stray swallow from the warmer climates shewn itself in the more northern regions, when our Nomade re-appears on the surface of the earth: he joyfully pulls down his winter habitation, pitches his tent cheerfully in the young grass, warms himself in the beams of the vernal sun, and had he no other joy in his whole life, I believe that this single one would outweigh a thousand of the every day pleasures of the generality of mankind. Now he again roves about with his dwelling, like the snail, sets it up where it pleases himself and the respective village magistrates, and does not begin, till the first hoar frost whitens the ground, to dread the approach of winter.

One need not be an *Œdipus* to guess the reason of this dread. His clothing, far from being a protection against frost and cold, is but barely sufficient to cover his nakedness. Were nakedness the true characteristic of the state of innocence, most of the young gypsies from the age of 3 to that of 10 years, must be in that blessed condition. As Nature made them, they frolic in summer about the tent, and in winter, scantily bedecked with all kinds of rags, they cower round the blazing fire. When they are older, they go about dressed indeed; but the inventory of their wardrobe may be made with little trouble: a shirt, but not a new one, and a pair of breeches are the usual dress of the man; the woman, instead of breeches, has a petticoat and apron. It is superfluous to dwell on the frail nature of the whole dress, when we know that it is for the most part given them, or purchased for a mere trifle. Most of them are quite destitute of any covering for the head, or the feet. The older and more opulent among them indulge themselves a little in this respect, and make, besides, some addition to the rest of their dress. All of them follow a strange taste, when they can, in the choice of their clothing. Gay colours, especially red, and bright blue, are their favourites. With a threadbare pair of scarlet breeches, trimmed perhaps with galloon or lace, half without shoes, and in half a shirt, the gypsey feels himself quite proud, and the fine breeches make him overlook all the rest. The women also prefer gay colours, and, when they can, deck themselves in a most laughable manner, with all kinds of stuffs. The Hungarian and German costume are

united in their persons, but they greatly prefer the first as the most showy.

If after what I have said I should add an article on the riches of the Nomades, truly many readers might accuse me of aiming at contrast. The name makes all the difference; instead of riches I say effects of the Gypsies, and, however, to produce something unexpected, speak first of the silver which the Nomades possess. Most of the old families have one, and often several silver goblets of different sizes. This expence, lavished on a very superfluous utensil, seems to every body as foolish as it does to myself. But it is their custom. To secure this treasure from the greedy eyes and fingers of other *Amateurs*, they are used to bury it, and commonly under the fire-place. Upon particular festivals, christenings, and weddings, the father, the mother, and the married children drink out of the goblet; the unmarried are prohibited the use of it. This is the only direct use which the Nomade makes of his treasure; but another, indirect, use is more important. If he wants to borrow money he pawns his goblet, which is in fact the only valuable he possesses. This I think may be one of the chief reasons which induces the poor Nomade to abridge himself in clothing and food, that he may be able to procure one goblet at least, which, if he pawns it, he will certainly return, that it may descend to his children and their posterity. L.

SABINA;

Or, Scenes at the Toilette of a Roman Lady of Fashion.

SCENE IV.

Cruelties towards Slaves—Carmion pares the Domina's Nails—Anxiety to have Handsome Hands and Nails—Latris lets fall the Case of the Mirror.

WHILE this was passing, Donna Sabina had not been idle, or, to speak more correctly, she had found means to keep half a dozen of slaves in full employment about her person. We left her under the hands of her skilful hair-dresser. Napé had fortunately tied the bow in front to the entire satisfaction of his mistress, and completed the structure of a head-dress, which the rigid Tertullian so justly denominates enormous protuberances of hair pinned up and plaited together. And during all these preparations, there had as yet been no pins thrust into the arms and bosom of the busy Calanis, nor had the scourge been applied to the back or shoulders of the

wretched Psecas or Latris, a circumstance which might almost be regarded as a miracle.

It should be observed, that a cruel and sanguinary humour was in general manifested by Roman ladies of distinction at the toilette. Accustomed, from their early years, to the murderous fights of gladiators, or of animals at the amphitheatres, and to the bloody flagellations* of their slaves at home, they revenged, in the morning, on their attendants, every disappointment, and every vexation experienced during the preceding day or the past night. Woe to these unfortunate creatures if the lover-letter had not been delivered in due time, if an assignation in the Temple of Isis had been neglected; or if the mirror, alone a stranger to flattery, exhibited to the Donna; at the first glance in the morning, a red nose, a pimple on the chin, or other traces of nocturnal orgies and debaucheries!—Her attendant damsels might then be as attentive as they would, they might possess the dexterity of the Graces and the Hours, still they were sure to pay, with blood and tears, for the ill humour of their mistress. It was, therefore, prescribed by the regulations relative to the custom of these much-to-be-pitied servants, that while they were engaged in the dressing-room, and at the toilette of the Domina, they should appear perfectly naked down to the bosom,† that they might be ready to receive any chastisement she thought fit to inflict, even with scourges of plaited wire, with pieces of bone or balls of metal fastened to the ends of them. Whatever

* Let it only be recollected, that in every numerous family, there were particular slaves, whose sole occupation consisted in scourging their fellow-slaves. They were denominated *Lorarii*. Instead of these, many Roman ladies (unless Juvenal has been guilty of exaggeration) employed, for these punishments, the public flagellators, whom the Romans comprehended in the general term, *carnifices*, and whose business it was to inflict the cruel scourgings which preceded capital punishment, by way of torture, and paid them a regular annual salary for their trouble.

† That the most voluptuous effeminacy is capable of entering into horrid league with the most refined cruelty, has, in modern times, been demonstrated by the many furies of the guillotine and monsters of terrorism in the French Revolution, such as Lebas, Carrier, &c. as also by that infernal novel, *Justine*, by the reading of which, as Retif de la Bretonne asserts, Danton used to excite his diabolical thirst of blood.

the Domina had in her hand, in the first emotion of passion, was converted into an instrument of punishment. The long and sharp-pointed needles, described in the second scene, were convenient implements of torture for the miserable slaves. Nothing was more common than for the Domina to pierce the hair-dresser with these in the arms and bosom, if she had the misfortune, at that moment, to excite her displeasure. Hence the master in the "Art of Love" advises ladies not to behave with petulance and cruelty to slaves, while at the toilette, if their lover happens to be present :—

But no spectators e'er allow to pry,
Till all is finish'd, which allures the eye.
Yet, I must own, it oft affords delight,
To have the fair one comb her hair in sight;
To view the flowing honours of her head,
Fall on her neck, and o'er her shoulders
spread.

But let her look, that she with care avoid
All fretful humours while she's so employ'd;
Let her not still undo, with peevish haste,
All that her woman does, who does her best.
I hate a vixen, that her maid assails,
And scratches, with her bodkin or her nails,
While the poor girl in blood and tears must
mourn,
And her heart curses what her hands adorn.

And in one of his love-elegies, in which he praises the beautiful hair of his Corinna, the poet expressly mentions, as a proof of her sensibility and tenderness, that the slave who dressed her hair, had never been thus barbarously treated.—"Thy hair was soft and pliable," says he, "bending into a thousand forms. Never did it give thee pain while dressing: nor did the pin or the teeth of the comb ever pull it out. Your maid never suffered while she was dressing it, for this operation was often performed in my presence; yet never did the arm of your Cypassis betray any marks of wounds from the hair-pins."

Sometimes the mirror itself, which first betrayed the neglect of the trembling hair-dresser, was thrown at the head of the culprit. Marshal describes a scene of this kind in the epigram addressed to Lalage, under which name he addresses one of these female furies at the toilette: "Of all her ringlets of her head-dress, one only slipped from under the pin. Lalage throws the mirror, which betrays her this mischance, at her unfortunate attendant. She tears her hair, till at length the unfortunate Ple-cusa falls beneath redoubled blows at her feet. Cease, Lalage, to adorn your mischievous hair; let not the hand of a

slave again touch your insensate head. Let the scorching salamander crawl over it, let the razor despoil it, and let your head henceforward appear as smooth as the surface of your mirror."

It was, nevertheless, a favour which called for their gratitude when the slaves received this chastisement from the hand of the Domina. Far more cruel was the punishment, when, in her anger, she directed it to be inflicted on the wretched culprit by a female brought up to this employment, and kept for that particular purpose. In this case, they were immediately seized, without mercy, and bound, by their twisted hair, to a door-post or a pillar, and lashed on their bare backs, with thongs cut from ox-hides, or knotted cords, till the mistress pronounced the word "Enough!" or "Go!"

A scene of this kind is delineated by the Roman satirist, Juvenal, with such energy and expression, as not to leave the slightest doubt of its truth. He says, of one of these ladies, "With tyrannic fury she storms and rages in the palace, as did formerly the despots of Sicily. If she has privately received a letter from her lover: if she has made an assignation to meet him in the garden of Cæsar, or in the shady grove of favouring Isis, the trembling Psecas enters, with dishevelled hair, and naked to the waist, to arrange the head-dress of her mistress. 'Ha!' why is that lock too high? and the scourge instantly punishes the atrocious crime. And what fault has Psecas committed? Is she to blame because the mirror shews an ugly pimple on the nose of her rigid mistress? Yet Psecas must bleed for it. A second trembling slave takes her place, and curls and plaits the Domina's ringlets. Next to her stands an old woman, who was once expert at dressing hair, but is now removed to the distaff. She first gives her opinion, and after her the other slaves, who form an extensive circle, are heard according to their age and dignity of office. A trial for life and death could not be held with more solemnity, than this consultation upon the head-dress of the lady, which is mounted up, story after story, into a formidable tower."

What a revolting scene! but we shall not think it improbable, if we recollect what modern travellers, and eye-witnesses, have related concerning the ladies of the north, who inflict the most painful punishments on the female attendants for the slightest offences: or how the unfeeling Creoles maltreat their

negro slaves in the West Indies, almost without any provocation. From all that we already know of our Donna Sabina, she was capable of renewing such a scene at her toilette as often as the least cloud of ill humour threw a gloom over her brow; and it was, perhaps, owing only to the dexterity and attention of Cypasis, and to the welcome visit of the flower-woman, Glykerion, that the Donna was this day rather milder and better tempered than usual. And yet I am under some concern for poor Latris, whose office it is to hold the mirror. Though the hair dressers have withdrawn to give place to another class of attendants on the toilette, yet she is not relieved from her tiresome employment.*

The procession of the knights through the Via Sacra does not allow Sabina sufficient time to bathe; she is therefore obliged to have an operation performed at her toilette which usually took place at the bath, namely, that of cutting and polishing the nails of her fingers and toes. Carmion was the name of the slave who performed this office at the bath with such peculiar skill as to afford perfect satisfaction to her mistress. With extreme care she takes Sabina's hand, cuts and polishes the nails, one after another, with a small pair of silver tongs and a knife, which were formerly used instead of our scissors; she then commences the same operation on the toes.

It is necessary to observe, that in ancient times no person, who made any pretensions to elegance and opulence, would condescend to cut his own nails; those who could not keep slaves for this purpose went to a barber's shop to have their nails cut. Horace, in one of his most humorous letters, mentions a singular exception to this rule, in the person of a public crier, "who cut his nails himself in the shop of a barber."

Ladies of distinction, however, kept slaves who had received regular instruction in the art, to perform this office with the utmost dexterity; a principal part of their business was to prevent the appearance of backbiters (*paronychia*),

* Many an imperious lady, even at the present day, takes particular delight in keeping her servants, for half an hour together, in the most unpleasant positions. Let the reader but recollect the lady-author, who used to write at night, made one of her chambermaids hold the ink-stand; and obliged the poor creature to remain in that posture, even when she herself was overpowered by sleep.

and to remove the excrescences at the sides (*reduvia*) with the greatest care. In this particular the females of antiquity possessed the most delicate series of beauty and propriety. A fine finger and a handsome nail might well be reckoned among the thirty beauties, which, according to the celebrated Latin poem of the Italian, Giovanne Neviano, were observed in Helet, the most beautiful of mortals. The females of ancient Greece and Rome never forgot to place a long, soft, and tapering finger among the indispensable requisites of beauty; and as Minerva afforded them the model of the finest hand, so that of the finest finger was furnished by Diana, the youngest of all the fair goddesses. To this belonged also a regular polished nail, exhibiting the colour of a delicate carnation. The master of the "Art of Love" does not fail to give his docile pupils some instructions on this head:—

"Whose fingers are too fat, and nails too coarse,
"Should always shun much-gesture in discourse."

The last verse gives a delicate hint at the reason why so great a value was set on handsome fingers and nails. Gesticulation was then employed as an accompaniment to discourse, a custom which is still preserved in Italy and Greece. It was reduced within the rules of art, and was considered a principal portion of the art of dancing, or cheironomia. The ancients could make themselves understood without words, by the mere motion of the fingers, and perfectly designate what we are accustomed to express by numbers.*

A finger so communicative and so eloquent was naturally expected to possess beauty, and hence the attention to their propriety and neatness, up to the very tip of the nail; especially as the females of those days were not acquainted with the use of gloves, so admirably adapted to conceal a number of defects. The custom of wearing gloves, which, from an extravagant love of dress, disguises among us the most beautiful hands and arms, even at table and in the dancing-room, had not yet penetrated into the

* This art, to which we are utter strangers, and which Cicero mentions by the general appellation, *argutus digitorum*, is still practised by the females in the harem of the East, and likewise by the deaf and dumb. The ladies of antiquity were perfect mistresses of this language of the fingers, as appears from various passages of erratic writers.

southern regions of Europe from the cold regions of the north*, where the natives are obliged to muffle themselves up in furs and the skins of animals.

Hence arose the extreme care bestowed by the ancients on the preservation of handsome fingers and nails; and to this cause was probably owing the invention of rings, which were originally intended in the East for keeping the fingers small and delicate†. Hence the frequent use of various kinds of juices, herbs, and mineral powders, for removing the unsightly ruggedness and excrescences of the nails. A whole collection of recipes of this kind may be found in the natural history of Pliny alone. When all this is taken into consideration, it will not appear surprising that a Roman lady of distinction should commit the care of her nails as a particular duty to one of her slaves, and that this office should be regarded as one of the principal departments at the toilette.

Carmion had just done cutting the finger-nails of Sabina, and had rubbed them with a sponge dipped in vinegar, and was just going to commence the same operation on those of the toes‡, when Sabina recollected that she had a few days before been informed by a Jew doctor, that it is possible to get rid of any corporeal disorder, and to transfer it to another, by mixing up the parings of the nails with wax, and sticking it against the door-post of the stranger§. She had for some time perceived, with great

concern, the symptoms of a swelling wen on her neck, and therefore immediately resolved to make trial of this sympathetic remedy. She called Latris, who was now standing unemployed, and ordered her carefully to collect the parings which had dropped upon the floor, and to put them into a little box that lay on the table.

Poor Latris, who was not just then expecting any commission, and whose mind was occupied with the recollection of the happy days of her youth which she had passed at Ephesus, was so startled at the rough tone in which she was abruptly called by Sabina, that she let fall not the mirror but the case, on the outstretched foot of her mistress. Fortunately Carmion had not yet applied the knife to the first nail; nevertheless a tremendous tempest collected over the head of the unfortunate slave:

As when with crackling flames a cauldron fries,

The bubbling waters from the bottom rise;
Above the brim they force their fiery way:
Black vapours climb aloft and cloud the day.

So Donna Sabina springs with a loud scream from her seat, and, without stopping to call the female executors of her will, revenges herself with those instruments which the wild inhabitants of the forest employ to vent their rage on each other—nails, fists, and teeth.— Luckily the former, the most natural

* The very name of gloves in the southern languages of Europe, *guante*, *quanto*, *gant*, are derived from the northern word *hand*, from which the language of the middle ages made *wanti*, *wantios*.

† In the East, where rings were originally invented, a small, delicate hand is still an essential requisite to beauty. We are told by Hodges, in his Travels in the East Indies, that the hands of the Hindoos are delicately formed, like those of an elegant woman; on which account the hilts of Indian sabres are too small for the hands of most Europeans.

‡ It should not be forgotten that the toes, even of the most elegant ladies, were completely exposed to view, as their sandals were merely fastened upon the foot with ribbons, one of which passed between the great toe and that next to it.

§ Pliny mentions this sympathetic cure with parings of the nails, only for tertian and quartan fevers: but it is only reasonable to suppose, that superstition may have employed them to expel other disorders, as wonderful things have been related concerning their use in magic, &c. Thus it was not permitted to cut the nails on a holiday.

* The works of Seneca contain many horrible examples of the cruel treatment which slaves received from their masters, in the first emotions of their passion. One of the most remarkable passages on this subject is in Galen's treatise on the discovery and cure of our passions, in which he speaks of masters who in their rage attacked their slaves with teeth, fists, and feet, beat out their eyes, or scotched them out with styles, which they used in writing. It was thus that the Emperor Adrian treated one of his favourite slaves, who demanded of his master the eye of which he had deprived him. In the same work Galen relates that he had a Xantippe of a mother, who used sometimes to bite her slaves, and was always quarrelling with his father. Another example of one of these domestic furies, is given by Chrysostom, in his Homilies: "The passengers," says he, "hear the ravings of the mistress, and the howling of the slave: she binds the girl, after stripping her naked, to the feet of her son, and then applies the scourge. The slave, when they accompany their mistress to the bath, expose to public view their backs streaming with blood from these flagellations."

weapons, had just been cut: but several blows with the clenched fists on the face of the wretched *Latris**, were followed by a stream of blood from her nose and mouth, which instantly mingled with the red juice of the pastils which *Sabina* had spit in her face. The sight of blood only serves to render the tiger still more savage; and the bosom of the slave had certainly suffered, had not a most ludicrous scene, which unexpectedly presented itself, dissipated the passion of *Sabina*.

DESCRIPTION OF TRINIDAD, AND THE MOUTHS OF THE ORINOCO.

MR. EDITOR,

AS the struggle for South American independence, which has continued to afflict one of the most prolific quarters of the globe so many years, seems to be happily drawing towards the period when that immense continent will be thrown open to the commercial spirit and unshackled industry of the old world, particularly our own portion of it; nothing calculated to illustrate the geography or resources of such a highly interesting region, can be unacceptable to the British public. I therefore venture to send you some account of *TRINIDAD* and the Mouths of the *ORINOCO*, taken from a late French traveller, *M. Lavaysse*, whose work, published not long since at Paris, throws considerable light on the natural riches and commercial advantages of *VENEZUELA*, destined, it is hoped, to be shortly brought into useful activity. Whenever this desirable event takes place, it requires no great sagacity to foretell, that *TRINIDAD* must become one of the greatest colonial *entrepôts* in our possession.

"There is probably no part of the new world," observes *M. Lavaysse*, "that presents a more picturesque or refreshing spectacle to the traveller, exhausted by the wretched monotony of a sea

* Even in the very mode in which they struck the slaves in the face, a refinement in cruelty was displayed; they struck them with the knuckles of the clenched fist, which was considered as highly ignominious, and suited only to slaves. Hence *Seneca* says, "You will find slaves would rather be scourged than endure the disgrace of being struck thus with the knuckles. The slaves, whom their master thought fit to punish in this manner, were sometimes obliged to blow out their cheeks, and thus present them, that the unkind fist might strike without running the risk of hurting itself!"

voyage, than a first sight of *Trinidad*; which rises close to the Mouths of the *Orinoco*, forming a kind of natural bank, as if it was intended by a superior agency to check the impetuosity of that mighty river's currents, when precipitated into the Western Ocean.

"The form of this island is that of an oblong square, which Spanish geographers have frequently compared to a bullock's hide: it is about sixty miles in length, and forty-five broad; covering a surface of forty-two thousand square miles. *Trinidad* is separated from the Continent by the Gulf of *Paria*, extending ninety miles west, and from 40 to 50 in breadth, the channel of the *Orinoco*, called *Cano de Padernales*, together with several other openings, all running in a northern direction, and forming numerous little islands, throw a part of its waters into the gulf, while two larger ones, usually denominated the Mouths of the *Orinoco*, convey them to the great Western Ocean farther south, and close to the southern extremity of *Trinidad*.

"The above group of small islands have been evidently formed by the accumulation of sand and other materials at the river's mouth; and though inundated during the rainy season, they are covered with palm and cocoa-nut trees, which furnish the inhabitants not only with food, beverage, and a bark that is converted into cloth, but also a constant supply of wood for making their canoes, furniture, &c. The existence of this most singular tribe, called the *GUARAOUNS*, seems to be, in fact, attached to the family of Palms, as the fate of certain birds and butterflies is to some particular tree or flower.

"Even the habitations of these people are constructed on the very tops of their favourite trees, which are profusely scattered over the islands. This novel mode of building is performed as follows: having selected a group where the plants grow closest to each other, the branches of several are twisted together so as to form the floor, which is covered by their broad leaves, these are also employed on the roofs, sheltering them alike from the inclemencies of the season and burning rays of a vertical sun. When the labours of the day are closed, and the *Guaraoun* family cheerfully ascends into its aerial dwelling, while the canoes are fastened to one of the trees: it would be difficult to conceive a more curious or interesting object. These Indians, of whom there may be altogether about ten thousand, are ro-

bust, well made, and much less indolent than the other savages of South America, passionately fond of dancing, gay, sociable, and extremely hospitable. They are not distinguished by the same degree of taciturnity as their neighbours; even their language, when compared to that of the latter, is infinitely more soft and harmonious, as well as richer in terminations. The Guaraouins are excellent fishers, and keep dogs not unlike those of the European shepherd: nothing can exceed their attachment to these animals, whom they are always caressing; and whose gratitude is shown no less by fidelity than usefulness, in assisting their masters to catch fish amongst the shallows, watching their little property, &c. The export trade of these islanders consists of fish, nets, hammocks, and baskets. They are at peace with all the world, not excepting the oppressive Spanish government, which has long since abandoned the project of subjugating them. I have had many opportunities of observing this little community, and while amongst the happy Guaraouins, often thought myself transported back to the days of Astrea. Their society exhibits one continued scene of peace, abundance, gaiety, and concord: how frequently have I regretted that former recollections, and the social habits of early life, would not admit of my passing the remainder of my days amongst them! but they are the only savages who ever inspired me with that desire.

"The eastern mouth of the Orinoco was called that of the Serpent by Columbus, and is about three leagues wide. Not far from the centre between Trinidad and the continent, there is a small islet, only frequented by marine birds, the amazing flocks of which absolutely darken the surrounding horizon, both at sun-rise, and when it sets. The northern outlets from the Gulf of Paria, called *Las Bocas del Drago*, or *Dragon's Mouths*, are formed by four islands, placed nearly at equal distances between Trinidad and Cape Paria on the continent. Such is the name given to a long neck of land projecting eastward towards the above island, and which forms the northern barrier of the gulf. It is also the point where the province of Guayana commences: this is separated from Cumana, or New Andalusia, by the Guarassiche, which is not a branch of the Orinoco, as it was once thought. This fine river is formed by various streams that have their sources in the

mountains of Bergantin, and the *Mesas*, (small elevated plains,) of Amama, Guarassica, and Tororo. The Guarassiche is from forty to sixty fathoms deep at its confluence with the Arco, five leagues from the sea; while the last named stream has a depth of sixteen fathoms at Port St. John, twenty-five leagues from the coast.

"Antiquaries and orientalists were no doubt surprised to have found *Cumana*, and other words of Greek derivation, in common use amongst the natives of this wild region, long previous to the arrival of Europeans; and the word *PARIA*, which signifies a despised and persecuted cast in the new world, as well as at Hindostan.

"There are few spots in South America more fertile or salubrious than the beautiful vallies west of Cape Paria; the coast, which abounds in fish, is but thinly inhabited by some Indian tribes, and a few French revolutionary emigrants, together with some families whose political opinions have obliged them to quit Tobago, Grenada, and Trinidad. The formation of their new establishment need not, however, be matter of regret, as they are all in a most flourishing condition at present.

"Ships coming from Europe and the Windward Islands, should make Trinidad near Port Cuevas, some leagues east of the Boccas, so as to prevent their getting too far leeward, and thus miss their passage through that of the Asses or Ships; for it seldom happens they can enter by the other, called the passage of the Eggs. When, either through want of precaution, or a scant wind and strong current, ships cannot enter the weather passage, they are forced to go in through the large chanuel, by which great difficulty is afterwards experienced in beating up to Port Spain.

"The scenery at the entrance of this gulf is both varied and magnificent. Let the reader figure to himself a river in front, to which the largest of those in Europe are mere rivulets! its mighty waters rushing tumultuously into the sea, and disputing the empire of the gulf with that boisterous element; far to the west are seen the blue mountains of Cumana, rising in splendid majesty from the bosom of a transparent horizon: approaching the western shore of Trinidad numerous vallies and plains, covered by an eternal verdure, are presented to the eye: drawing nearer to the beach, you are charmed with the endless diversity of the scene; meandering streams

watering the highly cultivated plantations. A singular and often grotesque assemblage of blacks, copper colour, and whites, animates the landscape; while innumerable canoes, plied by Caribs, Indians, and Guaraouins, are scattered about the gulf, the slaves are seen at their various agricultural labours, which are frequently enlivened by the song they were taught on the banks of the Niger or Joliba. Extending your view towards the woods, groups of monkeys are observed leaping from tree to tree, or suspended by their tails from the branches, looking upwards; numerous flocks of birds enrich the prospect, no less by their numbers, than the magnificence and beauty of their plumage; while the shore constantly re-echoing the notes of some, and the shrieks of others. On the right, and farther north, is a fine range of lofty mountains, whose summits are covered with the finest trees of the tropical climate; and, raising its proud head above the rest, the palm attracts the electric fluid, forcing the clouds to deposit their waters at its base, whence they are precipitated in torrents, or form cascades and rivulets to fertilize the adjacent plains.*

Thus it appears, that the Gulf of Paria is formed by the western shores of Trinidad and the opposite one of Cumana; nor is there any part of it in which ships may not ride in perfect safety throughout the year: the depth is generally from three to ten fathoms, and the anchoring ground almost unequalled."

If to the above account be added that of Baron de Humboldt, the celebrated Prussian traveller, who has surveyed a considerable part of the Orinoco, proving that ships of a large size may ascend more than four hundred miles from its mouth, through one of the richest countries in the world, some idea may be formed of what this quarter is likely to become under liberal institutions and an increased population. E. B.

Jan. 4th, 1819.

CULLODEN ANECDOTES.

(Continued.)

"BEFORE you make auricular confession, Colonel Stewart," said Mr. Gordon, smiling, "let me settle my point. Life is precarious, even to an iron frame such as mine; and, if I die, those rings

belong to the person whose name I shall write upon the paper in which they will be inclosed, till the weather gives me an opportunity of getting value for them in cash. Now, colonel, my speech is made, and I am all attention to your's."

Colonel Stewart resumed his own story.

"I strained my ankle near a lonely, shealing (hut), and lay prostrate, while Mr. H. went to ask shelter for an ill-starred stranger: but I may call myself lucky indeed to have my friend with me. He was very nearly taken by three soldiers, while asleep, the preceding week: we then saw the necessity for keeping watch alternately, as each in turn yielded to the indispensable refreshment of nature; and to this accident I owed having help at hand, when no longer able to help myself. Daylight was just appearing. The good woman to whom Hamilton applied was opening her wattle door; and by his looks comprehending, at once, that a poor *refugee* was in distress, though she did not understand one word of English, she followed me to the spot where her supplicant left me. She seemed rejoiced when I spoke in her native tongue; and as my case was desperate, I was obliged to confide to her our names, and our peril. In all our wanderings, we have preferred applying to the gentler sex. They never rejected us; and if they could contribute in providing for our safety, after separating from them, we found they had a quick and clear perception of the means, and sympathy to stimulate their exertions, and to render them effectual. Even ladies, who were keen partisans of the house of Hanover, spared neither trouble nor expense in our behalf."

"They proved their enlightened loyalty," said Mr. Gordon. "Our humane sovereign and his ministers must make examples, if the unfortunate adherents of the other cause fall into their hands; but they are aware how unpopular is severity; and the general sense of the nation favours the escape of unfortunate gentlemen and their followers so warmly, that I trust in God all who are now in the British dominions may arrive unmolested in foreign countries."

"Amen! Mr. Gordon," said the ladies; "though we shall regret the absence of some very agreeable friends."

"A sombre hue overspread every countenance; and Mr. Grant, who was always a promoter of cheerfulness, said; "It is neither kind nor well-bred to leave Colonel Stewart disabled and sprawling

* The curious fact of this tree's acting as a powerful electric conductor is illustrated by M. de Humboldt.

on the heather, while we talk of politics. Come, John Roy, be manfully consistent with your former deeds of heroism, and extricate yourself from the ants andadders that might have devoured you since we commenced our digression. I hope the widow was young and handsome, and full of tender pity.

"The widow might have been handsome thirty years ago; and if a mind infinitely superior to her station, could preserve and adorn the features of youth, she would be still beautiful as Venus, and blooming as Hebe. She told me the cattle were pasturing near her cottage; but, if I would wait a little, she should send the herds out of view, and get me removed, without giving room for any suspicion. The shealing belonged to a gentleman; her daughter and herself had the care of the dairy; they could lodge us where they kept the milk, and no one but themselves had a right to enter that house. When the cattle and their keepers were out, we could come to the fire in the shealing; and she was sure the old gentleman, her master, would not be angry, though he should come to know all she undertook for us. However, she would keep our secret from him as long as possible; and no other mortal should ever share it. The widow had a daughter not sixteen. One would not call her pretty, but her sportive vivacity, her winning, sweet simplicity might make her an object of attention among many girls. Here she created the sole interest; and, accustomed to treat all the fair with gallantry, I sung to her Gaelic songs; whilst, in the absence of her mother, she hastened, by rubbing, the cure of my ankle. She had laughing, sparkling blue eyes, which she complained were often weak and watery. I told her that if she would plait her long curling yellow locks, and confine them with a Highland garter, her eyes would recover, by the daily use of cold ablution. I plaited her hair till she learnt to be her own dresser; and I had a pair of fine many-coloured garters, woven and presented to me by a good woman in Badenoch, for braiding her tresses. I asked her to accept them, and wished they had been ribbons for her sake. Her mother never shewed any displeasure; and Hamilton was not less assiduous than I, in testifying gratitude for the services of both our entertainers. He could not indeed talk to either, but he possessed the power of bestowing gifts, which I had not. The old woman went

once a week to the low grounds for meal, salt, and other requisites. She came home earlier than usual, the day before we left the shealing. Hamilton had fallen asleep, and I happened to mention to our nymph, that now I was able to walk, and we must no longer tax her mother's hospitality. She burst into a flood of tears. I took her hands to reason with her;—and, I am ashamed to say, forgot reason so far myself, as to draw her upon my knee. Her mother opened the door, and in a voice of agony, said:

"Are the prince's men to destroy all that are dear to me? I never told you, that one of my sons was killed by your people in the south country, and the other fell at the battle of Culloden. I never told you, as it might seem a reproach, and perhaps make you uneasy, with doubts of my zeal to keep you from the King's men. Oh! you little know, and I never will explain, all I have suffered since I lost my sons. This girl was my only comfort. I always sent her to the Strath, till you came; but she was so young—so merry—so much a stranger to guile, she might meet some cunning one, that would draw from her a hint which should bring you into danger. I never yet sent man, woman, or child away—but you know what you should do to set me at ease—if ease can come after the dart you have fixed in my breast. My girl is not fit to be your wife; but she is too good to be less than wife to your chief."

"The poor girl ran out whenever her mother appeared. I allowed the good woman to vent her feelings without interruption; and the rapid vehemence of her language awoke Hamilton. He says I looked very foolish, and I believe it. When the widow ceased speaking, she turned to go away. I begged her to hear me; assured her I had never by word or action injured her daughter, and would spill the last drop of my blood to chastise any man that insulted her."

"Is it no injury to make a poor young thing so fond of you, that she sits upon your knee, and hides her face in your bosom?"

"I replied that I hoped her tears were only in compassion for the dangers to which Hamilton and I must be exposed after our departure. I repeated all I had said to her, and asked if many a modest amiable girl had not sat upon a man's knee at weddings, at christenings, and on many other occasions?"

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NEW MONTHLY MAG.—No. 62.

'There is a great difference between that and such secret freedoms,' said the widow.

"I could only say I was grieved beyond expression for the fault of inadvertence, and begged she would throw all the blame on me—not upon her daughter. I explained to Hamilton, briefly, the *contre-temps* which made it necessary for us to be gone. He agreed, and I informed the widow that we were just about to bid her farewell. She would not assent to our moving off while the lads were awake, and at her earnest request we waited their going to bed. The widow loaded us with bread and cheese, and guided us several miles—pointing out the unfrequented paths—or where we could venture to ask for lodging. She would not accept the trifles we had to offer; and I am sure all the friends that hear me will allow, I am bound to make her the only remuneration in my power, by disposing of the rings. I shewed them to Mr. Grant for that purpose last week, but as he seldom goes to town, he declined the trust. Mr. Gordon goes often, and I feel relieved of a load in making this small atonement to the worthy widow. These rings were gifts from two ladies, presented to me with great delicacy, as tokens of regard. I knew more than empty compliment was intended. The ladies had not ready cash to supply my future wants, and they gave the jewels that I might convert them into money."

This is a simple story, but it does honour to human nature, and ought not to be lost in oblivion. The writer does not pretend to repeat it, nor any of the previous dialogues *verbatim*—but the spirit of each incident, and of every sentiment, has been faithfully preserved. To the eloquent pathos and energy of the widow's expostulation, no translated language could give equivalent force. When first repeated in Gaelic, it drew tears from the writer, and the gentleman who recited the words he himself heard from John Roy, affirmed, that every eye glistened, and that John Roy's voice was stifled by emotion as he spoke.

In a few days Mr. Gordon returned to Glenmore, early in the forenoon, to communicate some intelligence from a correspondent at Edinburgh, which he considered as a caveat to the unfortunate gentlemen, that before a milder season favoured a renewal of the military movements in search of fugitives, they ought to proceed to the nearest sea-ports, and embark for the Continent. On this

head Mr. and Mrs. Grant felt the same delicacy, which, in respect to Mr. Hamilton, had formerly perplexed Mrs. Gordon. Mr. Gordon urged that there was no time for punctilios of hospitality, when life was the stake. He would stay till evening; he would then go with M'Donald to liberate the inmates of the den, and lay before them the intimations on which he grounded his opinion. Mr. Grant accompanied him, and a journey southward was resolved. The ladies were alarmed and distressed when informed of the purposed migration. Mr. Gordon said he would be the pioneer on their march. Finlay M'Donald should go with him, to be in readiness for returning with notice, if he perceived any danger for the travellers, who were to follow at the distance of a few miles. Mr. Hamilton expressed the most lively gratitude for Mr. Gordon's proposal, and for all the care and kindness he experienced from Mrs. Gordon. The family at Glenmore had laid him under obligations of a magnitude he could feel—but had no power to utter; and he was deeply sensible that all who concerned themselves with his fate, had incurred anxiety, fatigues, and risks, he never hoped to be able, in any adequate manner, to repay. John Roy thanked Mr. H. for enunciating the impressions, which, though they penetrated to his heart's core and would indelibly remain there, he could not have clothed in phrase so forcible and appropriate. Mr. Gordon attended the fugitives four days journey, on foot, through unfrequented paths covered with snow, and they always lodged in the same house at night, where Mr. Gordon and M'Donald watched in turns, as Mr. H. and John Roy slept. So long as John Roy lived he wrote to Mr. Grant Glenmore in a figurative style, which only his confidants understood. He experienced the characteristic thanklessness of the Stewart race, and his high spirit, which never would bend under personal hardship or danger, preyed upon his health, when he found his sufferings excited little sympathy in those for whom they were endured. Similar sacrifices were made by hundreds of Britons, and they all bitterly repented their temerity. It was not merely the defeat of their army they had to bemoan—the negligence of the court of St. Germaines, and of Versailles, "sharper than the serpent's tooth," stung their hearts. For ever expatriated, they dwelt with anguish upon recollections of the disinterested exertions, the incor-

reputable fidelity of all classes in their own country, to which they owed their escape to foreign shores. So reluctant were many outlaws to leave their native wilds—so entire was their confidence in the people, that they preferred dwelling in caves within the beloved soil—they preferred a continual hazard of life in those boundaries; and not a few returned from France and Holland to expire, and to be buried with their ancestors.

One chieftain spent nine years among his vassals after the retreat from Culloden. Scores, of all ranks in his domain, knew his haunts, and all were incessantly alert to collect and to communicate information of approaching danger.—The most sagacious and intrepid, constituted a self-elected band, which in divisions watched by rotation at night, whenever the search for outlaws became more rigorous than common.

If these recollections of the olden time are acceptable, I shall send hereafter some account of the calamities endured by other adherents of the Pretender. It cannot be denied that, among these, there were instances of individual attachment seldom equalled in ancient or modern history. Captain M'Kenzie, a youth not two and twenty, after months of sufferance, lurking in Stratherrick was beset by an ensign's command of soldiers. Six faithful followers were within call, and with admirable presence of mind, M'Kenzie summoned them in a loud voice to defend their prince. He was remarkably like Charles in his countenance and figure, and hoped by this heroic self-devotion to favour the safe embarkation of the royal wanderer, when it should be believed he had already paid the forfeit of his rash expedition. It is even asserted that in desperately combating against superior force, M'Kenzie studied to expose his face to their weapons, to prevent minute inspection of his corpse, from ascertaining his true identity. When covered with wounds, he received a mortal thrust, he exclaimed, "Villains, you have shed blood royal!"

If ever an offence against truth in the dying hour could be venial, "the recording angel surely dropped a tear" on this transgression, "and blotted it out for ever."

B. G.

ON THE ADVANTAGES AND DISADVANTAGES RESULTING FROM THE USE OF MACHINERY IN MANUFACTORIES.
BY PROFESSOR PICTET.

AMONG the innumerable applications

of the principle of motion, which the steam of boiling water supplies to the mechanical industry of England, we have been particularly struck with viewing its operations in a manufactory for making cards, for the purpose of carding or dressing cotton. It was at Manchester, nearly two hundred miles from London, that we were witness to this wonderful process. As the carding machine is an article of great importance in the manufactory of cotton yarns—and as this city is the great emporium for works of that peculiar nature, it cannot but be regarded as a great national undertaking, and as deserving of public notice.

These cards are metallic brushes, covering the whole surface of the large cylinders in rapid motion, between which the raw cotton is disentangled, smoothed, and gradually combed, by the effect of their rotatory movement, and this, combined with the action of the brushes, (cards) finally gives to the cotton the form of a light and semi-transparent cylinder, ready to enter into the twisting machines, used to convert it into yarn of the degree of fineness required. The perfection of the yarn essentially depends on that of the preliminary operation of the card.

These cards are of different degrees of fineness: the pattern which we have before us, and which we saw made, contains 729 wires or points in a square inch, each four lines in length, including the thickness of the leather through which the wires are fixed; always two by two, because the wire of which they are made, having been bent double in the form of the letter U, each length of the wire affords two points, which are placed together in two holes prepared in the leather to receive them. These points are afterwards bent a little in the middle of their length, to give them a slight inclination in the direction in which they are to act as brushes.

Contrivances more or less ingenious, have long existed, to prepare and bend the wires, and to bore the holes in the leather to receive them; but a slow and delicate action of the hand was always necessary to convert them into cards. We consulted Dr. Henry, of Manchester, respecting what was most curious in the manufactures of this city. He mentioned, without hesitation, the machine for making cards, belonging to Mr. Dvers; and Mr. Dalton, the celebrated natural philosopher, who resides in the same city, having had the kindness to

introduce us to the proprietor of this fine establishment. We were received there with all the cordiality, which seems to us, at present, to characterise the great manufacturers in England; far from showing the least uneasiness at our questions, Mr. Dyers anticipated all the explanations that we could desire, with the utmost kindness.

Two vast work rooms, one over the other, contain each thirty machines to make cards, all moved by one steam-engine of ten-horse power; this power, besides the sixty machines which it sets in motion—besides the action of the drawing plates, which extend the iron wire—besides the preparation of the bands of leather, which require the greatest precautions to give them a perfect equality of thickness, this machine has still some power to spare: the proprietor lets out this surplus to his neighbours, by means of horizontal beams, which proceed from his manufactory, and act in theirs, for the benefit of various branches of industry.

On entering the work-room of Mr. Dyers, you are a little stunned with the noise of thirty machines in motion at one time; each of which manufactures a card. No human being interferes: two young girls walk up and down with their arms across, and when any of the reels which supply each machine with iron wire, is nearly empty, they substitute another that is full; this is all their labour; it requires neither apprenticeship nor skill, nor a sedentary position, injurious to the health.

Each machine, seen at a distance, resembles in some degree a stocking frame, both in the general form and the rattling of the parts in action; but those parts are here more numerous, and the motion far more rapid and continued than in the stocking frame. The following is the series of the operations which the machine performs:—

On the one part, the band of leather, of a lesser or greater breadth, which is to receive the points of the card, is stretched either vertically or horizontally, with its plane facing the machine, and this band is put in motion, either from the bottom to the top, or from right to left, with the precise degree of quickness, or rather slowness, necessary for it to receive regularly, the points which the machine prepares, and puts in their places.

On the other part, a reel, at the side of the apparatus, furnishes the wire, of which those points are to be

composed, by a series of operations, some successive, some simultaneous, as follows:—

1. A pair of pincers, which holds the iron wire towards the extremity, brings it laterally in sufficient quantity, so that when cut by a pair of scissors, the end may be of the length proper for the double point, which it is to make, after it has been bent into the shape of the letter U.

2. The machine seizes this end, and bends it in an instant like a square; that is, angular, and not rounded; which renders the two joints perfectly equal and parallel, and ready to enter together into the leather, with their whole length.

3. While this is doing, an awl, with two very fine points, divided from each other by an interval equal to that of the two points, is pushed against the leather, and makes, through and through, two holes, of the proper size, and at the right distance to receive the two points when they are pushed into them by the machine.

4. These two points are placed in the leather, so that the bottom of the U remains on one side, and the two points project on the other side, as far as is necessary for the thickness of the card.

5. The two points receive together a slight curve towards the middle of their length, in order that their second half may have the degree of inclination which has been found necessary for the better action of the card.

A series of effects so various, and executed with a precision which may be said to be absolute, would be alone a fine mechanical result, if the same time was allowed to the machine, that a skilful hand would take to produce them; but what renders the result truly admirable is, its astonishing promptitude, added to the extreme precision of the effects. We have seen, with a watch in our hand, the machine make and put in their places, 160 of these double points, i. e. 320 single points in a minute; and as some of those machines have the mechanism double, and make two cards at once, working as quickly as the single ones, these latter make and place 640 points per minute, that is *more than ten in one second of time!* and the work is perfect: the specimens which I possess are admired by all competent judges.

The second room contains thirty similar machines, and the 60 convert every day, a length of 50 English miles of iron wire into cards. It seemed to

us, that there would be sufficient to supply all England; but Mr. Dyers told us, that he could scarcely supply the consumption of the city of Manchester alone. The erection of each of those machines costs only 100*l.* sterling.

We have omitted to say, that the machine pierces the leather at pleasure, in various manners, either in rows perpendicular to its length, or in oblique directions, in the form of a quincunx.

We afterwards visited the work-room where the wire is drawn. Mr. Dyers pointed out to us that the cogs in teeth, (*engrenages*) which make the pincers act, are constructed on the principles of Mr. White, that is to say, the direction of the faces of the teeth is not parallel to the axis of rotation, but oblique to that axis; this arrangement causes the catching of each tooth to take place successively, from one extremity of the face to the other; this produces much more smoothness and equality in the movement of the catchings, both circular and conical.

On perceiving the fineness of the wire employed, and, consequently, the smallness of the holes in the drawing plates, we expressed our astonishment, that there could be awls sufficiently fine, and at the same time sufficiently strong, to pierce these holes in the thick and hard substance (steel) of these plates. Mr. Dyers had the kindness to shew us the process, by making one of his workmen execute it in our presence. A scruple checks the inclination we should have in describing it; namely, lest we might be guilty of an indiscretion, as we are in doubt whether the process is known elsewhere.

Mr. Dyers does not pretend to be the inventor of the machine to make cards with; it came from America; he has only improved it: and he draws from it prodigious advantages.*

When the admiration which arises from the sight of masterpieces of mechanical ingenuity, such as those which we have just described, (and England contains many others) when this impression, we say, has a little subsided, and we reflect on the consequences of the introduction of these machines into human society, we are more alarmed than rejoiced at it. The question be-

comes more complicated the more we reflect upon it; and in order to see our way a little clearly, we must draw up, as it were, an inventory of the good and evil, to discover on which side is the balance. We will endeavour to draw up a summary statement of the account, beginning with the advantages procured by those motions, which substitute physical or mechanical power for the hand of man.

1. These machines supply the consumers on better terms, and in general better made, with certain necessary articles; they multiply those of enjoyment, and sometimes of luxury or superfluity.

2. They enrich the inventors, or those who put in practice these inventions, in the countries where privileges or patents are in fashion. It is said, for example, that Sir R. Arkwright, son of the inventor of the spinning machines, is at present one of the richest individuals in England. His income is stated (but this is doubtless an exaggeration) at 200,000*l.* sterling per annum.

3. The national wealth being principally composed of that of individuals, ought to increase in the same proportion. The exportation of the goods, which are manufactured in quantities far too great for home consumption, becomes an abundant source of commercial riches. This is the *Creditor* side of our account: let us proceed to the *Debtor* side.

1. Every machine, which abridges and perfects a manual work, takes it out of the hands of those who manufactured it, and paralyzes them until the uncertain, and always more or less distant epoch, when they shall find a new employment, which will probably be taken from them by a new machine, as soon as an inventor shall find his advantage in it. Here, then, is a source of uneasiness, inquietude, and poverty, opened in the nation, simultaneously with the source of wealth to the inventor and those who shall trade with his productions.

2. The articles previously manufactured, of the kind of those which the machine makes more perfect, becoming of less value, experience in the magazines of the wholesale and retail dealer, a considerable depreciation, which causes him a dead loss.

3. The advantage of obtaining, at a lower price, certain articles of necessity or enjoyment, which are produced by mechanical action, is more than balanced for the poorer classes, by the general

* Since this article was written, we have seen cards made at Winterthur, in Switzerland, in the manufactory of Mr. Ziegler, which are but little inferior to the cards of which we are speaking; but they are not entirely manufactured by a machine.

fall of the price of labour, the constant effect of the employment of machines. The workman who gains little or nothing, is unable to purchase even that which is cheap.

4. The work of machinery being an advantageous substitute for manual skill, furnishes to the proprietor the temptation, and the unhappy power, to *employ children as supplementary machines*: they are taken from their education at the age most proper for education, and to the great detriment of their constitution, both physically and morally considered, they are converted, for their short lives, into pieces of mechanism, and into social machines of a very wretched description.

5. The rapid, and sometimes enormous production of the machine, and the low price at which it works, induce a considerable exportation of these productions to the neighbouring nations. The latter persuade themselves, that the money which they voluntarily employ in acquiring these foreign productions, is a *tribute levied on their own industry*; their self-love is interested in attempting imitations; they foolishly suffer themselves to be inoculated with the disease of machinery, and the governments, far from endeavouring to cure it, generally promote it, by attempting to relieve the patient, by the prohibitive system.

6. This system is established with its fatal train of consequences:—The arbitrary conversion of the most ordinary and the most legitimate transactions of commerce, into misdemeanours and crimes. The demoralization of the inhabitants on two contiguous frontiers, by smuggling, the necessary and inevitable consequence of the temptations that are held out to it. An underground war between nation and nation, in the midst of peace, and war maintained by a real and numerous army, the impelling motive of which can never be honour; and is almost always cupidity. Constraint, and hindrances without end, in commercial, literary, and scientific communications, in travels or voyages calculated to extend knowledge and the benefits of civilization; diminution of the welfare and the enjoyments of the mass of consumers, who pay a higher price for an article, generally not so well manufactured;* lastly, great inconvenience to governments, to

support artificially this struggle of an industry, which has taken a false direction, and which they persist in, substituting for such or such a natural species of industry, which would be favoured by the soil, the climate, the localities, and preceding habits, which had formed that commercial tract, which cannot be abandoned without more or less inconvenience.

Let us now examine our account.—On the one side, a nation grows rich, or seems to grow rich: on the other side, a mass of evils of various kinds overflows society. On which side is the balance?—Certainly on the side which is unfavourable to the general happiness, which is the natural avowed object of every association.

But let us examine a little closer the apparent gain—the pretended prosperity of the nation using machines.

The wealth produced by manufactures accumulates; but in the hands of an inconsiderable number of individuals, comparatively to the whole mass: the man enriched by the machine employs his gains in multiplying the sources of his fortune; and the value of the manual labour of the poor workman declines in the same proportion; hence the rupture of the equilibrium, between the two extreme classes of society, increases more and more; the first sees its treasures increase—the latter, its numbers and its misery. These two professions, so divergent, have a term which must inspire terror.

And if in the nation thus enriched, a radical defect in the legislation imposes on one part of the population the necessity of maintaining the other; then, to the causes of increasing poverty in the latter, which we have just pointed out, is added the fatal and anti-laborious influence of all these measures; which, preparing succour for indigence, whatever be its source, concur with idleness and the want of education, and of resources ready prepared, really to propagate this indigence, when it is intended only to relieve it; then, in short, in proportion as the nation thinks it grows rich, the tax imposed on those riches increases in, perhaps, a still greater proportion; and the rich and the poor both suffer; the former without saying so, or saying so only in whispers; the latter demanding succour with an importunity which resembles menaces.

That we may not be accused either of exaggeration, or of bringing forward an imaginary theory, we shall

* This seems contradictory to the statement in No. 1, of the *Creditor* side of the account.—Ed.

support it by a fact, which is acknowledged and deplored in England. It is the rapid augmentation of the poor-rates, in proportion as the pretended national wealth has increased. The following is a statement of it at six different periods: the first interval is nearly a century; the others, are of 8, 18, 7 and 6 years, in the period when the employment of machinery was the most active.

Account the Poor-Rates of England, from the year

1685— 665,362

1776—1,720,316 interval of 91 years.

1784—2,167,749 interval of 8 years.

1802—5,313,000 interval of 18 years.

1809—7,000,000 interval of 7 years.

1815—8,164,496 interval of 6 years.

Number of persons relieved permanently on the average of three years, 1813, 14, 15.

Out of the Workhouse.	In the Workhouse.	Occasionally Relieved.
423,678	93,141	423,158

Total number of paupers relieved—
939,977.

ON THE CONDUCT OF HISTORIANS.

AMONGST the writers of the present day, there is one distinguishing trait that adds considerably to their merit, which is originality: many of them possess it in an eminent degree, and even those who appear to want it most have learned to supply its place with an agreeable sort of affectation that has at least the air of singularity to recommend it. In almost every walk of literature, the spirit of the one or the other is now operating. Our poets—our philosophers—our dramatists—and even our novelists, seem, in a greater or less degree, to feel its influence.—Amongst the historians it has not, as yet, made its appearance; at least in a conspicuous manner. In saying this, I am far from endeavouring to underrate the merit of those who are at present employing their time and their talents on this important and very interesting species of composition; amongst them there are many whose names will be remembered and esteemed as long as the language in which they have written exists: to name the peculiar excellence of each, might, to some, appear unnecessary. Mr. Belsham is remarkable for strength and clearness. Mr. Southey, in the few historical speeches which he has written, has exhibited a singular union of learning and eloquence; and for correctness of style and spirit in the delineation of

character, Mr. Card and Mr. Adolphus have been rarely surpassed. All this we may admit; but still there is one point in which they have evinced a most extraordinary weakness, namely, in the servility with which they have followed all the earlier historians, when describing the operations of war, or drawing the character of those wretched maniacs commonly styled conquerors. Why have they not endeavoured, by plain solid reasoning, to divest men of their attachment to the one, or attempted, by well-applied ridicule, to cure them of their admiration of the other? It may be said, that neither reasoning or ridicule could produce such a change; but still, both, when moderately used, and often repeated, might have a salutary effect. The spirit and the temper of the age seem to require, or rather to encourage, the experiment. The world is gradually recovering from the effect of those extraordinary revolutions which have recently disturbed it: the people at large have found leisure for reflection; they are beginning at length to estimate things by their actual value, and to follow or retain only those that are really useful. Let some writer of talent now come forward, and shew them from experience, and by argument, that heroes are things which may be dispensed with; and it is probable, that after some time they may, like other neglected play-toys, be remembered merely to be despised.

The truth is, that both the ancient and modern historians attach too much importance to those "Pagod things of sabre sway;" they stand at a distance and gaze on them with a vulgar wonder; and then, as their fears or their prejudices may influence them, they exhibit them to the whole world as objects either of terror or of admiration: they place them at a point of elevation to which they are by no means entitled. The sovereign, when he takes the field through mere necessity, for the purpose of defending the rights of his people, is a character indeed truly respectable; though still more respectable in peace; but the wanton invader, the busy, bustling man of ambition, the mere noisy-inflated trumpetting conqueror, who plunders for the sake of waste, and kills for the pleasure of spilling blood; he is, in fact, a character really contemptible. The only thing that can give him a momentary consequence is the power that he may unluckily possess, of doing mischief. Let the character be examined more closely—he is one probably born

to a throne; he is surrounded by flatterers, who at an early age fill his head with the idea of his own extraordinary capacity; at the proper period he is carefully taught all the regular modes of murder; he has money gathered for him, drawn either by force or by fraud from his miserable dependants—a crowd of well-disciplined hirelings are collected around him, some of them probably attached to him, and more of them willing and ready to cut his throat, if an advantage was to be acquired by it. He looks around for an enemy, and where shall he find one?—His neighbours are all of a pacific disposition—it matters not, he must make enemies of them. Has he a right to plunder them?—He asks not is it fair or just to massacre their defenceless subjects without any provocation? The laws of God and of nature may forbid it, but he cares not; his own dear little name will become notorious, and for this one dirty selfish object he is content to make millions miserable. He begins the work of destruction—at the first he is probably successful; a reverse then follows, or death comes and carries him away in the midst of his projects, and a hasty peace leaves every thing in nearly its original state. What object has he accomplished? None whatever; but he has made a noise in the world, he has attempted a great deal—he has slaughtered many; and though all his labours led to nothing of importance, he feels and he knows that he shall be spoken of hereafter. It is from posterity that he expects his reward; it is amongst the men of another age that his name shall be celebrated; and whether that name shall be exhibited in a good or bad light he cares not, so that it is conspicuous. This is not a sketch of any particular personage, it is the character of almost every warrior, every hero, from Nimrod to Napoleon, “from Macedonia’s madman to the Swede;” and it is this guilty expectation of posthumous honour which the enlightened historian should endeavour, if possible, to blast. When he speaks of such men, he should reflect for a moment that the lives and the happiness of millions may depend, in some measure, on a single turn of his pen—example is powerful—mankind are generally prone to imitation; let the writer therefore remember, that one line of applause given to such a being as we have described, may, for aught he knows, be the spell which shall call into life some new destroyer of a more remorseless disposi-

tion. This is an error which should be guarded against; the names or the actions of such men should never be dwelt on with any appearance of peculiar interest. The influence of religion, the progress of the arts and sciences, and the changes, or fluctuations of public opinion, these are the objects that ought to engage the attention of the historian; for it is on these, after all, more than on the march of armies, or the issue of battles, that the fate of empires must depend. The people of the present age are already beginning to perceive the littleness of ambition; they are beginning to measure those pigmy bugbears by the true standard, and in such a character, there is actually nothing to excite our wonder or our admiration: it implies the possession of no extraordinary talent, mere brutal courage, an acquaintance with military movements, and a reasonable portion of impudence, of cunning, and hypocrisy—these will at any time constitute a conqueror, if other circumstances of an external description happen to favour him.

Bolton-street, Dublin.

T. F.

SINGULAR ANECDOTE OF A DOG.

THE extraordinary exertions made by a dog belonging to a poor old man, now maintained by the Duke of Pen-thievre, as related in the *Literary Gazette* for last year, have been greatly surpassed by a greyhound which lost his own master at the battle of Culloden. Mr. O. a young gentleman from the south of Scotland, served as a volunteer in the company of a highland chief, or rather a demi-chieftain, and had been very kind to the animal previous to the fatal day. After the fall of Mr. M'D. the dog attached himself to Mr. O.; but he was so remarkable for size and beauty, that the fugitive apprehended he would be the means of discovering his retreat. Two Highland lads, who had been soldiers in the same company, and undertook to guide the Southron through bye paths, assured him, that the greyhound would be a safeguard, able to cope with several men, unless they were assisted by fire-arms. The Highlanders conducted Mr. O. through the Hills of Glenmoriston, Kintail, Knoidart, &c. and past Fort William to Appin, where they applied to a friend of their cause to ferry them to the opposite shore. This man would not venture to give such ostensible aid; but made them welcome to his boat, when darkness would conceal their embarkation. He

advised them to land Mr. O., as he was most obnoxious to government, and nearly exhausted by travelling; and to return with the boat, leaving Mr. O. under some shelter, to recruit a little, since he was dreadfully wounded. They could rejoin him by going round to a narrow arm of the sea, where the public ferryman would show them favour, if needful. Mr. O. was rowed to the opposite side, and left in a waste sheep cot, with his dog, while the young men went to take the boat to the owner. When the day dawned, Mr. O. in great anxiety hastened to look out for his friends, as the night had been tempestuous. He soon descried the boat keel uppermost. His distress no poignancy of words can describe: a stranger to the country and the language, wrung by mental and personal anguish, he thought of delivering himself up at a gentleman's house, he had been warned to shun, as his brothers were in the Duke of Cumberland's army. He bent his steps in that direction; but observing a party of soldiers on an eminence, and two officers talking to them, he turned aside into a wood. It was the beginning of winter: the trees were leafless, but so thick of branches, and dwarf brushwood, as to afford some concealment. Mr. O. sat down, and, for the first time, observed his dog carrying his wallet, containing provisions and dressing for his wounds. The animal laid down the wallet, and disappeared. In a little time he returned, laid his head on Mr. O.'s knee, and, with mute eloquence, induced him to rise and follow. The dog led him to a cave, where he soon fell asleep. On awaking, he found a great addition to his store. The dog had broken up the pantry of the gentleman's house, during the night, and brought the spoil to his master. A guard of soldiers prevented a repetition of depredations, and it has been supposed the greyhound noticed them, for he did not again approach the spot, and was not suspected. In those unhappy times, it was a point of humanity to feed strayed dogs, as so many lost their masters in the field of battle. Whatever the greyhound received, he brought to Mr. O., and lived upon game, caught by himself. He licked Mr. O.'s wounds, and thus contributed to relieve the pain; and while he slept, the dog was generally vigilant. Happily, he was absent when an officer found Mr. O. in profound repose. He had removed the arms of the outlaw; but the dog would have strangled any

one that approached. The officer gently awoke Mr. O., assuring him his intentions were not hostile. He required only his word of honour never to mention having seen him, and he would send a trusty person at night to take him to his brother's house. He kept his word, Mr. O. was concealed in this family until his broken arm was cured; and he got safe to Holland with his faithful canine attendant. G.

MEMOIRS OF THE LATE PETER GALE FAUX, STENOGRAPHER AND PATRIOT. WRITTEN BY HIS FRIEND AGATHONP-SONIDES MUMPS.

THE only certainty that life affords, is the certainty of its own termination. Anger may glance into the breast of a wise man, but rests only in the bosom of fools; and he who cares not what becomes of his country, cannot be a true patriot. Having thus premised a few remarks, which I conceived highly necessary, I shall now proceed to record the principal events in the life of a man, whose unmerited fate has thrilled the universal nerves of Europe with horror, and thrown a shade of the finest melancholy over the most respectable drinking shops in town.

PETER GALE FAUX having descended from the younger branch of an illustrious oak-tree, where he had taken refuge one evening from the castigation of his mendicant mother, found himself, after her departure, standing alone in the wide world, and a beautiful meadow, rickety and intelligent, not twelve years old till the next grass, and with no protection under heaven, save innocence and a broken pair of pantaloons. Who his father was, he had no notion whatever; neither, I believe, had his mother. But that he had ancestors is highly probable, and that, at least, he had more than Adam, is quite certain. Any man, whose sire has been transported, will soon become ashamed of his genealogy; but only trace his pedigree back for a thousand years, and though the founder of it had been hanged, you flatter him beyond expression. Such, however, is the origin of almost all our aristocracy. Generally speaking, they are descended from the greatest scoundrels upon earth; but because these scoundrels had flourished eight or nine centuries ago, time changes the adjective into the substantive, and a family who were once *notorious*, at length come to be a family of *notoriety*. From the

tree of knowledge sprang the gallows-tree, and up to the latter has often been duly traced, the tree of heraldry. With which of these three kinds of timber my friend Peter had the best reason to be acquainted, is sufficiently evinced by the indignation and consternation of every nation in Europe.

He had not advanced through the meadow many paces, when a gentleman overtook him, in consequence of having walked a good deal faster. "How dare you trespass upon my meadow?" cried he.—"Tis mine!" exclaimed the boy.—"Oh, nature, nature!" apostrophised the gentleman, "how irresistible are thy dictates, since even this untutored brat, inspired by thee, can assert his prerogatives! Yes—all are born free-men—all possess the same immunities—all are brothers, co-peers, and equals!" Saying which, he took little Peter home, and had him taught to clean boots.

This pathetic incident occurred about the beginning of the French Revolution; and, during several years afterwards, he remained in the family, as boy of all work. His education, however, was not neglected. He could read any word of two syllables, and he could pronounce every sesquipedal sentence that expressed the distresses of his country. Though the *Edinburgh Review* was not yet in being, still he had the advantage of Thomas Paine. The *Morning Chronicle*, also, contributed its stores; and, by listening at the door whenever his master held forth upon politics, he had advanced so far in popular oratory, that he could make people think they understood him, when he could not from Adam understand himself—a prodigious blessing, as Mr. Phillips knows.

Nothing could possibly be more decorous than the conduct of this amiable youth, during his residence with his benefactor. Sooner than incur the displeasure of any of the good family, or give them the pain of chastising him, he willingly told the most astonishing falsehoods, and enforced them with oaths of the most appalling nature. "Truth," he used to say, "was a virtue, only so far as it tended to preserve peace and good-will; but whenever a lie produced the same effect, it surely possessed the same merit. Indeed, where either would equally answer the purpose, or even where a lie would answer no purpose at all, he usually preferred the lie; for, as he used to remark, truth is a mere statement of facts, and therefore requires

only a good memory; whereas falsehood depends upon the inventive faculties, and is therefore a much finer effort of conversational power. Thus, the evening he killed the cat with the Bible, he swore himself purple, that he had never touched a Bible in his life; though he was actually parodying a chapter in it at the time: and he justified himself to the cook, who saw the whole transaction, by citing, as precedent, the conduct of our gravest judges, who will counsel a culprit to plead "Not guilty," even though the moment before he had confessed his guilt. "Now," said he, "if judges, whose business it is to develop truth, encourage falsehood openly from the bench—alas, my country! what Englishman is safe? If I used a Bible to knock out the life of a cat, would they not use a Bible to swear away the life of a man?"

But it is a remark that deserves some attention, that this mortal state is greatly subject to mutability. Kingdoms and individuals flourish and decay, and misfortune is fond of company, for she seldom comes alone. These moral observations were unhappily too well verified in the person of my hero. Entrusted one night with the key of the wine-cellar, for the purpose of replenishing the stock in the parlour, he took occasion to set apart five or six bottles for his own private amusement. He then retired to the stable, and having hidden all but one under some straw, he deprived that one of its contents at a single draught. His master, after the departure of his guests, happening to visit the stable, beheld Peter stretched under the manger, and enjoying one of those peaceful slumbers which are wont to distil their balmy dews upon innocence and virtue. His hand, even in sleep, instinctively grasped the bottle, and when awakened, his only reply to a hundred questions was 'water.' An immediate discovery ensued. In vain did this interesting youth rise upon his knees—inebriety instantly restored him to his recumbent posture. In vain did he strive to account for bad appearances, by a preternatural exertion of the most prompt falsehoods. Articulation itself was denied him. In short, as soon as his power of locomotion returned, he was brutally thrust from beneath the roof of his benefactor.

I know that there are persons in the world, who will condemn his conduct; men who would jockey their best friend with a spavined hunter, or cheat the

revenue, by hiding their tandem or tilbury before the visit of the tax-gatherer; but who would deem it a heinous crime to purloin a bottle of claret. Were such men to hear my valued friend Peter exculpate himself from the above act, methinks they would acknowledge, that morality has no definite standard, by which human conduct can be measured, and, at least, that few things are morally wrong, till they are found out.

"Laws," said he, in conversing with me on this transaction, "are so far from always tending to beneficial purposes, that often what the law of one country commands the law of another country forbids. The law of Greenland or Oxygen (I forget which) orders all deformed children to be strangled. The law of other countries punishes infanticide with the gallows. Among the Romans suicide was considered a virtuous and heroic act—here it is deemed a cowardly mode of going on another establishment; and, indeed, in my poor opinion, he who commits suicide ought to be hanged. Honour, it is said, should be held dearer than life; and yet he who deprives a girl of her honour pays a far less forfeit than if he had cut her throat. Rob a man of his sheep, and you are strung up; but rob him of his wife, and you repair the damage by damages. Either, therefore, a sheep is more valuable than a woman, or law is capricious and unjust. Again, the law often contradicts itself; for it both forbids us to commit murder, and it holds out a bonus to those who do. A soldier receives a shilling a day to assassinate by wholesale. Wherein does his occupation differ from that of the common murderer? The motives of both are the same—to earn their bread. If a war be ever so unjust, a soldier is still in duty bound to stick his bayonet into the ribs of some persons, unknown at the very first moment of their introduction. But as he sticks it in by act of Parliament, he is a hero, and gets a medal; whereas, if he blows a man's brains out, and can produce no written license for it, having murdered without the requisite formalities, he is a villain, and gets a halter.* Lycurgus made no

law against stealing; he only punished those who were caught in the fact, for their want of ingenuity. Stealing, therefore, was not a crime in Sparta, whatever it may be here. Even here, there was a time when no law prohibited parricide. If, therefore, the law alone makes an act criminal, children might have murdered their parents in the *good old times*, without the least compunction of conscience. Suppose a bad king, reigning over good subjects, makes honesty a capital crime, and payment for a loaf of bread, petty larceny;—are his subjects justified in obeying him? Certainly not. And if our laws tend to promote suicide, am I justified in obeying them? Certainly not. Now, then, to the point. A man who could save another's life, yet looks quietly on, and sees him murdered, is considered as an accessory to the fact. Therefore, a man who could save his own life, yet makes no exertion to do so, is accessory to his own death. A man just as effectually deprives himself of existence, if he neglects to do what will preserve it, as if he does what will destroy it. Had I not swallowed a bottle of port, I am persuaded I should have died of the colic. I was possessed of an excruciating pain under my waistcoat; and, in fine, to put the most candid construction possible upon the affair, I must either have permitted my own death, which is a crime of the first water, or I must have stolen the wine, which is a crime of no water at all."

Thus delightfully did Peter Gale Faux hold forth upon his supposed delinquency, and it was by such bursts of eloquence that he contrived to gain an incontrovertible ascendancy over me. Sooth to say, he found me a man more skilled in books, than in bosoms; and to him alone I stand indebted for all my practical acquirements. Never, I do aver, was a more assiduous instructor than he proved: his friendship for me remained unshaken to the close of his mortal career; and, indeed, he stuck to me to that degree, that I was well nigh being hanged on the same gallows with himself.

It is a melancholy reflection that human life is subject to so many vicissitudes, and that so many worthy persons are forced to take long journies on foot. But so it fared with my poor friend. He was obliged to walk the whole way

* This forcibly reminds us of an Irish soldier, lately hanged at Cambray for the murder of a Frenchman, who, when about to be turned off, addressed the bystanders to the following effect:—"Bad luck to the Duke of Wellington, he's no Irishman's friend any how; I've killed many a score of Frenchmen by his orders, and when I just

took it into my head to be the death of one on my own account, by the Powers he's tucked me up for it!"

to London; inasmuch as he had not more than three shillings in his pocket. I pass over his adventures till his arrival in the metropolis, which interesting event occurred about ten o'clock on a dark night in December. His feelings, as he has since informed me were indescribable. He thought of the quantity of human wretchedness which was crammed into one spot; he pondered over the heart-harrowing idea of the hundreds who are compelled to live by the administering to the gratification of some wealthy and idle individual, and he also thought he should like a good supper amazingly: he therefore went into a sort of tavern, near the seven dials, and sat down. His attention was instantly arrested by hearing one of the company remark that he had, the day before, seen a labouring man eat five pounds of beef steaks and drink three quarts of porter within the space of an hour. The narrator of this feat did not appear to obtain implicit credence from his auditors, as sundry shrugs, winks, and sneers, evinced: and at last he became quite angry. It is nothing remarkable, said my good friend, Peter Gale Faux, for I have myself eaten five pounds of mutton, and drank two quarts and a half of table beer in less than an hour. All turned their eyes towards the lank figure who had made this declaration, while the former narrator eagerly exclaimed, "There!" and began to triumph in his turn. "Pray, my lad," asked one of the company, "will you undertake to perform this exploit now?" "I should have no objection in life," answered Peter, "only that I could not afford to pay for so large a quantity, and indeed I never was in better trim, for I am as hungry as a hawk." "Never mind the expence," said the teller of the first eating-miracle, "I will pay for you myself." "But in case I should fail?" said Peter. "No matter," answered the other, "I will pay all." "Then order five pounds and a half," cried Peter, "for I am as sure of finishing it, as if it was already lodged in my stomach." Hereupon the bell was rung, the meat and porter ordered, and Peter's patron instantly involved in bets to the amount of several guineas. At length in came the beef steaks, smoking hot. Peter sat down, tucked up his sleeves, settled himself steadily in his chair, and thrust into his mouth at the first onset such a prodigious wedge, that his patron instantaneously offered to double bets; while the sceptics, with elongated faces, re-

fused point-blank to do any such thing. The mastication now went on with great spirit; victory seemed decisive; a pound and a half at least were devoured, and a quart of porter dispatched, all in the compass of ten minutes—when, on a sudden, Peter stopped short. His mouth was closed; his knife and fork lay crossed upon his plate. "Well?" said his patron. "Well!" replied Peter, "I can eat no more.—Waiter, the gentleman with the angry face pays for me," and he walked carelessly out of the room.

I have recorded this anecdote because it has often, by prejudiced persons, been represented as a complete swindling transaction; whereas he has himself assured me, that he meant it merely as a playful hoax—the best proof of which is, says he, in his usual arch manner, that I did not save a penny by it, for I had not a penny to save. In truth, he was wondrous droll.

After this little sally of practical wit, he wandered along the streets, uncertain how to procure a night's lodging; for as I have already hinted, he had not a penny in his pocket. It was at this critical juncture that he first met with me. I was returning home to my wife and our two little children, when I saw him walking abreast of me and looking at me very hard. At length he accosted me thus: "You seem," Sir, said he, "a good-natured sort of person. Can you inform me where I may get a bed for the night, as I am quite a stranger in London." Thereupon I stopped, and asked him a few questions; to all of which he responded so satisfactorily and withal so meekly, that I forthwith offered him a small vacant room in my lodgings, for the trifle of half a crown per week.

This accommodation he gladly accepted, and home we went together.

I must here inform my readers, that I am an author by profession, and that, by contriving to fill up four reams of foolscap per annum, I am enabled to support a decent appearance in one of the genteel courts in London. My wife is accounted uncommonly beautiful; and indeed, before Peter was well seated, I perceived his eyes fasten on her face with all the ardor (as he has since told me) of an unsophisticated delight at contemplating the moral effects which may be deduced from a lovely superficiality, typical of that internal and immutable perfection, which results from the eternal fitness of things. To be sure,

I could never comprehend precisely what he meant by this explanation; but he told me the thing was quite clear; and he had such a way with him, that he used regularly to leave me dumb-founded. While we were both consulting what line of life he ought to adopt, he happened to take up a book of stenography; and when I explained the nature of it, and observed that by means of it he might get a situation in the newspapers, and hear all the speeches in Parliament, he determined to make himself master thereof forthwith.

(To be continued.)

A COCKNEY PASTORAL, CUM NOTIS VARIORUM.

High! Hampstead! how thy swelling¹ hill
Becomes² a pretty purling³ rill!
Where the retiring⁴ Cockney sees
His portrait,⁵ 'neath the leafy⁶ trees;—
The verdant leaves⁷ of Spring's young power,
But brown amidst the autumnal shower.⁸
Thy op'ning prospects can't be narrow,¹⁰
That spread from Purfleet¹¹ up to Harrow;¹²
Or with a glass¹³ we peep at Leigh,¹⁴
Whilst sipping up gossiping¹⁵ tea.
Thy little hill¹⁶ is sure a mountain!—¹⁷
Each turbid pond¹⁸ a chrystal fountain!¹⁹—
Each field a park!²⁰—each goose²¹ a swan!
'To slip-shod muse'²² at early dawn:
And though we have no Trout or Salmon,
here,
There's a kettle of fish for an Examiner!²³

NOTES.

(1) A sublime pastoral ought to begin characteristically—high is part of the sublime.

(2) This expression does not positively mean that the hill grows larger; but, being a Cockney hill, it is allowed to cut a swell.

(3) Sublimity is always obscure. Some people may suppose that, like Ovid's Metamorphoses, the hill actually becomes a rill, when the fact is that the rill *becomes* a hill, or ornaments it.

(4) An Hibernian critic observes, that *Purl in rills* may be seen on a Sunday Evening near the Spaniards and Jack Straw's Castle.

(5) Does this mean a Cockney who tires you, and again tires you?

(6) The allusion to *Narcissus* is classical, and in point.

(7) If the trees are evergreen, this epithet will keep good for the winter.

(8) The allusions to *foliage* are pretty.

(9) Shower—of what? an angry critic asks.—Their own shower certainly.

(10) The poet says nothing of its length; but, perhaps, it is just as broad as it is long.

(11) Purfleet—a place *dear* to metropolitan writers, on account of its chalk pits, which render that article *cheap*.

(12) A place where birch trees are stripped of their leaves! But the poet is an admirer of verdant branches *before* they are severed from their parent stem.

(13) This may either be a glass of wine, or beer, or a spy glass.

(14) If this is not intended for Leigh roads, some miles down the river below Purfleet, what Leigh can it be?

(15) This has been read "goose sipping"—but who ever saw a goose sipping tea? Besides, the goose comes in a few lines below.

(16) It is a high hill in the first line; but poets can make things little, and of some things nothing at all.

(17) "Parturiunt montes!" vide line 1. Hampstead has been prolific.

(18) 'Tis pity the poet cannot fill his tea-kettle at Helicon or Aganippe.

(19) "Fons, mons, poas," &c., vide Farnaby.

(20) In Ireland fields are called "town parks."

(21) Modern reformers ought to allow their geese to continue so. 'Twas the cackling of geese that saved the Capitol.

(22) Between a slip-shod muse, and musing slip-shod, there is perhaps no essential difference.

(23) Those who run may read. Those who look for fish may find a kettle full. Those who preach up reform may find themselves caught in the storm of revolution, and fall victims to their own trade!

ORIGINAL LETTER OF M. G. LEWIS, ESQ., IN DEFENCE OF "THE MONK."

MR. EDITOR,

HAVING lately seen some very severe remarks in a daily paper,* on the first celebrated production of the late Mr. M. G. Lewis, I could not help thinking, that, as but too generally happens, the writer was determined to see the evil, without appreciating the moral tendency proposed by the author, in that singular publication. Without any wish to make the columns of your truly valuable miscellany a vehicle for literary controversy, or attempting to defend any thing that may be calculated to weaken our sense of moral duty, I feel confident that your impartiality will induce you to give the following copy of AN AU-

* The strictures alluded to appeared in the Courier.

THENTIC letter, from Mr. L. to his father, a place in the New Monthly: by which the public, who have, in a considerable degree, formed their judgment from external influence, will now have an opportunity of hearing the author's own explanations; and these bear so much the evidence of sincerity, that I have no doubt of their greatly mitigating the rigours of criticism, if they do not entirely remove the charge of *evil intention*. Should Mr. L. who has contributed to the amusement of his country in so many highly agreeable works, produce the latter effect on the mind of your readers, a great point will have been achieved; and, under the most unfavourable construction of his sentiments, none can deny his having realized the maxim of an acute judge of human nature, who declares, that "error does not become a crime until it is persisted in:" but, if we cannot repeat with the Roman moralist, *de mortuis nihil nisi bonum*, let us at least do justice to the author, by suffering him to speak for himself:—

My dear Father,

Feb. 23, 1798.

Though certain, that the clamours raised against 'the Monk' cannot have given you the smallest doubt of the rectitude of my intentions, or the purity of my principles; yet, I am conscious, that it must have grieved you to find any doubts on the subject existing in the minds of other people. To express my sorrow for having given you pain, is my motive for now addressing you, and also to assure you, that you shall not feel that pain a second time on my account. Having made you feel it at all, would be a sufficient reason, had I no others, to make me regret having published the first editions of 'the Monk'; but I have others, weaker indeed, than the one mentioned, but still sufficiently strong. I perceive that I have put too much confidence in the accuracy of my own judgment; that, convinced of my object's being unexceptionable, I did not sufficiently examine whether the means by which I attained that object were generally so; and that, upon many accounts, I have to accuse myself of high imprudence. Let me, however, observe, that TWENTY is not the age at which prudence is most to be expected; inexperience prevented my distinguishing what would give offence; but, as soon as I found that offence was given, I made the only reparative in my power; I carefully revised the work, and expunged every syllable, on which could be grounded the slightest construction of immorality. This indeed was no difficult task; for the objections rested entirely on expressions too strong, and

words carelessly chosen; not on the sentiments, characters, or general tendency of the work.

That the latter is undeserving censure, Addison will vouch for me: the moral and outline of my story are taken from an allegory inserted by him in "THE GUARDIAN," and which he commends highly, for ability of invention and propriety of object. Unluckily, in working it up, I thought, that the stronger my colours, the more effect would my picture produce; and it never struck me, that the exhibition of vice in her temporary triumph, might possibly do as much harm, as her final exposure and punishment would do good. To do much good, indeed, was more than I expected of my book; having always believed that our conduct depends on our own hearts and characters, not upon the books we read, or the sentiments we hear. But though I did not expect much benefit to arise from the perusal of a trifling romance, written by a youth of twenty; I was in my own mind quite certain, that no harm could be produced by a work, whose subject was furnished by one of our best moralists, and in the composition of which I did not introduce a single incident, or a single character, without meaning to inculcate some maxim universally allowed. It was, then, with infinite surprise, that I heard the outcry raised against the book, and found, that a few ill-judged and unguarded passages totally obscured its general tendency.

To support the charge of irreligion a single one only has, or can be produced. I am heartily sorry that this passage was ever published: but I must say that I have been very unfairly treated respecting it. Those who have made it the subject of public censure, have, uniformly, omitted such parts as would have palliated those offensive expressions. Those expressions, certainly, are much too strong, and I now see that their style is irreverent; but it was not intended to be such, nor was the passage meant to counsel any more, than that the Bible should not be read before a certain age, when its perusers would be capable of benefiting by its precepts and admiring its beauties. It also suggested the propriety of not putting certain passages before the eyes of very young persons. This advice I was induced to give from experience; for I know, that school-boys do not (neither, if my informers may be credited, do school-girls) always read particular chapters of the Bible for the purpose of edification. In stating this, I thought, by representing it in the hands of the most virtuous of my characters, and given her by her mother, a woman pious and sensible, I had guarded against the idea of attacking the Bible.

My precaution was ineffectual: I have given offence; I am sorry for having given it. I have omitted the passage, and can now do no more than say, that neither in

this, or any other part of "The Monk," had I the slightest idea that what I was then writing could injure the principles, moral or religious, of any human being. Since this work I have published others: taught by experience, I have avoided the insertion of any word that could possibly admit of misrepresentation: as their propriety has not been questioned, I trust that I have succeeded in the attempt, and I do not despair of some time or other convincing my censurers, that they have totally mistaken both me and my principles. Those principles I need not justify to you, my dear father: I need only again request your pardon for the uneasiness which this business has given you, and beg you to believe me your most affectionate son,
M. G. LEWIS."

Such, Mr. Editor, is the defence and apology of Mr. Lewis; and when the tenor of all his subsequent writings is impartially considered, it is scarcely possible to doubt the amiable sincerity which dictated the foregoing communication. Both his friends and enemies, if he can have any, must be gratified to hear, that by a well-timed application of those materials furnished by the personal history of Mr. L.'s life, it is fully in the power of his relatives to produce the conviction (almost prophetically anticipated towards the close of his letter,) on the minds of Mr. L.'s less indulgent judges.
I am, &c. E. B.

OBSERVATIONS ON THE "ANNALS OF THE FINE ARTS."

THE first number of this quarterly publication appeared sometime in the autumn of 1816, and comprehended, we believe, the three or four preceding months. As to dates, our volumes are not very clear. If its talentless dullness were accompanied by even the appearance of a good intention, the smallest sense of truth, or any sense of shame, for detected falsehood, we should have passed its narrow views and utter ignorance of even the common rudiments of the English language in silence, and have left it to struggle on in merited obscurity, without a line of notice in our pages. The fellow-labourers, who sign "Ed." and use the plural style of "We," inform us, that "The Academicians pretend never to have heard of 'The Annals' when it is spoken of to them," &c. (p. 604, No. xi.—A. F. A.) From this we may suspect that the Academicians mention it as a work of scanty circulation, and rarely to be met with. We should indeed be surprised if it were

otherwise. Its slow sale and discouragements are proofs of good sense and good taste in the public. We know of no class in society, which can have an interest in encouraging a publication that, with an anti-British spirit, has stigmatized the leading artists of England, and of course the whole body, as a mass of "IMBECILITY;" (No. viii. p. 112,) which has attempted to blacken the character of "the Institution," (the British) and the Royal Academy; (vol. ii. p. 409, 410,) and to excite jealousies and dissensions between those two dignified bodies in a variety of instances. Who can wish success to those pages, which, with a daring impiety, have scoffed at a reverence for the sacred writings (vol. ii. p. 471;) and, with a blasphemous sneer, introduced the works of *Machiavelli*, as a fine stroke of humour, lettered on the back with the title of the "Bible," throwing out a profligate inuendo, that revealed religion is only an *outside cover*, or *political cloak* for knavery and hypocrisy (No. viii. p. 18.)—Such a publication, if even conducted with talent, could make but little way in this country; where it must be condemned by the manliness, the moral and religious sense of a thinking people. Its pages display, with an unappeasable anti-British malignity against British genius, an inexhaustible meanness and servility: and with the lowest state of duplicity and cunning, a never-failing stock of effrontery, falsehood, and puffing. It must be owned that such a work, from its onset, had no common claims upon public contempt and oblivion. From its title and the professions of a zeal for the interests of British Art, with which it commenced, we should have expected to find it a faithful and impartial record of the proceedings of the British school; and if not an able, at least an honest and earnest advocate in behalf of British genius. The preface, which is the *introduction* in other works, is in the first volume, the *second* article being preceded or prefaced by three introductory pages, in which, with an affected protestation of *humility*, the Anti-British party state their pretensions:—"The first Number of 'Annals of the Fine Arts' is now presented, as an *humble candidate* for public patronage, *soliciting that support* which THE GOODNESS of its intentions, rather than the ostentation of its merits, would deserve." They have, therefore, rested their claims upon "the GOODNESS of their intentions," and by

the test which they have themselves proposed, we shall now try them!

First, however, we shall show, by their gross ignorance of the common rules of English grammar, that these illiterate impostors, who, under the pretext of acting as directors of public taste, have employed the press for the purpose of puffing and calumny, ought to go to school to acquire some acquaintance with their vernacular tongue.—"The expression of the countenances of the actors are tame and uninteresting, and not in unison with the action." (vol. i. 71.) "Your sneers and ridicule of men who set out with a professed determination to disregard the means of the art, all those grand, severe gentlemen, 'who thought they were as great as Michael Angelo, when they coloured like mud, or left an outline like iron,' is on the soundest principles;" &c.; (vol. i. p. 159.) "and that in it is to be found 'the warm tints of Titian! the colder chastity of Guido!! the mild radiance of Correggio!!! and the harmonious combinations of Rubens!!!!'" (vol. i. p. 180.) "but the intrinsic merits of this picture, the truth, accuracy and beauty with which Mr. Cooper has represented this well-proportioned *Hackney*, and the exquisite manner in which Mr. Scott has treated the engraving, renders it a striking exception;" &c. (vol. i. p. 181.) "Let the members' (of the academy) 'coolly consider,' continues the authrs," (vol. i. p. 202.) "even 'the swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,' or (with Cunningham) 'darting through the one-arched bridge,' were not considered too trifling for the embellishment of his works." (vol. i. p. 221.) "Two of them he presumed to be unequalled, and would oppose them to any thing he knew in art, which is the River God and the Thesens," (vol. i. p. 231.) "To the right are the neat-herd, with his wife and daughter," &c. (vol. i. p. 247.) "The grief of the attendants, the humane feelings of the Cardinal Archbishop in his hard task of duty to the sovereign council; and indeed the whole picture, accords, in a degree of pathos," &c. (vol. i. p. 249.) "On the table is a small Greek Plato, Luther, and another book," &c. (vol. i. p. 252.) "Mr. Sauerweid is also making progress in his two pictures which he is painting of the same glorious subject, for Mr. Clay, which is also to be engraved," &c. (vol. i. p. 258.) In the above this erudite writer has made the wonderful dis-

covery, that the artist is not only making progress, with his pictures, but painting them at the same time! "The design and execution of this medal, which cannot but be excellent, or it would not have been adopted by the President for this important record of gratitude to his patrons, is by Mr. Mills," &c.; (vol. i. p. 259.) "here is sharpness and softness, and all the characteristics" &c.; (vol. i. p. 280.) "and the effect of the mirrors and cut-glass chandeliers in Mr. Wild's drawings, are proofs" &c.; (vol. i. p. 327.) "for which we suspect Mr. Daniell's knowledge of oriental manners and customs have not been consulted in vain," &c. (vol. i. p. 335.); "the high priest, attended by his Levites, and soldiers, form a fine group," (vol. i. p. 338.); for the high priest, his Levites and soldiers form," &c. "wanting somewhat of that colour and contrast of light and shade, which is so much sought after," &c. (vol. i. p. 339.); "his other best picture of the Disgrace of Wolsey," (vol. i. p. 345.) Here these philological conjurors have made two best pictures of Cardinal Wolsey! and, to render their work more miraculous, have made them out of the only one, which the artist had painted of the subject! "A well-merited compliment and transcription (here the act of copying is used for the transcript or copy,) of the above epitaph is recorded" &c. (vol. i. p. 346.); "and show how far the manual dexterity, colouring, and proper finishing, is gaining ground in (for among or with) our rising race of artists." (vol. i. p. 359.) "The many excellencies of this charming picture, places it among," &c. (vol. i. p. 376.) "The *chiaro scuro*, drawing, arrangement of colour, and perfection of this picture, as a whole, renders it" &c. (vol. i. p. 377.) "A lady and child is receiving" &c. (vol. i. p. 381.) "An anxious mother with a dying child are on the left hand side of the picture," (vol. i. p. 382.) "The Resurrection of Christ, represented with greater bustle and more figures than is usual in this subject," (vol. i. p. 389.) "The hands and face appear as vital!!! as if painted with real flesh." (vol. i. p. 390.) Another sublime discovery. According to this, *real flesh* must be an admirable vehicle for painting with; otherwise the boasted vitality of the hands and face is "only leather and prunella." "The accessories, particularly the shawl and flowers, are uncommonly well managed, and produces a work of uncommon merit,"

(vol. i. p. 393.) "her character and expression is delightfully tender and maternal," (vol. i. p. 396.) "The *verisimilitude* of nature, both in colour, *chiaro-scuro* and character, have been seldom better depicted," &c. (vol. i. p. 399.) "The drawing, composition and colouring, is in the first style of historical excellence." (vol. i. p. 401.) "It will contain a continuation of an historical account of the arts, from the 15th century to the year 1806; with the rise and progress of *painting, sculpture, and architecture*, through various parts of the world, to its establishment in Great Britain," &c. (vol. i. p. 407.) "that the first attentions of the English Government to the fine arts, *was* during their administration." (vol. i. p. 410.) "We feel pleasure in announcing that the *library* of the late Mr. Alexander, of the British Museum, sold at prices worthy of their excellence." (vol. i. p. 413.)

We trust we have adduced sufficient instances, for the present, to prove the effrontery and ignorance of these *Anti-British empirics*; who, without talents or acquirements, a sense of truth or a respect for the sacred writings, have so long prostituted the press to the base purpose of calumniating living genius, exciting dissensions between the British Institution and Royal Academy, and degrading the artists of their country in the opinion of foreign nations. With an ignorance of the ordinary rules of English grammar, which would disgrace the pupils of a village *Lingo*, and an incapacity for writing in the commonest forms, without false concords and the meanest jargon, they have carried on the trade of defamation, under the pretext of directing the public taste in *literature*, the fine arts, and the drama! These are the sovereign judges of fine writing, the arbitrary critics, who decide on the fame of the living and dead! We shall now give an instance of their critical acumen:—"Mr. HAYDON has, by his writings at so young an age, settled for ever the question, as to the capability of painters to write their thoughts; which every one must recollect was so prevalent eight or nine years ago; and he has therefore raised the character of artists in the scale of intellect." (No. viii. p. 89, A. F. A.) Here we are let into a miraculous secret; a matter, which no one ever read or heard of before it appeared in the veritable pages of these Quacks: and yet, which they assert, every one must recollect:

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namely, that there existed, some eight or nine years ago, a doubtful question, in this country, whether painters possessed the capability to write their thoughts!!! A foreigner might suppose from this passage, that no English painter had ever attempted to write before Mr. Haydon; but, unluckily for these charlatan critics, we cannot forget that the RICHARDSONS, BARRY, REYNOLDS, OPIE, SHEE, FUSELI, NORTHCOTE, TRESHAM, HOPPNER, DAYS, and other English painters, had written and published numerous volumes, before eight or nine years ago, and some of them long enough before that period. Yet according to these profound classical authorities in literature, and the fine arts, we are to believe that the writings of the English artists just mentioned, and of all others, had not only not done any service, but had proved their own incapacity, and produced a puzzling and doubtful question in England, as to the capability of painters to write their thoughts!!! In this state of ignorant uncertainty and darkness, the nobility, gentry, and people of England were plunged, until about eight or nine years ago, that is about 1809, or 10; and then, as this lying oracle runs, Mr. HAYDON, at so young an age, by his writings, settled for ever the question which those illiterate dunces, the Richardsons, Barry, Reynolds, Opie, Shee, Northcote, Fuseli, Tresham, Hoppner, and Days, had raised!!! All this is certainly very amazing; but, unluckily, it is a downright and notorious falsehood: for until this impudent quackery appeared in the *Liber Falsitatis*, no one ever heard of it before, and the facts are directly the reverse of this puffing invention. Without going farther, the writings of Sir Joshua Reynolds have been translated into several languages, and printed and circulated in numerous editions upon the Continent. In the life-time of that great man, "some years after the publication of the first seven of the Discourses, the author had the honour to receive from the late Empress of Russia, a gold box, with a *basso relievo* of her Imperial Majesty in the lid, set round with diamonds; accompanied by a note within, written in her own hand, containing these words — "Pour le Chevalier REYNOLDS, en témoignage du contentement que j'ai ressenti à la lecture de ses excellents Discours sur la Peinture." (Works of Reynolds, vol. i. p. 45.) Beside the above facts, there have been three editions of SHEE's

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T

Rhymes on Art, published in America. But all the writings of our English painters, before eight or nine years ago, prove nothing to those *disappointed candidates for admission into the Royal Academy*. According to their candid judgment, all our former artists wrote in ignorance and incapacity; and the same grave authorities, who have thus sought to dishonour and defame the illustrious first President in his tomb, have, also, sought to blast the moral and professional character of the present venerable President, West, by indirectly representing him, in effect, and by inuendo, as a man who, with duplicity and envious malevolence, had been in the base practice of covertly employing writers and the press, to *knock every body living on the head*; that is, to blacken and vilify every living artist. (p. 81, 85, No. viii.) They exhibit his painting-room in the same indirect manner, as a slaughter-house of professional reputation, (Ib.) and gravely assure the world, in proof of their *good intentions*, that WEST is not a great artist (No. viii. p. 81, A. F. A.); that he is *refined in nothing* (Ib.); and that "our leading artists" are, in the vulgar slang phrase of "ONE and ALL," a mass of "imbecility." (Ib. 112.) Really, this is giving the artists of England "a lift in the scale of intellect," with a vengeance; and such a lift as those simpletons, the Richardsons, Barry, Reynolds, Opie, Shee, Fuseli, Hoppner, Northcote, Days and Tresham, never dreamed of giving them!

Again we find them repeat the same anti-British attempt to rob England of the honour of her artists, under a different form of words—"Sir Joshua Reynolds knew very little of the antique, his mind was not qualified to understand it: in short, it is quite astonishing, even in Winkleman, to see how ALL MEN wrote in THE DARK about the genius of the ancients, before the appearance of the Elgin marbles." (No. xi. p. 537, A. F. A.) As the despicable quacks, from whom we have quoted, would convert a reverence for the Bible into a scoff and personal obloquy; so there are others, who would make use of our admiration of the Elgin marbles, as a means of defaming the dead and the living, and dishonouring the genius of their country. Thus, (in page 88, No. viii.) they obliquely interdict the nobility, gentry, and all literary men, from giving a written opinion on the fine arts, by declaring—"we are quite convinced,

that one line written by an artist, does more good to public taste than huge volumes written by technical amateurs." Yet after all this heavy souse of cold water upon the stupid amateurs of England, who, of course, must be utterly ignorant of the arts, we find the same formidable judges, in the preceding extracts, decidedly of opinion that *all the English painters*, and all other painters, wrote in darkness, and produced a doubt of the capability of painters to write their thoughts, before the appearance of the Elgin marbles. From thence, in the following question, we are led to the brilliant sun, whose beams we are to understand, enlightened all our benighted faculties. "Was he (Haydon) not the first to affirm the excellence of the Elgin marbles?" (No. ix. p. 334.) So that, according to these Anti-British and empirical falsehoods, the people of England were plunged in such a night of barbarism, at the commencement of the nineteenth century, that it is to be feared the divine works of the immortal Phidias, addressed to the eye and the mind of mankind, would have remained unappreciated and misunderstood, if Mr. Haydon had not, by his writings, given the nation, artists, amateurs, shopkeepers, and all, a gratuitous lift in the scale of intellect, and opened our eyes to their beauties! In point of fact, this is another audacious falsehood; for the venerable WEST affirmed the excellence of the Elgin marbles in the presence of the Bishop of Durham, within a fortnight or three weeks after the cases were opened in Park Lane; and he began to draw from them immediately, at that time, (in 1806) being almost nearly two years before Haydon saw them; which he did not until after he had begun his *Dentatus*, in 1808.

We do not mean, in imitation of those anti-British impostors, to convert the Elgin marbles into a means of disgracing the British character, by falsely assigning to any one artist or amateur, an exclusive claim to the discovery or first affirmation of their excellence in this country. SPON, WHEELER and NOINTÉL, between the years 1670 and 80, and the concurring testimony of artists and amateurs, who have visited Greece since their time, had made known their beauties to Europe long before a thought existed of our ever being their possessor. A reference to the Report of the Select Committee of the House of Commons, (p. 31) will shew, that it is to

Mr. Harrison, the architect, of Chester, England is indebted for those invaluable remains. The Earl of Elgin candidly stated, that in 1799, that gentleman first suggested to him the idea of obtaining those marbles for this country. It was a sense of their exquisite beauty, which impelled his Lordship to devote so much time and expense to their acquisition. The arrival of the vessel, which contained the first part of them, in an English port, occasioned an enthusiastic sensation among the artists and lovers of the fine arts. And after the opening of the cases, at Lord Elgin's house in Park Lane, in 1806, before Mr. Haydon was taken to view them, in 1808, among the number of painters, sculptors, and amateurs, who crowded to see them, there was *only one person, a distinguished amateur*, who expressed a doubt of their excellence. Lord Elgin's statement attests this notorious fact, which is in direct contradiction of the impudent falsehood that Mr. Haydon, who did not see the Elgin marbles until 1808, was the first to affirm their excellence. The honour of the British na-

tion, the interests of truth, and the character of the whole body of the British artists, call upon every independent thinker to explode the gross imposture, which, with an unblushing effrontery, would make all England appear tasteless, and barbarously ignorant in the arts, to give an Anti-British, dishonest, and mountebank celebrity to *one*. Such is the entire and palpable drift of this vulgar and despicable publication. Its impious attempts to convert a reverence for revealed religion into a source of personal contempt and derision; to defame and degrade the Royal Academy, the British School of Science, in revenge for an unsuccessful canvass to obtain admission into that body; to calumniate the (British) Institution, as crushers and calumniators of native genius! and write down the whole of our artists under the scornful description of "*the amiable profession*," in order to gratify the passions of one professional individual, have now received a merited chastisement: and shall be looked to hereafter. W.C.

THE CABINET.

ON THE CUSTOM OF SALUTING PEOPLE WHEN THEY SNEEZE.

Religione patrum multos servata per annos.
VIRG. *Æn. II.* 715.

IT is by no means an uninteresting pursuit, to examine into the causes which have given birth to various customs existing, at the present day, among civilized nations—which excite the attention of the curious, but are become so familiar, from constant habit, to the generality of men, that they seldom trouble themselves to inquire into the sources from whence they sprung. It is thought quite sufficient, by many, to know that these practices exist—the cause of their existence is a matter of perfect indifference. But the mind of the philosopher is not satisfied with this. He seldom dismisses any thing from his observation without informing himself of its nature, and tracing it, if possible, to its origin. Now there are many customs and habits among us, which are in themselves trifling and unimportant; but which, when investigated, frequently give rise to many curious and interesting discoveries. We do not, however, contend, that we should derive any very important knowledge from such studies; but, generally speaking, whatever tends

to promote a spirit of inquiry, and to exercise the investigating powers of the mind in its search for truth, is useful.

One of the most singular of these trifling forms, which are in daily use among us, and which we mechanically employ, almost without knowing its meaning, is the practice of saluting people when they sneeze. This custom is generally believed to have originated during the regency of Brunehaut, in France, and the pontificate of Gregory the Great. It is pretended, that at this time (A. D. 613) there was a malignity in the air, so contagious in its nature, that whoever was unfortunate enough to sneeze, expired on the spot: and that, on this account, Gregory ordered all good Christians to offer up prayers, accompanied with vows, for the purpose of averting these evil effects. But this seems evidently to be a fable, formed against all rules of probability.

We find the following account in Grose's *Olio*:

"The Rabbis say, that, after the Creation, God made a general law, by which it was ordained that every living man should sneeze but once, and that, at the very moment he sneezed, he should resign his soul to the Lord, with-

out any previous indisposition. Jacob, by no means pleased with this abrupt method of quitting the world, and being desirous of settling his affairs previous to his departure, humbled himself before the Lord, and urgently requested the favor of being exempted from the general rule. He obtained his wish—he sneezed, and did not die. All the princes of the earth being informed of the fact, unanimously ordained, that in future every person who sneezed should offer up prayers for the preservation of his life."

So much for Rabbinical fables:— But the most curious and rational dissertation on this subject, occurs in Strada, Prælectiones, Lib. iii. Præl. 4; where, in his "Pistor Suburbanus," he treats the matter at large. He ridicules the idea of this custom having originated in the time of Gregory, and traces it up to a much earlier period, quoting Apuleius, Petronius Arbiter, Pliny, and even Aristotle. After giving instances from the two first authors, he goes on:—"Vidētis, auditores, salutem sternuentibus imploratam quinque ferme sæculis ante Gregorium. Plige. Tiberius imperator, tristissimus hominum, ut ait Plinius, et qui religiosis hisce officiis minime capiebat, nonne dum vehebatur curru per urbem, sternuenti honorem habebat ipse, sibi que ab aliis exigebat? Perge adhuc supra Tiberii ætatem. Aristoteles (videte, obsecro, rhetores, quantum vos ego a Gregorii tempestate removeam, atque in ultimâ pene antiquitate reponam,) dum naturæ causas in problematum quæstionibus investigat, merito ait homines venerari sternutamentum, et bene sternuentibus augurari: cæque super re populariter inquit multa, sapienterque definit."

He gives us also an epigram, taken from one of the Minor Greek poets (Florillus) to prove the antiquity of this custom:

Οὐ δύναται τῇ χειρὶ Προκλὸς τὴν εἴ' ἀπομυθεῖν,
τῆς εἴρος γὰρ ἔχει τὴν χεῖρα μικροτέρῃ.
Οὐδὲ λέγει, Ζεῦ σῶσον, εἰς πᾶσιν, ἢ γὰρ ἀκούει
τῆς εἴρος, πόλιν γὰρ τῆς ἀκοῆς ἀπείχει.

Poor Proclus tries in vain to blow his nose,
So far beyond his utmost reach it grows;
Nor can he sneeze, "God bless me!" does
he cry,
The distant sounds his listening ears
defy.

The words of Petronius are: "Dum hæc ego jam credenti persuadeco, Giton, confectione spiritus plenus, ter continuo ita sternutavit, ut grabatum concuteret:

ad quem motum Eumolpus conversus, salvare Gitona jubet."

And Apuleius says: "Pone tergum ejus Maritus acceperat sonum sternutationis, quod cum putaret ab eâ profectum, solito sermone salutem ei fuerat imprecatus, et iterato rursus et frequenter, sæpius."

Aristotle and Hippocrates speak of sneezing as a sign of health:—

"Sternutamentum esse cerebri motum expellentis supervacaneum humorem adimento aeris per nares attracti." And the former adds, that on this account—
"Εὐχὰς ὡς σημεῖον ὑγίαιας τῆς ἀρετῆς καὶ ἰσχυρᾶτος τοῦ πνεύματος, ὡς ἰσχυρὸν καὶ φημὶ γὰρ ἀγαθὸν κινεῖται."

Jan. 1.

W. K.

RED SNOW.

The discovery of red snow, though extremely curious, is not altogether new, as will be perceived from the following passage, which is extracted, literally, from the 1st vol. of *Les Merveilles et Beautés de la Nature en France*, by M. Depping. The only difference which appears to exist between the snow discovered by Capt. Ross in the Arctic Regions, and the snow found in Europe, alluded to in the following extract, is, that the snow of the frozen regions is of a very deep colour, at least if we may rely on the statements of the public papers, whilst the other is only slightly tinged with light red. It is of little consequence whether this difference arises from the colouring matter being more abundant in the former than in the latter, or whether the two colours are produced by different substances. If the snow brought by Capt. Ross derives its hue, as is supposed, from the excrement of myriads of birds, all doubt is removed; but there is every reason to believe, that, on the mountains of Europe, the red colour of the snow proceeds from another cause. The extract from M. Depping's work is as follows:—

"Red Snow is sometimes found on very high mountains during great thaws. Saussure has observed it on the Alps, and M. Raymond on the Pyrenees, at the height of from 2,000 to 2,500 yards.* It is only during the spring season, that the furrows traced by the melted ice on the snow are tinged with a light shade of pink. This shade becomes darker in parts where there is a junction of several furrows, and it even deepens to the tone of carmine, where numerous springs had dislodged the powder by which the co-

* "Memoirs of the Institute of France, Physical and Mathematical Section."

lour is produced. Saussure was at a loss how to account for this phenomenon; he, however, supposed it to proceed from the seminal powder of certain plants peculiar to high mountains; but M. Raymond attributes it with more probability to the *micu*, which abounds among the Alps and Pyrenees, and which, being probably reduced to powder during the melting of the snow and ice, colours the water by which it is washed away." A.

QUAINTNESS OF EXPRESSION.

It is difficult to define precisely what we mean by the common term, "quaintness of expression." It probably implies great simplicity of thought and language, with a certain dryness which is humorous from the perfect gravity and good faith in which the thought is given, and the absence of all intention to excite ludicrous ideas. It is, in some respects, synonymous with the French *naieté*. The following sentence, for instance, alluding to poetical physicians is quaint.

"Such physicians as I have marked to be good practitioners, do all piddle somewhat in the art of versifying, and raise up their contemplation very high—and their verses are not of any rare excellence."

English Translation of Huarte's Examen de Ingenio.

In the poem of *Psyche*, or *Love's Mystery*, by Dr. J. Beaumont, we have an example of quaintness of poetical expression, in the description which *Aphrodisius* gives of the court paid to him, and the pretty messages sent him by the ladies.

"How many a pretty embassy have I Received from them, which put me to my wit

How not to understand—but, hy-and-by, Some comment would come smiling after it, But I had other thoughts to fill my head; Books called me up—and books put me to bed."

The following ludicrous title to a collection of old poems, by George Gascoigne, has the appearance of being too intentionally absurd to be called quaint:

"A hundred sundrie flowers bound up in one small posie, gathered partly by translation, in the fine and outlandish gardens of Euripides, Ovid, Petrarch, Ariosto, and others, and partly by invention, out of our own fruitful gardens of England—yielding sundrie sweet savours of tragical, comical, and moral discourses, both pleasant and profitable to the well-smelling noses of learned readers."

SCOTTICISMS.

A quaker of Scarborough appointed a

Scotchman to command a West Indian man, and heard with indignation that Capt. C. insisted to have her fitted out with guns. They mutually expostulated on the subject. The respectable, conscientious owner would not permit so flagrant a deviation from his pacific tenets. The brave seaman would not go a voyage in time of war without means to repel an enemy. At length the *Caledonian* said:—

"There is but one way to end this debate. Suit (pronounced shoot) yourself, and I shall suit myself in half an hour."

The quaker shocked by such a measure hastened to the counting-house of Mr D. who had recommended Capt. C.

"Friend!" said he, "the person thou hast spoken of so highly is a savage, a madman. Because I would not consent to equip the Neptune with guns, he bade me shoot myself, and he will shoot himself in half an hour."

When Mr. D. could command the risible propensity, he explained the pronunciation in frequent use north of the Tweed; and he assured Mr. — that Capt. C. had the interest of his employers in view by making a point of being enabled to defend their property. Thus the difference was amicably settled.

CLERICAL WIT.

The facetious Watty Morison, as he was commonly called, was intreating the commanding officer of a regiment at Fort George to pardon a poor fellow sent to the halberds. The officer granted his petition, on condition that Mr Morison should accord with the first favour he asked. The favour was to perform the ceremony of baptism for a young puppy. A merry party of gentlemen were invited to the christening. Mr. Morison desired Major — to hold up the dog.

"As I am a minister of the Kirk of Scotland," said Mr. Morison, "I must proceed accordingly."

Major — said he asked no more.

"Well then, Major, I begin by the usual question: *You acknowledge yourself the father of this puppy?*"

The Major understood the joke, and threw away the animal. Thus Mr. Morison turned the laugh against the ensnarer, who intended to deride a sacred ordinance.

On another occasion, a young officer scoffed at the parade of study to which clergymen assigned their right to remu-

neration for labour, and he offered to take a bet he would preach half an hour upon any verse, or section of a verse, in the Old or New Testament. Mr. Morison took the bet, and pointed out, *And the ass opened his mouth and he spoke.* The officer declined employing his eloquence on that text. Mr. Morison won the wager, and silenced the scorner.

A PHILOSOPHICAL HISTORIAN.

It has been justly observed that several modern historians who have pretended to write in a *philosophical* spirit, have been very indifferent as to the truth or falsehood of the *facts* on which their philosophy rested. The celebrated Abbé Raynal was a writer of this class, as appears from the following anecdote:—Towards the end of the year 1777, the Abbé Raynal calling one evening on Dr. Franklin at his lodgings in Paris, found, in company with the Doctor, their common friend Silas Deane. “Ah! Monsieur l’Abbé,” said Deane, “we were just talking of you and your works. Do you know that you have been very ill served by some of those people who have undertaken to give you information on American affairs?” The Abbé resisted this attack with some warmth; and Deane supported it by citing a variety of passages from Raynal’s works, which he alleged to be incorrect. At last they came to the anecdote of Polly Baker, on which the Abbé had displayed a great deal of pathos and sentiment. “Now, here,” says Deane, “is a tale in which there is not one word of truth.” Raynal fired at this, and asserted he had taken it from an authentic memoir received from America. Franklin who had amused himself hitherto with listening to the dispute of his friends, at length interposed. “My dear Abbé,” said he, “shall I tell you the truth?—When I was a young man, and rather more thoughtless than is becoming at our present time of life, I was employed in writing for a newspaper; and, as it sometimes happened that I wanted genuine materials to fill up my page, I occasionally drew on the stores of my imagination for a tale which might pass current as a reality; now this very anecdote of Polly Baker was one of my inventions.” “And upon my word,” cried Raynal, quitting at once the tone of dispute for that of flattery, “I would much rather insert your fictions in my works than the truths of many other people.”—Such is the way in which modern philosophers write history!

ANDREA MARTINETI, a celebrated

artist, painted by order of Pope Innocent VII the four cardinal virtues, with their opposite vices. The Pope not rewarding him as he expected, he said, “Holy father, shall I paint one more vice, called *Ingratitude*?” “Yes,” answered the Pope, “if you add another virtue, which is entitled *Patience*.”

ANECDOTE OF GOLDSMITH.

Goldsmith was always plain in his appearance; but when a boy, and immediately after suffering heavily from the small pox, he was particularly ugly. When he was about seven years old, a fiddler who reckoned himself a wit, happened to be playing to some company in Mrs. Goldsmith’s house. During a pause between two sets of country dances, little Oliver surprised the party by jumping up suddenly and dancing round the room. Struck with the grotesque appearance of the ill-favoured child, the fiddler exclaimed “*Æsop*,” and the company burst into laughter; when Oliver turned to them with a smile, and repeated the following couplet:—

“Heralds, proclaim aloud, all saying,
“See *Æsop* dancing, and his *Monkey* playing.”

INTREPIDITY OF A BRITISH SAILOR.

The high born, liberally educated, and elegantly polished classes afford a very doubtful criterion of a national character, as refinement introduces a similarity of habits, and, it may be added, that occasions for displaying the discriminating shades seldom occur. It is in the humbler walks of life we must seek for the genuine disposition of a people. Sailors, more especially, are least tinctured by *l’esprit de société*, and volumes might be filled with authenticated records of the humanity, the disinterested greatness of mind, inartificially exhibited by British tars. As your *Miscellany* is so extensively circulated on the continent, permit me to observe, that anecdotes of our seamen would be highly gratifying to Britons residing in foreign parts; and I believe the following is little known, though it deserves universal attention, as an evidence of undaunted intrepidity and exalted gratitude for mild treatment, when a prisoner, and manly religious confidence.—The hero, Daniel Bryan, was a few years ago a pensioner in the Royal Hospital at Greenwich; when far advanced in years, and captain of the foretop, he was turned over from the *Blanche* frigate to Sir Sidney Smith’s ship, *Le Tigre*. During the siege of Acre, he made frequent applications to

be employed on shore, but his age and deafness were considered as insuperable disqualifications. At the first storming of the breach, one of the French generals was slain, among the multitudes of his countrymen, who were immolated to the mad ambition of Napoleon. The Turks struck off the head of this officer, and, after inhumanly mangle his body, threw it out to be devoured by dogs.—Bryan heard his messmates describe this horrid spectacle, and when any boat's crew returned from the shore, he often enquired if they had buried the French general? The answer he commonly received was—"Go, and do it yourself."—Daniel Bryan reiterated his requests for leave to go and see the town; and, dressed in his best clothes, went with the surgeon in the jolly-boat. He procured a pick-axe, a shovel and a rope, and insisted upon being let down from a port-hole close to the breach. Some young messmates begged hard to share his danger, for a slight circumstance enkindles the nobler and milder virtues that blend with invincible valour in the bosom of a British sailor. Bryan would not permit his young friends to risk their lives. He said, they were too far from Old England to get new supplies of hardy fellows, and they must take care of themselves, as the honor of the British flag sat upon every single arm in their courageous band. He would go alone—he was old and deaf, and his loss would not be of any consequence. He was eloquent in the style best adapted for dissuading his hearers from giving the ene-

my an advantage, by reducing the number of champions for Old England, and the junior tars slung and lowered him down, with his implements for action. His first difficulty was to drive away the dogs.* The French levelled their pieces—they were ready to fire at the veteran, who, as he professed, went to bury the French general, because his countrymen had treated him well, when, 20 years ago, their prisoner: but an officer discerning Bryan's friendly intentions, threw himself across the file. The din of arms was instantaneously suspended; and in the dead solemn interval, our British seaman performed the rites of sepulture for a general of his foes. He made the signal, and was hoisted into the town.

A few days passed, and Sir Sidney Smith being informed of Dan Bryan's achievement, ordered him into the cabin.

"Well, Dan, I hear you have buried the French general?"

"Yes, your honor."

"Had you any assistance?"

"Yes, your honor."

"I understood you had nobody with you."

"But I had, your honor."

"Ah, who had you?"

"God Almighty, Sir."

"The very best assistant. Give old Dan a glass of grog."

Dan drank to Sir Sidney's health, and left the cabin much gratified. G.

* See Denon's Account of the Campaign in Egypt.

ORIGINAL AND SELECT POETRY.

A WIDOWER'S ADDRESS TO THE SPIRIT OF HIS DEAD CHILD, WRITTEN ON THE ENVELOPE TO A LOCK OF HER HAIR.

Pledge of a love, as pure and deep
As ever thrilled in mortal breast!
I would not, could I break thy sleep,
Recall thee from the couch of rest,
Where thou art now in peace reclining,
A stranger to the world's repining!
No;—bright as was thy brief career
In this wild waste of storm and gloom,
And much as I have wished thee here
My soul's dark sorrows to illumine,—
In loneliness I'd rather languish,
Than have thee partner in my anguish!
Besides, would even Heaven allow
Thy advent to this earth again;
That boon to thee were cruel now;
Since human ills—a numerous train—
Would cross thee in thy path of Life,
And stir thy young, sweet thoughts to strife!

When she,—whose fond, maternal eye
Watched thy first, brightening hours of bliss,—

Fled to a world beyond the sky,
And left us to the woes of this;
I deemed not Fate could have in store
A future grief to touch me more.
But soon, by dire experience taught,

I found that fantasy untrue;
Once more,—with added misery fraught,—
The dark, death-dealing arrow flew;
Oh, God! my soul,—erewhile in sadness,—
That stroke had almost stung to madness!

The passions of that hour are past,
And brokenly my heart lives on;
Tho' this will soothe me to the last—
Whate'er betide—to dwell upon:
'Twere better far that thou shouldst be
Where now thou art, than here with me!

Yet looking on thy sun-bright tress
Unlocks the source of dried up tears;

And thoughts intense and maddening, press
On my hot brain :—tho' hopes or fears,
Since thou and thy sweet mother perished,
Have ne'er by me been felt or cherished !

Blossom of Love ! yes,—on my mind
Strange and unusual feelings rush,—
The flood-gates of my heart unbind
And bid its waters wildly gush,—
As, gazing on these threads, I see
The all that now remains of thee !

Sweet Baby mine, farewell !—Farewell !
I go to join the noisy throng ;
But, in my soul's deep haunted cell,
Thoughts that to time and thee belong,
Shall ever bloom—as fresh and fair
As if they'd just been planted there.

And oh ! if tears of woe can nourish
The flowers of memory in the breast ;
Then those in mine will surely flourish ;—
And each succeeding hour invest
Their stems with charms unknown before,—
Till we three meet to part no more !
Feb. 15, 1819.

LINES ADDRESSED TO A REAL CHARACTER.

Gentle, manly, mild and brave,
With graceful form and vernal cheek ;
Bold as Chief in danger's hour,
Soft as woman in sufferings meek !
The ireful clouds of stormy life
Have o'er thee oft their shroudings drawn ;
But thou wert a bright and peaceful star,
Sparkling thro' all,—and sailing on !

Thou art a beautiful vision, seen
Half thro' the mist and half by the
moon ;—

But the mist is gathering fast and foul,
And the lovelier light is fading soon.

Thou art a flower, on whose soft cup
The shower of grief beats hard and
chill ;—

But, thro' the dimness of its dew,
The tints of Heaven are gleaming still.

There is a smile in thy soft blue eye
Whose light seems borrowed from a tear ;
And in its orb both joy and grief
Seem ever mingled,—or ever near.

And joy so meek is akin to grief,—
And grief so chastened half is bliss ;—
And the cloudless light of a sun-like eye
Never boasted a blended charm like this.

There's music in thy very sighs
To chide the grief it half beguiles ;
And the twilight shade of thy pensive brow
Is sweeter to me than a noon of smiles.

Thy fine toned heart,—like the harp of the
winds,—

Answers in sweetness each breeze that
sings ;

And the blast of grief—or the breath of joy,
Draws nothing but music from its strings.

The Bird that skimmed the shoreless deep
Saw but one Ark where her rest might be ;

And the heart that has roamed thro' a desert
world

Hath never met aught in that world like
thee !

My spirit may soar to the regions of light,
And rest in the isles of some happy sea ;
But where in the brightest of worlds shall
she meet

Another spirit as pure as thee. Z.

A FAREWELL TO MY LYRE.

Farewell, sweet companion in sorrow and
pleasure,

From thy numbers, awhile, Fate has
doomed me to part ;

And I feel as the mourner deprived of his
treasure,—

The all that to life could attach his fond
heart !—

For the world has entwined a dark wreath for
my brow ;

I must join the vain crowd in its frenzied
career ;—

And the thoughts that have softened—and
sadden me now—

Must, too soon, be exchanged for sensations
less dear.

Tho' no sunshine of Fame light the gloom
of thy slumbers,—

Tho' thy master regret thy wild music
alone,—

When—his penance complete—he returns
to thy numbers,

Hope whispers he'll find thee ennobled in
tone.

And should our weak lays but create in the
breast

Where sincerity glows, a kind wish or a
thought,

Then thy tenderest chords have not vainly
been prest,

Nor the guerdon denied, I so earnestly
sought.

Boulogne, 1816.

ARION.

HYMN TO THE OMNIPOTENT.

LORD of universal Nature,
God of every living creature,
Light of morning—shade of even,
King of Ocean, Earth and Heaven,—
Whilst I prostrate bow before thee,
Teach my spirit to adore thee !

Soul of love—and source of pleasure,
Mine of every richer treasure,—
King of tempest,—storm, and shower,
Ruler of each secret power,—
Whilst for favor I implore thee,
Teach my spirit to adore thee !

Spring of river,—lake, and fountain,
Piler of the rock and mountain,
Breath of animal creation,
Life of varied vegetation,—
Whilst I prostrate bow before thee,
Teach my spirit to adore thee !

First and last,—Eternal Being,—
All pervading, and all seeing,

Centre of divine perfection,—
Whence the planets learn subjection,—
Whilst for favor I implore thee,
Teach my spirit to adore thee!

Oxford, June 25, 1818. T. GILLET.

SONNET TO A BEAUTIFUL LITTLE GIRL,
AGED FIVE YEARS.

Sweet opening bud of innocence,—thy smile,
And the wild sparkle of thine eye, denote
A bosom free from all corrosive thought!
Oh! may'st thou ever thus dear babe be-
guile—
With frolic mirth—thy future hours, and
life
Be still to thee with magic wonders rife.
May heavenly VIRTUS with her smiling
train,
Within thine infant breast her way main-
tain;
By cautious actions early guard thy ways,
Where tempting VICI darts her too fasci-
nating rays.
Some griefs—for they are human nature's
lot—
On this eventful stage must be thy doom;
But may they transient prove—and soon
forgot—
And years of joy succeed to momentary
gloom.

Boulogne, Nov. 1816.

A. A. W.

SONNET TO SENSIBILITY.

I always loved thee, Sensibility!
And, tho' thou oft hast served to work me
woe,
Do love thee still.—Nurtured beneath thine
eye,—
For me the "meanest, simplest flowers
that blow,"
Can raise up "thoughts that lie too deep
for tears."
Not all the joys the multitude can know
Should e'er seduce my bosom to forego
Thy sacred feelings!—Yet, from earliest
years—

MIDNIGHT.

'Tis night, and in darkness :—the visions of
youth
Flit solemn and slow in the eye of the
mind;
The hopes that excited have perished ;—and
truth
Laments o'er the wreck they are leaving
behind.—
'Tis midnight;—and wide o'er the regions
of riot
Are spread, deep in silence, the wings of
repose;
And man soothed from revel and lulled into
quiet,
Forgets in his slumber the weight of his
woes.

NEW MONTHLY MAG. — No. 62.

Like that frail plant whose shrinking leaves
betray

The careless pressure of an idle hand—
My heart, unschooled in guile, could ne'er
command

Its hectics of the moment :—let thy ray,
Then, thou sweet source of sorrow and de-
light,

Beam on thy votary's soul with more at-
tempered light!

Jan. 1818.

A. A. W.

SONNET.—THE RING RETURNED.

[From the Italian.]

Oh, Lady mine! preserve unbroken,
The tender ties of amity,
And I shall never need a token,
To bid my soul remember thee!
What tho' we have so seldom met,—
What tho' we ne'er may meet again,—
Thro' hours of woe, with fond regret,
My bosom shall thy form retain.—
Then Lady mine, take back the ring!
I want no pledge to make me blest;—
No talisman—no spell to bring
Feelings that cannot be repaid;—
Since, whate'er my future lot,
Believe me thou'lt be ne'er forgot!

A. A. W.

THE PAINS OF MEMORY.

When joy its fairest flowers hath shed
And e'en Hope's blossoms too are dead;
Tho' MEMORY thro' the cloud of woe
A momentary gleam may throw;—
'Tis one of those sad rays of light,
Which mocks awhile the mourner's sight,
Then leaves his soul 'mid tenfold night!

ARION.

COMPARISON.

As the rose of the valley when dripping
with dew,
Is the sweetest in odours, and fairest in hue;
So the glance of dear Woman the brighter
appears,
When it beams, from her eloquent eye, thro'
her tears!

ARION.

How gloomy and dim is the scowl of the
heaven,
Whose azure the clouds with their dark-
ness invest;
Not a star o'er the shadowy concave is given,
To omen a something like hope in the
breast.
Hark! how the lone night-wind upstosses
the forest;
A downcast regret thro' the mind slowly
steals:
But ah! 'tis the tempests of Fortune, that
sorest
The desolate heart in its loneliness feels.

* "Oh, Lady mine?" Sir P. Sydney.

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U

Where, where are the spirits in whom was
my trust;
Whose bosoms with mutual affection did
burn?

Alas! they are gone to their homes in the
dust;

The grass rustles drearily over their urn:
Whilst I, in a populous solitude languish,
'Mid foes who beset me, and friends who
are cold:

Yes,—the pilgrim of earth oft has felt in his
anguish

That the heart may be widowed before it be
old!

Affection can soothe but its votaries an
hour,—

Doomed soon in the flames that it raised
to depart;

But oh! Disappointment has poison and
power

To ruffle and fret the most patient of
heart!

How oft 'neath the dark-pointed arrows of
malice

Hath merit been destined to bear and to
bleed;

And they who of pleasure have emptied the
chalice,

Can tell that the dregs are full bitter
indeed!

Let the storms of adversity lower,—'tis in vain,
Tho' friends should forsake me and foes
should condemn;

These may kindle the breasts of the weak to
complain

They only can teach resignation to mine:
For far o'er the regions of doubt and of
dreaming,

The spirit beholds a less perishing span;
And bright thro' the tempest the rainbow is
streaming,—

The sign of forgiveness from MAKER to
Man!

The following Lines, from the pen of THOMAS MOORE, Esq. are to be engraved on the Monument about to be erected to the Memory of his late Friend, Joseph Atkinson, Esq. of Dublin.

If ever lot was prosperously cast,
If ever life was like the lengthened flow
Of some sweet music,—sweetness to the
last,—

'Twas his, who mourn'd by many, sleeps
below.

The sunny temper,—bright where all is
strife,—

The simple heart that mocks at worldly
wiles,

Light wit that plays along the calm of life,
And stirs its languid surface into smiles;—

Pure charity that comes not in a shower,
Sudden, and loud, oppressing what it
feeds;

But like the dew with gradual, silent power,
Felt in the bloom it leaves along the
meads;

The happy grateful spirit that improves,
And brightens every gift by Fortune
given;

That, wander where it will, with those it
loves,

Makes every place a home, and home a
heaven;—

All these were his.—Oh! thou who read'st
this stone,

When for thyself,—thy children,—to the
sky

Thou humbly prayest, ask this boon alone,
That ye like him may live—like him may
die!

October, 1818.

THE PICTURE.

Oh, what a sweet and animated grace
Plays round the mouth, and beams from those
blue eyes

Upon the cheek!—The rose's faintest flush,
So exquisitely tinged, appears to rise

With the embodied thought, that from her
lip

Seems hovering: on the forehead's snowy
white,

The dark and clustering ringlets richly
wave,

In careless elegance.—Just such a vision—
Sketched in the day-dream of the enthusi-
ast's eye—

Might sport upon the sun-light, wing its
way

From flower to flower, and breathe their
soft perfume—

And live upon their sweets. Where is it
now?—

This form of love—this being of earth's
mould—

Is faded from the world—for ever gone!—

Is it not sad to think, that ere that hour,
Sorrow, perchance, had chased away those
smiles,

Dulled the blue eye with tears—and from
the cheek

Washed the young rose, and made the
heavy heart

Turn from this scene of agony—and pray,
If peace dwell in the grave, to slumber
there.

To * * *

(From the Literary Gazette.)

Thy kiss is sweet,—but cannot call
Departed feelings from the dead;

Thy smiles are ardent,—but they fall
Upon a heart so withered,

That all the quickening beams of love
Must shed illusive warmth in vain;

And tears as unavailing prove
To rear one shoot of hope again.

Yes,—doubt me not—I loved thee well,
But never thought too well 'till now;

A gloom that thou canst not dispel,—
A coldness thou canst not subdue,—

Comes o'er my bosom's genial flow,—
Fanning it with its hated wings;—

Oh! purest feelings, frozen, grow
Hard as the ice of clearest springs.

E. W.

STANZAS.

While thou at even-tide art roaming,
 Along the elm o'ershadowed walk,—
 While past the eddying stream is foaming,
 And falling down,—a cataract ;—
 Where I to thee was wont to talk ;—
 Think thou upon the days gone by,
 And heave a sigh!

When sails the moon above the mountains,
 And cloudless skies are purely blue,
 And sparkle in the light of fountains,
 And darker frowns the lonely yew ;
 Then, be thou melancholy too ;
 When pausing on the hours I proved
 With thee beloved!

When wakes the dawn upon thy dwelling,
 And lingering shadows disappear ;
 As soft the woodland songs are swelling
 A choral anthem on thine ear ;
 Muse—for that hour to thought is dear ;
 And then its flight remembrance wings
 To by-past things.

To me thro' every season dearest !
 In every scene,—by day, by night,—
 Thou present to my mind appearest
 A quenchless star, for ever bright,—
 My solitary, sole delight—
 Alone in wood—by shore or sea,
 I think of thee!

A FAREWELL.

Maid of my heart—a long farewell !
 The bark is launched, the billows swell,
 And the vernal gales are blowing free,
 To bear me far from love and thee !

I hate Ambition's haughty name,
 And the heartless pride of Wealth and Fame ;
 Yet now I haste thro' ocean's roar
 To woo them on a distant shore.

Can pain or peril bring relief
 To him who bears a darker grief?

Can absence calm this feverish thrill?—
 Ah, no! for thou wilt haunt me still!

Thy artless grace,—thy open truth,—
 Thy form that breathes of love and youth ;—
 Thy voice, by Nature framed to suit
 The tones of Love's enchanted lute ;—

Thy dimpling cheek and deep blue eye,
 Where tender thought and feeling lie ;—
 Thine eye-lid like the evening cloud
 That comes the star of love to shroud ;—

Each witchery of soul and sense,—
 Enshrined in Angel innocence,—
 Combined to frame the fatal spell
 That blest—and broke my heart—FAREWELL.

THE LAST TEAR.

She had done weeping,—but her eyelash yet
 Lay silken heavy on her liled cheek,
 And on its fringe a tear,—like a lone star
 Shining above the rich and hyacinth skirts
 Of the western clouds that veil the April eve ;—
 The veil rose up and with it rose the star,
 Glittering above the gleam of tender blue
 That widened as the shower clears off from
 Heaven.

Her beauty woke ;—a sudden beam of soul
 Flashed from her eye, and lit the vestal's
 cheek

Into one crimson,—and exhaled the tear!

FROM THE ARABIC.

Oh! ask me not—oh! task me not
 Her monument to see,
 For doubly blest is there the rest,
 Which never comes to me.

Oh! say not so—you may not so
 All powerful Love inhume ;
 For in your breast, while life's a guest,
 The heart's her real tomb.

CRITICAL REMARKS ON NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Recollections of Japan ; comprising a particular Account of the Religion, Language, Government, Laws and Manners of the People : with Observations on the Geography, Climate, Population and Productions of the Country, by Captain GOLOWNIN, R. N. 8vo. pp. 302.

AMIDST a variety of striking peculiarities by which the inhabitants of the eastern are distinguished from those of the western hemisphere, the most remarkable is the fixity, among the former, of their national laws, customs and manners. In Europe the progression of knowledge has, for nearly four centuries, been comparatively slow, but uninterrupted. To the improvements and discoveries of one age, have been added the

researches and inventions of another ; whilst by the general liberty of commerce, the acquisitions of one nation, in the various branches of science, have been communicated to its neighbour ; and thus a general fund of knowledge has been accumulated, which is continually increasing, and must still necessarily augment, from the innumerable contributions it receives. It is, indeed, a stream fed by countless and inexhaustible rills.—In Asia, on the contrary, the sun of science had shed its morning beams upon the southern nations many ages before it had dawned upon the gross obscurity of the west ; but this glorious luminary became, soon after its rising, stationary in the oriental hemi-

sphere, and has never yet approached the meridian. Mankind in those remote regions were civilized at a very early period, and made, as it were simultaneously and *per saltum*, important and rapid strides in the acquisition of the useful arts, and in many of the liberal sciences—but at that point they halted, and have remained, for upwards of a thousand years, nearly in the same position. Doubtless, this suspension of the march of the human faculties, towards perfectibility, is chiefly to be attributed to the despotism of the different governments of the east, the slender information possessed by their subjects in the arts of navigation, the inveteracy of their prejudices, and, above all, the intolerant and jealous spirit, which marks, for example, the transactions of the natives of China and Japan, with strangers. Until their shackles and their prepossessions are removed, the oriental nations will never attain to the full maturity of the intellectual stature of Europeans.

We have been led into these desultory remarks from the consideration of the very interesting volume before us: their truth will be sufficiently demonstrated in the sequel. In a preceding Number of our Magazine, a few strictures were offered on Capt. Golownin's "Narrative of his Captivity in Japan," which valuable and important work contains a great variety of curious details respecting the Japanese nation. The scattered rays of light which were there effused upon the institutions, political economy and character of that singular people, are here brought into one focus.

The "Recollections" comprise an epitome of the geographical situation, climate, and extent of Japan—origin of the Japanese nation, religious customs, progress of civilization and language, laws and government of the empire, productions of the country, trade and commerce, population and military force; and, lastly, an account of the people who pay tribute to the Japanese and their colonies. Our limits will not allow us to quote largely from our author, in his illustrations of these heads; but we shall endeavour to make our readers acquainted with the substance of his statements, adhering to the order observed in the volume itself, and citing such passages as are particularly explanatory of the subject treated on.

GEOGRAPHICAL SITUATION, CLIMATE, AND EXTENT OF JAPAN.

Japan consists of one large island, cu-

titled Nippon, many smaller ones, and the southern part of the peninsula of Sagaleen. It stretches from the 31st to nearly the 46th degree of north latitude, comprehending almost every variety of climate and production. The striking peculiarity of the former is its extreme severity in the winter, even in a very low latitude. Capt. Golownin's account of this phenomenon, and of its causes, we shall give in his own words:—

On a comparison of the geographical situation of the Japanese possessions, with that of the countries of the western hemisphere, under the same degrees of latitude, it might be imagined that the climate, the change of the seasons, and the atmosphere were alike in both; but such a conclusion would be very erroneous.* The difference of the two parts of the world, in this respect, is so striking, that it deserves more particular notice. I will take as an example Matsmai, where I lived two years. This town lies in the forty second degree of latitude, that is, on a parallel with Leghorn in Italy, Bilbao in Spain, and Toulon in France. In these places, the inhabitants hardly know what frost is; and never see any snow, except on the tops of high mountains: in Matsmai, on the contrary, the ponds and lakes freeze; the snow lies in the vallies and on the plains, from November till April, and falls, besides, in as

* Charlevoix states, that the Japanese are much prejudiced in favour of their own climate, and acknowledges that it must be very healthy, since the people are long lived, the women prolific, and diseases very uncommon. We know not what dependence to place upon Kemper's wonderful story of a village upon the side of a mountain, all the inhabitants of which were children, grand and great grand children of a single man then living; and all of them handsome, well made, polished, civil, and possessing the manners of people brought up at court.

It seems, however, that little reliance can be placed upon the extraordinary boasts respecting the Japanese climate; since the Jesuits confess that the weather is very changeable; that the winter cold is intense; and the fall of snow prodigious; that the summer heats are intolerable; that it rains often, and at seasons; the heaviest rains being in June and July, which portion of the year the Japanese distinguish by the name of the water months; and that thunder and lightning are then extremely frequent. As a counterbalance to these inconveniences, the Jesuit writers whimsically throw into the opposite scale, the length of the winter, which they describe as giving the weather time to purify itself, whilst the rains *resoften it*, and the various natural productions cause salutary exhalations; especially from the sulphur and the aromatic plants with which these islands abound. *Ed.*

great abundance as with us in St. Petersburg. Severe frosts are indeed uncommon; yet the cold is often fifteen degrees of Reaumur. In summer, the parts of Europe under the same latitude as Matsmai, enjoy, almost constantly, serene and warm weather; in Matsmai, on the other hand, the rain pours down in torrents, at least twice a week, the horizon is involved in dark clouds; violent winds blow, and the fog is scarcely ever dispersed. In the former, oranges, lemons, figs, and other productions of the warm climates, thrive in the open air; in the latter, apples, pears, peaches and grapes, hardly attain their proper maturity.

I have not, it is true, been in Nippon, the principal island of the Japanese possessions; but I have heard from the Japanese, that in Yeddo, the capital city of the empire, in the thirty-sixth degree of latitude, snow often falls, in the winter nights, to the depth of an inch or more. It is true it melts immediately the next day; but if we consider that Yeddo is under the same latitude as Malaga, in Spain, we shall be convinced that the climate of the eastern hemisphere is much colder than that of the western. The Japanese assured me, that on the Southern part of Sagaleen, in the forty-seventh degree of latitude, the ground is often thawed during the summer, only to a depth of a foot and a half. If we compare with this the climate of a place in Europe, whose latitude corresponds, for example, Lyons in France, how different are the results. That the accounts given by the Japanese are true, I cannot doubt; for we ourselves met with great fields of ice, so late as the month of May, off the Kurile Island of Raschaua in latitude forty-seven degrees forty-five minutes. At this season no ice is to be seen with us in the Gulph of Finland, in sixty degrees north latitude; though the water there, from being so confined, has not power to break the ice, which vanishes more in consequence of the effects of the rays of the sun. Off Japan, on the contrary, the waves of the ocean must break it up much sooner, if the sun acted with the same power. p. 5.

Japan abounds with lofty mountains, has several volcanoes, one of prodigious elevation, and is particularly exposed to earthquakes.

ORIGIN OF THE JAPANESE NATION.

It appears likely that the Japanese derive their origin from the Manchous, who inhabit the eastern coasts of Tartary to the northward of the great wall, and were, most probably, the progenitors of the Kurile nation: the superior ingenuity and probity of the Japanese sufficiently redeems them from the disgrace of a Chinese Extraction.

Among other things they related that they had a tradition, that, at a period of re-

mote antiquity, the whole earth was covered with water, in which state it remained, during a countless series of years, without the Almighty Creator, whom the Japanese call *Tenka Sama* (Ruler of Heaven) having cast his eye upon it. At length Kamai, his eldest son, obtained permission to put the earth in order and to people it. He therefore took an extremely long staff to sound the depth, which he found to be the least, exactly in the place where Japan now rises out of the sea. He threw earth from the bottom up in a heap, and created the island of Nippon, furnished it with all the natural productions which still flourish there, divided himself into two beings, one male, and one female; and peopled the new country: when the other children of God saw their brother's work, they did the same in other parts of the globe, and though they succeeded in creating countries, ordering and peopling them, they, however, had not the skill which their elder brother possessed; and hence in their creation of countries and men they did not attain to the same perfection.* For this reason the Japanese are superior to all the other inhabitants of the earth, and the productions of Japan better than all others. Teske, who related to us this tradition from their ancient history, laughed, and said, that even to this day, most of his countrymen believed the silly fable, and many affirmed that a part of the staff which their first ancestor had employed to measure the depths of the ocean, still existed as an evergreen tree, on one of the highest mountains in the Island of Nippon. p. 8.

RELIGION AND RELIGIOUS CUSTOMS.

Four different systems of religion prevail in Japan: first the adoration of immortal spirits, or children of the highest being, and the worship of saints. Temples are constructed to the honor of these divinities and saints: secondly, the religion of the Bramins derived from India.—The subjoined extract presents a most remarkable proof of the early introduction of orthodox Christianity into Japan, and of the corruption of its doctrines.

The facts connected with this (the Bramin) religion, manifest in a most extraordinary degree the rapid diffusion of the knowledge, tho' corrupted, of the Christian religion to the eastward of Judea. About the year A. D. 55, the Chinese emperor Mimi, heard of a sect in India called the sect of *Xaca*, and he was so much pleased with

* Another statement says, "That at the beginning of the world, the first of Seven Celestial Spirits arranged the chaos, or confused mass of land and sea, when from the end of a rod, with which he performed it, there fell a muddy froth, which condensed, and formed the Islands of Japan."
—Ed.

their tenets, as to send special messengers thither, with orders to acquire a perfect knowledge of their forms and opinions. About the year A. D. 62, these messengers returning by way of Japan, found the tenets of *Xaca* already introduced there—a brief sketch of which will suffice to prove the fact in question. Some of these were, that there are future recompenses established for virtue, and punishments for vice: that good men after death are received into a place of happiness, where all desires are fulfilled; but the wicked are shut up in a place of torment; that *Xaca* is the Saviour of mankind; that he was born of a female in order that he might recal man to the way of salvation, from whence he had previously seen that they had strayed; that he came to expiate the sins of the world, in order that after death, they might acquire a happy resurrection; and that the Godhead consists of three persons in unity—a coincidence in chronology and doctrine which strikes at the very root of those assertions of infidelity, that would look for the origin of the Christian gospel, in the corrupted traditions of the East, supported by the unfounded assertions of anterior antiquity.—It is a remarkable fact, that the followers of this religion worship an image with three heads and forty hands, as a symbol of a Trinity of persons in the Godhead, and of the universality of the divine operations. They believe, also, that whatever crimes may have been committed, the sinner may expect salvation if he dies invoking the Deity, whom they represent as having undergone a most severe penance, in order to wash away the sins of mankind. They also believe that this God is invisible, and of a nature quite distinct from the elements of matter; that he existed before the creation; that he had no beginning, and will have no end; that all things were created by him; that his essence is spread through the heavens, upon the earth and beyond it, that he is present every where; that he governs and preserves all things; that he is immovable, immaterial, and ought to be revered, as the inexhaustible source of all good. p. 45.

Thirdly the religion of Confucius, and fourthly, the adoration of the heavenly bodies.

They consider the sun as the highest divinity, then follow the moon and stars. Almost every constellation forms a separate divinity; these divinities contend with each other, and make peace; form alliances by marriage, seek to outwit and to injure each other; in short, according to the belief of the Japanese, they have all human weaknesses, and live like men, only with the difference that they are immortal, and assume any shape they please. This religion gave origin to a sect who adore fire, and consider it as a divinity derived from the sun. p. 47.

The common people are remarkably superstitious, and those of superior rank

and education are, for the most part, Infidels and Atheists. No persecution exists in Japan, but every one follows the religion he prefers without molestation. Christianity alone is prohibited by the severest laws. The Japanese have numerous monasteries for the devotees of each sex, which do not differ very materially from the ecclesiastical establishments of a similar nature in Catholic countries; their members professing celibacy, but living in incontinence; renouncing the world, but contriving to enjoy all its comforts and luxuries, and also in being useless drones and morbid excrescences upon the political body. The spiritual emperor *Kin-Rey* is the head of the ancient Japanese religion.

He not only confers the highest ecclesiastical dignities, but also bestows, on the superior officers of the state, the dignity or spiritual title of *Kami*, which the greatest men in the empire think it the highest honor to obtain. I have already had occasion to mention this dignity. The *Kin-Rey* is invisible to all classes of the people, except his own household, and the offices of the temporal emperor, who are often sent to him. Once a year, only, upon a great festival, he walks in a gallery, which is open below, so that every body can approach and see his feet. He always wears silk cloaths, which from the very first preparation of the silk, are manufactured by the hands of pure virgins. His meals are brought to him each time in new vessels, which are then broken. This, say the Japanese, is done, because nobody is worthy to eat out of the same vessel after him: if any one ventured to, or did it by mistake, he would immediately die. He is never permitted to touch the earth, lest he should be defiled; wherefore his locomotion is performed on the shoulders of his courtiers. Even his hair, beard, and nails, are only cut when he is asleep. He is obliged to sit during the greatest part of the day upon his throne, with the crown upon his head, and immovable as a statue, which state of quiescence is considered not only as emblematic, but as productive of the tranquillity of the empire. If, however, he should move himself in the slightest degree, or turn towards any particular province, they imagine that war, famine, and desolation must instantly ensue. When this period of purgatory is over, he is permitted to rise, and the crown is left quietly to perform his sedentary functions. His head-dress and ornaments, as well as his habits, bear a great resemblance to the state costume of his Holiness the Pope; but as a counterbalance to his temporary state of quiescence, he is permitted to marry a dozen wives! He changes his dress every day; but very little to the emolument of his valet, or to the shopkeepers in the Japanese Mon-

mouth Street, since it is believed that any person putting on his cast off cloaths, would instantly be afflicted with a general bodily inflammation. Even his crockery-ware of all sorts is broken after being once used; whilst the cups and saucers of his twelve helpmates join in the general crash. Note, page 67.

NATIONAL CHARACTER, CIVILIZATION AND LANGUAGE.

This is a very copious and important head; and to do justice to its details, we should embody into this article almost all the author's statements. The following may be considered as a summary of the national character of the Japanese:—They are active, industrious, inquisitive, temperate, generous, honest and compassionate; capable of extraordinary enterprise, eminently polite and courteous; they possess a high, and even romantic sense of honour; and are universally learned, in proportion to their opportunities of acquiring information;—but they are, at the same time, deceitful, vindictive, and unchaste. The great and amiable qualities of the Japanese are exemplified by Captain Gallowin in almost every page of his book.

Their extreme politeness towards each other has been described and accounted for, by the earliest writers, who state, that all the riches of this powerful empire are in the hands of the princes and nobility, who make a great show of their wealth; their magnificence going to a greater extent than any thing known in Europe, or recorded in the history of the most powerful monarchies of ancient times. All this is seen by the great mass of the people, without the slightest envy; and if it happens that any nobleman, or man of high rank, by an unhappy accident, or by incurring the prince's displeasure, should fall into indigence, still he is not less haughty, nor less respected than in his most brilliant fortunes! and into whatever misery or poverty a gentleman may be reduced, he never forms an alliance beneath his own rank.

The point of honour is also extremely lively in all ranks, and the lowest of the people would feel themselves hurt by any freedom of expression, even from a nobleman of the first rank; and believe themselves justified in manifesting their resentment. Thus every one is upon his guard, and all ranks respect each other. p. 35.

The greatest stain in their national character is the dissoluteness of their manners.

Among the vices of the Japanese, the most prevalent appears to be incontinence. Though the law does not allow them to take more than one wife, they have the right to keep concubines; and all opulent people make use of this right, even to excess.

The bagnios are under the protection of the laws, and have their regulations, rules, and privileges. The owners of such houses are not considered infamous, and enjoy the same rights as merchants, who deal in a permitted commodity with the consent of the government: but the Japanese avoid being acquainted with them. The lovers of such places generally visit them from sun-set to sun-rise. The music plays and the drum is beat. There were some such houses near our abode, and I cannot remember that a single night passed without our hearing the drum: hence, I conclude, that these places are never without visitors. The Japanese told us, that at Yeddo, the capital of the temporal emperor, there are numbers of the largest buildings of this kind, which are nothing inferior, in magnificence, to the palaces of princes. In one of these temples, dedicated to Venus, there are six hundred priestesses, and yet the porters are often obliged to refuse admittance to young worshippers of the goddess, because there is no vacancy. We were assured that the proprietors of these magnificent magazines, spare nothing to furnish them with the most beautiful merchandize, and this is very easily to be believed. On one of our walks in Matsmai, the interpreters, to gratify our curiosity, led us past such a house: half a dozen young creatures ran to the door to see us. I observed, that some of them were in the bloom of youth, and so handsome, that they would have done no discredit to a house of the same description in an European capital; but perhaps they appeared so to me only, because my eyes had been so long deprived of the sight of our fair countrywomen. p. 22.

The knowledge of the Japanese is extensive; every individual learns to read and write. In agriculture, the chase, the fisheries, the manufacture of silk and woollen goods, and of porcelain, varnished goods, and polishing of metals, they are not at all inferior to the Europeans. They are skilful cabinet-makers, and are thoroughly acquainted with the manufacture of all articles appertaining to domestic economy. They are but imperfectly versed in astronomy, and have only a slight knowledge of the mathematics, and the more abstruse sciences. In painting, architecture, sculpture, engraving, music and poetry, they are described as very far inferior to the Europeans. They are novices in the art of war; and are entirely ignorant of the best method of constructing their vessels. The characters employed by the Japanese in writing, resemble those of the Chinese; that is, they are symbols. They write in a perpendicular line; and their lan-

guage is extremely difficult to learn, nor will they instruct a stranger in it.

GOVERNMENT OF THE EMPIRE, LAWS AND CUSTOMS.

The form of government is remarkably complicated. The supreme spiritual authority has been already mentioned, and the shadows of secular power are vested in the spiritual emperor; who is, nevertheless, obliged to consult a council of five individuals, selected from the most eminent personages in the state. There is also an assembly which we should denominate a senate. Japan is divided into nearly two hundred principalities, each governed by its own hereditary prince, with absolute sway, except in those points which relate to the general administration of the Empire; but the Japanese laws, which emanate from the Emperor, are universally obeyed. There are also a numerous order of nobility, who alone are eligible for places of profit and distinction; the remaining classes are ecclesiastics, men of learning, including physicians, soldiers, merchants, mechanics, labourers, and slaves.

The nobility enjoy very important privileges in Japan. All the places in the second council or senate, all the important offices of the state, and the posts of governors in the imperial provinces, are filled up entirely from their body alone. If a war breaks out, the commanding generals are chosen from among the reigning princes of the nobility. Every noble family has a particular distinction, and the right to keep a train of honour, which is made use of by the eldest of the family. The nobility is also hereditary, and descends to the eldest son, or according to the will of the father, to the most worthy. If the father judges his legitimate unworthy of this dignity, he may adopt a son from another family; hence, a good-for-nothing nobleman is a rare phenomenon, which only the too great love of a father for an unworthy son can render possible. p. 85.

The Japanese are remarkably severe. Their capital punishments are ripping open the bowels and decapitation. The use of torture is also authorized, but is rarely inflicted. In fact, the rigour of their statutes operates in the same manner as our penal code: they are, in most cases, evaded. Property, however, of every kind, is secured to its possessor by the laws of Japan. A husband has the power of putting the adulteress and her paramour to death, if surprised in the fact; so has a father with respect to the seducer of his daughter; they have also unlimited power over untoward children. The Japanese houses are not built of stone

on account of the earthquakes; but commonly of wood, and very slight, to suit the warmth of the climate. The insides of their dwellings are fitted up in a singular style.

Many of their apartments are embellished with a painting of a divinity, or richly ornamented papers, on which are some favourite moral sentences of philosophers or poets; in some instances, they have grotesque caricatures of old Chinese, or birds, trees, or landscapes, painted upon screens; in most houses they have flower pots, filled with the most odiferous flowers, according to the season; and, in default of them, with artificial representations of flowers, impregnated with odours; these, together with perfuming pots of brass or copper, in the shape of lions, cranes, and other rare animals, hangings of silk net, vessels of porcelain, and ranged in the neatest order, all produce the most pleasing effect.

Their love of ornament is, indeed, carried to an extreme, in numerous instances: at their feasts, it is often superfluous, and their ceremonies are never at an end. Their attendants are most numerous; yet a word is never heard spoken, nor does there ever arise the slightest confusion; but the plates are ornamented with ribands; and if a partridge, or any other bird is served up, it is sure to have its body varnished, and its neck and feet gilded. Their feasts are always accompanied with music; but excess is unknown." note to p. 118.

Their streets are extremely narrow. Their municipal regulations admirable; and might be advantageously adopted in Europe.

Charlevoix asserts, that the number of cities in Japan, in his time, amounted to thirteen thousand, almost all of which were populous. He describes them as being totally devoid of walls, with the streets generally running in right lines, cutting each other at right angles, with gates which are shut every night, generally much ornamented, and with guards regularly mounted. The towns and villages, as stated by Kempter, are too numerous for belief:—909,858, generally built along great roads, and well inhabited, principally by shopkeepers and artisans; these consist, indeed, of double rows of houses, but are so extensive and close to each other, as scarcely to have marked limits.

Every street has a superintendent officer or *Otona*, who, like our constable of the night, preserves good order after sun-set; and is bound to obey the orders of superior magistrates. The *Otonas* keep a register of all the residents in their peculiar streets, of all births, deaths, and marriages, of all who leave their homes for the purpose of travelling, or who change their residence into any other street. The profession or trade, condition in life, and religion of each individual, are also carefully recorded.

When disputes arise, the ottona calls the parties before him, for the purpose of settling matters; but he has no power to enforce his recommendations, although he can punish slight crimes by imprisonment. Each ottona is elected by the inhabitants, by a majority of voices; a certain number of names being chosen and presented to the governors or mayors, for election or approval.

"To each ottona there are three petty constables; besides which, like the old Saxon hundreds and tythings, all the inhabitant householders of each street are divided into parties of five, which will sometimes include fifteen families, each under the inspection of a chief, who is not only responsible for their conduct in regard to enquiry, but actually shares with them the chastisement of their crimes or faults. In each street there is a police clerk, who writes out, and publishes the orders of the ottona, and preserves the records. The office of treasurer is held by each inhabitant in turn for a year; and there is a messenger who posts up orders, collects taxes, brings information, &c. &c." p. 118.

(To be continued.)

Human Life, a Poem. By SAMUEL ROGERS. Quarto. pp. 94.

Didactic poetry, when it treats of human passions, as it is commonly devoted to the description of general feelings, unmarked by those traits and peculiarities which distinguish the individual, does not create that deep and powerful interest which is excited when those feelings are exemplified and brought home to the affections of the reader, by the portraiture of the enjoyments or sufferings of real or imaginary personages.—It can, therefore, no more be expected to interest the common reader, than philanthropy or cosmopolitism can be thought to actuate the mass of mankind: for, unless we are enabled to picture to ourselves vividly and distinctly those objects which are intended to excite our sympathies, it is not the bare recital of the most alarming and horrible catastrophes that will affect in the slightest degree even those of the most delicate sensibility. A battle, however fatal may have been its consequences, and numerous and noble the heroes who poured forth their souls in its strife, fills not the distant reader of a Gazette or History with horror or interest proportionate to the occurrence; and though whole masses of the slain may be described with terrible fidelity, yet the lady who shrieks at the cry of a child, or falls into hysterics at the sight of a spider, will not unfrequently peruse the whole without the slightest emotion. But, let an individual recount his own hair-breadth

escapes from death, and the various perils he has undergone—how at one time, lying wounded in the midst of contending masses, his countrymen passed him, heedless of his single existence, whilst engaged in the struggle of a nation: and at another, how he avoided the observation and brutality of the foe, by hiding himself among the yet warm bodies of the slain, till at last, when night spread its shadows over the scene, he was saved by the tempted avarice of one, unused to feelings of compassion,—and we then listen with attention and sympathy. So it is with didactic, compared with narrative, or individual poetry; and hence the quantity of the latter so much exceeds that of the former, which is generally read in "Elegant Extracts," or works of a similar nature, professing to save us the trouble of wading through whole pages in search of a single line. Amongst the poems of this class, of a more modern date, we may instance the "Pleasures of Hope," which is now seldom spoken of, though most people are induced to peruse it, in consequence of the minor compositions of the same author. We are far from pretending to deny that it contains many beautiful and energetic passages, but what are they in comparison with the occasional pieces of Campbell. We can sympathize with "Lochiel," who dares, even against the warnings of Fate, to be loyal to him, he deems his liege, though fallen sovereign. We can feel with the "Exile of Erin," in his passionate exclamation—

"The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee,

But I have no refuge from famine and danger;

A home and a country remain not for me."

We can pity him, whilst we almost watch him, as he gazes in despair on the waves which form the girdle of his own "native isle of the ocean," knowing that they are never to bear his bark towards its much loved shore; but we cannot be expected to be powerfully affected by general and imperfect philosophical distinctions and comparisons between the expectation and presence of objects. We cannot be thought to feel much for the anticipations of a mother whilst rocking the cradle of her infant hope; nor for the visions of home which arise in the mind of a sailor on his return from a distant land, as long as the mother is not particularized, by peculiar features and characteristics, from the many cottagers we daily see in the country. o;

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the sailor is undistinguished by any individual trait to separate him from those masses which are constantly streaming from the public houses in the neighbourhood of Wapping. Yet these are the most vivid delineations in the poem to which we allude.

Goldsmith, whom we look upon as the most successful of all didactic poets, avoided these defects by taking, as the subjects of his two poems, the scenes and characters of nations—the description of a village, once happy and flourishing, deserted by the aged with their thousand associations of memory, and by the young with the broken dreams of imagination, picturing the bliss they trusted to have enjoyed amidst the scenes of their infancy. We can fancy to ourselves the poet seated upon the summit of an Alp, and calling to his remembrance the features of those nations below him, among which his flute had procured for him an hospitable reception, and we are deeply interested by the paintings which he professes to have studied from nature of the miseries arising from a population forced into emigration.

Thomson's "Seasons" are but little read though much talked of, and those parts of Milton, in his noble and magnificent poem, which treat of abstruse speculations, and paint Adam and Eve in that simplicity of which we have no prototype, are, we should conceive, comparatively neglected; whilst an estimate is most generally formed of his merit as a poet, by those passages in which he describes the remorseless malice and insolent daring of Satan against the Creator and his works.

We cannot, therefore, understand why so many didactic poems have, of late years, been offered to the public. The "Pleasures of Hope" had much of novelty in them, and were, besides, overspread with a halo of pure and refined sensibility, which gave them additional claims to the attention of the lovers of poetry. The "Pleasures of Memory," were also read and approved; but then came those of Melancholy, Virtue, Solitude, Contemplation, and so many other pleasures, that they at last palled upon the public taste, and though they are still poured forth in lavish profusion, they are seldom read, and still less frequently remembered.

The name of Rogers must, however, always insure respect and attention; though we wonder at his fondness for the style of writing in which he now appears before us for the second time:

more especially as his efforts seem attended with less success at each publication. There are many poets at twenty-one, who are no longer so at sixty; not that we think poetry inconsistent with that age, having the example of Dryden's writing *Palamon and Arcite* at 70: but old age, in many, becomes more cautious; it gives more time to polish, and seems to consider that imagination and thought may be supplied by harmony of versification, and elegance of diction. Such were probably *elegant* poets whilst the fervour of youth was upon them, though, on account of the weakness of their passions, they were never either forcible or striking; but when old age, with its cool reflections, takes the place of passion, they sink entirely into versifiers.

The author before us is, we should think, better adapted to be the satirist of private society, than the writer of commendatory verses on the human race. His conversation—always full of something *innocently* malicious, and caustic, could scarcely mark him out as the poet designated by the God to paint human life, as if nothing but virtue formed the passing phantoms of the world's phantasmagoria.

When we took up the poem which has given rise to the present observations, "Human Life" naturally offered to our imagination the chequered scenes of joy and grief—the scenes in which the ray of hope, rather than of happiness, occasionally breaks through the canopied clouds, and illuminates some spots of a vast landscape. We trusted to have seen our author's talents exerted in representing those numberless follies, which, like the invisible vapours raised by the noon-day sun; at last by their multitude, form a mass limiting the extent of that power which created them. But no; there are no vices depicted—no follies lashed, so as to mark their existence: all is virtue, serenity, and happiness. There is, indeed, no reverse to the picture, except the following:

But man is born to suffer. On the door
Sickness has set her mark; and now no
more
Laughter within we hear, or wood notes
wild
As of a mother singing to a child.
All now in anguish from that room retire,
Where a young cheek glows with consuming
fire,
And innocence breathes contagion—all but
one,
But she who gave it birth—from her alone

The medicine cup is taken. Through the
 night,
 And through the day, that with its dreary
 light
 Comes unregarded, she sits silent by,
 Watching the changes, with her anxious
 eye:
 While they without, listening, below, above,
 (Who but in sorrow know how much they
 love)
 From every little noise catch hope and fear,
 Exchanging still, still as they turn to hear,
 Whispers, and sighs, and smiles of tender-
 ness
 That would in vain the starting tear repress.
 p. 38.

Besides a general want of truth in his colouring, which renders the poem flat and uninteresting, as it has no relief, Mr. Rogers has fallen into another great defect; he has taken his illustrations entirely from England, apparently attempting to paint the garden lawn, and tea circle of a family mansion, with a few lines upon a parliamentary life, all of the present day. One is, therefore, not a little startled, in the midst of his tranquil scenes, to meet with the following verses, as a delineation of an English occurrence:—

But hark the din of arms! no time for
 sorrow.
 To horse! to horse! a day of blood to-mor-
 row!
 One parting pang, and then—and then I fly,
 Fly to the field to triumph—or to die.—
 He goes, and Night comes, as it never came,
 With shrieks of horror!—and a vault of
 flame!
 And lo! when morning mocks the desolate,
 Red runs the river by; and at the gate
 Breathless, a horse without a rider stands!
 But hush! . . . a shout from the victorious
 bands!
 And oh the smiles and tears, a sire restored!
 One wears his helm, one buckles on his
 sword;
 One hangs the wall with laurel leaves, and
 all
 Spring to prepare the soldier's festival;
 While she best-loved, till then forsaken
 never,
 Clings round his neck as she would cling
 for ever!
 p. 40.

The boundaries of a poet's imagination have never as yet been marked by the god of limits; but he who chooses to circumscribe the range of his pencil in illustrating the subject upon which he treats, ought not to exceed his self-assigned limitations. He who describes the rich and luxuriant Abassides in their nightly rambles through Asiatic towns, is not allowed, though he disguise them,

to represent them with the manners of European Knights Errant, and as we ought not to confound the peculiarities and domestic occurrences of Asia, with those of Europe, so we are not permitted to make anachronisms in English manners, still more absurd and glaring. Thank God, the peasant's cottage has not, for many years, been disturbed even by the sound of a hostile trumpet, much less by the enemies' fire-brand or cannon.

There is another defect we have to notice, of a more general cast, as it affects the whole poem; we mean the mingling with the description of an ideal though continuous personification, the identification of several of his friends, without marking the difference between the two; so that Mr. Fox and others are introduced, individually, as forming the same ideal character. Besides this, there are several blemishes of no less weight, though they affect only passages. It has been very much the fashion of late years, for authors to make their verses unintelligible, by distant hints and allusions, so that to read a pamphlet poem, we must either be in possession of the erudition of a walking library, or else we must pay some dozen shillings for illustrations; and have the 1000 lines of poetry swelled into two volumes of 800 pages, by notes, which, from their pedantic weight, few people read, and fewer still, understand. It is the worst trait in the character of our modern poetry, that a mention of those facts which are in the reach of all, and which we denominate nature, cannot be made without innumerable references to dull scraps in old chronicles, and rare books. Chaucer, Dryden, Pope, and even Milton, with all his erudition—in fine, none of our standard poets have done this. We find, in their works, allusions to what the classical scholar and well informed reader must understand; but we do not discover in them the ridiculous affectation to which we refer. We fear Messieurs Scott and Southey will have to atone in the purgatory of Fame, for this bad result from the universality of their information; and even Mr. Rogers will not come off with flying colours, since he appears to have been slightly affected with the same strange and unaccountable mania. The following passage, which might certainly have been explained in the text, without the aid of the note attached, will not be very easily understood:—

Liker her most gentle, most unfortunate,*
 Crowned but to die—who in her chamber
 ^{sate,}
 Musing with Plato, though the horn was
 ^{blown,}
 And every ear and every heart was won,
 And all in green array *were chasing down*
 the sun.

* Before I went into Germany, I came to Brodgate, in Leicestershire, to take my leave of the noble Lady Jane Grey, to whom I was exceeding much beholding. Her parents, the duke and duchess, with all the household, gentlemen and gentlewomen, were hunting in the park. I found her in her chamber, reading Phædo Platonis, in Greek, and that with as much delight as some gentlemen would read a merry tale in Boccace. After salutation and duty done, with some other talk, I asked her, why she should lose such pastime in the park? Smiling, she answered me—"I wist all their sport in the park is but a shadow to that pleasure I find in Plato." ROGER ASCHAN.

But Mr. Rogers has been modest, and has only given us eight pages of notes to explain the inexplicable difficulties of his few lines, whilst he has left whole pages to go down to posterity perfectly unintelligible; unless, indeed, a second Bentley should arise to alter them at his will, according to what he shall conceive to have been meant.

We will endeavour to explain the nature of the difficulties such a critic would have to encounter. Who, for instance, in the following lines, would not imagine that the *shoe-tie* would be let fall for a relic, by the same person who would resign the world for one:

At length he goes—a pilgrim to the shrine,
 And for a relic would a world resign!
 A glove, a *shoe-tie*, or a flower let fall—
 What though the least, Love consecrates them
 all!

And now he breathes in many a plaintive
 verse;

Now wins the dull ear of the wily nurse,
 At early *matins*, ('twas at matin time
 That first he saw and sickened in his prime)
 And soon the Sybil, in her thirst for gold,
 Plays with young hearts that will not be
 controlled. p. 24.

And how came the lover to see his mistress at *matins* in England. Matin time may refer to five o'clock in the morning; but *matins* commonly means the office sung at that hour by the monks in choir. What do *links of gold* mean in these verses?

Yet here high passions, high desires unfold,
 Prompting to noblest, here *links of*
 ^{gold}
 Bind soul to soul; and thoughts divine in-
 spire

A thirst unquenchable, a holy fire,
 That will not, cannot but with life expire!

In the common acceptance of the term it would mean love of lucre, but how does that tally with the ennobling passions midst which this bond is set? What means amongst the amusements of infancy:

His tiny spade in his own garden plies,
 And in green letters sees his name arise.

Perhaps it is to sow mustard and cress; but we are doubtful whether so chaste a poet should imply so unpoetical, though recondite a fact, as that children sometimes sow their herbage in the shape of letters. It was probably, however, in hopes that, not many years after he has left this afflicted world, these lines may afford room for more dissertations than even the *quincunxes* of Virgil's Georgics.

We will only quote one more of these obscurities: we should wish to understand them, because we feel persuaded that something fine must be latent in the darkness in which they are shrouded, according to the old adage, *omne ignotum pro sublimi*; so that a second edition may have an explanatory note upon it. Who spurs his horse against the mountain's
 side;

Then plunging, slakes his fury in the tide?
 Cries ho! and draws; and where the sun-
 beams fall,

At his own shadow thrusts along the wall?
 Who dances without music; and anon
 Sings like the lark—then sighs as woe-
 begone,

And folds his arms, and, where the willows
 wave,
 Glides in the moonshine by a maiden's
 grave?

Come hither, boy, and clear thy open brow.
 Yon summer clouds, now like the Alps, and
 now

A ship, a whale, change not so fast as thou.
 p. 27.

We now turn to the more gratifying portion of our task—that of particularising some of the more pleasing passages in the poem. That it contains many worthy of the name our author has acquired will readily be imagined by all, and disappointment will not attend their expectations. The following are, perhaps, some of the best—

And say, how soon, where, blithe as innocent,
 The boy at sun-rise whistled as he went,
 An aged pilgrim on his staff shall lean,
 Tracing in vain the footsteps o'er the green:
 The man himself how alter'd, not the scene!
 Now journeying home, with nothing but the
 name;
 Way-worn and spent, another, and the
 same!

No eye observes the growth or the decay,
To-day we look as we did yesterday ;
Yet while the loveliest smiles, her locks
grow grey !

And in her glass could she but see her face
She'll see so soon amid another race ;
How would she shrink !—Returning from
afar,

After some years of travel—some of war,
Within his gates Ulysses stood unknown,
Before a wife, a father, and a son.

And such is Human Life, the general
theme,

Ah, what at best, what but a longer dream ?
Though with such wild romantic wander-
ings fraught,

Such forms in fancy's richest colouring
wrought,

That like the visions of a love-sick brain,
Who would not sleep and dream them o'er
again ?

Our pathway leads but to a precipice ;
And all must follow—fearful as it is,
From the first step 'tis known : but—no
delay !

On, 'tis decreed. We tremble and obey.
A thousand ills besets us as we go,
“ Still could I shun the fatal gulph”—ah !
no,

'Tis all in vain—the inexorable law !
Nearer and nearer to the brink we draw.
Verdure springs up, and fruits and flowers
invite ;

And groves and fountains—all things that
delight.

“ Oh, I would stop and linger if I might.”
We fly ; no resting for the foot we find ;
All dark before, all desolate behind !
At length the brink appears—but one step
more !

We faint—on, on !—we falter—and 'tis
o'er ! p. 11.

How great the mystery ! Let others sing
The circling year, the promise of the spring,
The summer's glory and the rich repose
Of autumn, and the winter's silvery snows.
Man through the changing scene let me
pursue,

Himself how wond'rous in his changes too !
Not Man the sullen savage in his den,
But man called forth in fellowship with
men,

Schooled and trained up to wisdom from his
birth ;

God's noblest work—His image upon
earth ! p. 18.

His address (we imagine) to a sister,
is simple, and the last lines touching—

Such grief was ours—it seems but yester-
day—

When in thy prime ; wishing so much to
stay,

'Twas there, Maria, there, without a sigh,
At midnight in a sister's arms to die !

Oh, thou wert lovely—lovely was thy frame,
And pure thy spirit as from Heaven it came,
And, when recalled to join the blest above,
Thou diedst a victim to exceeding love,

Nursing the young to health. In happier
hours,

When idle Fancy wove luxuriant flowers.
Once in thy mirth thou had'st me write on
thee ;

And now I write what thou shalt never see.
p. 39.

The following description of two lo-
vers, after their *eclaircissement*, and
their subsequent marriage, is in Mr. Ro-
ger's best style :—

Then came those full confidings of the past,
All sunshine now, where all was overcast.

Then do they wander till the day is gone ;
Lost in each other, and when night steals
on,

Covering them round, how sweet her ac-
cents are !

Oh, when she turns and speaks, *her voice is
far,*

Far above singing !—But soon nothing stirs
To break the silence—joy like his, like hers,
Deals not in words ; and now the shadows
close,

Now in the glimmering dying light she
grows,

Less and less earthly ! As departs the day,
All that was mortal seems to melt away,
Till like a gift resumed as soon as given,
She fades at last into a spirit from Heaven !

Then are they blest indeed ; and swift the
hours

Till her young sisters wreath her hair in
flowers,

Kindling her beauty—while unseen, the
least

Twitches her robe, then runs behind the
rest,

Known by her laugh, that will not be sup-
pressed.

Then before ALL they stand—the holy vow,
And ring of gold—no fond illusions now
Bind her as his. Across the threshold led,
And every tear kissed off as soon as shed,
His house she enters, there to be a light,
Shining within when all without is night ;
A guardian angel o'er his life presiding,
Doubling his pleasures, and his cares di-
viding !

Now oft her eyes read his ; her gentle mind
To all his wishes, all his thoughts inclined ;
Still subject—ever on the watch to borrow
Mirth of his mirth, and sorrow of his sorrow.
The soul of music slumbers in the shell,
Till waked to rapture by the master's spell ;
And feeling hearts—touch them but rightly
—pour

A thousand melodies unheard before.

p. 31.

He ends the poem also well :—

And now behold him up the hill ascending,
Memory and Hope, like evening stars, at-
tending ;

Sustained, excited, till his course is run,
By deeds of virtue done or to be done.

When on his couch he sinks at length to
rest,

Those by his counsel saved, his power re-
dressed,

Those by the world shunned ever as unblest,
At whom the rich man's dog growls from
the gate,

But whom he sought out, sitting desolate,
Come and stand round—the widow with her
child,

As when she first forgot her tears and
smiled!

They, who watch by him, see not; but he
sees,

Sees and exults—were ever dreams like
these?

They, who watch by him, hear not; but he
hears,

And Earth recedes, and Heaven itself ap-
pears!

'Tis past! That hand we grasped, alas, in
vain!

Nor shall we look upon his face again!
But to his closing eyes, for all were there,

Nothing was wanting; and, through many
a year,

We shall remember with a fond delight
The words so precious which we heard to-
night;

His parting though awhile our sorrow flows,
Like setting suns or music at the close!

Then was the drama ended. Not till then,
So full of chance and change the lives of
men,

Could we pronounce him happy. Then
secure

From pain, from grief, and all that we en-
dure,

He slept in peace—say, rather soared to
Heaven,

Upborne from earth by Him to whom 'tis
given

In his right hand to hold the golden key
That opens the portals of eternity.

When by a good man's grave I muse alone,
Methinks an angel sits upon the stone;

Like those of old, on that thrice-hallowed
night,

Who sate and watched in raiment heavenly
bright;

And, with a voice inspiring joy, not fear,
Says, pointing upwards that he is not here,
That he is risen!

But the day is spent;
And stars are kindling in the firmament,

To us how silent—though like ours, per-
chance,

Busy and full of life and circumstance;
Where some the paths of wealth and power
pursue,

Of pleasure some, of happiness a few;
And as the sun goes round—a sun not ours,

While from her lap another Nature showers
Gifts of her own, some from the crowd re-
tire,

Think on themselves, within, without in-
quire;

At distance dwell on all that passes there,
All that their world reveals of good and fair;

And, as they wander, picturing things, like
me,

Not as they are, but as they ought to be,

Trace out their journey through their little
day,

And fondly dream an idle hour away.

There are, at the close of the volume,
two other poems, one in blank verse,
written at Pæstum, unworthy of the
subject, and another in rhymes, entitled
the "Boy of Egremend," who, in spite
of the explanation, dies, we cannot un-
derstand how, and thus forms the sub-
ject of a pathetic tale no doubt, in four
pages. We have no room for extracts
from them, nor would their merit war-
rant any, if we had.

*An Eulogium on Sir Samuel Romilly, pro-
nounced at the Royal Athenæum of Paris.
By M. BENJAMIN CONSTANT. Edited
by Sir T. C. MORGAN. 8vo. pp. 78.*

In our Number for December last,
we gave a memoir of the distinguished
and illustrious subject of this eulogium.
It is well known to our readers that the
political opinions espoused by Sir Samuel
Romilly differ, *toto cælo*, from those
which we have uniformly and conscientiously
maintained. It is foreign to our
present purpose to examine the question
of the expediency or necessity of those
measures, exclusively political, of which
he was one of the ablest and most prin-
cipated defenders. Whilst yet mourning
over his bier, and joining the solemn re-
quiem, in which every true Briton, of
whatsoever party he may be, most cor-
dially unites, we feel that to blend with
our regrets animadversions upon his
conduct as a public character, viewed in
the light in which we must necessarily
regard it, would be to unhallow the sa-
crifice, by mixing up the bitterness of
political controversy, with the esteem
and admiration we have always felt in-
clined to allow him as a private indi-
vidual.

Excluding, therefore, this part of the
subject altogether, it is open to us to
consider the production of M. Constant,
merely in the light of a funeral oration.
The talent and versatility of this writer
are well known; and the point, energy,
and force which distinguish almost every
page of the Eulogium do not detract
from his pretensions. When it is remem-
bered that M. Constant was an adherent
of Buonaparte; that he is a Frenchman;
that his work was composed with all the
acrimony of feeling, we might say ani-
mosity, with which such a man would
be likely to regard that country which
had gloriously vanquished and imposed
chains upon his own; and, that he might
be expected to vent some part of his dis-
pleasure in splenetic remarks upon the

conduct of the English government, it will not surprise our readers, that against the greater part of his opinions and deductions we should entirely and unhesitatingly protest; or that, under such circumstances, we should be half inclined to consider the present panegyric rather as an escape-valve to relieve the over-wrought steam-engine of natural prejudice, than as a heartfelt tribute to the talents and worth of the individual whose virtues it professes to celebrate. Be that as it may, candour compels us to acknowledge that, in a literary point of view, it possesses considerable merit. A single quotation will serve to show the style in which it is composed; and as the author has chosen to bear honourable testimony to the purity of judicial administration in this country, we can make one without doing any violence to our own feelings.

Never in England do the judges interrupt the accused, unless it be to guard him against a dangerous line of defence, and to protect him from himself. After having lent a complacent ear to the accuser, they never refuse to listen to the reply. They make no merit of embarrassing by captious questions, of insulting by outrageous apostrophes, or of injuring by ironical commentaries, the prisoner, whose very situation is a source of uncertainty and of unreadiness of intellect. They inflict not an anticipatory punishment on him who is as yet the object only of suspicions which may prove unfounded, by forcing him to listen in silence to the invectives dictated by vanity, by a wretched eagerness for success, or by a puerile ambition of oratory at a moment the sole legislative object is the attainment of justice. Thus the judges in England have never to complain that the law is not sufficiently respected.—p. 80.

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"This book—we cannot bear poetic sinning—
Has but one fault—and that is the beginning,
But, in some sort the error to amend,
It has one excellence—and that's the end!"

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VARIETIES—LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

CAMBRIDGE, Feb. 1. The subjects for Sir William Browne's gold medals for the present year are—For the Greek ode, *Reginæ epicedium*; for the Latin ode, *Thebæ Egyptiacæ*; and for the epigrams, *Discrimen obscurum*.

Feb. 5. The late Dr. Smith's annual prizes of 25*l.* each to the two best proficient in Mathematics and Natural Philosophy, amongst the commencing Bachelors of Arts, are this year adjudged to Mr. Joshua King, of Queen's College, and Mr. George Miles Cooper, of St. John's College, the first and second Wranglers.

The subjects for the prizes given by the

Representatives in Parliament for this University, for the present year, are, for the

SENIOR BACHELORS,—*Quamnam fuerit Oraculum vera indoles ac natura?*

MIDDLE BACHELORS,—*Inter veterum philosophorum sectas, cuinam potissimum tribuenda sit laus veræ sapientiæ?*

The subject of the Seatonian prize poem for the present year is—*Moses receiving the Tables of the Law*.

The Hulsean prize for the last year has been adjudged to Wm. Fench, esq. of St. John's College, for his *Essay on The probable influence of Revelation upon the*

writings of the Heathen philosophers and the morals of the Heathen world.

New Fire-Places. Dr. Arnott, directing his attention to the advantage of an equal temperature in rooms occupied by persons suffering under pulmonary complaints, has invented a new apparatus for attaining that object. It consists simply of a glazed metal frame or window, fitted to the chimney-piece, and placed before the fire, so as perfectly to cut off the communication between the room and the fire-place. The fire is fed with air by a tube from without, and ventilation is effected by openings near the ceiling, either into the chimney or staircase. The inventor asserts that the benefits of this plan are, a nearly uniform temperature throughout the room, the total prevention of currents or drafts of air, the saving of fuel, the general raising of temperature in the house, and the exclusion of smoke or dust. For such blessings he thinks we might bear the expense of looking at our fires through a window, and opening a pane occasionally to admit the poker: not having seen the apparatus, we can only notice its pretensions without being able to say whether it will or will not maintain them.

Lizard embedded in Coal.—In August last, as the colliers of Mr. Penton, near Wakefield, were sinking a new pit or shaft, they discovered a lizard embedded in the coal. It was about five inches long, its back of a dark brown colour, and appeared rough and scaly; its sides were of a lighter colour, and spotted with yellow; the belly yellow streaked, with bands the same colour as the back. It continued brisk and lively for about ten minutes, then drooped and died. About four inches above the coal in which the animal was found, numbers of muscle-shells, in a fossil state, lie scattered about in a loose, gray earth.

Tar Lamp.—The American papers describe a lamp in which tar is burnt instead of oil. It consists of a fountain reservoir to supply and preserve a constant level, and a lamp which receives the fountain-pipe at one end, and at the other a burner for the tar: this is merely a small cup placed on the axis of the lamp, and supplied with tar from the fountain. A draught tube is fixed in the lantern, or external part of the lamp, and air is admitted by a hole at the bottom. The current of air, in passing through the lamp, envelopes the burner, and urges the flame, and the draught tube conveys off the smoke.—*Journal of Science.*

Society of Arts.—Bank Notes.—At a numerous meeting of the Members of the Society in the Adelphi, the Report of the Committee of Polite Arts, relative to the different plans which had been presented to the Society, for improved methods of making Bank-notes, was presented and read. It contained certain plans, consisting of superior specimens by eminent artists of engravings of a very peculiar description by In-

dians, of such mathematical exactness as wholly to exceed the artist's skill in lineal varieties; and of printing with diamond type, an imitation of which type would present insurmountable difficulties, the expense being prodigious, the skill first-rate, and the length of time necessary for finishing a font of type for the purpose being several months. It recommended a combination of engraving and printing, thus rendering necessary an union between the engravers and printers, as the most probable means of securing detection, in the event of imitation. In order to obviate the objection of expense, so likely to be felt by the Bank, it was proposed, in consequence of the opinion given of the first artists on the subject, that steel plates should be used instead of copper. Copper-plates, it was stated, were not capable of striking off more than 6000 impressions each, and the expense of the plates amount to a considerable sum, the estimate of the number struck off every day at the Bank being 30,000. Steel, by being softened, would take the engraving, after which it should be case-hardened, and by this process each plate would be capable of impressing an infinite number. To prove the practicability of this plan of substituting steel for copper, the practice of the Banks in the United States was quoted, and several American bank-notes were exhibited to the committee, and respectable evidence heard by them.

Suicide committed by a Brute Animal.—A letter to the editor of a morning paper contains the following statement:—"A few days ago, when taking a ride before dinner, round the lawn, in front of the house at Friars Carse, in company with another gentleman, we perceived a sheep on the opposite side of the river Nith belonging to the flock of a respectable farmer on the estate of Dalswinton, separate from the rest of its companions, and, in seeming perfect health, boldly advance towards the banks of the river. It then dashed into the water, and having proceeded nearly to its depth, without swimming, it immediately put its head under water, leaving its back *only* visible while in the act of drowning. While writhing in the agonies of death (which were visible to each of us from the convulsive motions in its back, which remained during the whole period above water) we expected every moment to see it raise its head, but no! bent on self-destruction, it kept its head firmly under water, until the convulsive throbs became less apparent, and until life was totally extinguished."

Sugar in Potatoes.—M. Peschier, of Geneva, has ascertained by some experiments (an account of which is inserted in the *Bibliothèque Universelle*), the presence of sugar in the potatoe, accompanied also by a portion of gum. Some rasped potatoes were left for some hours in water, and then pressed and dried. All soluble matter had

not, however, been removed from them; for 25 ounces of this starch thus obtained, being digested in eight pints of cold water, for 24 hours, gave a solution, which, by evaporation, yielded a brown, adhesive, and sweet substance. This, treated with alcohol, was separated into two parts; about 100 grains of sugar were dissolved, and the residue, when acted upon by water, gave 350 grains of a gum, and a very small quantity of insoluble matter.

It is not supposed probable that this should be all the sugar potatoes contained; a part had, no doubt, been removed by the first washing of the fecula, and from the apparent affinity between the starch and the sugar, a part was probably retained by it. M. Peschier, impressed by the result of his experiments, is induced to believe that the value of the potatoe, as an object of culture, will be increased by a knowledge of the above fact; and also to think that it is decisive, but opposing evidence to the opinion, that alcohol could be formed by the fermentation of substances not containing sugar.

Galvanism.—On the 4th of November last, various galvanic experiments were made on the body of the murderer Clydsdale, after it had hung an hour, by Dr. Ure, at Glasgow, with a voltaic battery of 270 pairs of 4-inch plates. On moving the rod from the hip to the heel, the knee being previously bent, the leg was thrown out with such violence, as nearly to overturn one of the assistants, who in vain attempted to prevent its extension! In the 2nd experiment, the rod was applied to the phrenic nerve in the neck, when *laborious breathing* instantly commenced: the *chest heaved and fell*; the belly was protruded and collapsed, with the relaxing and retiring diaphragm: and it is thought, that but from the complete evacuation of the blood, pulsation might have occurred!! In the 3rd experiment, the supra-orbital nerve was touched, when every muscle in the murderer's face "was thrown into fearful action." The scene was hideous; several of the spectators left the room, and one gentleman actually fainted, from terror, or sickness!! In the fourth experiment, the transmitting of the electric power from the spinal marrow to the ulnar nerve at the elbow, the fingers were instantly put in motion, and the agitation of the arm was so great, that the corpse seemed to point to the different spectators, some of whom thought it had come to life! Dr. Ure appears to be of opinion, that had not incisions been made in the blood-vessels of the neck, and the spinal marrow been lacerated, *the criminal might have been restored to life!!*

Lord Byron.—There are so many amiable traits in the character of this noble bard, that we are astonished how malevolence has so long found food for her appetite—for her continual attacks on him, from so many quarters, and under so many con-

temptible pretences. His lordship's residence at Venice is marked by numberless acts of charity. Some short time ago, a printer, at Malinari, had the misfortune to suffer a great loss by fire: immediately on the facts being communicated to his lordship he sent the man 150 guineas. Such disinterested benevolence stands not in need of praise.—(*Morning Paper.*)

Icelandic Literature has received, and is still receiving, accessions from the exertions of M. Lilligren. This gentleman, who is professor at Lund, is engaged in translating a number of Icelandic manuscripts, which are preserved in the Royal Library at Stockholm. A volume of these translations has already made its appearance.

New Scientific Institution.—An institution, entitled the "Cornwall Literary and Philosophical Society," has been established in Cornwall, for the advancement and cultivation of national and experimental philosophy, general history, biography and the fine arts. The establishment of a museum is also one of the objects of this society, in which there are, already great promises of success.

FRANCE.

Paris.—The first volume of the *History of the Spanish War against Napoleon Bonaparte*, has lately been translated from Spanish into French. It is pretty generally known, that the Spanish Government appointed a committee of officers of every arme to edit, under the superintendence of the Minister of war, the history of the war of independence. The work will comprise about 8 volumes, which are to appear in succession. The first volume contains merely the introduction: it gives an excellent explanation of the causes which brought about the war, and the situation of the country at the period of Bonaparte's invasion. The authors acknowledge that the administration of Spain was then very badly conducted, and in a state of complete decay, which rendered the contest between the inhabitants and the usurper very unequal. To this first volume are added, the official documents referred to in the course of the work, together with a list of the Spanish, Portuguese, English, and French works which the authors have compared with their materials. The work cannot fail to prove exceedingly interesting, from its great extent, and the vast care that has been bestowed on it. If it be not entirely impartial, the editors deserve high praise for the tone of moderation which pervades the whole. It is to be accompanied by a collection of maps and military plans. A. M. Fescourt has just published an interesting history of the double conspiracy of the republicans and royalists against Bonaparte, in 1800; and of the banishment of the 70 persons who were sent to the Sechelle Isles, several of whom died shortly afterwards in the utmost wretchedness. The

adventures of some of these unfortunate persons are most extraordinary. The work is embellished with an excellent map of the Sechelle Isles.

NAPLES.

The traveller Belzoni, so well known for his discoveries of antiquities, in Egypt, is not dead, as has been reported in English and other journals. Lord Belmore, who has been for some time here, having lately returned from a scientific tour to Egypt, Palestine, Syria, Troy, &c. has lately received letters from him dated Thebes, 27th October, 1818; he remains in Egypt, and continues with unabated zeal his search after antiquities.

Lord Belmore himself has advanced into Nubia above 150 leagues beyond the Cataracts. His Lordship remained six weeks at Thebes, where he employed one hundred Arabs daily in digging for antiquities, and has made several very interesting discoveries. This journey will prove, also, of great advantage to geographers, as he determined by astronomical observations, the latitudes and longitudes of most of the places through which he passed. It may, therefore, be expected, that when he returns to England he will publish much interesting information. We also look for a description of Greece,

which is now preparing by Sir William Gell: something excellent may be expected, as he is a man of great ability, and has resided there several years.

The last excavations at Pompeii have greatly enriched our collections, and now too, all the Marbles and Bronzes, belonging to the former Farnese collection which still lay about in the rooms, are properly arranged.

WEST INDIES.

Volcano.—In a recent number of the *Dominica Chronicle*, we observe an interesting notice respecting “a perfect volcano in miniature,” formed, it appears, in the parish of St. John, in that island. Twelve months ago it was only a few inches in circumference and still fewer in height. In July last its dimensions had increased a hundred-fold, and, should it continue to make a proportionable increase, it is apprehended, that at no remote period it may assume an appalling sight. The boiling lava, or liquid earth, perpetually discharges from the mouth. A long staff was thrown into the body of it—the matter which adhered to the staff had the appearance of a thick bluish marl, of a sulphureous smell and sweetish taste. The rumbling of the boiling liquor within can be distinctly heard.”

MEMOIR OF THE REV. C. R. MATURIN.

(WITH A PORTRAIT.)

CHARLES ROBERT MATURIN, the subject of this memoir, is the descendant of a French protestant emigrant family (whose history is almost as romantic as any recorded in the pages of fiction) and the son of a gentleman who held, for many years, a lucrative and respectable situation under government. He entered Trinity College, Dublin, at the age of fifteen, and his academical progress was marked not only by the attainment of premiums and a scholarship, but of prizes for composition and extempore speaking in the theological class, and of the medals bestowed by the (now abolished) Historical Society, on those who distinguished themselves by rhetorical and poetical productions. Though his collegiate life was thus not without its honors, we understand from the friend who communicated the materials for this memoir, that its subject was considered, both by his tutors and his companions, as more remarkable for indolence and melancholy than for talent. At a very early period of life, after a courtship that literally commenced in boyhood, he married Henrietta Kingsbury, sister to the present archdeacon of Kilgala, and grand-daughter of that Dr. Kingsbury to whom tradition says Swift uttered his last rational words. Like

most men who marry early, he became the father of several children, three of whom survive, at an age when children are rather considered as toys to sport with, than objects to be provided for in life. For several years after his marriage he continued to reside in his father's house, till that father's dismission from the situation which he had held 47 years, with a spotless and esteemed character, plunged the whole family into a state of horrible distress, equalled only, perhaps, by that which occurred in the family of the unfortunate Sutherland—though not terminated by the same dreadful catastrophe.

Mr. Maturin, sen. during the course of a long and respectable life, had brought up and maintained a numerous family; he had married his daughters, and established his sons. The day of his dismission he was penniless: it is singular, that though the commissioners of inquiry, who sat repeatedly on the business, pronounced this unfortunate gentleman wholly innocent of the charge (of fraud) brought against him, he has been suffered to linger for nine years since, without redress, without relief, and without notice. His son was now obliged to apply himself to means for the subsistence of his family, which the sti-

pend of a Dublin curate, his only preference, could not afford. He proposed to take pupils, as inmates in his house; and, encouraged by the recollection of his own success at college, applied himself to his task with industry and hope. For some time he was successful, and we have been informed that "Bertram" was written while the author had six young men residents in his house, and four who attended him for instruction daily, to all of whom his attention was unremitting. At this period he was unfortunately induced to become security for a relation whose affairs were considerably involved: the consequence was—what the consequence usually is—the relation defeated his creditors by taking the benefit of the Act of Insolvency, and left the burthen of his debts on those who had attempted to lighten their pressure on him.

Mr. Maturin was compelled to give up his establishment, and is since, we understand, dependent solely on his literary talents for subsistence.

We willingly hasten over these details of misery, and pass to what is more properly our province—the history of Mr. Maturin's literary life. His first production was "Montorio," and this was followed by the "Wild Irish Boy," and the "Milesian." Of these works, Mr. Maturin, in his preface to "Women," has spoken with a feeling of severity, in which we are disposed most cordially to sympathize. They are in fact below all censure, and we really enjoy Mr. Maturin's candour in compromising an author's feelings with regard to his own works, and speaking of them as they deserve.

One circumstance alone could have induced us to think them worthy of being mentioned here, and this is, that Walter Scott was pleased to find or imagine some merit in "Montorio"—that this was signified to Mr. M.—that he availed himself of it to solicit an epistolary communication with Mr. Scott; and that to the zealous friendship, the judicious monitions, and the indefatigable patronage of this most excellent man, our author has been heard gratefully to ascribe all the distinction and success he has subsequently enjoyed. Excited by the success of Mr. Sheil's first tragedy of "Adelaide," in Dublin, he wrote "Bertram," and offered it to the manager of Crow-street theatre, by whom it was rejected in the year 1814. Mr. M. not possessing any means of access to

the London theatres, suffered the manuscript to moulder by him for a year and a half, and then submitted it to the perusal of Mr. Scott: by Mr. Scott it was transferred to Lord Byron, then a member of the committee of Drury-lane theatre, and, through his influence, brought out at that theatre in May 1816, with an effect and popularity unparalleled since the production of "Pizarro."

The popularity of dramatic works is, however, proverbially transient; the moral feeling of the public was wounded by an alledged fault in the narrative, and "Bertram," after carrying all before it for the first season, and being successfully represented in England, Ireland, Scotland, and even America, is now, we believe, finally discarded from the list of stock-plays. "Bertram" was followed by "Manuel;" relative to the failure of which we have been favoured with some curious circumstances. When Mr. M. visited London, on the success of "Bertram," he was urged to employ his pen for Mr. Kean in the subsequent season. He was informed that that gentleman was extremely anxious to appear in a character of hoary and decrepid distress; and that the calamitous situation of his Majesty having rendered the representation of "Lear" improper, a *private character*, in a state of grief and insanity, might be substituted for it, and would insure all the success which the talents of that great actor, exerted in a character of his own selection, might be expected to command. Mr. M. accordingly strained every nerve to realize the conceptions of the performer, and the result was a total failure. This may, perhaps, be a useful lesson to the ambitious caprice of actors, and the fatal obsequiousness of authors; causes to which may be ascribed the obvious and progressive deterioration of the English stage.

We have now, overlooking the sins of his early youth, to speak of Mr. M.'s three last works, "Bertram," "Manuel," and his tale of "Women,"—works which, with all their defects, have no parallel or resemblance in modern composition. They all appear purely the works of the author's *mind*. They are, as Johnson says—"Painted out with resolute deliberation;"—his characters have no prototype in nature or life—they never existed, and never could have existed—yet they are not unnatural. They are the creatures of a powerful and poetical imagination, that can make us believe in its own crea-

tion, and with a touch, like magic, invest illusions with all the reality of truth.—He is alike “disdainful of help or hindrance.” He has neither image, sentiment, or style, or way of thinking, in common with his contemporaries. He is original (no small praise in this day of imitation), and his *melancholy* is neither that “of the poet, or courtier, or scholar”—*it is his own*—the predominant and awful tincture of his mind. His own feelings have communicated themselves to his writings; it is not the fastidious melancholy of surfeited luxury, not the maudlin tear of the bacchanal in the interval of intoxication, but that melancholy which arises from a sadly experimental acquaintance with real sufferings and their practical results.

Of “*Bertram*” so much has been said in praise and in dispraise, that it would be idle for us to add any thing—it *was* the most successful tragedy of its day—and is still a powerful monument of poetical ability. Of “*Manuel*” we are inclined to speak more favourably than the public has yet spoken, or will be willing, perhaps, to credit, after its failure. But the reader who turns to the description of the “*Battle of Osma*,” in the first act—to the thrilling exclamation of “*let none but fathers search*,” in the second—to the beautiful and poetical pleadings of Manuel and De Zelos, in the third—to the feeble delirium and officious debility of Manuel in the fourth—and to the exquisite dialogue between the guardian daughter and the lunatic father, in the fifth, will acknowledge they have scarce a parallel in English dramatic poetry. “*Women*,” is a work which, with all its dullness, its monotony of suffering, and its horrible anatomy of the moral frame, stands alone among modern writings—there is nothing like it—its profound and philosophic melancholy, its terrible researches into the deepest abysses of the human heart, and of human feeling—its daring drawing the veil of the “*holy of holies*,” while the hand that draws it trembles at the touch, make it a work unequalled in the list of English novels. We know nothing—*Simile aut secundum*.

Mr. Maturin, now among our standard authors, is, it appears, determined to be among our most prolific and indefatigable ones. He has a volume of sermons in the press. He is preparing a series of tales, which will come before the public the following season, and he has offered tragedies to the manager of Covent Garden, and the Committee of Drury Lane Theatre: from the former, which will shortly be forth-coming, high expectations are entertained.

Of the private habits or character of an individual hitherto so obscure, and living in another country, little can be learnt or related; but we have heard that the emotion with which he speaks of Mr. Scott, proves him to have a warm sense of gratitude; and the passiveness with which he has borne the attacks of his foes, a very cold one of injustice and calumny. In private life he is said to display a mixture of placidity and insouciance often united in the literary character, and to be a kind relative, an indulgent parent, and the most uxorious man breathing.

We have been informed, too, that the most singular contrast exists between the general character of his writings and the temper and taste of the author; and that the sorcerer, whose wand and word of power could evoke the awful but distorted phantoms of “*Montorio*,” the vivid delineator of the dreaded and dreadful “*Bertram*,” the faithful and agonizing tracer of the conflicts of blasphemy, suicide, and despair in “*Women*,” is, in real life, the gayest of the gay, passionately fond of society, and of all that can exhilarate or embellish it—of music, of dancing, of the company of the youthful, and the society of females.

In person Mr. Maturin is tall, and formed with much elegance; but his countenance, unless when illuminated by conversation, expresses only the profoundest melancholy.

He must be now 37 years old, having been born in the year 1782, though the advantages of a figure unusually slight and juvenile, give him the appearance of being many years younger.

FINE ARTS.

BRITISH GALLERY.

THE public exhibition of the works of the British Artists commenced on Monday, the 1st of February, after they had been submitted to the private inspection of the nobility, gentry, and se-

lect amateurs, on the preceding Saturday. The collection, although not so numerous in superior specimens, as in some former years, bears testimony in favour of the British school. The artists and the country owe an incalculable

debt of gratitude to the British Institution. But unless the public second their munificent efforts, and government grants a permanent support to the arts, we confess that we look forward with anxiety for the interest of the noble object which this patriotic association was established to advocate.

Among the Landscape Painters, who have made an advance this year, Miss Gouldsmith, T. Fielding, G. Samuel, M. Ash, and H. W. Burgess, have obtained deserved credit, and produced many pleasing cabinet specimens. No. 15. "Caernarvon Castle," by C. V. Fielding, is a bold view, with good forms and large masses; but the sky is opaque, and the effect not sufficiently aerial. Mr. P. Nasmyth has five local views selected with taste, and executed with spirit and delicacy. No. 32. "The Town of Saltash on the river Tamer—Early Evening," is an expanded scene, painted with much truth of nature, and clear serenity of effect; but somewhat naked on the foreground. No. 44. "Osmington Shore, near Weymouth," by J. Constable, is a clear, well-coloured picture; 78, by the same, is cleverly painted, and the fore and middle-grounds happily selected; but the sky is heavy in parts, and, generally, somewhat deficient in clearness. 75. "A View near Windsor," by W. Ingaltou, is painted with breadth and mellowness. 205. "Near Bletsworth, Surrey," by Wilson, has considerable merit. 45. "Ullswater." 181. "A Scene at White Knights;" and 191, "Patterdale, Morning," by T. C. Hoffland, are three pleasing views. 166. "Goodridge Castle," by the same, is a bold, romantic prospect, painted with much force and in a good taste. 98. "Sheffield, Yorkshire, by Moonlight," is another of his works, with an effect of silvery lustre sufficient to fill a poet's mind with delicate inspiration. We lingered for some time over this picturesque view of a town to which the pure and fervid Muse of Montgomery has so long directed the attention of the empire. There is a classical chastity in all this artist's landscapes; and his grand composition of 'Jerusalem' last year shews his vigour of imagination; but the local colouring in his views would still admit of more liveliness, and the touch of his foliage of more detailed character. There are seven landscapes by Ph. Reinagle, R.A. three of them with cattle and figures, all painted with great richness of colour, spirited penciling, and vigour of effect;

although not free from the manner which marks the works of this veteran artist. 5. "A Grove Scene," by Stark, is a tasteful study from nature. 210. "A Sailing Match at Wroxham," by the same artist; in happy selection, variety of object, picturesque composition, light, shadow, colouring and execution, ranks in the first class of landscapes in the Gallery. 215. "Interior of a Cow-house," by the same, is a clever, well-conducted picture. 207. "A Quarry Ground—Autumnal Evening;" and 216, "The Approach of a Thunder Storm," a landscape, with Gypsies, are two pictures of much merit, by T. Barker; and 241, "A Mason's Boy beating a Sand Boy," by the same artist, is cleverly designed; the expression is just, and the effect broad and spirited; 25. "The Cottage Door," is also by this artist. This is a representation of Geo. Kelsin, the original woodman, by whose picture Mr. Barker, obtained so much deserved celebrity many years ago. This honest rustic is now in his hundredth year, and is seated at the door of his humble dwelling. His aged wife is sitting behind him. A girl carrying fagots on her head, and a boy riding on an ass, are seen at a small distance. The landscape is rich, and the whole painted with sobriety and a strong character of nature. B. Barker has six excellent landscapes. They are painted in a broad, spirited style, with much force of effect, but somewhat too dark and cold in the colouring. 228 is "A Coast Scene," by J. F. Ellis, with a group of figures seated on a wharf, shipping at the entrance of a dock, and buildings on the opposite shore. There is a glowing effect of sun-light in this picture, a good taste in the selection and disposition of the objects, a breadth and boldness in the masses of the sky, and a vigour in the penciling, which place this artist without a superior in marine composition, among the exhibitors of this year. 206. "A Cottage Scene," by Vincent, is in a good taste, painted with great spirit and a fine breadth of light, but some of the shadows on the cottage are rather too strong for their relative effect, and the dark cow is a spot. 234. "A View on the River Warsum," is a pleasing and picturesque representation of nature: and 71, "A View on the River Yare, Afternoon," with boats and figures, are both by the same artist. In composition, diversity of subject, truth and vigor of local colouring, admirable diffusion of day-light and richness of

effect, the latter stands in the highest class in the rooms. No. 85. "A Scene on the Coast of Norfolk," by Collins, was exhibited, last year, at the Royal Academy; but to the lover of nature it will always have the charm of novelty. The pure taste in the selection of the scene is set off by the exquisite chastity of the execution. The sparkling details of light, form and colour, which constitute the sentiment of locality, and the admirable combination of the objects, carry the imagination of the spectator to the sea-shore, and awaken all the soothing illusions of the prospect in the mind. The Fisher Boys are painted in this artist's best style. In this delicious picture we have the clear open brightness of day. In his admired "Sea Coast," in Sir John Leicester's splendid collection, the cool freshness and ruddy glow of sun-rise are painted with unrivalled truth and beauty; and in No. 11, his brilliant picture of "The Departure of the Diligence for Rouen," the effect of torch and lamp-light are as richly painted. This latter picture was last May at Somerset House, and duly appreciated by the public.

In subjects of familiar life, there are not many candidates for applause. *Mulready*, the British *Jun Seen*, who, to a vein of delicate humour, unites the power of a draughtsman, and the firm execution of a veteran painter, with a glowing colouring, and breadth of *chiaro-scuro*, is not an exhibitor this year. *Sharp*, whose pictures in genteel life possess so rich a fund of merit, has also declined the field. We shall, in our next, notice the chief exhibitors in this class; but shall pass now to another department of art. No. 64. the "Infant Venus," and 112, the "Infant Neptune," by H. Singleton, are too red and brown in the shadows. 130. "Adam and Eve lamenting over the body of Abel," has the same defect. This artist has four other pictures, from subjects in ordinary life, of which, 42, a "Swiss Peasant Boy," is designed with graceful simplicity; but indifferently coloured. His works have all a sufficient degree of merit, to show that they are the productions of an artist of genius; but there is a certain common-place facility, a sleight-of-hand trick in them, which lessens or rather destroys their interest. That a painter of much taste, and practical power, who has, in so many of his earlier works, evinced a sense of harmony and truth in colour, and of elegance and beauty in form, should sys-

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tematically lose sight of nature, and sink every other quality in an unmeaning rapidity of hand, and confirmed sameness of manner, may well excite our surprize and concern. With one fourth of this gentleman's natural and acquired powers, we are confident he could still obtain a high ground in the public estimation, by regaining the path of truth and nature, from which he has so unaccountably strayed. No. 61. the "Mother," and 262, "Ariel," are by W. Brockedon; the former is a fine thought, but not sufficiently studied. The child is beautifully conceived, and the landscape grand; but the expression is not just in the head of the mother: it requires to be re-touched. This is evidently a hasty and indigested performance. The Ariel is a pleasing picture, and much more finished. The wild and fanciful grace of the figure does credit to the artist's tasteful conception. No. 1. "Moses receiving the tables of the law," is by the same artist, and he has made a wonderful advance from his historical picture last year, in this performance. The directors have hung it at the end of the room, in front of the great staircase, and it fills this distinguished place with honour to their taste and patronage. The attitude is striking and grand; the figure majestic, and considerably above the size of nature. The prophet is bending the left knee to the earth, and supporting his body on the right limb, reverentially receiving the tables from the Most High. The dark clouds and flame surround Mount Sinai, on whose height he holds communion with Heaven. The deep sense of an adoring spirit is finely expressed by the action of receiving the tables with his arms elevated, his head bowed, and eyes raised, in silent awe. It exhibits the weakness of human nature, even when covered with the divine favour, retiring within itself, humbled and oppressed by the presence of Omnipotence. The grandeur of the conception and power of the execution, place this among the first class of historical single figures in the highest department of the British School. The drapery is simple and large in its folds. The colouring is grave; the drawing, and particularly the fore-shortened knee, masterly; the *chiaro-scuro* vigorous, and the whole character marked by an intensity and elevation, which peculiarly breathe the spirit of Sacred History.

26. "The return of Louis the Eighteenth," by E. Bird. When we were

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informed that this excellent artist had undertaken this subject, we were, from a due consideration of its difficulties, but little disposed to congratulate him; and we are much concerned to confess that our anticipations are rather confirmed than disproved by a view of his picture in the British Gallery. There are so many formalities of dress and etiquette, so much cold pomp, empty show, and bustle in a modern subject of this class, that we conceive it to be very unfit for the display of a tasteful and elegant simplicity or true natural feeling. The heavy and infirm figure of the King, an old man, in the ordinary dress of the day, seated on a chair, as a spectacle for the curiosity of the gazing multitude, possesses little dignity or majesty, as the chief object of the composition. It is a fatality, in the representation of an event which consisted in a movement of the principal personage, that he is painted sitting. This single error neutralizes much of the action and impression of the scene. A young and warlike figure of a King on horseback after having landed, or a venerable monarch stepping out with a majestic air, amidst an enthusiastic procession of his people, surrounded by the flower of his nobles, and the loveliest ladies of his court, would have afforded a field for the genius of the artist. But the prospect here is very different. The diligent accumulation of materials, and patient finishing of details reflect credit on Mr. Bird's industry; but, as a whole, the picture is mainly deficient in composition, colouring, and character. The countenance of the King is like: there are also some other portraits, which we recognized, and many figures, and a number of heads in the crowd well painted; but the mob of faces and sameness of expression, the opaque and leaden hues of the flesh, the cold heavy colouring of the whole, so unsuited to an occasion of public exultation, the absolute deficiency of female grace and beauty, and the want of effective masses, contribute altogether rather to repel than invite the spectator. It is almost unnecessary to add that the interest of this picture is very confined and feeble. A captain, who has achieved many victories, may bear a single check with perfect gaiety of spirit; so this artist's high and deserved celebrity, in his own department of art, and the number of excellent pictures which he has painted, may enable him to read these observations with an unmoved temper. We

have so often borne testimony to his merits, and are so convinced of his liberal interpretation, that we discharge this unpleasant duty with a perfect reliance on his candour. While we use the language of kind respect to a mind so full of amenity as his, we are satisfied that we shall not offend; and we are confident that the public sense of his many fine performances will not be lessened by the exhibition of this single failure.

Hilton has retouched his glorious picture of "Una attended by the Satyrs," from *Spenser*, since it was exhibited last May at Somerset House. He has deepened and harmonized its masses of shadow, and toned the splendor of its colouring. The head of the principal character has been repainted, and Una is now the "sweet and gentle Una" of the Poet. In vigour of imagination, in richness of invention, and in a triumphant power of execution, this picture takes the lead as a poetical composition. The British artist here may fairly challenge the competition of all his contemporaries on the Continent; and this noble performance was immediately followed up by his *chef d'œuvre*, the "Jupiter and Europa," painted on a commission for the rallying ground of British genius, Sir John Leicester's splendid gallery. Yet, while England is filled with the fame of this artist, and while his modest amenity as a man, renders the persevering enthusiasm of his genius more estimable, this admired and admirable picture his *UNA*, remains *unsold*!

248. "St. Peter paying the tribute with a piece of silver found in a fish," by G. Hayter. The figures are seen somewhat below the breast, and are composed in a great style. The old heads are grand and venerable; but that of the soldier has too much of ordinary nature for history. The hands are boldly drawn; the grouping is masterly and the story well told. The colouring is mellow but there is rather too much of a monotonous reddish hue in the flesh and draperies, and the *chiaro-scuro* would be more effective if it had the advantage of some high light. The artist's powers and fine taste are so obvious that we conceive he may look less at the works of the old masters, and trust more to his own fine vein of invention. This picture is, altogether, an important feature in the British Gallery, and a work of historical genius, which reflects honour on the painter and the British school. 77. "An Italian Peasant Boy,"

by the same artist, is a clever picture ; but there is a want of gradation in the flesh tints, which are too red ; and the head is somewhat too large for the limbs.

176. "The Fall of Babylon," by J. Martin, unites all the great essentials of an epic poem ; and is one of the most astonishing productions of modern art. It exhibits a splendor of imagination, an historical comprehension, and a power of combination, rarely united in one person. The shipping and landing the troops, the march of the armies, the destruction by fire and sword, and the horrors of attack and defence, the dreadful glories of victory, the dismay and confusion of defeat crowd upon the spectator's fancy with the spirit-stirring impulse of an Homeric muse. The public edifices and the King's palace, the hanging gardens and the tower of Babel, are represented with a pomp of architecture and a grandeur of perspective, which fill the mind with the most magnificent and stupendous ideas of that celebrated city. The figures are small, but designed with a greatness of style, which produces the effect of magnitude upon the mind. The attitudes and groups are so various, the incidents so striking, and the contrasted features of fear and flight and heroic valour, painted with such a lively force, that we imagine the shock of battle, the subversion of an imperial capital and the fall of a mighty empire before us. A correct and minute attention to the parts, has not, for an instant, turned the artist's eye from a steady comprehension of the whole. The glittering brilliancy of the touch, so necessary in the architectural details, and in the sparkling points of armour and military weapons, is sustained with due gradations on all these objects. The artist has no where sought to take refuge in dingy shadows, or to veil his circumstances in false obscurity. The light is broadly diffused throughout the whole extent, so as to bring the principal actions succinctly under the eye, in due subordination. We may fairly dispense with some technical tricks of surface and common-place harmony, where there is so rich a fund of novel and genuine materials. This artist's pencil speaks a language as original as his conceptions are dauntless and diversified. The wing of his imagination never flags. The fiery impulse of his genius, the true epic spirit, is every where in motion, invigorating the action, enkindling passion, exciting interest, and sending the blood in swifter and warmer currents

through the veins of the spectator. We regret that our restricted limits compel us to quit this extraordinary picture, but to notice all its beauties would require a volume.

PATRONAGE OF BRITISH GENIUS.

AN extraordinary interest is excited in the first amateur circles, by the preparations for exhibiting Sir John Leicester's splendid collection of paintings, by British artists only, early in March. The sensation occasioned by the display of this truly national gallery, last season, was spread by the press, to every part of the empire. When we beheld the blaze of beauty and fashion, the dignified mass of rank and talent, which crowded to the view, we could not help fancying ourselves in the temple of British glory ; and that the flower of the whole people were concentrated to assist at the restoration of British genius to her lawful throne, after nearly two centuries of deposition. Every native artist felt his breast swell with a prouder hope, and his eyes sparkle with generous exultation : each walked more erect, and looked as if he deemed himself some inches taller : and, if wishes could have been followed by the power of execution, we have no doubt but that a golden statue would have been raised by professional gratitude to Sir John Leicester.

This liberal patron was the first English gentleman of rank and fortune, who had the manliness to think for himself on the subject of painting, and to espouse the cause of modern art in England, in the worst hour of its discouragement. He set a noble example in the highest circles, *long before that high-minded body, the British Institution, was thought of* ; and with a spirit, which acquires fresh activity in its progress, he still continues to lead the proud array of rank and intellect in favour of British genius. Within the last year, with a munificent liberality, he has expended a large sum in making additions, by West, Fuseli, Hilton, Turner and Collins, to his collection. We shall notice these fine specimens hereafter. The picture painted by Hilton, was the first commission ever obtained by that admirable artist. The subject of this *chef-d'œuvre* of his pencil, is *Jupiter and Europa*, and we may fairly pronounce it the most glowing piece of poetry ever produced by an English pencil. Sir John's independent taste, in this instance, has had an important effect upon the fame and fortune of the painter.

The appearance of this picture was immediately followed by a commission for an historical picture, from that zealous advocate and patron of British art, Sir Richard Colt Hoare; and by Mr. Hilton's election to the rank of a Royal Academician. The *Europa* occupies a distinguished place in this splendid collection, and will for ever share in the fame of the Leicester Gallery and its princely founder.

A magnificent landscape by Wilson, and some fine works by Opie and Northcote are among the additional pictures.

The Gallery has been superbly fitted up. The pictures are newly arranged so as to bring forward the historical and fancy subjects into the most conspicuous situation, and to give the most striking effect to the whole. Last season the impulse occasioned by the display was felt in London, Dublin, and Edinburgh; and we have no doubt but that through the medium of the press, and the report of noble foreigners, the sensation of this year's exhibition will be felt in Paris, Rome, and Vienna. W. C.

THE DRAMA.

COVENT GARDEN.

On Wednesday the 10th, a new tragedy was performed at this house, to a very crowded and fashionable audience. The scene is laid in Naples, and the following is an outline of the plot:—

The King, in the midst of his court, grants an audience to the noble Colonna (Young), who loudly inveighs against courtiers, as base and faithless minions. He also denounces Ludovico, the king's minister and favourite, as a traitor who kept a band of 3000 armed men in pay, for his own criminal designs against the throne. The King listens with dignified temper. Ludovico (Macready) enters; replies with vehement protestations of zealous loyalty; and retorts the charge of treason in terms of scornful fury on Colonna. To further his ambitious designs, and revenge himself on his noble denouncer, he subsequently avails himself of the king's passion for Evadne (Miss O'Neil) the sister of Colonna, to inspire him with a criminal hope of obtaining her. Vincentio (Mr. C. Kemble) the favoured lover of Evadne, returns from an embassy at Florence, and Ludovico shews him a letter, in her hand-writing, filled with warm expressions of tenderness, and written for him, but with a forged direction to the king. By this, and many artful asseverations, he persuades him into a belief that she has been seduced by the king, who means to hide her shame by marrying her to her deceived lover. Ludovico also persuades Olivia (Mrs. Faucit) his kinswoman, who is in love with Vincentio, to forward his base plot against Evadne. The latter, in the midst of her joy for the arrival of her lover, while gazing tenderly on his miniature, is surprised by Olivia, who requests to view the portrait, and obtains it. Just then Evadne sees Vincentio approaching, and Olivia taking advantage of her agitation, exchanges his portrait for that of the king, which she gives to Evadne, who hastily places it in her bosom, without examination. Olivia goes out, and Vincentio meets Evadne's kind welcome with repulsive coldness, upbraids her with

falsehood, stigmatizes her as the king's mistress, and finally requests to see his portrait, which she usually wore as the pledge of his affection. She takes out the king's portrait, and, without looking at it, gives it to him. This confirms all he had heard from Ludovico. He casts away the portrait of Evadne, her former gift, and after violent reproaches, quits her in anger for ever—Ludovico next urges him to marry Olivia—he consents, and enters her house to solicit her hand. In the mean time Colonna surprises Evadne in tears, before Olivia's door, and surmising that her distress was occasioned by Vincentio's neglect, questions her, but she endeavours to pacify him by assurances that it was only a lover's quarrel, originating in her own waywardness. Evadne is informed by Ludovico, that Vincentio is at that moment with Olivia, settling the day of their marriage. Ludovico goes out, and Vincentio, on quitting Olivia's home, meets Evadne—treats her with scornful cruelty, and avows his intended marriage with Olivia. Colonna enters, and seeing his sister's extreme disorder, insists upon knowing the cause. She endeavours to assume an air of gaiety to prevent a duel, but bursts into a passion of tears. Colonna questions Vincentio, who points to Evadne, as the king's mistress—Colonna strikes him, and goes out, ordering him to follow, and decide their difference by the sword. Vincentio, in a paroxysm of fury, rushes from Evadne, dashes her to the ground, and hastens after his challenger.

Ludovico promises the king possession of Evadne; nay more, that the brave and high-minded Colonna, her brother, shall himself bring her to him, at midnight. He afterwards meets Evadne, hurrying to prevent the duel, and detains her, by telling her that he had already reconciled her brother and Vincentio. He reminds her of his former love, and assails her with the most frantic exclamations, on her observing that she thought his passion was forgotten. He goes out, and Colonna enters, with his sword bloody, and avows to Evadne that he has avenged her wrongs by the death of Vin-

centio. The guards enter, and seize Colonna, who, by a recent law, is to suffer immediate death for the murder of Vincentio. While preparations are making for his execution, Ludovico visits him in prison, dismisses the guard, and tells him that he has obtained his pardon from the king, on the dreadful condition that he is to give a splendid party that night in his palace, and, after the departure of the other guests, the king is to remain and retire to a chamber, there to receive Evadne from the hand of her brother. He adds, that, shocked by this horrid proposal, he had accepted the pardon, to give Colonna an opportunity of stabbing the king in bed. Colonna, after some repugnance, accedes to the plot. The king is invited to the banquet, and, after he has retired to a bed chamber, in Colonna's palace, Colonna enters an adjoining apartment, armed by Ludovico with a dagger. While he is attempting to open the door of the king's room, his attention is called off by a voice. It is that of Evadne, who enters, as if acquainted with his purpose—informs him that Vincentio was not dead, and persuades him to let her meet the king. He complies, but struck by the strangeness of the request, suspects her inclinations, and conceals himself to over-hear their conversation. The king enters, and Evadne addresses herself to him, in a strain of exhortation, on the character of her ancestors, whose statues stand in the chamber. At length she comes to one, and asks if he knows it. She reminds him it is that of her father, who had been his tutor, and who had fallen in battle, by stepping between him and a stroke aimed at his life. She then embraces the statue, and invokes the spirit of her father for protection. The king is struck with remorse, and abandons his design. She calls forth Colonna, who is received into favour by the king. On Ludovico's approach, Evadne retires, and the king conceals himself behind the statues. Ludovico, on his entrance, is told by Colonna that he has killed the king. His ambitious exultation breaks forth, he reproaches Colonna as his dupe, and calls in the guards to seize him, as the murderer of his sovereign. They enter—and, in the moment of his turning round to complete his triumph, he is struck aghast by the appearance of the king, but recovers himself, and endeavours to regain his ascendancy by fruitless protestations of zealous loyalty. As his last resource, he draws his sword, in despair, is slain by Colonna, in an attempt to kill the king, and the piece terminates without the re-appearance of Vincentio.

The whole strength of the company was employed to support this play; and the performers did ample justice to their parts. Macready exhibited all the features of a daring, hypocritical villain, with great vigour and discrimination, in Ludovico. Charles Kemble was equally spirited in Vincentio. Young played

Colonna with a fiery boldness, although in his first interview with the king he rather exceeded the tone and bearing of a subject. Olivia and the King are not very prominent characters, but Mrs. Faucit and Mr. Abbot made the most of them. Miss O'Neil displayed her usual excellence; particularly in her efforts to prevent the duel. Her endeavours to assume a gaiety when her heart was bursting, had an electrifying effect upon the audience, and added a new wreath to the fame of this charming actress.—The first and second acts were well received: the third and fourth were heavy, and occasioned apprehensions. The statue scene itself was dubious, until the energies of Macready, on turning round and discovering the king, threw the house into a burst of acclamation, and produced a favourable decision. The curtain fell amidst thunders of applause, which were renewed without a dissenting voice, when the play was given out for performance the next evening.

There are many just and noble sentiments, and fine flights of imagination in this tragedy; but its diction is very unequal, and the transitions from classical vigor to common-place feebleness or obscurity, not uncommon. The characters unfold the story, without being so decidedly marked as to leave strong impressions. Their inconsistencies are, in many instances, so obvious, as to merit notice. The King, in the first scene, listens with dignified calmness to Colonna's bold and rather boisterous tone of remonstrance, and observes, that the liberty of speech with which he permits that nobleman to address him, is a proof that he, himself, is no tyrant. This just observation, and the fact, exhibit the king in a favourable light. He is not stigmatized by any acts of cruelty or oppression; nor is his nature marked by habitual vices. His lawless passion for Evadne is the only stain upon his character. Yet he is unnecessarily made to consent to the horrid project that she shall be brought to his chamber and surrendered to him by Colonna, upon whom he had no prior quarrel to revenge; and in whose debasement, by this loathsome act of turpitude, he could find no possible gratification. His readiness to make the noble-minded brother an instrument of his sister's shame, is contrary to the tenor of the king's character; and plunging him, without any heightening of the interests or futherance of the plot, into an abominable guilt, which could only be consistent with the con-

firmed depravity of a brutal and abandoned nature. Yet, after having thus yielded, unhesitatingly, to the commission of so detestable a crime, this same monster, when alone with the object of his ungovernable passion, apparently surrendered to his will at the hour of midnight, listens calmly to her exhortations, and is reasoned out of his unruly wishes, by that beauty, for whose possession he was ready to bestow half his realm on Ludovico! We have the highest opinion of female eloquence, but still we may doubt, whether the lips and eyes of a lovely woman are the very fittest means to preach a libertine, at such an hour and opportunity, out of his desires. At least we would, by no means, advise our fair friends to seek such occasions of making converts. And yet this royal lover, so mild and respectful, and open to conviction, is the monster, who, in the preceding act, granted a pardon to the brother, on the horrid condition of his consenting, himself, to deliver up his sister to infamy!—Ludovico, too, was formerly a suitor of Evadne; and yet Vincentio, her favored lover, not only readily listens to all his vile suggestions for exciting his jealousy and causing him to break off his connection with her, but, as credulously, at once, adopts his advice to marry Olivia. How long is it since men began to take the advice of their rivals in their love affairs? Why Evadne did not direct the letter to Vincentio, and dispatch it to him—and how Ludovico came to possess it, are not very clear. We must consider Olivia's exchange of the portraits as a preconcerted treachery: but how could Olivia foresee that Evadne, on their next meeting, would have Vincentio's portrait out gazing on it? How could she foresee that, after she had made the exchange, Evadne would not immediately look at the king's portrait and detect her treachery? Would any one, in their senses, however bent on the separation of the lovers, have incurred so imminent a hazard of a discovery, which must have been fatal to all the projects of Olivia and Ludovico? How was she to foresee that Vincentio, after having been made to believe his mistress false, by the strong evidence of an impassioned letter to the king, in her own hand-writing, would ever again enter into conversation with her, or be so weak as to hang a doubt upon the indecisive circumstance of her wearing or not wearing his portrait? And finally, what chance was there that Evadne would not, upon tak-

ing out the portrait from her bosom, to give it to Vincentio, at once see that it was the portrait of the king, and state to Vincentio the trick of the exchange that had been so recently put upon her by Olivia? Ludovico, from the first, plans the death of the king by the hand of Colonna, and yet he exposes Colonna to the chance of death, in the duel with Vincentio. The repentance of Olivia, too, is strange and abrupt. After this unprincipled woman had, by a base act of perfidy, obtained the object of her wishes, the certainty of marriage with Vincentio, she relents, and betrays herself in pity for her rival! The loyal Colonna, from the outset, avowed his conviction that Ludovico was a false dissembling traitor. He denounces him as such to the king, and yet he listens to all his treasonable machinations, and is persuaded by him, without any other evidence, to become the midnight murderer of his sovereign! Ludovico reveals all his intentions before-hand—every thing turns out as he planned it, excepting the last chance; and he is only prevented from winning that, by the miraculous conversion of a royal libertine, at midnight!—a miracle indeed! The blushing beauty, whom he met, by assignation, for the accomplishment of his wishes, reasons him from his wicked purpose. He becomes, at once, calm, and dispassionately resigns her to a union with her lover: and the high-spirited Colonna as suddenly grows cool, and loses all sense of the dishonourable at tempt upon his sister!

We have felt it our duty to offer these observations from a sincere wish to see the *drama* restored to its true tone and dignity, as an organ, which possesses a powerful influence upon public manners and morals. We have a hope, also, that Mr. Sheil, the author of this fortunate piece, for whom we feel a just respect, will in his next dramatic effort, allow himself more time for due consideration. It is his duty to rely less upon the actors, and more upon his own talents—to make his characters, at least, in some degree, consistent with themselves—to found his circumstances in the probabilities of real life; and to give the passions their true direction, as the only means of acquiring a permanent reputation, and deeply touching the bosoms or exciting the interests of an audience.

A new farce called "*Place Hunters*," was brought out at this house the same week. It was a poor flimsy thing, merely written to display Liston, and after hav-

ing been twice played to dissatisfied audiences, was compressed into a piece of one act, called "*How to Get a Place.*"

DRURY-LANE.

Monday, Feb. 15, a new tragedy called "*Switzerland,*" was performed at this Theatre. It was publicly known to be from the pen of Miss Jane Porter; and the deserved reputation which she has acquired by her novels, excited a considerable expectation, and early filled the house. The scene was laid in the times when the Swiss contended for liberty against Austria. But, as the public have no interest in the particulars of a condemned play, we shall not trespass on our readers by an attempt to unravel the plot. Indeed, from the continued confusion which prevailed in all parts of the house, it was utterly impossible to obtain any correct particulars of the story. We cannot, however, forbear remarking, that although the strength of the company was brought forward to

sustain the piece, we never saw a play worse supported. This was so obvious, that cries of "shame! shame!" were several times directed to an eminent actor, from the pit and boxes. After a succession of outcries, the performance closed, amidst a general uproar of condemnation; and, on a persevering call for the manager, Mr. Stephen Kemble appeared, and declared that, in obedience to the decision of the house, the piece would be withdrawn.

Feb. 11, a new farce, called *High Notions; or, a Trip to Ermouth,* was brought out at this theatre. This pleasant trifle is written by Parry, the musical composer, and afforded some scope for the comic powers of Munden, Knight, Russel, and Mrs. Alsop. Mr. T. Cook, Miss Cubit, and Mrs. Bland, with some tolerable songs, contributed to its favourable reception, although without any claim upon particular notice.

W. C.

LITERARY REPORT.

[We beg to remind our Correspondents that all Notices for this Department must be sent on or before the 15th of each month.]

COPY-RIGHT ACT.

AN honourable member of the House of Commons having given notice, that, on the 11th of March, he intends again to bring the subject of Copy-right under consideration, we cannot help expressing a hope, that a tax so injurious to the interests of literature, and so unfair in principle, will then be entirely abolished. We are at a loss to discover one tenable argument by which the continuance of the imposition can be supported. It is a partial impost for a general purpose; it is the reverse of what it purports to be, and acts in every point to discourage literature, rather than to encourage it. It is detrimental to the public revenue, and the worst mode that can be devised for the advantage even of the public bodies in whose behalf it is meant to operate.

In the rudest and most uncivilized times, some protection has been afforded to literature, and the discriminating power then was left to the author, or publisher, whether he would avail himself of the protection of the act or not; and if he did take the protection so offered, he was very properly called to pay for it. Nor was it till 1814, that, under an act entitled *An Act for the Encouragement of Literature*, he was compelled to have his property secured to him by law, which he was before in safe possession of, and for which he was bound, according to the first enactment, to present, when demanded, (and this is rigorously enforced, even to the most trumpery novels,) "eleven printed copies of the whole of every book,

and of every volume thereof, upon the paper upon which the largest number or impression of such book shall be printed for sale, together with all maps and prints belonging thereto, &c. &c., free of all expense, &c. &c."

—But as the case will shortly undergo a new and ample investigation, we shall refrain from offering any further observations at present, confidently hoping, that so flagrant an act of injustice only requires to be thoroughly explained to the House, to insure its discontinuance.

A new monthly publication is announced at Liverpool, entitled *The Imperial Magazine, or Compendium of Religious, Moral, and Philosophical Knowledge*. The first number is expected to be ready by the 31st March.

Collections for a Topographical, Historical, and Descriptive Account of Boston and the Hundred of Skirbeck, in the County of Lincoln, by Mr. PISHEY THOMPSON; will be published in royal 8vo. and royal 4to. in the course of the ensuing summer.

Mr. WRSTOARTH FORSTER is preparing for publication, by subscription, a second, improved, and greatly enlarged edition of his Treatise on a section of the Strata, commencing near Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and concluding in the West side of the Mountain Cross Fell; with remarks on Mineral Veins in general; also Tables of the Strata in Yorkshire and Derbyshire. To which are added, a Treatise on the discovery, the opening, and the working of Lead Mines;

with the dressing and smelting of Lead Ores; illustrated with several additional plates.

Mr. T. YEATES, late of All Souls's College, Oxford, and author of the "Collation of an Indian copy of the Hebrew Pentateuch," "The Indian Church History," &c. &c., is now printing a Syriac and English Grammar, designed for the use of British Students. The work was originally composed at the request and under the inspection of the late Rev. Dr. Buchanan.

Mr. WILLIAM CAREY will publish, at the close of next month, An Exposition of the Anti-British System of publication, tending to sacrifice the honour and interests of the British Institution; the Royal Academy, and the whole Body of the British Artists, to the passions, prejudices, and audacious falsehoods of certain disappointed candidates for prizes at the British Gallery, and for admission to the rank of Associate Academicians.

In the Press, and shortly may be expected:—

Levin Abbey, a novel, by Miss LEFANU.

Dudley, a novel in 3 vols. by Miss O'KEEFE.

Political Essays, in 1 vol. 8vo. by WILLIAM HAZLITT.

Sixty Curious and Authentic Narratives and Anecdotes, respecting extraordinary Characters; illustrative of the tendency of Credulity and Fanaticism; exemplifying the consequences of Circumstantial Evidence, and recording remarkable and singular instances of voluntary Human Suffering, with various interesting occurrences; by JOHN CECIL.

Speeches by the Right Hon. JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN, late Master of the Rolls in Ireland. An edition greatly enlarged by

the addition of his Speech on the Trial of the Shearsons, &c. &c. Other speeches never before collected: with a Memoir and Portrait.

The second and concluding volume of Baynes's Ovid's Epistles, 12mo.

London, or a Month at Stevens's, a satirical novel, by a late Resident.

Zeal and Experience, a Tale, 8vo.

Discourses on some of the most important Doctrines and Duties of Christianity, by PETER SMITH, A. M.; 8vo.

A new edition of A Song to David, by the late C. SMART, M. A., translator of Horace.

LUTHER's Commentary on the Psalms, with historical elucidations and illustrative engravings, 8vo.

Elements of Radiant and Fixed Matter, with plates, 8vo.

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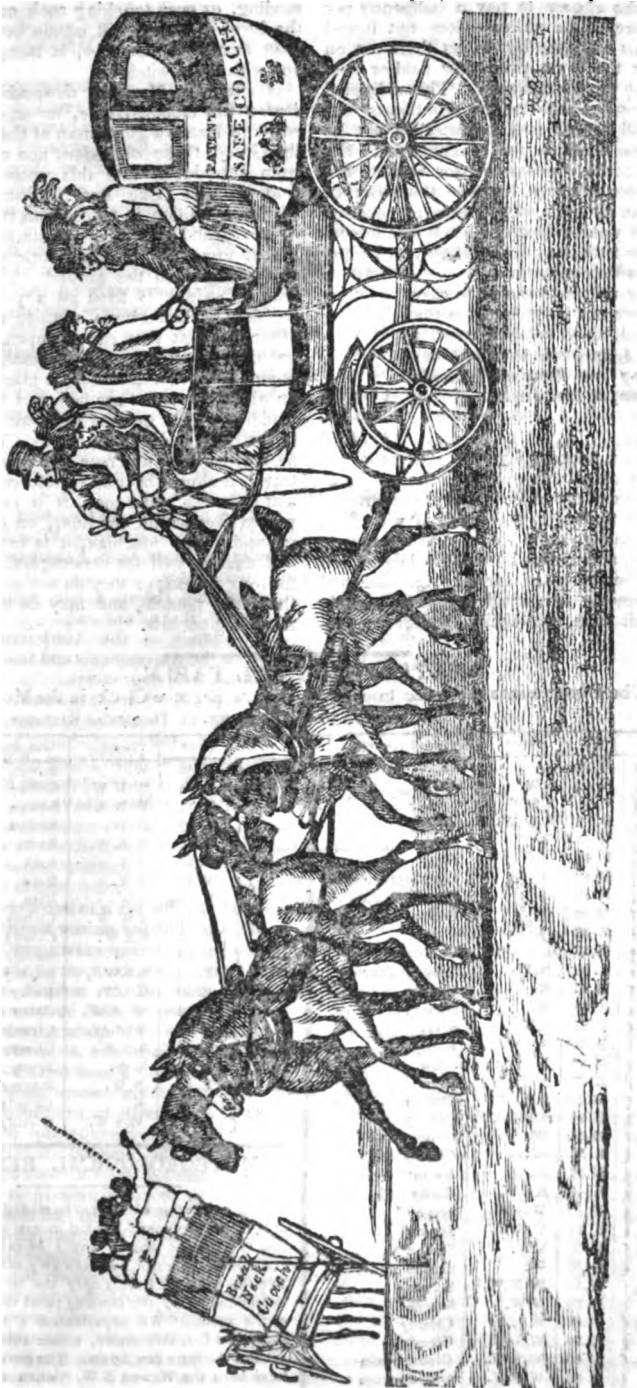
A Chronological Abridgment of the History of Modern Europe, compiled from the best Historians by Mrs. PIQUET.

USEFUL ARTS.

PATENT SAFE COACH.

Mr. HENRY MATTHEWS, of Gretton Place, East, Bethnal Green, has invented a stage coach upon a new principle. This coach, of which we subjoin a drawing, is constructed with considerable ingenuity, and seems to have reached the *ne plus ultra* of safety. It owes its origin to the numerous overturns and accidents that so much afflict the public; and is eminently calculated to allay all future apprehensions. Its structure is light and elegant, and quite dissimilar to the usual forms; their narrowness is justly complained of, and they are often made to appear, from the union of persons and packages, like the baggage carts of an army. This, styled the "Safe Coach," admits neither passengers nor parcels on the roof; there are commodious seats, about six feet six inches from the ground; and the luggage is under lock, secured from all possible loss, impervious to wet, and placed at about three feet six inches, instead of eight feet nine inches, lowering the centre of gravity between two and three

feet. It is impossible for it to lose its balance; as it is broader than the common coach, and allows more room for passengers. The perch, body, and boot, are something shorter, so that *all the weight is much nearer, and more at the command of the horses*. The present coaches, loaded outside, and not within, are as easily turned over as a column fifteen feet in height, and only four feet six inches in diameter, the centre of gravity being the same in both. The wheel-horses, by this plan, are relieved from that unequal variation, so general, occasioned by the weight being placed so high as to vibrate from side to side, the horses being compelled to an equal pace with a jerking unequal pull, from alternately bearing heavier on one side than the other. The wheels, nearly the size of the mails, are fastened on with a lock and key, putting to rest all apprehension of their "flying off." And to prevent uncomfortable intermixture of different classes of persons, now so prevalent on the outside of stage coaches, the front seats are devoted to



those who choose to pay a halfpenny per mile more. The patentee does not intend to sell his coaches; but to let them out on hire for the same price now paid or sustained by the coachmaster. The additional halfpenny per mile for the front seats outside, will be his (the patentee's); but he will farm them to the coachmaster. His coach affords convenience for stowing five cubic feet of more luggage than can be stowed in all parts of the present coaches, and will yield calculating each foot to contain only 24lb. (say to Brighton, at 1d. per lb.) an additional sum of 0 10 0

It is empowered by the act to carry two more outside passengers than the usual, they being licensed to carry 12, *only on the condition of carrying no luggage outside:* these two, at 12s. will be 1 4 0

1 14 0

Hence it appears by this statement, the "Safe Coach" will produce to the coachmaster for every 100 miles journey, an increased profit of 3l. 8s.; to the public it will afford perfect safety, at no more than the present charges, and to the horses less labour. It exceeds every other carriage for ease and pleasantness; the inside passengers, only four, sit as in arm-chairs, without incom-

moding, or even touching each other; and the lover of nature will obtain better views than from a post-chaise, it being higher, and with more windows.

A singular Machine denominated the *Pedestrian Hobby-Horse*, invented by Baron Von Draiss, a gentleman at the court of the Grand Duke of Baden, and which has been introduced into this country by a tradesman in Long Acre. The principle of this invention is taken from the *Art of Shating*, and consists in the simple idea of a seat upon two wheels, propelled by the feet acting upon the ground. The riding seat, or saddle, is fixed on a perch upon two double shod wheels, running after each other, so that they can go upon the footways. To preserve the balance, a small board, covered and stuffed, is placed before, on which the arms are laid, and in front of which is a little guiding pole, which is held in the hand to direct the route. The swiftness with which a person well practised can travel, is almost beyond belief; eight, nine, and even ten miles may, it is asserted, be passed over within the hour, on good level ground. The machine, it is conjectured, will answer well for messengers, and even for long journeys; they do not weigh more than fifty pounds, and may be made with travelling pockets.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE.

N.B. The Observations are made twice every day, at Eight o'Clock in the Morning and at Ten in the Evening.

1819.	Ther.	Wind.	General Remarks		Ther.	Wind.	General Remarks
Jan. 25	M. 39	S.	Rainy	Feb. 13	M. 35	W.	Serene
	E. 40	S.W.	Serene		E. 34	W.N.W.	Serene
26	M. 41	S.S.W.	Cloudy		M. 31	W.N.W.	Serene
	E. 37	E.N.W.	Cloudy	14	E. 29	N.W.	Serene
27	M. 43		Foggy		M. 32	W.S.W.	Rain
	E. 42	E.	Foggy	15	E. 42	S.W.	Rain
28	M. 42	S.E.	Light breeze, cloudy		M. 43	S.W.	Rain
	E. 41		Light breeze, cloudy	16	E. 50	S.W.	Rain
29	M. 35		Foggy		M. 45	S.W.W.	Cloudy, rain
	E. 38	E.	Foggy	17	E. 48	S.S.W.	Cloudy, rain
30	M. 38	E.	Cloudy, showers		M. 45	N.W.	Stormy
	E. 38	N.W.	Cloudy, showers	18	E. 48	S.S.W.	Stormy
31	M. 39	N.	Cloudy		M. 50	S.S.W.	Rainy
	E. 39	N.	Cloudy	19	E. 42	W.S.W.	Rainy
Feb. 1	M. 38	S.W.	Severe		M. 34	W.S.W.	Cloudy, rain
	E. 36	S.S.W.	Rainy	20	E. 45	S.S.W.	Cloudy, rain
2	M. 35	N.	Snow		M. 43	S.W.	Stormy
	E. 47	S.W.	Snow	21	E. 41	N.W.	Stormy
3	M. 23	S.E.	Cloudy		M. 40	N.	Cloudy
	E. 42	S.W.	Cloudy	22	E. 37	W.S.W.	Cloudy
4	M. 36	W.	Cloudy				
	E. 38	W.	Cloudy				
5	M. 37	E.	Rainy				
	E. 40	S.S.W.	Rainy				
6	M. 45	W.S.W.	Serene				
	E. 41	W.S.W.	Serene				
7	M. 36	S.W.	Serene				
	E. 36	W.	Serene				
8	M. 34	W.N.W.	Serene				
	E. 29	N.W.	Serene				
9	M. 22	W.	Cloudy				
	E. 36	W.S.W.	Cloudy				
10	M. 40	W.S.W.	Cloudy, rain				
	E. 39	W.S.W.	Cloudy, rain				
11	M. 41	W.	Cloudy				
	E. 42	W.S.W.	Cloudy				
12	M. 38	W.	Cloudy				
	E. 39	W.N.W.	Cloudy				

METEOROLOGICAL REPORT.

THE prediction which was hazarded at the close of the Meteorological Journal in our last Number, that the present month would be extremely wet, and unusually warm, has been very nearly verified. The thermometer having only the last three days descended below the freezing point on the second of the month. We experienced a slight fall of snow, the first this winter, which remained on the ground during a few hours. The prevailing winds have been the W. and S.W.; when the wind has veered from these points it has been only for a short time.

AGRICULTURAL AND COMMERCIAL REPORT.

THE uncommonly mild weather of the season (which cannot be called winter), succeeding the great drought of last summer, has produced an effect upon agriculture never before recollected in this climate. All kinds of vegetation are more forward in their growth than in any preceding year. In the first week of February, the coppice woods having a southern aspect, were decorated with the flowery hue of the blowing primrose; and the young wheats, sown after beans in the midland counties, have a very grotesque appearance, the flag being large enough to be mown with the scythe, and being interspersed with bean plants from 10 to 13 inches high, with all their perfection of foliage, similar to what they have in the month of June. These extraordinary bean plants have every appearance of bloom, and should the weather continue mild, there may be a probability of their perfecting their seed. The young wheats, either upon lay or after fallows, are more laden with flag than ever was known at this season.

The land, even upon tenacious soils, was never known to rise more mellow and friable after the plough, which no doubt arises from the effect produced in the mechanical arrangement of the soil, by its contraction in the great drought of last summer.

The pastures are, in many grazing districts, full of grass, although the cattle have not, in many places, been taken from out them.

The turnips have run to top, and are not so much in demand as was expected.

The soiling crops of every description, are in a more forward and luxuriant state than ever known at the beginning of March.

THE evil consequences of speculation reverted to in our last number, have manifested themselves to a great extent, since its publication, in the failure of several commercial houses of long established reputation, and by an almost universal distrust pervading the entire circle of commercial intercourse. The disorganization that now exists in the commercial world, is equal to that produced by the universal proscription of Bonaparte, preceded by the confiscation of several millions value of property, at the close of the year 1810. Indeed, the same results are produced by extremely different causes—a defalcation of value—in 1810, the merchants of England sent ten millions value of property to different parts of Europe, which was seized by the agents of Bonaparte, and three-fourths of it at least was totally lost. In 1817 and 1818, the merchants of England, if merchants they are entitled to be called, contracted for quantities of various articles, such as Cotton, (particularly East India,) Coffee, Tallow, and Tobacco, at prices double their legitimate value; and for Grain, double the quantity required for consumption, to an amount, collectively, of twenty millions. The accumulated quantities, the necessary consequence of extreme prices, as necessarily tends to a depression in price in the market of consumption, and a final defalcation of property. It is true there is not that absolute extinction of property that resulted from the measures of Bonaparte in 1810; but the evil consequences to the commercial community at large are the same, and the conduct of those who have occasioned them, at the present time, infinitely more absurd and reprehensible, than in the former: because, in 1810 there was some chance of compensation for the risk; but in the transactions of the present time, a loss was an inevitable consequence. To point out more clearly the fallacy and false views that pervade the commercial proceedings of the present day, we subjoin a statement of the Importation of Foreign Grain in 1818, and the comparative supply of every kind of Grain into London for the last seven years; by which it will be seen, that the total supply of 1818 is nearly double the average of the last seven years, whilst the continued supply is equal to the consumption; consequently, a year's supply remains a dead stock on hand, incurring expense, and deteriorating in value to the proprietors, in addition to withholding a capital of five to six millions from application. The inferences deducible from this perversion of proceeding, on the part of those who cause a supply of any article of commerce, so considerably exceeding its consumptive demand, are various, and, as applied to grain, involve themselves into the general policy of the country; and the interest which the question invariably excites, as to the capability or incapability of Great Britain to produce a sufficient supply of grain for its consumption, we deem a sufficient excuse, in the present instance, for our digressing in some measure from the mere formula of a commercial report. It is evident that we have soils capable of production, not cultivated; that we have physical powers capable of application, and willing for action; and that the capital now absorbed, and likely to remain so, in grain, the production of a foreign soil, is more than five times sufficient to have put such a portion of the present dormant faculties of the country into action, as would have tended essentially to redeem it from a great portion of that misery which now pervades the condition of the manufacturing labourer. We submit these observations to the sober reflections of our readers, in the hope that it will cause that sound and comprehensive inquiry, which shall produce an equilibrium of pursuit in the various occupations of the country, foreign as well as domestic, as shall promote the essential interests of all.

Comparative Statement of the Total Supply of GRAIN and FLOUR, into LONDON, for the last 7 Years, showing the Proportion of Foreign in 1818, and the Total importation of Foreign into all GREAT BRITAIN, in 1818.

	Wheat Qrs.	Barly. Qrs.	Malt. Qrs.	Oats. Qrs.	Rye. Qrs.	Beans Qrs.	Peas Qrs.	Lentils. Qrs.	Flour Tons.
Total Supply of	1812	480145	20017	134334	597028	33582	8169	36492	108658
	1813	656426	243127	169846	755639	12978	7664	4676	75874
	1814	768081	292978	170987	725009	3415	9176	44007	103136
	1815	471840	282808	177804	842572	2259	106616	52016	5929
	1816	511647	230592	146123	838133	3093	10995	47598	33907
	1817	681492	311695	151123	716689	17201	93176	61514	97784
Average of 1812 to	1817	594936	260160	157703	748010	11921	93307	48023	79771
Total of	1818	1001370	544983	183946	123767	13689	145941	73164	129004
Proportion of Foreign	1818	767896	272917		64533	11377	66583	27526	121698
Total of Foreign into Gr. Brit. 1818		130834	580701		883410	67728	105694	66654	195955

* The 372,434 of Foreign Flour, are barrels of 196lbs. exclusively from America, and chiefly imported into Liverpool. The ports are now closed against the importation of wheat for home consumption, from all parts, except British America. The price of every kind of grain is, however, as a matter of course, from the above statement of supply, declining.

BANKRUPTS.

FROM JANUARY 23, TO FEBRUARY 23, 1819, INCLUSIVE.

Where the address of the Solicitor is not mentioned, he must be understood to reside at the same place as the Bankrupt. The Solicitors' names are between parentheses.

A.

ANDREWS R. Bristol, baker, (Poole and Co., Gray's Inn Square.—Aubert, N. B. Lloyds Coffee-house, insurance broker, (Reardon and Co., Corbet court, Gracechurch street.—Allum R. Chatham, Kent, builder, (James, Earl street, Blackfriars.—Atkinson J. W. Morden, Surrey, farmer (Nettlefold, Norfolk street, Strand.

B.

BROCKLEBANK, S. Liverpool, merchant (Taylor and Co., King's Bench Walk, London.—Budden J. Bristol, liquor merchant (Edmunds, Lincoln's inn.—Burgess J. Southampton street, Covent-Garden, ornamental paper manufacturer (Castle, Carver street.—Barker J. Stratford, brewer (Smith, Finsbury square.—Bradley, J. Worcester, coal master, (Biggs, Southampton buildings, Chancery lane.—Baylis D. Stroud, Gloucester, clothier, (Young, Mark lane.—Blyth R. Kingston upon Hull, corn-merchant (Ellis, Chancery lane.—Burrows J. Gt. Hermitage street, spirit merchant (Pearson, St. Helen's place.—Brown Wm. St. John's street, cheesemonger (Dacio and Co., Palgrave place, Temple.—Bacon R. Junr. Barkway, Hertfordshire, miller (Gray, Tyson place, Kingsland road.—Burn W. Ex-ter, draper (Brutton, Broad street.—Bourne E. Austin Friars, merchant (Kearsey and Co. Bishopgate street.—Broady W. Bromsgrove, Worcester, mercer (Flaggate and Co. Essex street, Strand.

C.

Cole, E. Shrewsbury, hop merchant (Griffiths, Southampton buildings.—Conner Thomas, Kennett Wharf, Upper Thames street, merchant (Crooby, Great James street, Bedford-row.—Coomont P. Old Broad street, merchant (Blant and Co. Broad street buildings.—Campbell P. Mary-le-bonne st., Golden square, brandy merchant (Newcombe, Vine street, Piccadilly.—Cullimore T. Wickwar, Gloucestershire, maltster (King, Sergeant's inn.—Crosses A. Bilsmore, Salop, grocer (Rooser and Co. Bartlett's buildings.—Crowth D. Newton, Yorkshire, merchant (Foljambe, Wakefield.—Cobbett

W. Junr. Tottenham, brewer (Lambe and Co. Princes street, Bank.—Cooper E. Blandford, Dorset, linen draper (Dean, Guildford street.—Clarke J. Stagbatch, Leominster, farmer (Jenkins and Co. New Inn.

D.

Dodsworth W. York, ship chandler (Smith, Pump court, Temple.—Dundendale W. Manchester, merchant (Hurd and Co., Inner Temple.—Dineley J. Peopleton, Worcester, coal merchant (Becke, Devonshire street, Queen square.

F.

Force J. Walecot, Somersetshire, dealer (Highmoor, Scott's yard.—Ferrall J. Birmingham, printer (Swain and Co., Old Jewry.—Foulerton J. Upper Bedford place, Bloomsbury, merchant (Knight and Co., Basinghall street.—Fricker G. Junr. Stoke Newington, merchant (Maugham, Gt. St. Helen's.—Fish B. Bridport, Dorset, victualler (Allen, Clifford's Inn.—Fox R. W. and W. P. Smith, Plymouth, merchants (Anstice and Co., Inner Temple.

G.

Greenalade R. Plymouth, builder (Darke and Co., Chancery lane.—Gleeson J. Cock hill, Ratcliffe, potatoe merchant (Smith, Barnard's inn.—Gilchrist G. and J. M. Liverpool, merchants (Blackstock and Co., Temple.—Gale J. Paternoster row, wholesale stationer (Ilust, Milk street.—Garner Wm. Poulton-cum Seacombe, Chester, dealer in coals, (Loves and Co., Temple.—Green J. Maddox street, Hanover square, watch maker (Keynolds, Hertford street, Fitzroy square.

H.

Hulme W. Leek, Staffordshire, grocer (Dewberry and Co., Gosdun street, Hanover square.—Harman G. Norwich, manufacturer (Nelson, Barnard's Inn.—Hudson J. and G. Liverpool, slaughters (Addington and Co., Bedford row.—Hearn J. Birmingham, soap maker, (Hicks and Co., Bartlett's buildings.—Harraby J. Liverpool, merchant, (Addington and Co., Bedford Row.—Hatterly M. Bilton-with-Harrogate, York, hotel keeper (Alex.

ander and Co., New Inn.—Kesley R. Lower place, Rochdale, Lancaster, woollen manufacturer (Chippindale, Crane court.—Hopper C. Little Trinity lane, lace dealer (Umney, Clement's Inn.—Highfield G. B and C Liverpool, merchants (Blars'ock and Co., Inner Temple.—Hardman J. Manchester, Warehouseman (Kay, Essex street, Manchester.

J.

Jones E. Gt. Sutton street, Clerkenwell, coal-merchant (Castle, Curator street.—Jay J. Old Jewry, Wine Merchant (Taylor and Co., New Basinghall street.—Jones J. Liverpool and H. Hughes, Demarara, merchants (Dacic and Co., Falsgrave place, Temple Bar.—Jackson E. Upper Thames street, sugar factor (Smith and Co., Leman street, Good man's Fields.—Johnson J. Lucas street, Commercial road, merchant (Willey, Wellclose square.—Jones W. Shoreditch, Earthenwareman (Butcliffe, Earl street, Blackfriars.

K.

Kent J. Soho market, brewer, (Chilton, Chancery lane.

L.

Lloyd T. and J. Winter, Blue Bell yard, St. James's street, wine merchants (Dennetts and Co., King's Arms yard, Coleman street.—Lloyd T. Tibberton, Hereford, farmer (Pewtriss, Gray's Inn.—Levy L. Gt. Prescott street, merchant (Lewis, Crutched Friars.—Lewis W. Beak street, Golden square, woollen draper (Davis and Son, Lothbury.—Lloyd W. Shrewsbury, tailor, (Griffiths, Southampton buildings, Chancery lane.—Longdon J. Peak forest, Derbyshire, meal seller (Loves and Co., Temple.—Lomas J. White horse Inn, Fetter lane, tavern keeper, (Mayhew and Co., Chancery lane.

M.

Macleod T. H. Pinner's Hall, Winchester street, wine merchant (Rose, Hatton Garden.—Morgan J. M. O. M., and R. Belle Sauvage Yard, Ludgate Hill, wholesale stationers (Smith, Dorset St. Salisbury square.—Mottram C. Pinner's Hall, Winchester street, merchant, (Stratton and Co., Shoreditch.—Morgan W. and W. Matthews, Newport, Monmouth, brewers (Platt, New Boswell court, Lincoln's Inn.—Marchant M. Poplar, cow keeper, (Howell, Symond's Inn.—Matthews E. College Hill, merchant (Daves and Co., Angel court, Throgmorton street.—Mather J. Manchester, joiner (Claye and Co., Manchester.—Mediam J. Huddersfield, grocer, (Fisher and Co., Holborn.—Martin W. Leadenhall market, cheesemonger (Russel, Lamb street, Southwark.

N.

Noble M. Lancaster, Chemist (Alexander and Co., New Inn.—Naylor M. and G. Darlington, Durham, leather dressers (Dixon Gray's Inn sq. Neate W. Sweeting's Alley, Cornhill, silversmith (Rowland and Co., Lincoln's Inn.

O.

Oliver J. and N. G. Ingraham, Junr. Broad-st., Merchant (Cranch, Union court, Broad street.—O'Hara, M. Watford, Herts., innkeeper (Williams, Blackman street, Southwark.

P.

Parkin G. Perkin's Rents, Westminister, victualler (Jones, New Inn.—Price D. Watford, Herts., linen draper (Davies and Son, Lothbury.—Pickman J. Deptford, malster (Partridge and Co., London street.—Powell G. Little Trinity lane, Queens-hith, baker (Holmes, Gt. James street, Bedford

row.—Potts R. Holborn hill, haberdasher, (Hodgson, Byer's court, Aldermanbury.—Pitcher J. Upper Thames street, carpenter (Godman and Co. Earl Street, Blackfriars.—Penny G. and R. Thompson, Mincing lane, brokers (Knight and son, Basinghall street.—Peers J. Liverpool, merchant (Avison, and co., Castle Street Holborn.—Phillips G. E. Plymouth, Sadler (Anstie and co., Inner Temple.—Frost W. and J. Woolner, Laurence Poultry Lane, corn-factors (Drace and Co. Billiter lane.

R.

Russel J. Tewkesbury, Gloucestershire, linen draper, (Cardale and co., Gray's Inn.—Reddall T. Liverpool, merchant, (Addington and co., Bedford row.—Reddall W. Liverpool, merchant (Addington and co., Bedford row.—Phillips R. Exeter, Chemist (Bruton, Broad street.—Rothwell J. Morsfield, Halliwell, Lancaster, Whitster (Meadowcroft, Gray's Inn.—Robertson E. Manchester, cotton spinner (Ellis, Chancery lane.—Randall J. Pancras street, Tottenham court road, auctioneer, (Colingridge, Secretaries office, Colman street.—Raffield J. Edward street, Cavendish square, dealer, (Draper and co., Exchange buildings.—Reed T. and J. Middlemas, Newcastle upon Tyne, merchants (Knight and co., Basinghall st.—Revelt J. Junr. Tolleshut, Darcy, Essex, butcher (Mifne and co., Temple.

S.

Salter C. Junr. Porters, grocer, (Sweet and co., Basinghall street.—Sayer E. Bath, tailor (Adlington and co., Bedford row.—Smyth E. St Martin's court, St. Martin's lane, shoemaker (Mayhew and co., Chancery lane.—Stansfeld J. Manchester, merchant (Wiglesworth and co., Gray's Inn.—Starbuck R. Milton next Gravesend, shoemaker (Sedgwick, College hill.

T.

Taylor W. Junr. Liverpool, merchant (Hard and co., King's Bench walk, Temple.—Thompson E. Globe stairs, Rotherhithe, ship builder (Swain and co., Old Jewry.—Towsey J. Junr. Blandford, Dorset, stone mason (Dean, Guildford street.—Towsey J. Junr. and Sarah Lloyd, Blandford, Dorset, dealers (Wilson and co., Lincoln's Inn Fields.—Thompson J. Hambleton, Lancaster, tanner (Norris, John street, Bedford row.—Taylor R. Witney, Oxfordshire, mealman (Gregory, Maiden lane, Wood st.

U.

Upton G. Queen street, colour merchant (Lee and co., Southwark.

W.

Wadley J. Coventry street, Haymarket, cheesemonger (Popkin, Dean street, Soho.—Walker R. Newcastle upon Tyne, grocer (Atkinson and co., Chancery lane.—White W. Chalford, Gloucester, linen draper (Chilton, Chancery lane.—Wardle G. and F. Wardle, Allhallows wharf, Upper Thames street, oil crushers (Alhton and co., Freeman's court, Cornhill.—Wilbeam J. H. Dock head, rectifying distiller (Martin and Son, Vintners' Hall.—Wilks K. Chancery lane, printer (Arundell, Chancery lane.—Whites R. Wapping street, Anchor smith (Orme, Stepney church yard.—Wilkinson H. Liverpool, merchant (Taylor and co., Temple.—Watkinson W. Strand, shoemaker (Jones, New Inn.—Wright F. Budge row, merchant, (Stratton and co., Shoreditch.—Woods W. Houghton street, Clare Market, coal merchant (Thomas and co., Barnard's Inn.—Woodhouse J. and M. Mincing lane, West India brokers (Weston and co., Fenchurch street.

DIVIDENDS.

A

ANSELL J. Carshalton, Surrey, paper-maker, Feb. 27—Allsop R. Louth, Lincoln, draper, March 13—Alcock E. Atherstone, Warwickshire, hat-manufacturer, March 10—Atkins W. sen & W. Atkins, jun. and S. Atkins, Chipping Norton, Oxfordshire, bankers, March 9—Adair A. Winchester street, merchant, March 13

B

Batt E. J. Backshell, & A. W. Batt, Witney, Oxfordshire, bankers, Feb. 13—Bodill J. Nottingham, and S. R. Bodill, hat-manufacturers, Feb. 18—Ballmer J. City Chambers, Bishopsgate street, merchant, Feb. 20—Baruh D. Houndsditch, apothecary, Feb. 27—Bach W. Saffron Walden, Essex, carpenter, Feb. 27—Bartells T. Aldersgate street, wine merchant, Feb. 27—Barrow J. Keodal, Westmoreland, linen draper, March 6—Buckland W. Bayswater, victualler, Feb. 27—Boyes J. jun. Wansford, March 2—Bigner G. P. & J. Barker, Broad street, March 6—Baddley R. Coventry, grocer, March 10—Barker J. & T. Helmsley, Blackmoor, Yorkshire, grocer, March 31—Bernard J. & C. Manchester, drapers, March 20

C

Coles C. & F. Galpin, Fleet street, stationers, Feb. 20—Chauner G. Sutton, Middlesex, merchant, Feb. 20—Cockburn S. High st. Mary-le-Bone, merchant, Feb. 20—Crampton W. Beckingham, Nottinghamshire, horse dealer, March 16—Cox C. Portsmouth, painter, Feb. 23—Constant L. H. H. G. Wellclose-square, sugar refiner, Feb. 27—Clifford M. & J. Kingston-upon-Hull, merchants, Feb. 27—Chick R. Molineux street, Bryanstone-square, linen draper, Feb. 23—Collings T. Harvey's buildings, Strand, March 2—Chemiant N. La & J. V. Kirklove, Fenchurch street, March 6—Collier W. Brightham, March 9—Cooke G. & J. Hilner, Nicholas lane, March 9—Cox J. Liverpool, linen-draper, March 11—Chorley J. Liverpool, merchant, March 10

D

Dudley R. Dudley, Worcester, thread manufacturer, Feb. 22—Dixon J. Ialekirk Hall, Cumberland, miller, March 25—Dodds J. Aldersgate str. goldsmith, Feb. 27—Davies J. Wells, Somerset, cabinet maker, Feb. 25—Downer H. Bruton street, Bond street, milliner, Feb. 27—Deal J. T. Shaftesbury, Dorsetshire, brewer, Feb. 27—Dyson T. Beverley, March 6—Davies B. Cardiff, Glamorganshire, March 10—Devereux F. & M. Lambert, Brabant court, Philpot lane, March 9—Day W. Providence-buildings, New Kent-road, plumber, March 27—Day J. & J. Spratswell, Tavistock str. Covent garden, drapers, March 9—Dennett H. Gray's Inn-lane, cow keeper, March 13

E

Evans G. sen. & G. Evans, jun. High street, Southwark, hop merchants, March 9—Edenser W. Bush-lane, broker, March 9

F

Fletcher B. late of Deptford, Kent, linen draper, Feb. 2—Franks G. Red Cross street, hatter, Feb. 20—Forster W. St. Martin's lane, silversmith, Feb. 27—French N. B. & A. B. & J. Barton, Old South Sea House, merchants, Feb. 16

G

Greaves A. Queen street, Cheapside, merchant, Feb. 16—Gregory Z. Aston, near Birmingham, builder, Feb. 23—Giblett, P. New Bond street, & W. Giblett, Micklefield hall, Hertfordshire, butchers, Feb. 27

H

Hughes W. Manchester, grocer, Feb. 23—Honywill W. Bath, brandy merchant, Feb. 24—Hannons E. Threadneedle street, ship and insurance broker, Feb. 20—Hagadorn J. P. H. Old Broad street, merchant, Feb. 23—Hambridge J. Stow-on-the-Wold, Gloucester, currier, Feb. 28—Hill T. Bradwall Hope, Derbyshire, baker, Feb. 24—Horsby T. Cornhill, stockbroker, Feb. 23—Haynes S. Cheltenham, wine merchant, March 16—Hill J. Rotherhithe, merchant, May 1—Heggs C. & J. Old Jewry, London, March 6—Hodson C. & H. Cross street, Batton-garden, March 2—Heron H. F. Heddorsfield, March 3—Heddingham M. King st. West Smithfield, March 6—Hambridge J. Stow-on-the-Wold, Gloucester, currier, March 5—Holmes S. J. Harnie, & J. D. English, Long-acre, coach makers, March 9—Holden J. Westbromwich, Stafford, black buckle maker, March 11

J

Jones G. Aston, Warwickshire, gun maker, Feb. 27—Jordan J. Houndsditch, March 6—Johnson R. Lane-end, Staffordshire, manufacturer, March 23

K

Koe J. H. Millwall, Poplar, Roman cement manufacturer, Feb. 20—Kirkbride J. Southwaite, Cumberland, cattle dealer, March 25

L

Le Cheminant N. & J. Van der Kerckhove, London, merchants, Feb. 20—Lancaster J. Brompton, merchant, Feb. 16—Lacour D. Brewer street, Golden square, goldsmith, Feb. 27—Lloyd W. sen. & W. Lloyd, jun. Lower Thames-street, slopsellers, March 9—Lawrence H. Liverpool, merchant, March 18

M

Machin J. & J. Burton, late of Great Guildford street, in the Liberty of the Clink, Surrey, engineer, Feb. 20—McBrain R. late of Hen court, Fenchurch street, broker, Feb. 16—McKenzie, W. St. Paul's, Covent garden, merchant, May 11—Milne G. Broad street, merchant, Feb. 20—M'Nair A. Queen street, Golden square, bookbinder, Feb. 20—Mitchel J. Titchfield, Southampton, linen-draper, Feb. 25—Middlehurst J. Liverpool, corn-dealer, Feb. 26—Mackoull J. Worthing, Sussex, stationer, Feb. 9—May W. P. Sharp, & J. Wilson, Liverpool, upholsterers, Feb. 26—Morand S. Broad street, merchant, Feb. 27—Mavor J. & J. Leadenhall street, March 11—Middlewood J. W. Whitechapel, perfumer, March 13—Moses T. Bath, draper, March 15

N

Nash R. Kingston-upon-Thames, seed crusher, Feb. 20

O

Osbourne C. Billiter-square, London, merchant, March 6—O'Neill E. Liverpool, cooper, Feb. 19—Ormerod G. Lanchard, Lancaster, tinholder, Mar. 1—Oakley G. & J. Evans, Old Bond street, cabinet maker, March 20

P

Pearson T. Pennybridge, Lancashire, flax-spinner, Feb. 26—Pennell W. Queanibeth, merchant, March 6—Phillips T. J. & J. Old City Chambers, merchants, Feb. 27—Phillips C. A. & J. Milford, Pembrokeshire, bankers, Feb. 27—Phillips J. Upper Eaton street, Pimlico, March 20—Polack B. Sheffield, March 22

R

Roberts J. Wood street, Spitalfields, silk manufacturer, Feb. 6—Rowlatt J. Charter-house-square,

merchant, Feb. 20—Randall R. Coleman street, Blackwell-hall factors, Feb. 23—Rogers S. Chesham, stationer, March 13—Roxburgh J. Liverpool, March 5—Roach W. Bristol, March 2—Ridgion M. Coventry street; St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, March 6—Read E. & T. Baker, Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury, linen-draper, March 13—Rummett J. Manchester, wooden cord manufacturer, March 13—Roberts J. Wood st. Spital-fields, Feb. 16.

Smith W. Oxford street, ironmonger, Jan. 30—Senders B. Fleet street, wholesale perfumer, Feb. 13—Sisley T. Isle of Thanet, Kent, merchant, Feb. 20—Sparkes J. & A. Coles, Portland street, St. Mary-le-Bow, coach makers, Feb. 16—Smart J. Kingsgate street, Holborn, ironmonger, Feb. 20—Swane J. C. Fleet street; boot and shoe maker, Feb. 20—Swain R. & W. Herbert, Wood street, Chesham, silk manufacturers, March 2—Swainson J. Manor row, East Smithfield, March 2—Stoneham J. Beckford row, Walworth, chesamonger, March 16—Spitta Molting & Co. Lawrence Pountney lane, merchants, March 13—Sundices C. Devonshire square, merchant, March 13—Smith G. Tansley, Derbyshire, March 13.

Tappenden J. late of Faversham, Kent, ironmaster; J. Tappenden, late of North Court, Stourmouth, ironmaster; and F. Tappenden, late of the Abernant Iron-works, Aberdare, Glamorganshire, ironmaster, Feb. 11—Thompson T. sen. E. Thomp-

son & T. Thompson, jun. Nether Compton, Dorset, flax, spinners, Feb. 22—Taylor G. Bishopwearmouth, Durham, coal-fitter, Feb. 27—Thornbury N. & C. Taylor, Bourn, Gloucestershire, March 5—Tugwell G. Tenterden, Kent, March 6—Throckmorton J. F. Guildford st. Pimlico, Middlesex, March 6.

Union S. Disley, Cheshire, March 6.

Vevers J. Charwell, Yorkshire, cloth merchant, Feb. 27.

Wight J. Birmingham, inkstand manufacturer, Feb. 22—Watson M. A. Fareham, Southampton, mercer, Feb. 25—Walmsley J. Salford, Lancashire, cotton twist dealer, March 6—Whitfield J. & J. Morpeth, Northumberland, inkkeepers, March 2—Wickman C. & B. Beckwith, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, merchants, March 10—Waghorn, T. Chatham, butcher, Feb. 27—Watts W. Lower Mordon, Surrey, farmer, Feb. 16—West R. E. St. Margaret's hill, Southwark, hop merchant, March 9—Waddeson S. W. Dover street, March 2—Wetherley J. & N. Alawick, March 8—Waters F. T. Old South Sea House, March 6—Wilson S. Liverpool, Mar. 9—Williams J. Lower Coleman st. Bunhill-row, paper stainer, March 9—Winnerton T. Coventry, ribbon-manufacturer, March 10—West T. Gracechurch st. perfumer, March 27—Ward J. Sculcoates, merchant, May 2.

DIGEST OF POLITICAL EVENTS.

GREAT BRITAIN.

THE factious and the discontented are again actively engaged in endeavouring to force one of their party upon the people of Westminster, as their representative; but we have too high an opinion of the good sense of the great body of electors, to suppose, for a moment, they can be brought to lend themselves to so humiliating a measure. The proceedings at the Westminster Election afford a singular spectacle of the sudden vicissitudes of the popular mind; and we hope will be a salutary example to all future leaders, how they presume too much upon the constancy of popular favour. Perhaps no one has been a more general favourite with the people of Westminster, for several years past, than Sir Francis Burdett: but the present will sufficiently show that when he associates himself with men and principles as little to his interest as to his honour, that the good opinion entertained of him by his supporters fails. This is not the day for open and avowed jacobinism. The memory of it is too recent to excite any feeling but abhorrence. And still less is this the day when the worthy inhabitants of London and Westminster will be persuaded to reject all religious belief, as an imposition upon the understanding and liberty of will. The political character of the man whom Sir Francis has thought proper to patronize, cannot be mistaken, because he has himself made it public in a work of two octavo volumes. The object of this book is to hold forth Buonaparte as the hero of his age, and as the vic-

tim of a coalition of tyrants. In accomplishing this purpose the writer has been compelled to vilify and degrade his own country and government, and to abuse that of the Bourbons in France.

Among the political topics that present themselves for observation at home during the past month, the improvement in our finance is one of the highest importance, and exhibits a most satisfactory view of the country.

On the 3rd Mr. Tierney brought forward his long promised motion on the Bank Restriction Bill, which underwent the most ample investigation.

The balloting for the committee of secrecy to inquire into the state of the Bank took place on the 4th; and we appeal to the list, as delivered in by the scrutineers, as a proof of the sincerity and candour with which ministers wish to proceed to the enquiry.

A message from his Royal Highness the Prince Regent was taken into consideration on the 5th, by which it was clearly established that his Royal Highness possessed by law the right of appropriating the 58,000*l.* lapsed, by the death of the Queen, to the general purposes of the civil list. The surrendering it, therefore, to the disposal of parliament was only another proof on the part of his Royal Highness's advisers of their disposition to adopt on every occasion real and practicable economy.

The report of the committee appointed to consider the proposed reduction in the Windsor establishment has been brought

into the House; it is brief, and much to the purpose, and is calculated to give general satisfaction.

With respect to the pensions to be paid to the servants of her late Majesty, his Royal Highness was prevented from awarding them out of the 58,000*l.* in consequence of the limitation of the pension list as now fixed by law at 90,000*l.*

On the 9th the committee of finance was appointed, in proposing of which Lord Castlereagh took an extensive view of the increasing state of the revenue, which, from the documents he read in the course of a long and luminous speech, he clearly proved to be the case.

Only one motion of any importance was brought forward on the 10th which was by Mr. Serjeant Onslow, for repealing the usury laws. It is a question of vast magnitude, and to be determined, not so much upon any abstract principles of fitness, as in reference to the actual condition and practice of society.

On the 13th Lord Castlereagh laid upon the table of the House of Commons, the supplementary arrangements entered into with France for the stipulations of the claims of the allied powers. This change from what was settled at Aix-la-Chapelle, took place on the 12th Dec. at Paris, being an agreement entered into by the ministers, without any formal instructions from their respective sovereigns. It has since received the necessary sanction, as set forth in a protocol dated Paris, the 2nd of this month.

A series of highly interesting and no less important documents connected with the efforts of this country to procure the universal abolition of the slave trade were laid upon the table of the House of Commons on the 16th. They are too voluminous to admit of any thing like a satisfactory analysis.

FRANCE.

The sittings of the Chamber of Deputies are not frequent, but the committees and bureaux have a great deal of business before them. The discussions at these private meetings are much more animated than those which take place in public, because zeal is there unrestrained and not subject to the observation of strangers. Considerable financial regulations have been entered into, and the funds continue steadily to advance. The pecuniary indemnity by France to the allied powers being agreed on, something may be drawn from it which may help to fix the extent of loss or gain which the holders of that stock may expect.

His Majesty has experienced a severe attack of the gout, and is confined to his room.

SPAIN.

Tranquillity is completely restored at Madrid, and confidence gains ground. The treasury have begun to pay the interest upon

the public funds, called *tales reales*, which inspires the most pleasing hope. Preparations are continued for the expedition against Buenos Ayres with great avidity. From all parts bodies of troops are marching towards Cadix, to join the army which is to embark there. The King has received the most affectionate manifestations of love and condolence from all his subjects on account of the melancholy and unexpected death of the Queen.

EAST INDIES.

The provinces of Coimbatore, Trin-chinopoly, Tanjore, and Guntoor, have been visited with a severe S.W. monsoon, which has been very destructive. The rivers of Canvey and Coleroon have overflowed their banks in several places, and much damage has been done by the inundation.

AMERICA.

The discussions in Congress are chiefly on the conduct of General Jackson in the Seminole war, and on the affairs of the United States bank. A motion was made respecting the latter, which went to the forfeiture of its charter, but was lost by a majority of eighteen. The debates on the former subject seem likely to be protracted. The motion before the House went decidedly to the condemnation of the conduct of Gen. Jackson, and the opinion was that he would be brought to trial. The funds continue to decline. Bank Stock has again fallen 7 or 8 per cent. The papers contain the official publication of a treaty of commerce between Sweden and the United States.

The differences between Spain and the United States are at length adjusted. In the first article it is mentioned, that the United States deeply regret the violation of the Spanish territory by the American forces under General Jackson, and that it was without the authority of the government. The second refers to the cession of the Floridas to the United States. The third and fourth articles give a brief outline of the limits as to territory. The fifth and sixth regulate the navigation of the two countries. The last article states that the cession of the Floridas shall be considered in full payment for all claims of America upon Spain.

SOUTH AMERICA.

An American, of Monte Video, of eminence, it is stated, has transmitted to the United States the unexpected intelligence that the government of Buenos Ayres, in conjunction with Chili, have resolved on sending an offer to a European foreigner, of the crown of South America. The envoy was to proceed to France. An expedition, consisting of 3,000 men, has been dispatched to Santa Fé; and a large expedition against Lima is preparing at Valparaiso. A Spanish vessel of 50 guns, La Reyna Maria Isabel, has been captured by the insurgent ships San Martin and Santaro.

INCIDENTS, PROMOTIONS, BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, DEATHS, &c. IN LONDON, AND MIDDLESEX;

With Biographical Accounts of Distinguished Characters.

BULLETIN OF THE KING'S HEALTH.

Windsor Castle, Feb. 6, 1819.

"His Majesty has enjoyed an uninterrupted state of good bodily health, and has been very tranquil during the last month, but his disorder remains unchanged."

(Signed as usual.)

We have authority to state, that the recent reports respecting our venerable Sovereign, the accident that had happened to him in walking through his apartments, and the change of diet judged necessary in consequence of that event, are wholly unfounded. His Majesty enjoys as good health as he has possessed for a long period, and is as tranquil in mind. As to the reported accident, it could not possibly have happened, because his Majesty never walks alone, but has a careful conductor, who accompanies him on all occasions. It is supposed, that the reports in question had their origin in the artifices of Party, in order to excite an alarm among the members of the new parliament, and to induce them to apprehend that melancholy event was likely to happen, which would give occasion to a new election. But we again affirm, from authority, that there is not the least foundation for the report in question.

Ecclesiastical Preferments.—Rev. C. Boothby, B. A. to the vicarage of Sutterton, Lincolnshire.—Rev. J. Cubitt, to the rectory of Hinderclay, Suffolk.—Rev. J. Cumming, to the rectory Runcion, Norfolk.—Rev. C. H. Collins, to the head mastership of the Exeter free grammar school.—Rev. J. T. Casberd, L. L. D. to a Prebendal Stall in the cathedral church of Llandaff.—Rev. J. Commeline, A. M. to the vicarage of Norton St. Phillips.—Rev. T. Calvert, B. D. St. John's College, Cambridge, to be Lady Margaret's preacher.—Rev. R. Newton Adams, to the mathematical mastership of Christ's Hospital.—Rev. J. C. Driffield, A. B. to the vicarage of Tolleshunt D'Arcy, Essex.—Rev. J. Griffith, B. D. to the vicarage of Lakenheath, Suffolk.—Rev. J. H. Hames, to the rectory of Chagford, Devon.—Rev. J. Jones to the rectory of Edern, Caernarvonshire.—Rev. J. Maddy, D. D. to the rectory of Hertest, cum Borted, Suffolk.—Rev. R. Miller, to the vicarage of Dedham, Essex.—Rev. W. Palmer, to the Prebendal Stall of Welton Painshall, in the cathedral church of Lincoln.—Rev. H. Rolls, M. A. to hold by dispensation, the rectory of Burnwell, All Saints, Northamptonshire.—Rev. C. Shrubbs, to the vicarage of Boldre, with the chapels of Lymington and Brokenhurst, Hants.—Rev. C. B. Sweet, to the rectory of Arlington, Devon.—Rev. N. Struth, to the rectory of St. Peter, Bristol.—Rev. T. Strong, to

the rectory of Theberton, Suffolk.—Rev. J. White, to the rectories of Hargrave and Chevington, Suffolk.—Rev. C. Wordsworth, to be Chaplain to the House of Commons.—Rev. P. Roberts, to the rectory of Halton, near Holywell.

Births.—In Upper Seymour street, the Lady of the Hon. W. Frazer, of a daughter.—The lady of S. Sanders, esq. of Old Palace Yard, of a daughter.—At Hammer-smith, the lady of J. Stevenson, esq. of a daughter.—In Tavistock square, the lady of Gurney Barclay, esq. of a son and heir.—The lady of J. G. Crickett, esq. of Doctor's Commons, of a daughter.—At Lady Vernon's, Park place, the Hon. Mrs Harbard, of a daughter.—At Park Place, the lady of W. Tucker esq. of a son.—In Upper Charlotte street, Fitzroy square, the lady of A. Trever, esq. of a son.—At Kensington, the lady of Peter Clement Casalet, esq. of a daughter. In Bedford row, the lady of Nicholas Mill, esq. of a daughter.—In New Ormond street, the lady of a Lynch, esq. of a son.—In Broad street buildings, the lady of J. Harvey esq. of a son.—The lady of Capt. Lysaght R. N. of a son.—In Portland Place, the lady of J. Quicke, esq. of a son.—In Rivers street, the lady of Capt. Paget, R. N. of a daughter.—At Lyde House, Sion Hill, the lady of the Rev. J. Hales of a son. In Camden place, the lady of E. Neilson, esq. of a daughter.—In Queen's square, the lady of A. Weston, esq. of a son.—In Brunswick square, the lady of J. Kinlock, esq. of a son.—In Grosvenor place, the lady of the Rev. G. Porcher of a daughter.—In Devonshire Place, the Lady of Major Gen. Sir W. Anson, K. C. B. of a son.

Married.—Capt. Marryatt, R. N., to Catherine, youngest daughter of Sir Stephen Sharpe, of Russel Place, Fitzroy Square.—Capt. J. R. Rotton, to Fanny, youngest daughter of J. Bannister, esq. of Gower St.—At St. George's Hanover Square, Lieut. Col. Eustace, C. B. of the guards, to Caroline Margaret, daughter of J. King, esq. comptroller of the Army accounts.—Right Hon. Viscount Anson, to Louisa Catherine, youngest daughter of the late Nathaniel Phillips, esq. of Slebeck Hall, Pembroke.—Robt. Ritchie esq. of Greenwich, to Charlotte, daughter of Major Benwell.—At Kensington, Frederic Hogarth, esq. to Julia Eliza, widow of Lieut. Warde.—G. E. H. M. Soloman, esq. Mansel street, to Priscilla, third daughter of the late S. Lucas, esq.—G. E. Morton, esq. to Anne, second daughter of E. Heseltine, esq.—E. P. Fordham, esq. of North Audley Street, to Miss King.—At St. Pancras, Sir J. Maclean, to Miss Price, of Highgate.—At St. Stephen's Coleman street. W. Voase, Esq. to Miss Hare-

wood. — At St. Anne's, Westminster, J. Hunter, esq. to Miss Haslam.

Died.] In Park street, Amelia Harriet, youngest daughter of P. Auriel, esq. 14. — In Gloucester place, Portman square, Martha Maria, widow of the late G. F. Cherry, esq. — In Bridge street, Westminster, Geo. Augustus Frederick, third son of Sir Robert Barclay. — In George street, New road, Watkin Morgan, esq. — In Doctors' Commons, S. Pierce Parson, esq. LL.D. 55. — In York place, Portman square, Mrs. Kyd, the wife of General K. — Mrs. Hanwell, the lady of Capt. H. — At Twickenham Lodge, Frances Moore, relict of the late A. M. esq. 87. — Sir H. Tempest, bart. — In Wimpole street, Jane, eldest daughter of the late R. Arbuthnot, esq. — In Bartlett's buildings, J. Sawkins, esq. 65. — At her house, in Charlotte street, Fitzroy square, Elizabeth, relict of the late R. Longden, esq. — At her residence in Hill street, Berkley square, the Countess Dowager of Sefton, 71. — In the New road, J. Heys, esq. barrister of Lincoln's Inn. — In Bolton street, R. Burrowes, esq. — At Chite's Hill, James Clark, esq. — In Cleveland row, Major-Gen. Wilson. — In Hatton Garden, James Clark, M. D. F. A. S. 52. — The Rev. W. Morrice, rector of Allhallows, Bread street, 88. — At Kensington, E. Breton, esq. — Miss Lewis, daughter of Sir W. L. — At his father's house, N. P. eldest son of N. Gosling, esq. 30. — Miss Auriel, daughter of P. A. esq. of Park street, Park lane — In Tavistock place, W. Crouch, esq.

SUDDEN DEATH OF THE EARL PAULET.

His Lordship, we regret to state, died at Hinton St. George, in Somersetshire, on Thursday, the 14th ult. The noble lord, on the preceding evening, had directed the horses to be put to the post chariot early in the next day. At 5 o'clock in the morning, the Countess was alarmed by the sudden indisposition of the Earl; he was seized with an apoplectic fit, and never spoke afterwards. His lordship lingered until eleven at night, when he expired, in the 63d year of his age. Captain and Mrs. Paulet and Lady Barnard were present at the trying scene. An express was sent off for Lady Mary Paulet, who was then in attendance at Windsor. Unfortunately, Lord Hinton is absent, making the *grand tour*.

FRANCIS WILLIAM BLAGDON, ESQ:

At his house, in Smith square, Westminster, on the 24th of December, 1818, FRANCIS WILLIAM BLAGDON, Esq. — With regret we learn, that this indefatigable labourer in the field of literature and politics, a genuine friend of loyalty, an ardent and zealous supporter of the British constitution, has left a widow, with a young family, entirely destitute. An affecting "Appeal,"

however, addressed "to the Loyal, the Benevolent, and the Humane," has been circulated in their behalf, amongst such of the nobility, members of Parliament, and others, as are presumed to have known something of the deceased, or of his numerous writings; and, as a subscription has been opened, we hope and trust, that such a fund will be created as may enable Mrs. Blagdon to complete the education of her children.* — We are promised, for our ensuing number, a biographical memoir of the deceased, from the pen of one of his literary friends.

EARL OF ERROL.

At Rosiere, near Lyndhurst, Hampshire, on Tuesday the 26th ult. after a few days' illness, the Right Hon. WILLIAM, EARL OF ERROL, lord high constable and knight marshal of Scotland, one of the sixteen representative peers of Scotland, and his Majesty's lord high commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. His lordship was the chief of the ancient name and family of Hay, and also the lineal representative of the Earls of Linlithgow, Calendar, and Kilmarnock. He was the second son of James, Earl of Errol, by Miss Carr, daughter of Sir William Carr, of Etal, bart. was born in 1772, and succeeded his brother George in 1798. He married, 1st, Jane, daughter of Matthew Bell, esq. by whom he had Lady Dulcibella Jane; 2d, Alicia, daughter of Samuel Elliot, esq. by whom he has William, now Earl of Errol, an officer in the army, about 19 years of age, two other sons and three daughters; and 3d, Harriet, sister to Lord Somerville, now living, by whom he has a son and daughter. James, Lord Hay, his eldest son by the second marriage, was an officer in the foot guards, and aide-de-camp to General Maitland: he was killed almost the first shot that was fired, on the 17th of June, 1815, the day preceding the great and important battle of Waterloo. Lord Errol, during the course of the last war, served for several years as lieutenant-colonel of the Aberdeenshire militia. He is universally lamented by his family and an extensive circle of friends and relatives.

* Contributions are received by Mr. Colburn, Public Library, Conduit street, Hanover square; N. Byrne, esq. Morning Post Office; J. Taylor, esq. Sun Office, 112, Strand; at the Courier Office, 348, Strand; S. Cock, esq. 2, Frederick place, Old Jewry; Mr. McMillan, 6, Bow street, Covent Garden; Mr. Purvis, 1, Finch lane, Cornhill; the banking houses of Messrs. Birch and Chambers, 160, New Bond street; Messrs. Hoare, Barnard, and Co. 62, Lombard street; Messrs. Crickett, Bacon, and Co. Ipswich, Suffolk; and Mr. Harral, Park Cottage, Ipswich.

PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES IN THE COUNTIES OF ENGLAND, ARRANGED ALPHABETICALLY.

BEDFORDSHIRE.

The Magistrates at the late Bedford Sessions came to the following resolutions:—"That the system of roundmen, or paying labourers a certain portion of their labour out of the poor-rates, which had too long prevailed in this county, is destructive of the moral energies of the labourer, and equally injurious to the interest of the farmer, who has a right to expect a fair and adequate portion of labour from the hands employed on his farm; that, in order to discourage this pernicious practice, we recommend to the several magistrates in this county, within their respective divisions, not to allow in future any sums which shall, after the 1st day of February, be so paid out of the poor-rates in the overseer's accounts."

Died.] At Dunstable, Mrs. E. Willoughby—At Bedford, the Rev. T. Cave—The Rev. D. Lewis, vicar of Kimbolton, and rector of Wrestlingworth, 68—At Bedford, Mr. Woodroffe, sen.

BERKSHIRE.

We have pleasure in noticing the general good likely to be derived by the public from the universal success the Savings Banks have met with. The trustees of the Hungerford Savings Bank met at the Town Hall to settle the first year's account, and notwithstanding that Newbury and Marlborough are so near, in both of which are Savings Banks, the deposits at Hungerford exceeded 6,600l. the first year; a sum almost incredible, and the greater part of it by persons of that rank in life which the Savings Banks were intended to accommodate.

Died.] At Abingdon, Mrs. Budworth, 75—At Donnington, Catherine, the lady of G. Monkland, esq.—At Reading, Mr. Richard Stone—At Reading, Mr. Spencer—At Mortimer, Mr. A. Gould—Rev. D. Davies—At Thatcham, Mrs. Barfield, 46.

CAMBRIDGE.

Births.] The lady of J. Ward, esq. of Abingdon Park, of a son.

Married.] The Rev. J. Holmes, Fellow of Queen's College, to Miss Gorham, of St. Neots—At Cambridge, Mr. J. Furbank, to Miss Wentworth—At West Wickham, the Rev. C. Lawson, to Miss Clover—The Rev. W. Bolland, to Sarah, daughter of the late S. Pritchard, esq. of Belmont House, Shrewsbury.

Died.] The Rev. J. Sheppard, vicar of Walteringham, and Deputy-chancellor and Surrogate to the diocese of Ely—Mrs. Hignel, of Cambridge, 30—Mr. J. Norris, of St. John's, Cambridge, 76—F. B. Longe, esq. of Trinity College—E. Parry, esq. Fellow Commoner of St. John's College—At Cambridge, Frederick, third son of Sir G. G. Williams, bart.

CORNWALL.

The Prince Regent, as Duke of Cornwall and Lord of the Forest of Dartmoor, has offered a premium of 50l. to the cultivator of the greatest number of acres in flax within the year 1819. We have already noticed that Sir Thomas Tyrwhitt, of Torr Royal, received at the late meeting of the Bath and West of England Agricultural Society the Bedfordian silver medal for the growth of this national product.—*Cornwall Gazette.*

Births.] Near Fowey, Mrs. Clims, lady of Capt. J. C. of twin daughters—At Marazion, Mrs. Edmonds, of a daughter—The lady of J. T. Coryton, esq. of Pentillie Castle, of a son—At Fowey,

the lady of Capt. Bone, of a daughter—At Hays, near Callington, Mrs. John Fater, of a son—At Wadebridge, the lady of R. M. Welton, esq. of a daughter—At Liskeard, Mrs. Chapman, of a daughter—At Redruth, Mrs. J. P. arose, of a daughter.

Married.] T. J. Phillips, esq. of Newport House, to Caroline, second daughter of P. P. Treby, esq.—Aaron Scobell, esq. of Penzance, to Mary, sister of R. Vyvyan, of Trewan—At Probus, Mr. Z. Roberts, to Miss Julia Roberts—Lieut. Tilly, to Miss S. Bannick, of Penryn—At Penryn, Capt. Gosshard, to Miss E. Robert—At Lelant, Mr. J. Stephens, to Miss A. Stephens—At Branwell, Lieut. A. Rose, R. N. to Miss Lydia Borlase.

Died.] At Penzance, Edwin, youngest son of P. Price, esq. of Neath Abbey—At Landrake, Col. F. O'Dogherty—At Truro, Mr. W. Wells, 63—At Nelston, Mr. R. Kemphorne, brother of Admiral K. 82—At Liskeard, Mrs. S. Lower, 74.

CHESHIRE.

The repairs of our venerable cathedral will commence the beginning of this month (March); and it is expected that the nave will be completed in time for the projected Festival of Music in September next.—We have authority to state, that no difficulty will be thrown in the way of a Music Meeting by any of the members of the Capitular Body. The Bishop, we know, is very friendly to the measure, because it is likely to forward what he has always in view—the benefit of the city at large, and the charities in particular. In order, however, to ensure complete success to the festival, it must be patronised without any the least respect to party, and on such an occasion we are convinced that the good sense of the city will easily dispense with it.—*Chester Chronicle.*

The Earl Grosvenor is employing a number of labourers, in forming a new road to his magnificent mansion, near this city. It branches from the Eccleston road, near the house of Mr. Bosley, and will form a circle round Eccleston Hill—affording a truly picturesque drive.

Married.] At Bowdon, Mr. T. Halliwell, to Miss Clarke—Mr. James Green, of Marton, to Mrs. Barrow—At Chester, Mr. Brown, to Miss Hall.

Died.] At Runcorn, K. Janiers, esq.—At Warrington Lodge, P. Wettehall, esq.—G. Parker, esq. of Newton Hall, 85—Mrs. Cheney, 64—At Chester, Mr. W. Davies, 82—At Frodsham, Mr. Francis Ashley, solicitor, 97—At Chester, Mr. Bagley—At Chester, Emma, second daughter of J. B. Watson, esq.

CUMBERLAND.

Births.] At Clifton, the lady of Lieut.-Colonel Mansel, C. B. of a daughter—At Carlisle, the lady of J. Dixon, esq. of a daughter.

Married.] At Carlisle, J. Rawes, esq. to Miss S. Mitchell—At Carlisle, Mr. T. Whitfield, to Mrs. Tweddle—At the same place, Mr. W. Mills, to Miss J. M'Laughlin—At Whitehaven, Mr. T. Dixon, to Miss Grainger—At Carlisle, T. Williams, esq. to Miss Mary Powell.

Died.] At Buttermere, Mrs. Dover, daughter of the late W. Willes, esq. 30—At Carlisle, Mrs. Jane Grainger—At Penrith, Mr. Hudson—At Becher-mount, Mrs. Anne Cooke, 89—At Penrith, Mrs. E. Preston, 68—At Kendal, Geo. Wilson, 62—At Throelsley, Mr. Penman, 100—At Carlisle, J. Beak, esq. 45—At Whitehaven, W. Gordon, 64

DERBYSHIRE.

Died.—On the 6th ult. Sir Henry Crowe, bart. of Calke Abbey, while driving a pair of young full blood horses, from Arkley House, Marylebone, in a carriage constructed like a break, near the gates of his residence, Braham House, on the St. Alban's road, the horses became in a slight degree restive, and the wheel coming in contact with the posts at the gateway of a cottage, near the house, the carriage received a concussion, which threw Sir Henry with great force from his seat. He fell on his head, which occasioned instantaneous death. Lady Crowe, and some of his children, were at that moment arrived from town to dinner. One of his sons was with him on the box when the misfortune occurred. The feelings of his distracted lady and family on this unhappy occasion may be better conceived than described. He is succeeded in his title and estates by his eldest son, now Sir George Crowe, bart.—Mrs. Leadbeater, of Derby. 91—At Stately Hall, near Chesterfield, the Rev. F. Dixon, LL.D. 75.

DEVONSHIRE.

A violent gale of wind, approaching to the nature of a tornado, was experienced at Plymouth on Monday and Tuesday night last, accompanied by hail, which proved very destructive to the glass of several mansions and green-houses in the neighbourhood. Some of the hailstones measured two and a half inches in circumference. On the former night various chimnies were blown down, and roofs partly uncovered, in Stonehouse; but the greatest damage was to the Long-room in the same place, where, by the fall of a stack of chimnies through the roof into the officers' mess room, which they had not long quitted, the dining-table was crushed to pieces. In one remarkable case, the slates of a roof were completely reversed. The storm was rendered more awful by thunder and lightning.

Births. At Exeter, the lady of the Hon. C. Langdale, of a daughter.

Married. At Plymouth, T. J. Phillips, esq. to Miss Caroline Treby—At Dartmouth, G. Banfill, esq. to Miss Walters—W. J. Hawke, esq. of Bideford, to Miss Bent, of Jacobstow—Edward Kelly, esq. of Killey, to Sarah, eldest daughter of the late W. Braddon, esq. of Skisdon Lodge. D. Symes, esq. of Teignmouth, to Miss A. Pidsley—Lieut. Southey, R.N. to Miss Parsons, of Plymouth Dock.

Died. B. Meanby, esq. of Topham, 65—Rev. W. Toms, A.B. of Southmolton—Rev. H. Mends, of Exeter—At Findge House, Mrs. Cann—At Coombe, A. Elliott, esq.—At Teignmouth, John, youngest son of T. Daniel, esq.—At Teignmouth, Charlotte, second daughter of J. Tayleur, esq. of Bantingsdale, Shropshire—At Holway Cottage, Mrs. E. A. Gibbons, the lady of Lieut. Gibbons of 65th regt. 19.

DURHAM.

Births. At Durham, the wife of Mr. Wetherhall.

Died. At Sunderland, Miss Carr—At Durham, Mr. R. Dent, 45. At the same place, Mrs. Tilley, 91—At Crook, near Durham, Mr. T. Linton.

DORSETSHIRE.

Births. At Weymouth, the lady of the Rev. Dr. Cracknell, of a daughter.

Married. At Mapperton, the Rev. H. Fox, to Margaret, eldest daughter of the late Col. Edwards—At Breaminster, J. Bishop, esq. of Stonecombe, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Mr. Daniel—At Whitfield Cottage, near Dorchester, Mr. J. Beasant, ordnance storekeeper, 34—At Charborough Park, R. E. Dax, M.P. and justice of the peace for the county of Dorset.

Died. At Weymouth, Mrs. Butcher—At Milborne St. Andrews, Mrs. Hatchard, 63—At Corsley, Mr. W. Diedge, 61.

ESSEX.

Births. At Chelmsford, the lady of the Rev. J. G. Waid, of a son—At Jericho House, Blackmore, the lady of R. Preston, esq. of a daughter; the lady of W. W. Suard, esq. of a daughter—At Dedham, the lady of W. Webb, esq. of a daughter.

Married. At Wanstead, J. Browning, esq. of Sutton Benger, Wilts, to Miss Jones, of Wanstead House—At Colchester, Mr. S. Wickew, of Jotman's Hall, to Miss Anne Waites—Geo. Rogers, of Manningtree, to Miss Roebuck.

Died. A short time since, in the 85th year of his age, Mr. Hurltell, farmer and malster, of Upper Yeldham Hall. He ordered in his will that his body should be buried in one of his woods—be covered with one of the hair cloths he used to dry his malt on, and that six hedges and ditches should carry his corpse, six others be pull-bearers, and six more to follow as mourners, all with their bills and hedging gloves; and likewise ordered a hogshhead of beer to be drank, and bread and cheese to be distributed, and each of the bearers, mourners, and those who carried the corpse, to receive a pound note, which request was literally complied with—At Billericay, Mrs. S. Wingfield 84—At Colchester, Mr. S. Moore, 75—Mr. G. Walker, 69—Mr. J. Brown, 18—At Great Leighs, the Rev. E. Parkinson—Mrs. Anne Langton, 79—At Latton Mill, Mr. D. Reddington—At Moulsham, R. Martin, esq.—As Springfield, Mr. J. Knight—At Bumpstead Helions, Mr. W. Sandle, 63—At Bocking, Mrs. Carter, relict of Martin Carter, esq.—J. Bacon, of Ardleigh, brick-maker, 86, leaving seven children, three sons and four daughters, 49 grandchildren, and 37 great grandchildren, making 100!—At Chelmsford, Mr. A. Sapworth—At Chelmsford, the Rev. E. Parkinson—At Ingatstone G. Godwin, 41.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

The shopkeepers and the town of Cheltenham in general were put into no small consternation lately from the sudden extinction of the gas lights, through the neglect of one of the men of the works. The consequence was that they were enveloped in darkness for half an hour!

Births. At Eastington House, the lady of J. P. Hicks, esq. of a daughter—The lady of the Rev. R. Cooper, of Matton, of a daughter—At Clifton, the lady of Lieut. Col. Mansel, of a daughter—At Cheltenham, Mrs. R. Thornton, of her 20th child.

Married. At Minchinhampton, J. Smart, esq. to Miss C. Davies—R. J. D. Cummins, esq. to Anna, relict of S. P. Ward, esq.—Lieut. Col. Tryon, to Mary Anne, eldest daughter of Mrs. Sheridan—At Cheltenham, the Rev. J. Davies, to E. J. eldest daughter of Col. Cox—At Bristol, J. Jarvis, to Miss Holloway—At Clifton, Mr. J. Mires, to Miss Fanny Godfrey, of the Old Park.

Died. C. Evans, esq. of High Grove, one of the members of the corporation of Gloucester—At Overbury, near Tewkesbury, J. Nind, esq. 81—W. Holdier, esq. of Layton, 69—At Cheltenham, Mrs. Duncombe, widow of the Rev. S. Duncombe, 86—At Tewkesbury, Charlotte, youngest daughter of the Rev. T. Howitt, 21—In Park-st, Bristol, Mrs. Earle—At Cheltenham, Mary Anne, wife of T. Newton, esq.—The Rev. R. Wynneate, 81—At Stonehouse Court, Louisa, wife of R. S. Davies, esq.—At Clifton, W. Ling esq. 73.

HAMPSHIRE.

The *Portsmouth paper* says:—An experiment has been tried in this dock yard, to ascertain if a grass, the common produce of New Zealand, and which may be cut down three times a year, is applicable to making large and small ropes. A favorable report we understand is made of it. The article is strong and pliable and very silky in its nature. It can be brought into this country at less than 8*l.* per ton; one seventh of the cost of hemp.

Married.] At Newton Vallence, J. Field, esq. of Stockwell Common, Surrey, to Anne, daughter of the Rev. J. Shoreland, rector of Martyu-Worthing—At Portsea, the Right Hon. Lord Greenock D. Q. G., to Miss Martha, daughter of T. Marther, esq.—At Old Basing, Daniel May, esq. to Miss Barton.

Died.] At Gosport, Mrs. Boville, wife of S. B., esq.—At Barton, near Winchester, Mr. J. Goodman—At Portsmouth, Lieut. Quelch, R. N.—At Kimbolton, the Rev. D. Lewis—W. Price esq.

HEREFORDSHIRE.

Married.] At Leominster, H. C. Lewes, esq. to Eliza, second daughter of J. Morris, esq.—At Hereford, Mr. Treherne, of Breinton, to Miss Doyle—At Linton, Mr. T. Garrold, to Miss Woodhall.

Died.] At Hereford, Mrs. T. Lee, 73—Elizabeth, daughter of T. Higgins, esq. of Eastmer, 19—At Dudshill, N. Hyde, esq. 86—At Eaton House, Frances, eldest daughter of the late J. Owen, esq., of Pedmore Park, Worcestershire, 19—At Ledbury, Miss Selwyn, daughter of the Rector of Pixley, 19.

HERTFORDSHIRE.

Births.] At Bennington Park, the lady of C. M. Campbell, esq. of a daughter.

Died.] At Little Manden, the Rev. E. Heysham, 78—At Wymondley House, the Rev. H. PARRY, 65.

HUNTINGDONSHIRE.

Married.] Mr. Mann, to Miss Gray of Buckworth—At St. Neots, the Rev. J. Holmes, to Miss Gorham.

Died.] Mr. W. Underwood, 23.

KENT.

On Wednesday the *Menai* frigate, of 28 guns, was launched from Chatham dock yard. Unfortunately, whilst every one was enjoying high gratification at the sight of so handsome a launch, one of the masts broke, and Sir John Gore, and several other persons received considerable injury.

Births.] At Hythe, the lady of Lieut. Col. Goldsūch, C. B. of a son. At Margate, the lady of T. W. Cobb, esq. of a daughter—At Deal, the lady of Capt. E. Kitchie, of a daughter.

Married.] T. Bedford, esq. of Ramsgate, to Miss Curling, of Chilton—At Canterbury, H. Colclard, esq. to Miss Louisa Clifford—At Rochester, G. Pemble, esq. of Lumsford House, East Malling, to Miss Mary Millen, of Aylesford—At Canterbury, Mr. T. Casey, to Miss S. Fairbairn—F. Manning, esq. of Combe park, to Miss E. Turner, of Stoke Rochford, Lincoln—At Folkestone, J. March to Miss H. Stone—At Eastwell, J. Rutt to Mary Simpson—At Dover, H. Williams to Miss Youden—W. Law, to Miss M. A. Hight.

Died.] At Dover, the Rev. J. Busby, chaplain of the garrison, 59—At Boxley House, J. Coker, esq.—At Bromley, W. Walsmley, nearly twenty years clerk of the papers of the House of Lords—At Dover R. Waugh, esq.—At Lydd, D. Denne, esq. 66—At New Romney, M. Corawell, late of

Canterbury, 88—At Westwell, J. Miller, 66—At Canterbury, W. Jones, 44—At Margate, J. Pope—At Chatham, Mrs. W. Maucklark—J. Brown, gunner of Dover Castle, 71—At Biddeford, J. Withersden, 78—At Hatfielddown, Mrs. Fox, 96—At Seaford, Mrs. E. Lett 100; out of 56 children and grand-children, the deceased was present at the births of 401—At Sandwich, Mrs. Dawson of a fever—At Dover, Mr. Ward—At Maidstone, Mr. Swain, 49—At Chart Sutton, Mr. W. Shirley.

LANCASHIRE.

A journeyman stone mason of Liverpool has brought writs of right for the recovery of an estate in Ireland, which has long been in *abeyance*, of 8,000*l.* a year; and also, an accumulated personal property of more than half a million. His prospects of success have been pronounced to be very favourable by several lawyers of the first eminence.

We are sorry to announce the loss of the *Lord Hill* packet, between Liverpool and the Isle of Man, with 18 persons on board, all of whom perished.

Births.] At Woolton Hall, the lady of J. Ash-ton, esq. of a son—At Watershead Mill, the lady of W. Waring, esq. of a son.

Married.] Wm. Mac Kie, esq. of Liverpool, to Susan, youngest daughter of T. C. Everett, esq.—At St. Helens, near Prescott, J. Hook, esq. of London, to Eliza Frances, daughter of A. Clarke, L. L. D. and F. A. S.—At Eccleston, E. G. Clifton, esq. to Eliza, third daughter of the late T. E., esq.—At Childwall, T. Bent, esq. M. D. to Miss Rawson, of Rose Hill—The Rev. H. M. Hutchinson, to Miss Monday, eldest daughter of Mrs. Salmon, the vocal performer.

Died.] At Culcheth Hall, Mary, the wife of Lieut. Col. Keymer, 41—At Failsworth, near Manchester, the Rev. J. Horden, M. A.—At Crimble, near Rochdale, J. Fenton, esq. 53—At Burnley, Anne, the lady of Reginald Hargreaves, esq. 29—At Strangeways, J. Starkie, esq.—At Everton, Agnes, the lady of J. Carson, esq.—At Elland, Edward, the youngest son of J. Rushforth, esq.—At Strangeways, T. Millington, esq.—At Leighton Hall, near Lancaster, Mrs. Richmond, 84—At Manchester, S. Bowden, 92.

LEICESTERSHIRE.

Births.] At Melton Mowbray, Mrs. Tinsley, of a daughter—Mrs. E. Adcock, of a daughter.

Married.] S. Cradock, esq. to Eliza, daughter of W. Fernadage, esq.

Died.] At Twyford, Mrs. H. King, 87.—At Barwell, Mrs. G. Lilly, 102—Mrs. Marriott, widow of the Rev. Dr. M.—W. Toone, esq. of Belton—Mrs. Hayne, wife of R. H., esq. of Great Glenn—Penelope, daughter of the late W. King, esq., of Sibby—At Melton Mowbray, Mrs. Sill, 51.

LINCOLNSHIRE.

Births.] The lady of Evans Hartopp, esq. of little Dalby, of a son—At Little Ponton House, Grantham, the lady of Sir Charles Kent, Bart. of a son and heir.

Married.] At Ingoldsbys, B. Rush 81, to Miss Anne Gadsby 77—Mr. Reynard 60, to Miss Bell, 16—W. Laming 76, to Miss Smith, 28—At Gainsborough, Capt. Chesham, to Mary Foster—At Market Rasen, J. Martin, to Mary, second daughter of R. Clarke, esq.—At Burton, near Lincoln, J. W. Dudding, of Saxby, to Mary, eldest daughter of the Rev. W. Jackson—C. Craven, esq. to Miss Danvers, of Lincoln.

Died.] Mary, the wife of the Rev. W. Shaw, curate of Watham—At Stanton, the Rev. R. Wynniatt, 81—Mr. Alderman Foster, of Lincoln, 90—At Louth, Mrs. Grant, widow of J. G. esq. 90.

NORFOLK.

Caution to Swearers. About a fortnight since, two young men, in company at a public-house at Lynn, engaged, for a pot of beer, to try which could swear the most diabolical oaths; when one of them, after using the most abominable expressions, became exhausted, and could not utter a syllable, and has remained speechless ever since, a living example to those who take God's name in vain.

Births. At Hillington, the Lady of J. W. Folkes, esq. of a son.

Married. At Soulden, J. Carter, esq. of Northwold, to Miss Mary Anne Tyssen, of Pennenden Heath—At Norwich, J. H. Yallop, esq. to Miss Mendall—Mr R. Dawson, to Mary Anne, only daughter of J. Campion, esq.—At Norwich, Mr. J. Robson, to Miss Anne Staff.

Died. At Norwich, the Rev. Mark Wilkes, 40 years minister of a congregation of dissenters in that place—At Thetford, Mrs. F. Torris—At Norwich, Mrs. M. Kettle, 70—Abbot Upcher, esq. of Sherringham, 36—Miss E. J. Warner, daughter of the Rev. J. L. W. of Walsingham, 12—Sir T. Berners Plaistow, Knt. of Wallington Hall—At Norwich, Wm. Adams, esq. 27.

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

We hear that Earl Fitzwilliam has made the magnificent donation of one thousand pounds towards the repairs, or, it may almost be said, the rebuilding of Peterborough parish church. The total expenditure is estimated at about 9000l.; and when the work is completed, which it is expected to be before Michaelmas next, the church will be as handsome a structure as any out of the metropolis.

Married. At Peterborough, T. A. Cooke, esq. to Miss Squire, daughter of the late W. T. Squire, esq.—At Burton Latimer, Mr. Turner, to Miss Flavell—At Cold Higham, Mr. R. Kingston, to Mrs. E. Hards—At Abthorpe, Mr. W. Sheen, to Miss Greaves.

Births. At Thornby rectory, the lady of the Rev. N. Cotton, of a son.

Died. At Piddlington, Mrs. J. Longstaffe, 68—At Pytchly, Miss Hensham, daughter of H. Hensham, esq.—At Walgrave, Mr. J. Barrett, 83.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

Births. At Newcastle, the lady of the Rev. Geo. Burdon, of a daughter.

Married. At Newcastle, Mr. P. Horn, to Miss Falconer—At the same place, Mr. E. Monkhouse, to Miss J. Bolam—At Newcastle, Thos. Shadforth, esq. to Mrs. Margaret Smith, his housekeeper—At Mitford, James Renshaw, esq. to Miss Mitford.

Died. At Warkworth, Mrs. Jane Clark, 82—At the workhouse at Newcastle, Margaret Parvis, alias *Blind Willy*, 99 years nine months.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.

We are informed, that the rail-way from Pinxton to Mansfield is in a state of great forwardness, and that much advantage is likely to be derived from it by the inhabitants of Mansfield. It is also said to be in contemplation to inclose the forest, and to cut a canal from Mansfield through Ollerton, to Retford. Should such a project be carried into execution, it will be productive of important benefits, as it will afford every facility for the conveyance of groceries, corn, bone manure, and other articles, from Gainsborough, by water, while stone, Pinxton lime, coal, &c. will find a ready transit from Mansfield by the same means, to the infinite advantage of the surrounding neighbourhood.

Births. At Aspley Hall, the lady of H. Wilboughby, esq. M. P. of a son.

Married. At Blyth, Mr. J. Berley, to Mrs. J. Thomson.

Died. At North Lays, near Ollerton, J. Vessey, esq.—At Southwall, Mr. W. Adams, 40 years governor of the House of Correction in that place, 86—At Newark, Mrs. Hunt—At Southwell, J. Lacroft, esq. 79—At Newark, Mr. R. Norton, sen.—At Newark, Mrs. Hankin, 89.

OXFORDSHIRE.

A correspondent in the Oxford Herald, noticing the present roads from Bristol to London, and those that are in contemplation, strongly recommends, in preference to all of them, as being shorter, a road taking Oxford in its route.

Married. At Witney, J. Clinch, to Miss Maria Winkworth—At Oxford, W. Hughes, esq. A. B. of Trinity College, to M. L. only daughter of W. Vicary, of Magdalen College.

Died. At the Vicarage, Charlegrove, Frances, the lady of the Rev. M. Payne—At Tedding, Mrs. Radford, 74—At Banbury, R. Chapman, esq.

RUTLANDSHIRE.

Married. At Liddington, Mr. Adcock, of Caldecott, to Miss Peach—At Oakham, Mr. Jackson, to Miss Taylor—Mr. Jackson, of Belvoir Castle, to Miss Houghton, of Grantham.

Died. About the middle of last month, at Denton, near Belvoir Castle, one William Osmond, or rather Osborne, a blind old soldier, born at or near St. Neots, who seems to have been really the last survivor (though many last survivors have been talked of) among those who climbed the Heights of Abraham, under General Wolfe. Of this he was fond of talking while his senses remained; but these he lost some years ago. His age was supposed to be 88; and, to the honour of this just and generous nation, it should be added, that for many years he has received a pension amounting to 26l. a year.

SHROPSHIRE.

An ingenious mechanic, Mr. Moir, who exhibited several machines for premiums at the Shropshire and other Agricultural Societies, and who left this town on a tour through America, has transmitted a detailed description of the celebrated frigate, *Fulton the First*. We understand that Mr. Moir has discovered an error in the machinery of this vessel, which will be fatal to its operation; but, like a good Englishman, he declines making it public at present.

Married. At Shrewsbury, C. E. Macdonell, esq. of the 85th Reg. to Miss Wilkinson—J. Austen, esq. to Elizabeth, 2d daughter of Mr. Hazeldine, of Shrewsbury—At Shrewsbury, the Rev. W. Bolland, Vicar of Swineshead and Frampton, to Miss S. Fritchard—At Clunbury, G. Lowe, to Miss James.

Died. At Batingsdale, J. Taleur, esq. 30—At Shrewsbury, T. Pemberton, esq. 84—At Shrewsbury, G. C. Forrester, esq. of Elmley Lodge—The Rev. R. Smith, M.A. curate of Wulstaston.

SOMERSETSHIRE.

Seven prisoners, committed for capital crimes, escaped a few nights ago from the new goal at Taunton, which they effected by breaking through three thick stone walls. They had previously been permitted to work in the prison as carpenters, and secreted part of the tools with which they were supplied.

Births. The lady of Dr. H. Fox, of Bristol, of a son—At Bath, the lady of Capt. Paget, of a daughter.

Married. R. Harvey, esq. of Langley Park, Bucks, to Miss Jemima Collins, of Hatch Court—R. H. Baker, esq. R. N. to C. A. daughter of H. Norris, esq. of Taunton.

Died. At Bath, Mrs. Capel, relict of D. Capel, esq. 76—At Bath, Mr. Durham, 90.

STAFFORDSHIRE.

Births.] At Hopton Heath, the lady of J. Conran, esq. of a daughter.

Married.] At Stoke-upon-Trent, Mr. Wm. Gother, to Miss Anne Ashley. The bridegroom, aged 42, had been in his Majesty's naval service 22 years, and has lost both his legs. When conducted to the church, he was seated in the *forecastle* of a *donkey*, accompanied by his faithful *Dulcinia*. On arriving at the desired *haven*, he disembarked, and being safely stowed in the *hold* of the church, he received his blushing bride on his *knees*, being unable to stand or walk.

Died.] At Penn, near Wolverhampton, the Rev. G. Green.—Sarah, only child of J. Selsely, esq.

SUFFOLK.

Married.] At Woodbridge, the Rev. Charles Sharpe, to Anne, daughter of the late W. Goodwin, esq.—J. Black, of Woodbridge, to the daughter of the late Mr. J. Collins.—At Ipswich, R. Purcell, to Miss Brown, of Southwold.

Died.] At Mettingham, near Bungay, Francis Cutts.—At Needham, W. Beales, upwards of 64 years parish clerk of that place.—At Melford, the Rev. J. Leroo, 30 years rector of that parish.—At Haughley, Mrs. M. Turner, 92.—At Hadleigh, Mrs. Mary Vesey, 83.—At Ipswich, Sarah, the lady of E. Cornwall, esq.

SURREY.

Birth.] The lady of T. Hudson, esq. of a daughter.

Died.] G. Chatfield, esq. of Croydon, 28.—At Thorpe Lee, Sir H. Tempest, 67.—At Wandsworth, J. Hilbert, esq. 86.

SUSSEX.

Lately an elegant private chapel, attached to Staunstead House, was consecrated by the Lord Bishops of Gloucester and St David's, assisted by about forty clergymen in the neighbourhood. Previous to the solemn act, the Rev. Lewis Way, the proprietor, tendered to the bishops an endowment, in perpetuity, of 100*l.* a-year, secured on a freehold farm in the neighbourhood, which was handed over to the chancellor of the diocese to be registered. The ceremony was witnessed by upwards of 300 of the most respectable gentry in the counties of Sussex and Hants. After the consecration was performed, company to the number of 80, sat down to a most sumptuous entertainment given on the occasion.

Married.] At Shipley, Col. Kenah, C. B. to Miss Burrell.

Died.] At Winchelsea, R. Denne, esq.—At Ticehurst, Mrs. H. Bishop, wife of the Rev. H. B.—At Wisbro', Mary, relict of W. Walker, esq. 80.

WORCESTERSHIRE.

Birth.] At Worcester, the lady of the Rev. S. Wildman, of a son.

Married.] Theodore Butler, esq. to Lucy, daughter of the late late Richards, esq.—A. Y. Bird, esq. to Miss Hooper.—At Trowbridge, M. Butler, to Miss Delves.

Died.] Eleanor, relict of R. Hudson, esq. of Wick, near Pershore, 76.—Mrs. Brown, relict of R. B. esq. of Little Hampton—Wm. Tooue, esq. of Belton—Francis, eldest son of the late J. Owen, esq. of Redmore Park—At the vicarage, Broadway, the Rev. D. Davies, curate of that parish 48 years, 67.—At Worcester, the Rev. J. Robinson; same place, Thos. Yarnald, esq.; Mrs. Hawkins, of Barbourne Lodge—At Cradley, near Stourbridge, J. Cardule, esq. 77.—At Malvern, Mrs. S. the lady of M. Stephenson, esq.—At Rainbow Hill, near Worcester, Mrs. Hardwick—At Wildon, near Stourport, Mrs. M. Lee, 103.—At Kempsey, Mrs. Shoreland, 82.

WARWICKSHIRE.

Several young men of Birmingham, who were educated at the Blue-coat School of that town, have formed themselves into a society, and agreed to deposit a per centage of their earnings, to form a fund, to make an annual gift to the institution which fostered them in their early years.

Died.] At Warwick, Mrs. Langhorne, wife of the Rev. Hugh H.—At Birmingham, Frances Charlotte, wife of the Rev. J. A. James.—At Cosely, Mrs. Draper, wife of the Rev. B. H. Draper—Mrs. Moody, relict of the Rev. J. Moody—At Charington, W. Dickens, esq.—At Rugby, Mrs. Marriott, widow of the late Rev. R. M.; same place, the Rev. H. Archer.—At Birmingham, Mrs. Sarah Bickley.

WESTMORELAND.

Died.] At Shap, the Rev. M. Holme, vicar of that place.

WILTSHIRE.

Births.] At Rushall, the lady of the Rev. T. Hale, of a son.—At Longleat, Lady E. Campbell, of a daughter.

Married.] James Scott, esq. of Rothfield Park, to Miss Snell, daughter of the late W. Snell, esq.—Mr. T. B. Maurice, surgeon, of Swindon, to Miss Bullock.

Died.] At his seat, Teffont, T. Mayne, esq. 70.—C. T. eldest son of the Rev. C. T. Kellow, rector of Codford; also, N. S. daughter of C. T. Kellow, esq.—At Melksham, Melliora Olivia, relict of H. Guy, esq.—At Salisbury, Mrs. N. Douglas, sister of the Bishop of that diocese—At Marlborough, Mrs. Simmons, 97.—At Wilton, J. Cade, 96.—At Salisbury, Mrs. Goodman; same place, the Rev. J. Hughes, jun. 24.

YORKSHIRE.

Port of Hull.—The following is a statement of the amount of Customs, duty, trade, &c. to this port, for the years ending the 5th January, 1817 and 1818, viz:—

Gross receipt	- - 1817	- -	£391,000
Ditto	- - 1818	- -	520,000

being 129,000*l.* more than the preceding year, and 82,000*l.* more than in 1803, which was previously the most productive since the port was established. The number of vessels arrived and cleared was as under:—

	No.	Tonnage.
Ships inward, with cargoes, 1817,	844	145,940
Ditto, ditto, 1818,	1425	224,900

being an increase of 601 vessels, tonnage 80,960 over the preceding year. The trade outwards, in the same period, was as under:—

Ships outward, with cargoes, 1817,	409	50,306
Ditto, ditto, 1818,	413	52,500

The sums deposited in the Fontefract Savings' Bank, since its commencement in Oct. 1817, to the 1st ult. amount to 10,381 19*s.* 11*d.*—The depositors are almost entirely labourers, artisans, and domestic servants.

Married.] At Whitby, the Rev. J. Andrew, to Miss Chapman—At Leeds, S. Greenwood, esq. of Stone's House, to Miss Edlison, of Holbeck Lodge—At Knarborough, T. Fardell, esq. of Cornwick, to Miss A. Meyrick, daughter of W. M. esq.—At Hull, after a tedious courtship—of twenty two minutes! Capt. Scarby, to Miss Locker.

Died.] At Parlington, Mrs. Gascoigne—At York, the Rev. J. D. Thomas, D. D.—At Farham, near Knarborough, R. Harvey, esq.—At Doncaster, E. Simpson, esq.—At Pontefract, R. Dunhill, esq.—At Sheffield, J. Rawson, esq.—At Beverley, the Rev. B. Robinson, rector of Scarborough, 59; same place, Mrs. Adamthwaite; Mr. Hardy; 97—At York, Mr. Sandersoon.

WALES.

Extraordinary Occurrence.—A butcher in Newton, Montgomeryshire, was in the act of killing a pig, when, having thrust the knife into its throat, he threw the weapon upon the ground. The enraged animal, though in the conflict of death, took hold of the haft of the knife in its mouth, and by a jerk of its head, inflicted a wound in the leg of the butcher, to the surprise of several bystanders!

Viscount Bulkeley has presented a church clock and peal of six bells to the town of Beaumaris, in Anglesey.

Births.] At Plas Bowman, Caernarvon, the lady of W. P. Lloyd, esq., of a daughter.—At Byrbella, the lady of Sir John Salisbury, of a son.

Married.] At Hawarden, the Rev. T. Pennant to Miss Griffith.

Died.] At Llanrost, Denbighshire, the lady of W. Edwards, esq. 49.—At Caernarvon, Z. Jones, esq.—T. R. Charles, of Bala, Merionethshire.—At Caernarvon, the Rev. Mr. Owen.

SCOTLAND.

Sagacity of a Hedgehog.—As Mr. Lane, gamekeeper to the Earl of Galloway, was passing by the wood of Calscadden, near Galiestown, he fell in with a hedgehog, crossing the road at a small distance before him, carrying on its back six pheasant's eggs, which, upon examination, he found it had pilfered from a pheasant's nest hard by. The ingenuity of the creature was very conspicuous, as several of the remaining eggs were holed, which must have been done by it, when in the act of rolling itself over the nest, in order to make as many adhere to its prickles as possible. After watching the motions of the urchin for a short time longer, Mr. Lane saw it deliberately crawl

into a furze bush, where its nest was, and where the shells of several eggs were strewn around, which had at some former period been conveyed thither in the same manner.—*Ayr Journal.*

Births.] Mrs. J. S. Robertson, Pitt street, Edinburgh, of a son.—At Stockbridge, Mrs. Currie, of a daughter.

Married.] At Edinburgh, Dr. C. Stewart, to Miss McFarlane.—At Edinburgh, G. G. Munroe, esq. to Miss Mary Kingdom.

Died.] At Strabane, John Dorman, or Diermott. He was born at Boigh, in the parish of Cloulce, county of Donegal, the 24th of August, 1799, and consequently was upwards of 109 years of age. His father was a labourer, and lived to the age of 111. His mother's name was Margaret Sharkey; she lived to be nearly 113 years old.

IRELAND.

On the 4th ult. a gentleman in Ireland received a letter from a friend of his, residing at a distance from him of 120 miles, by a half-carrier pigeon. It is supposed the bird was not more than four hours on the wing.

Births.] At Newport, the lady of K. Pennefather, of a daughter.—At Galway, the lady of Surgeon Price, of a son.

Married.] At Lamberton Park, Capt W. Percott, to Eliza, eldest daughter of the Honourable Justice Moore.—At Dublin, Sir J. Coghill, to Miss A. M. Busche.—At Rathflowing, Captain Remkin, to Miss Monk.—At Waterford, T. Barnes, esq. to Miss Hutchinson.

Died.] At Ennis, Foster Parsons, esq. 66.—At Caberlouss, the Right Hon. R. Butler, Earl of Glengal.—At Seaford, county Wexford, Mrs. E. Lett, 100; Charles Lett, esq. her last child, was born in her 59th year.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

"A SOUTHRON," has been received, but he appears, unfortunately, to have fallen into precisely the same error he so vehemently deprecates in our correspondent "X." If, however, he thinks proper to re-consider his subject, and adduce some sort of arguments in support of his assertions, we shall be happy to find them a place in our pages, though we cannot give currency to his opinions, in their present form.

Mr. A BROOKE has our best thanks for his beautiful Sonnet; it did not arrive until after our poetical department for the present Number was made up, but will certainly appear in our next.

"A Walk Round Florence,"—"Observations on Campbell's Specimens of the British Poets, No. 1,"—and "Extracts from Letters, written by a Resident at Geneva, containing Anecdotes of Lord Byron, and other Distinguished Characters," in our next.

We thank VERITAS for his communication; his sentiments, though materially at variance with our own, bear the stamp of liberality, and, on that account, possess a strong claim upon our attention. Although we may not insert his present letter, we shall be happy to hear from him again.

M. ought to be aware that in a court of criticism, as in a court of justice, when sentence is once passed it cannot be repealed. His present verses are better than those he formerly transmitted, but not good enough for the pages of the New Monthly Magazine.

Mr. TREBOLD, "On the Dry Rot," and Mr. DONCASTER'S "Plan for an Organised Supply of the Metropolis with Provisions, by Water Carriage," are unavoidably deferred till next month.

We shall have much pleasure in paying early attention to the request of our friend in Bedfordshire, whose letter of the 23d was duly received.

We have lately been put to much unnecessary expense by trifling and unimportant letters from various parts of the country: we must beg to be understood, that henceforth, we shall decline to notice all communications which do not reach us free of postage, unless transmitted by known and valued correspondents.

We are always glad to receive notices of interest for our "Literary Report," but we must be allowed to discriminate between what are suitable for that department and what belong to the Advertisement Wrapper.

J. Giffet, Printer, Crown Court, Fleet Street, London.



Drawn by C. R. Leslie.

Engraved by H. Blythe.

S. T. COLERIDGE, ESQ.

Published April 1832 by Henry Colburn, Conduit Street.

THE
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. 63.]

APRIL 1, 1819.

[VOL. XI.]

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM GENEVA,
WITH ANECDOTES OF LORD BYRON,
&c.

[We received several private letters in the course of last autumn from a friend travelling on the Continent, and among others the following, which we give to the public on account of its containing anecdotes of an Individual, concerning whom the most trifling circumstances, if they tend to mark even the minor features of his mind, cannot fail of being considered important and valuable by those who know how to appreciate his erratic but transcendent genius. The tale which accompanied the letter we have also much pleasure in presenting to our readers.—*Ed.*]

“I breathe freely in the neighbourhood of this lake; the ground upon which I tread has been subdued from the earliest ages; the principal objects which immediately strike my eye, bring to my recollection, scenes, in which man acted the hero and was the chief object of interest. Not to look back to earlier times of battles and sieges, here is the bust of Rousseau—here is the house with an inscription denoting that the Genevan philosopher first drew breath under its roof. A little out of the town is Ferney the residence of Voltaire; where that wonderful, though certainly in many respects contemptible, character, received, like the hermits of old, the visits of pilgrims, not only from his own nation, but from the farthest boundaries of Europe. Here too is Bonnet's abode, and, a few steps beyond, the house of that astonishing woman Madame de Staël, perhaps the first of her sex, who has really proved its often claimed equality with the nobler man. We have had before, women who have written interesting novels and poems, in which their tact at observing drawing-room characters has availed them; but never since the days of Heloise have those faculties which are peculiar to man, been developed as the possible inheritance of woman. Though even here, as in the case of Heloise, our sex have not been backward in alleging the existence of an Abeilard in the person of M. Schlegel as the inspirer of her
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works. But to proceed: upon the same side of the lake, Gibbon, Bonnivard, Bradshaw and others, mark, as it were, the stages for our progress; whilst upon the other side there is one house built by Diodati, the friend of Milton, which has contained within its walls, for several months, that poet whom we have so often read together, and who—if human passions remain the same, and human feelings, like chords, on being swept by nature's impulses shall vibrate as before—will be placed by posterity in the first rank of our English Poets. You must have heard, or the Third Canto of *Childe Harold* will have informed you, that Lord Byron resided many months in this neighbourhood. I went with some friends a few days ago, after having seen Ferney, to view this mansion. I trod the floors with the same feelings of awe and respect as we did, together, those of Shakspeare's dwelling at Stratford. I sat down in a chair of the saloon, and satisfied myself that I was resting on what he had made his constant seat. I found a servant there who had lived with him; she, however, gave me but little information. She pointed out his bed-chamber upon the same level as the saloon and dining-room, and informed me that he retired to rest at three, got up at two, and employed himself a long time over his toilette; that he never went to sleep without a pair of pistols and a dagger by his side, and that he never eat animal food. He apparently spent some part of every day upon the lake in an English boat. There is a balcony from the saloon which looks upon the lake and the mountain Jura; and, I imagine, that it must have been hence, he contemplated the storm so magnificently described in the Third Canto; for you have from here a most extensive view of all the points he has therein depicted. I can fancy him like the scathed pine, whilst all around was sunk to repose, still waking to observe, what gave but a weak image of the storms which had desolated his own breast.

The sky is changed!—and such a change;
Oh, night!

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2 C

And storms and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,
 Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
 Of a dark eye in woman! Far along
 From peak to peak, the rattling crags
 among,
 Leaps the live thunder! Not from one
 lone cloud,
 But every mountain now hath found a
 tongue,
 And Jura answers thro' her misty shroud,
 Back to the joyous Alps who call to her
 aloud!

And this is in the night:—Most glorious
 night!

Thou wert not sent for a lumber! let me be
 A sharer in thy far and fierce delight,—
 A portion of the tempest and of me!
 How the lit lake shines a phosphoric sea,
 And the big rain comes dancing to the
 earth!

And now again 'tis black,—and now the
 glee

Of the lone hill shakes with its mountain
 mirth,

As if they did rejoice o'er a young earth-
 quake's birth.

Now where the swift Rhine cleaves his
 way between

Heights which appear, as lovers who have
 parted

In haste, whose mining depths so inter-
 vene,

That they can meet no more, tho' broken
 hearted;

Tho' in their souls which thus each other
 thwarted,

Love was the very root of the fond rage
 Which blighted their life's bloom, and then
 departed—

Itself expired, but leaving them an age
 Of years all winter—war within themselves
 to wage.

I went down to the little port, if I
 may use the expression, wherein his ves-
 sel used to lay, and conversed with the
 cottager, who had the care of it. You
 may smile, but I have my pleasure in
 thus helping my personification of the
 individual I admire, by attaining to the
 knowledge of those circumstances which
 were daily around him. I have made
 numerous enquiries in the town con-
 cerning him, but can learn nothing. He
 only went into society there once, when
 M. Pictet took him to the house of a
 lady to spend the evening. They say
 he is a very singular man, and seem to
 think him very uncivil. Amongst
 other things they relate, that having in-
 vited M. Pictet and Bonstetten to dinner,
 he went on the lake to Chillon, leaving a
 gentleman who travelled with him to
 receive them, and make his apologies.
 Another evening, being invited to the

house of Lady D—— H——, he pro-
 mised to attend, but upon approaching
 the windows of her ladyship's villa, and
 perceiving the room to be full of com-
 pany, he put down his friend, desiring
 him to plead his excuse, and immediately
 returned home. This will serve as a
 contradiction to the report which you
 tell me is current in England, of his hav-
 ing been avoided by his countrymen on
 the continent. The case happens to be
 directly the reverse, as he has been gene-
 rally sought after by them, though on most
 occasions, apparently without success. It
 is said, indeed, that upon paying his first
 visit at Coppet, following the servant who
 had announced his name, he was sur-
 prised to meet a lady carried out faint-
 ing; but before he had been seated many
 minutes, the same lady, who had been
 so affected at the sound of his name,
 returned and conversed with him a con-
 siderable time—such is female curiosity
 and affectation! He visited Coppet fre-
 quently, and of course associated there
 with several of his countrymen, who
 evinced no reluctance to meet him whom
 his enemies alone would represent as an
 outcast.

Though I have been so unsuccessful
 in this town, I have been more fortunate
 in my enquiries elsewhere. There is a
 society three or four miles from Geneva,
 the centre of which is the Countess of
 Breuss, a Russian lady, well acquainted
 with the *agrémens de la Société*, and
 who has collected them round herself at
 her mansion. It was chiefly here, I find,
 that the gentleman who travelled with
 Lord Byron, as physician, sought for so-
 ciety. He used almost every day to cross
 the lake by himself, in one of their flat-
 bottomed boats, and return after passing
 the evening with his friends about eleven
 or twelve at night, often whilst the storms
 were raging in the circling summits of
 the mountains around. As he became
 intimate, from long acquaintance, with
 several of the families in this neighbour-
 hood, I have gathered from their ac-
 counts some excellent traits of his lord-
 ship's character, which I will relate to
 you at some future opportunity. I must,
 however, free him from one imputation
 attached to him—of having in his house
 two sisters as the partakers of his revels.
 This is, like many other charges which
 have been brought against his lordship,
 entirely destitute of truth. His only com-
 panion was the physician I have already
 mentioned. The report originated from
 the following circumstance: Mr. Percy
 Bysshe Shelly, a gentleman well known

for extravagance of doctrine, and for his daring in their profession, even to sign himself with the title of *Abec*; in the Album at Chamouny, having taken a house below, in which he resided with Miss M. W. Godwin and Miss Clermont, (the daughters of the celebrated Mr. Godwin) they were frequently visitors at Diodati, and were often seen upon the lake with his Lordship, which gave rise to the report, the truth of which is here positively denied.

Among other things which the lady, from whom I procured these anecdotes, related to me, she mentioned the outline of a ghost story by Lord Byron. It appears that one evening Lord B., Mr. P. B. Shelly, the two ladies and the gentleman before alluded to, after after having perused a German work, which was entitled *Phantasmagoriana*; began relating ghost stories; when his lordship having recited the beginning of *Christabel*, then unpublished, the whole took so strong a hold of Mr. Shelly's mind, that he suddenly started up and ran out of the room. The physician and Lord Byron followed, and discovered him leaning against a mantle-piece, with cold drops of perspiration trickling down his face. After having given him something to refresh him, upon enquiring into the cause of his alarm, they found that his wild imagination having pictured to him the bosom of one of the ladies with eyes (which was reported of a lady in the neighbourhood where he lived) he was obliged to leave the room in order to destroy the impression. It was afterwards proposed, in the course of conversation, that each of the company present should write a tale depending upon some supernatural agency, which was undertaken by Lord B., the physician, and Miss M. W. Godwin. My friend, the lady above referred to, had in her possession the outline of each of these stories, I obtained them as a great favour, and herewith forward them to you, as I was assured you would feel as much curiosity as myself, to peruse the *ebauches* of so great a genius, and those immediately under his influence..”*

* We have in our possession the Tale of Dr. ———, as well as the outline of that of Miss Godwin. The latter has already appeared under the title of “*Frankenstein, or the modern Prometheus*;” the former, however, upon consulting with its author, we may, probably, hereafter give to our readers.—ED.

THE VAMPIRE;

A TALE BY LORD BYRON.

[The superstition upon which this tale is founded is very general in the East. Among the Arabians it appears to be common: it did not, however, extend itself to the Greeks until after the establishment of Christianity; and it has only assumed its present form since the division of the Latin and Greek churches; at which time, the idea becoming prevalent, that a Latin body could not corrupt if buried in their territory, it gradually increased, and formed the subject of many wonderful stories, still extant, of the dead rising from their graves, and feeding upon the blood of the young and beautiful. In the West it spread, with some slight variation, all over Hungary, Poland, Austria, and Lorraine, where the belief existed, that vampyres nightly imbibed a certain portion of the blood of their victims, who became emaciated, lost their strength, and speedily died of consumptions; whilst these human blood-suckers fattened—and their veins became distended to such a state of repletion as to cause the blood to flow from all the passages of their bodies, and even from the very pores of their skins.

In the London Journal of March, 1782, is a curious, and of course *credible* account of a particular case of vampyrism, which is stated to have occurred at Madregga, in Hungary. It appears, that upon an examination of the commander in chief and magistrates of the place, they positively and unanimously affirmed that, about five years before, a certain Heyduke, named Arnold Paul, had been heard to say, that, at Cassovia, on the frontiers of the Turkish Servia, he had been tormented by a vampyre, but had found a way to rid himself of the evil, by eating some of the earth out of the vampyre's grave, and rubbing himself with his blood. This precaution, however, did not prevent him from becoming a vampyre himself; for, about twenty or thirty days after his death and burial, many persons complained of having been tormented by him, and a deposition was made, that four persons had been deprived of life by his attacks. To prevent further mischief, the inhabitants having consulted their Hadagni†, took up the body, and found it (as is supposed to be usual in cases of vampyrism) fresh, and entirely free from corruption, and emitting at the mouth, nose, and ears, pure and florid blood. Proof having been thus obtained, they resorted to the accustomed remedy. A stake was driven entirely through the heart and body of Arnold Paul, at which he is reported to have cried out as dreadfully as if he had been alive. This done, they cut off his head, burned his body, and threw the ashes into his grave. The same

* The universal belief is, that a person sucked by a vampyre becomes a vampyre himself, and sucks in his turn.

† Chief bailiff.

measures were adopted with the corse of those persons who had previously died from vampyrie, lest they should, in their turn, become agents upon others who survived them.

We have related this monstrous rodomontade, because it seems better adapted to illustrate the subject of the present observations than any other instance we could adduce. In many parts of Greece it is considered as a sort of punishment after death, for some heinous crime committed whilst in existence, that the deceased is doomed to vampyrie, but be compelled to confine his infernal visitations solely to those beings he loved most while upon earth—those to whom he was bound by ties of kindred and affection. This supposition is, we imagine, alluded to in the following fearfully sublime and prophetic curse from the “Giaour.”

But first on earth, as Vampyre sent,
Thy corse shall from its tomb be rent;
Then ghastly haunt thy native place,
And suck the blood of all thy race;
There from thy daughter, sister, wife,
At midnight drain the stream of life;
Yet loathe the banquet, which perforce
Must feed thy livid living corse.
Thy victims, ere they yet expire,
Shall know the demon for their sire;
As cursing thee, thou cursing them,
Thy flowers are withered on the stem.
But one that for thy crime must fall,
The youngest, best beloved of all,
Shall bless thee with a father's name—
That word shall wrap thy heart in flame!
Yet thou must end thy task and mark
Her cheek's last tinge—her eye's last spark,
And the last glassy glance must view
Which freezes o'er its lifeless blue;
Then with unhallowed hand shall tear
The tresses of her yellow hair,
Of which, in life a lock when shorn
Affection's fondest pledge was worn—
But now is borne away by thee
Memorial of thine agony!
Yet with thine own best blood shall drip
Thy gnashing tooth, and haggard lip;
Then stalking to thy sullen grave,
Go—and with Gouls and Afrits rave,
'Till these in horror shrink away
From spectre more accursed than they.

Mr. Southey has also introduced in his wild but beautiful poem of “Thalaba,” the vampyre corse of the Arabian maid Oneiza, who is represented as having returned from the grave for the purpose of tormenting him she best loved whilst in existence. But this cannot be supposed to have resulted from the sinfulness of her life, she being portrayed throughout the whole of the tale as a complete type of purity and innocence. The veracious Tournefort gives a long account in his travels of several astonishing cases of vampyrie, to which he pretends to have been an eye-witness; and Calmet, in his great work upon this subject, besides a variety of anecdotes,

and traditional narratives illustrative of its effects, has put forth some learned dissertations, tending to prove it to be a classical, as well as barbarian error.

We could add many curious and interesting notices on this singularly horrible superstition, and we may, perhaps, resume our observations upon it at some future opportunity; for the present, we feel that we have very far exceeded the limits of a note, necessarily devoted to the explanation of the strange production to which we now invite the attention of our readers; and we shall therefore conclude by merely remarking, that though the term Vampyre is the one in most general acceptance, there are several others synonymous with it, which are made use of in various parts of the world, namely, Vrucolocha, Vardoulacha, Goul, Broucoloka, &c. —E.D.]

It happened that in the midst of the dissipations attendant upon a London winter, there appeared at the various parties of the leaders of the ton a nobleman, more remarkable for his singularities, than his rank. He gazed upon the mirth around him, as if he could not participate therein. Apparently, the light laughter of the fair only attracted his attention, that he might by a look quell it, and throw fear into those breasts where thoughtlessness reigned. Those who felt this sensation of awe, could not explain whence it arose: some attributed it to the dead grey eye, which, fixing upon the object's face, did not seem to penetrate, and at one glance to pierce through to the inward workings of the heart; but fell upon the cheek with a leaden ray that weighed upon the skin it could not pass. His peculiarities caused him to be invited to every house; all wished to see him, and those who had been accustomed to violent excitement and now felt the weight of *ennui*, were pleased at having something in their presence capable of engaging their attention. In spite of the deadly hue of his face, which never gained a warmer tint, either from the blush of modesty, or from the strong emotion of passion, though its form and outline were beautiful, many of the female hunters after notoriety attempted to win his attentions, and gain, at least, some marks of what they might term affection. Lady Mercer, who had been the mockery of every monster shewn in drawing rooms since her marriage, threw herself in his way, and did all but put on the dress of a mountebank, to attract his notice;—though in vain:—when she stood before him, though his eyes were apparently fixed upon her's, still it seemed as if they were

unperceived—even her unappalled impudence was baffled, and she left the field. But though the common adúlteress could not influence even the guidance of his eyes, it was not that the female sex was indifferent to him: yet such was the apparent caution with which he spoke to the virtuous wife and innocent daughter, that few knew he ever addressed himself to females. He had, however, the reputation of a winning tongue; and whether it was that it even overcame the dread of his singular character, or that they were moved by his apparent hatred of vice, he was as often among those females who form the boast of their sex from their domestic virtues, as among those who sully it by their vices.

About the same time, there came to London a young gentleman of the name of Aubrey: he was an orphan left with an only sister in the possession of great wealth; by parents who died while he was yet in childhood. Left also to himself by guardians, who thought it their duty merely to take care of his fortune, while they relinquished the more important charge of his mind to the care of mercenary subalterns, he cultivated more his imagination than his judgment. He had, hence, that high romantic feeling of honour and candour, which daily ruins so many milliners' apprentices. He believed all to sympathise with virtue, and thought that vice was thrown in by Providence merely for the picturesque effect of the scene, as we see in romances; he thought that the misery of a cottage merely consisted in the vesting of clothes, which were as warm, but which were better adapted to the painter's eye by their irregular folds and various coloured patches. He thought, in fine, that the dreams of poets were the realities of life. He was handsome, frank, and rich: for these reasons, upon his entering into the gay circles, many mothers surrounded him, striving which should describe with least truth their languishing or romping favourites: the daughters at the same time, by their brightening countenances when he approached, and by their sparkling eyes, when he opened his lips, soon led him into false notions of his talents and his merit. Attached as he was to the romance of his solitary hours, he was startled at finding that except in the tallow and wax candles, that flickered not from the presence of a ghost, but from want of snuffing, there was no foundation in real life for any of that congeries of pleasing pictures and de-

scriptions contained in those volumes, from which he had formed his study. Finding, however, some compensation in his gratified vanity, he was about to relinquish his dreams, when the extraordinary being we have above described, crossed him in his career.

He watched him; and the very impossibility of forming an idea of the character of a man entirely absorbed in himself, who gave few other signs of his observation of external objects, than the tacit assent to their existence, implied by the avoidance of their contact; allowing his imagination to picture every thing that flattered its propensity to extravagant ideas, he soon formed this object into the hero of a romance, and determined to observe the offspring of his fancy, rather than the person before him. He became acquainted with him; paid him attentions, and had so far advanced upon his notice, that his presence was always recognised. He gradually learnt that Lord Ruthven's affairs were embarrassed, and soon found, from the notes of preparation in — Street, that he was about to travel. Desirous of gaining some information respecting this singular character, who, till now, had only whetted his curiosity, he hinted to his guardians, that it was time for him to perform the tour, which for many generations has been thought necessary to enable the young to take some rapid steps in the career of vice, towards putting themselves upon an equality with the aged, and not allowing them to appear as if fallen from the skies, whenever scandalous intrigues are mentioned as the subjects of pleasantries or of praise, according to the degree of skill shewn in carrying them on. They consented: and Aubrey immediately mentioning his intentions to Lord Ruthven, was surprised to receive from him a proposal to join him. Flattered, by such a mark of esteem from him, who, apparently, had nothing in common with other men, he gladly accepted it, and in a few days they had passed the circling waters.

Hitherto, Aubrey had had no opportunity of studying Lord Ruthven's character, and now he found, that, though many more of his actions were exposed to his view, the results offered different conclusions from the apparent motives to his conduct. His companion was profuse in his liberality;—the idle, the vagabond, and the beggar, received from his hand more than enough to relieve their immediate wants. But Aubrey

could not avoid remarking, that it was not upon the virtuous, reduced to indigence by the misfortunes attendant even upon virtue, that he bestowed his alms;—these were sent from the door with hardly suppressed sneers; but when the profligate came to ask something, not to relieve his wants, but to allow him to wallow in his lust, or to sink him still deeper in his iniquity, he was sent away with rich charity. This was, however, attributed by him to the greater importunity of the vicious, which generally prevails over the retiring bashfulness of the virtuous indigent. There was one circumstance about the charity of his Lordship, which was still more impressed upon his mind: all those upon whom it was bestowed, inevitably found that there was a curse upon it, for they all were either led to the scaffold, or sunk to the lowest and the most abject misery. At Brussels and other towns through which they passed, Aubrey was surprized at the apparent eagerness with which his companion sought for the centres of all fashionable vice; there he entered into all the spirit of the faro table: he betted, and always gambled with success, except where the known sharper was his antagonist, and then he lost even more than he gained; but it was always with the same unchanging face, with which he generally watched the society around: it was not, however, so when he encountered the rash youthful novice, or the luckless father of a numerous family; then his very wish seemed fortune's law—this apparent abstractedness of mind was laid aside, and his eyes sparkled with more fire than that of the cat whilst dallying with the half dead mouse. In every town, he left the formerly affluent youth, torn from the circle he adorned, cursing, in the solitude of a dungeon, the fate that had drawn him within the reach of this fiend; whilst many a father sat frantic, amidst the speaking looks of mute hungry children, without a single farthing of his late immense wealth, wherewith to buy even sufficient to satisfy their present craving. Yet he took no money from the gambling table; but immediately lost, to the ruin of many, the last gilder he had just snatched from the convulsive grasp of the innocent: this might but be the result of a certain degree of knowledge, which was not, however, capable of combating the cunning of the more experienced. Aubrey often wished to represent this to his friend, and beg

him to resign that charity and pleasure which proved the ruin of all, and did not tend to his own profit;—but he delayed it—for each day he hoped his friend would give him some opportunity of speaking frankly and openly to him; however, this never occurred. Lord Ruthven in his carriage, and amidst the various wild and rich scenes of nature, was always the same: his eye spoke less than his lip; and though Aubrey was near the object of his curiosity, he obtained no greater gratification from it than the constant excitement of vainly wishing to break that mystery, which to his exalted imagination began to assume the appearance of something supernatural.

They soon arrived at Rome, and Aubrey for a time lost sight of his companion; he left him in daily attendance upon the morning circle of an Italian countess, whilst he went in search of the memorials of another almost deserted city. Whilst he was thus engaged, letters arrived from England, which he opened with eager impatience; the first was from his sister, breathing nothing but affection; the others were from his guardians, the latter astonished him; if it had before entered into his imagination that there was an evil power resident in his companion, these seemed to give him almost sufficient reason for the belief. His guardians insisted upon his immediately leaving his friend, and urged, that his character was dreadfully vicious, for that the possession of irresistible powers of seduction, rendered his licentious habits more dangerous to society. It had been discovered, that his contempt for the adulteress had not originated in hatred of her character; but that he had required, to enhance his gratification, that his victim, the partner of his guilt, should be hurled from the pinnacle of unsullied virtue, down to the lowest abyss of infamy and degradation: in fine, that all those females whom he had sought, apparently on account of their virtue, had, since his departure, thrown even the mask aside, and had not scrupled to expose the whole deformity of their vices to the public gaze.

Aubrey determined upon leaving one, whose character had not yet shown a single bright point on which to rest the eye. He resolved to invent some plausible pretext for abandoning him altogether, purposing, in the mean while, to watch him more closely, and to let no slight circumstance pass by unnoticed. He entered into the same circle, and soon perceived, that his Lordship was endea-

vouring to work upon the inexperience of the daughter of the lady at whose house he chiefly frequented. In Italy, it is seldom that an unmarried female is met with in society; he was therefore obliged to carry on his plans in secret; but Aubrey's eye followed him in all his windings, and soon discovered that an assignation had been appointed, which would most likely end in the ruin of an innocent, though thoughtless girl. Losing no time, he entered the apartment of Lord Ruthven, and abruptly asked him his intentions with respect to the lady, informing him at the same time that he was aware of his being about to meet her that very night. Lord Ruthven answered, that his intentions were such as he supposed all would have upon such an occasion; and upon being pressed whether he intended to marry her, merely laughed. Aubrey retired; and, immediately writing a note, to say, that from that moment he must decline accompanying his Lordship in the remainder of their proposed tour, he ordered his servant to seek other apartments, and calling upon the mother of the lady, informed her of all he knew, not only with regard to her daughter, but also concerning the character of his Lordship. The assignation was prevented. Lord Ruthven next day merely sent his servant to notify his complete assent to a separation; but did not hint any suspicion of his plans having been foiled by Aubrey's interposition.

Having left Rome, Aubrey directed his steps towards Greece, and, crossing the Peninsula, soon found himself at Athens. He then fixed his residence in the house of a Greek; and soon occupied himself in tracing the faded records of ancient glory upon monuments that apparently, ashamed of chronicling the deeds of freemen only before slaves, had hidden themselves beneath the sheltering soil or many coloured lichen. Under the same roof as himself, existed a being, so beautiful and delicate, that she might have formed the model for a painter wishing to pourtray on canvass the promised hope of the faithful in Mahomet's paradise, save that her eyes spoke too much mind for any one to think she could belong to those who had no souls. As she danced upon the plain, or tripped along the mountain's side, one would have thought the gazelle a poor type of her beauties, for who would have exchanged her eye, apparently the eye of animated nature, for that sleepy luxurious look of the animal suited but to the taste of an epicure.

The light step of Ianthe often accompanied Aubrey in his search after antiquities, and often would the unconscious girl, engaged in the pursuit of a Kashmere butterfly, show the whole beauty of her form, floating as it were upon the wind, to the eager gaze of him, who forgot the letters he had just decyphered upon an almost effaced tablet, in the contemplation of her sylph-like figure. Often would her tresses falling, as she fitted around, show in the sun's ray such delicately brilliant and swiftly fading hues, as might well excuse the forgetfulness of the antiquary, who let escape from his mind the very object he had before thought of vital importance to the proper interpretation of a passage in Pausanias. But why attempt to describe charms which all feel, but none can appreciate?—It was innocence, youth, and beauty, unaffected by crowded drawing rooms, and stifling balls. Whilst he drew those remains of which he wished to preserve a memorial for his future hours, she would stand by, and watch the magic effects of his pencil, in tracing the scenes of her native place; she would then describe to him the circling dance upon the open plain, would paint to him in all the glowing colours of youthful memory, the marriage pomp she remembered viewing in her infancy; and then, turning to subjects that had evidently made a greater impression upon her mind, would tell him all the supernatural tales of her nurse. Her earnestness and apparent belief of what she narrated, excited the interest even of Aubrey; and often, as she told him the tale of the living vampyre, who had passed years amidst his friends, and dearest ties, forced every year, by feeding upon the life of a lovely female to prolong his existence for the ensuing months, his blood would run cold, whilst he attempted to laugh her out of such idle and horrible fantasies; but Ianthe cited to him the names of old men, who had at last detected one living among themselves, after several of their near relatives and children had been found marked with the stamp of the fiend's appetite; and when she found him so incredulous, she begged of him to believe her, for it had been remarked, that those who had dared to question their existence, always had some proof given, which obliged them, with grief and heart-breaking, to confess it was true. She detailed to him the traditional appearance of these monsters, and his horror was increased, by hearing a

pretty accurate description of Lord Ruthven; he, however, still persisted in persuading her, that there could be no truth in her fears, though at the same time he wondered at the many coincidences which had all tended to excite a belief in the supernatural power of Lord Ruthven.

Aubrey began to attach himself more and more to Ianthe, her innocence, so contrasted with all the affected virtues of the women among whom he had sought for his vision of romance, won his heart; and while he ridiculed the idea of a young man of English habits, marrying an uneducated Greek girl, still he found himself more and more attached to the almost fairy form before him. He would tear himself at times from her, and, forming a plan for some antiquarian research, he would depart, determined not to return until his object was attained; but he always found it impossible to fix his attention upon the ruins around him, whilst in his mind he retained an image that seemed alone the rightful possessor of his thoughts. Ianthe was unconscious of his love, and was ever the same frank infantile being he had first known. She always seemed to part from him with reluctance; but it was because she had no longer any one with whom she could visit her favourite haunts, whilst her guardian was occupied in sketching or uncovering some fragment which had yet escaped the destructive hand of time. She had appealed to her parents on the subject of Vampyres, and they both, with several present, affirmed their existence, pale with horror at the very name. Soon after, Aubrey determined to proceed upon one of his excursions, which was to detain him for a few hours; when they heard the name of the place, they all at once begged of him not to return at night, as he must necessarily pass through a wood, where no Greek would ever remain after the day had closed, upon any consideration. They described it as the resort of the vampyres in their nocturnal orgies, and denounced the most heavy evils as impending upon him who dared to cross their path. Aubrey made light of their representations, and tried to laugh them out of the idea; but when he saw them shudder at his daring thus to mock a superior, infernal power, the very name of which apparently made their blood freeze, he was silent.

Next morning Aubrey set off upon his excursion unattended; he was sur-

prised to observe the melancholy face of his host, and was concerned to find that his words, mocking the belief of those horrible fiends, had inspired them with such terror.—When he was about to depart, Ianthe came to the side of his horse and earnestly begged of him to return, ere night allowed the power of these beings to be put in action—he promised. He was, however, so occupied in his research that he did not perceive that daylight would soon end, and that in the horizon there was one of those specks which in the warmer climates so rapidly gather into a tremendous mass and pour all their rage upon the devoted country.—He at last, however, mounted his horse, determined to make up by speed for his delay: but it was too late. Twilight in these southern climates is almost unknown; immediately the sun sets, night begins; and ere he had advanced far, the power of the storm was above—its echoing thunders had scarcely an interval of rest—its thick heavy rain forced its way through the canopying foliage, whilst the blue forked lightning seemed to fall and radiate at his very feet. Suddenly his horse took fright, and he was carried with dreadful rapidity through the entangled forest. The animal at last, through fatigue, stopped, and he found, by the glare of lightning, that he was in the neighbourhood of a hovel that hardly lifted itself up from the masses of dead leaves and brushwood which surrounded it. Dismounting, he approached, hoping to find some one to guide him to the town, or at least trusting to obtain shelter from the pelting of the storm. As he approached, the thunders, for a moment silent, allowed him to hear the dreadful shrieks of a woman mingling with the stifled exultant mockery of a laugh, continued in one almost unbroken sound; he was startled: but, roused by the thunder which again rolled over his head, he with a sudden effort forced open the door of the hut. He found himself in utter darkness; the sound, however, guided him. He was apparently unperceived; for though he called, still the sounds continued, and no notice was taken of him. He found himself in contact with some one, whom he immediately seized, when a voice cried “again baffled,” to which a loud laugh succeeded, and he felt himself grappled by one whose strength seemed superhuman: determined to sell his life as dearly as he could, he struggled: but it was in vain: he was lifted from his feet and hurled with enormous force against the

ground :—his enemy threw himself upon him, and kneeling upon his breast, had placed his hands upon his throat, when the glare of many torches penetrating through the hole that gave light in the day, disturbed him—he instantly rose and, leaving his prey, rushed through the door, and in a moment the crashing of the branches, as he broke through the wood, was no longer heard.—The storm was now still ; and Aubrey, incapable of moving, was soon heard by those without.—They entered ; the light of their torches fell upon the mud walls, and the thatch loaded on every individual straw with heavy flakes of soot. At the desire of Aubrey they searched for her who had attracted him by her cries ; he was again left in darkness ; but what was his horror, when the light of the torches once more burst upon him, to perceive the airy form of his fair conductress brought in a lifeless corse. He shut his eyes, hoping that it was but a vision arising from his disturbed imagination ; but he again saw the same form, when he unclosed them, stretched by his side. There was no colour upon her cheek, not even upon her lip ; yet there was a stillness about her face that seemed almost as attaching as the life that once dwelt there :—upon her neck and breast was blood, and upon her throat were the marks of teeth having opened the vein :—to this the men pointed, crying, simultaneously struck with horror, “a Vampyre, a Vampyre !” A litter was quickly formed, and Aubrey was laid by the side of her who had lately been to him the object of so many bright and fairy visions, now fallen with the flower of life that had died within her. He knew not what his thoughts were—his mind was benumbed and seemed to shun reflection and take refuge in vacancy—he held almost unconsciously in his hand a naked dagger of a particular construction, which had been found in the hut.—They were soon met by different parties who had been engaged in the search of her whom a mother had soon missed.—Their lamentable cries, as they approached the city, forewarned the parents of some dreadful catastrophe.—To describe their grief would be impossible ; but when they ascertained the cause of their child’s death they looked at Aubrey and pointed to the corpse.—They were inconsolable ; both died broken hearted.

Aubrey being put to bed was seized with a most violent fever, and was often delirious ; in these intervals he would call

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upon Lord Ruthven and upon Ianthe—by some unaccountable combination he seemed to beg of his former companion to spare the being he loved.—At other times he would imprecate maledictions upon his head, and curse him as her destroyer. Lord Ruthven chanced at this time to arrive at Athens, and, from whatever motive, upon hearing of the state of Aubrey, immediately placed himself in the same house and became his constant attendant. When the latter recovered from his delirium he was horrified and startled at the sight of him whose image he had now combined with that of a Vampyre ; but Lord Ruthven by his kind words, implying almost repentance for the fault that had caused their separation, and still more by the attention, anxiety, and care which he showed, soon reconciled him to his presence. His Lordship seemed quite changed ; he no longer appeared that apathetic being who had so astonished Aubrey ; but as soon as his convalescence began to be rapid, he again gradually retired into the same state, of mind, and Aubrey perceived no difference from the former man, except, that at times he was surprised to meet his gaze fixed intently upon him with a smile of malicious exultation playing upon his lips ; he knew not why, but this smile haunted him. During the last stage of the invalid’s recovery, Lord Ruthven was apparently engaged in watching the tideless waves raised by the cooling breeze, or in marking the progress of those orbs, circling, like our world, the moveless sun ;—indeed he appeared to wish to avoid the eyes of all.

Aubrey’s mind, by this shock, was much weakened, and that elasticity of spirit which had once so distinguished him now seemed to have fled for ever.—He was now as much a lover of solitude and silence as Lord Ruthven ; but much as he wished for solitude, his mind could not find it in the neighbourhood of Athens ; if he sought it amidst the ruins he had formerly frequented, Ianthe’s form stood by his side—if he sought it in the woods, her light step would appear wandering amidst the underwood, in quest of the modest violet ; then suddenly turning round would show, to his wild imagination, her pale face and wounded throat with a meek smile upon her lips. He determined to fly scenes, every feature of which created such bitter associations in his mind. He proposed to Lord Ruthven, to whom he held himself bound by the

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tender care he had taken of him during his illness, that they should visit those parts of Greece neither had yet seen. They travelled in every direction, and sought every spot to which a recollection could be attached; but though they thus hastened from place to place yet they seemed not to heed what they gazed upon.---They heard much of robbers, but they gradually began to slight these reports, which they imagined were only the invention of individuals, whose interest it was to excite the generosity of those whom they defended from pretended dangers. In consequence of thus neglecting the advice of the inhabitants, on one occasion they travelled with only a few guards, more to serve as guides than as a defence.---Upon entering, however, a narrow defile, at the bottom of which was the bed of a torrent, with large masses of rock brought down from the neighbouring precipices, they had reason to repent their negligence---for, scarcely were the whole of the party engaged in the narrow pass, when they were startled by the whistling of bullets close to their heads, and by the echoed report of several guns. In an instant their guards had left them, and placing themselves behind rocks had begun to fire in the direction whence the report came. Lord Ruthven and Aubrey, imitating their example, retired for a moment behind a sheltering turn of the defile; but ashamed of being thus detained by a foe, who with insulting shouts bade them advance, and being exposed to unresisting slaughter, if any of the robbers should climb above and take them in the rear, they determined at once to rush forward in search of the enemy.---Hardly had they lost the shelter of the rock, when Lord Ruthven received a shot in the shoulder that brought him to the ground.---Aubrey hastened to his assistance, and no longer heeding the contest or his own peril, was soon surprised by seeing the robbers' faces around him; his guards having, upon Lord Ruthven's being wounded, immediately thrown up their arms and surrendered.

By promises of great reward, Aubrey soon induced them to convey his wounded friend to a neighbouring cabin, and having agreed upon a ransom he was no more disturbed by their presence, they being content to merely guard the entrance till their comrade should return with the promised sum for which he had an order.---Lord Ruthven's strength rapidly decreased,

in two days mortification ensued, and death seemed advancing with hasty steps.---His conduct and appearance had not changed; he seemed as unconscious of pain as he had been of the objects about him; but towards the close of the last evening his mind became apparently uneasy, and his eye often fixed upon Aubrey, who was induced to offer his assistance with more than usual earnestness.---"Assist me! you may save me---you may do more than that---I mean not my life, I heed the death of my existence as little as that of the passing day; but you may save my honour, your friend's honour."---"How, tell me how; I would do any thing," replied Aubrey, "I need but little---my life ebbs apace---I cannot explain the whole---but if you would conceal all you know of me, my honour were free from stain in the world's mouth---and if my death were unknown for some time in England---I---I---but life."---"It shall not be known,"---"Swear!" cried the dying man, raising himself with exultant violence, "Swear by all your soul reveres, by all your nature fears, swear that for a year and a day you will not impart your knowledge of my crimes or death to any living being in any way, whatever may happen, or whatever you may see."---His eyes seemed bursting from their sockets: "I swear!" said Aubrey; he sunk laughing upon his pillow and breathed no more.

Aubrey retired to rest, but did not sleep, the many circumstances attending his acquaintance with this man rose upon his mind, and he knew not why; when he remembered his oath a cold shivering came over him, as if from the presentiment of something horrible awaiting him. Rising early in the morning he was about to enter the hovel in which he had left the corpse, when a robber met him, and informed him that it was no longer there, having been conveyed by himself and comrades, upon his retiring, to the pinnacle of a neighbouring mount, according to a promise they had given his lordship, that it should be exposed to the first cold ray of the moon that rose after his death. Aubrey astonished, and taking several of the men, determined to go and bury it upon the spot where it lay. But, when he had mounted to the summit he found no trace of either the corpse or the clothes, though the robbers, as they pointed out the identical rock on which they had laid the body. For a time his mind was bewildered in conjectures, but

he at last returned, convinced that they had buried the corpse for the sake of the clothes.

Weary of a country in which he had met with such terrible misfortunes, and in which all apparently conspired to heighten that superstitious melancholy that had seized upon his mind, he resolved to leave it, and soon arrived at Smyrna. While waiting for a vessel to convey him to Otranto, or to Naples, he occupied himself in arranging those effects he had with him belonging to Lord Ruthven. Amongst other things there was a case containing several weapons of offence, more or less adapted to ensure the death of the victim. There were several daggers and atagans. Whilst turning them over, and examining their curious forms, what was his surprise at finding a sheath apparently ornamented in the same style as the dagger discovered in the fatal hut; he shuddered; hastening to gain further proof, he found the weapon, and his horror may be imagined when he discovered that it fitted, though peculiarly shaped, the sheath he held in his hand. His eyes seemed to need no further certainty—they seemed gazing to be bound to the dagger; yet still he wished to disbelieve; but the particular form, the same varying tints upon the haft and sheath were alike in splendour on both, and left no room for doubt; there were also drops of blood on each.

He left Smyrna, and on his way home, at Rome, his first inquiries were concerning the lady he had attempted to snatch from Lord Ruthven's seductive arts. Her parents were in distress, their fortune ruined, and she had not been heard of since the departure of his lordship. Aubrey's mind became almost broken under so many repeated horrors; he was afraid that this lady had fallen a victim to the destroyer of Ianthe. He became morose and silent, and his only occupation consisted in urging the speed of the postillions, as if he were going to save the life of some one he held dear. He arrived at Calais; a breeze, which seemed obedient to his will, soon wafted him to the English shores; and he hastened to the mansion of his fathers, and there, for a moment, appeared to lose, in the embraces and caresses of his sister, all memory of the past. If she before, by her infantine caresses, had gained his affection, now that the woman began to appear, she was still more attaching as a companion.

Miss Aubrey had not that winning

grace which gains the gaze and applause of the drawing-room assemblies. There was none of that light brilliancy which only exists in the heated atmosphere of a crowded apartment. Her blue eye was never lit up by the levity of the mind beneath. There was a melancholy charm about it which did not seem to arise from misfortune, but from some feeling within, that appeared to indicate a soul conscious of a brighter realm. Her step was not that light footing, which strays where'er a butterfly or a colour may attract—it was sedate and pensive. When alone, her face was never brightened by the smile of joy; but when her brother breathed to her his affection, and would in her presence forget those griefs she knew destroyed his rest, who would have exchanged her smile for that of the voluptuary? It seemed as if those eyes,—that face were then playing in the light of their own native sphere. She was yet only eighteen, and had not been presented to the world; it having been thought by her guardians more fit that her presentation should be delayed until her brother's return from the continent, when he might be her protector. It was now, therefore, resolved that the next drawing room, which was fast approaching, should be the epoch of her entry into the "busy scene." Aubrey would rather have remained in the mansion of his fathers, and sed upon the melancholy which overpowered him. He could not feel interest about the frivolities of fashionable strangers, when his mind had been so torn by the events he had witnessed; but he determined to sacrifice his own comfort to the protection of his sister. They soon arrived in town, and prepared for the next day, which had been announced as a drawing-room.

The crowd was excessive—a drawing room had not been held for a long time, and all who were anxious to bask in the smile of royalty, hastened thither. Aubrey was there with his sister. While he was standing in a corner by himself, heedless of all around him, engaged in the remembrance that the first time he had seen Lord Ruthven was in that very place—he felt himself suddenly seized by the arm, and a voice he recognized too well, sounded in his ear—"Remember your oath." He had hardly courage to turn, fearful of seeing a spectre that would blast him, when he perceived, at a little distance, the same figure which had attracted his notice on this spot upon his first entry into society. He gazed till

his limbs almost refusing to bear their weight, he was obliged to take the arm of a friend, and forcing a passage through the crowd, he threw himself into his carriage, and was driven home. He paced the room with hurried steps, and fixed his hands upon his head, as if he were afraid his thoughts were bursting from his brain. Lord Ruthven again before him—circumstances started up in dreadful array—the dagger—his oath.—He roused himself, he could not believe it possible.—the dead rise again!—He thought his imagination had conjured up the image his mind was resting upon. It was impossible that it could be real—he determined, therefore, to go again into society; for though he attempted to ask concerning Lord Ruthven, the name hung upon his lips, and he could not succeed in gaining information. He went a few nights after with his sister to the assembly of a near relation. Leaving her under the protection of a matron, he retired into a recess, and there gave himself up to his own devouring thoughts. Perceiving, at last, that many were leaving, he roused himself, and entering another room, found his sister surrounded by several, apparently in earnest conversation; he attempted to pass and get near her, when one, whom he requested to move, turned round, and revealed to him those features he most abhorred. He sprang forward, seized his sister's arm, and, with hurried step, forced her towards the street: at the door he found himself impeded by the crowds of servants who were waiting for their lords; and while he was engaged in passing them, he again heard that voice whisper close to him—"Remember your oath!"—He did not dare to turn, but, hurrying his sister, soon reached home.

Aubrey became almost distracted. If before his mind had been absorbed by one subject, how much more completely was it engrossed, now that the certainty of the monster's living again pressed upon his thoughts. His sister's attentions were now unheeded, and it was in vain that she intreated him to explain to her what had caused his abrupt conduct. He only uttered a few words, and those terrified her. The more he thought, the more he was bewildered. His oath startled him;—was he then to allow this monster to roam, bearing ruin upon his breath, amidst all he held dear, and not avert its progress? His very sister might have been touched by him. But even if he were to break his oath, and dis-

close his suspicions, who would believe him? He thought of employing his own hand to free the world from such a wretch; but death, he remembered, had been already mocked. For days he remained in this state, shut up in his room, he saw no one, and eat only when his sister came, who, with eyes streaming with tears, besought him, for her sake, to support nature. At last, no longer capable of bearing stillness and solitude, he left his house, roamed from street to street, anxious to fly that image which haunted him. His dress became neglected, and he wandered, as often exposed to the noon-day sun as to the midnight damps. He was no longer to be recognized; at first he returned with the evening to the house: but at last he laid him down to rest wherever fatigue overtook him. His sister, anxious for his safety, employed people to follow him; but they were soon distanced by him who fled from a pursuer swifter than any—from thought. His conduct, however, suddenly changed. Struck with the idea that he left by his absence the whole of his friends, with a fiend amongst them, of whose presence they were unconscious, he determined to enter again into society, and watch him closely, anxious to forewarn, in spite of his oath, all whom Lord Ruthven approached with intimacy. But when he entered into a room, his haggard and suspicious looks were so striking, his inward shudderings so visible, that his sister was at last obliged to beg of him to abstain from seeking, for her sake, a society which affected him so strongly. When, however, remonstrance proved unavailing, the guardians thought proper to interpose, and, fearing that his mind was becoming alienated, they thought it high time to resume again that trust which had been before imposed upon them by Aubrey's parents.

Desirous of saving him from the injuries and sufferings he had daily encountered in his wanderings, and of preventing him from exposing to the general eye those marks of what they considered folly, they engaged a physician to reside in the house, and take constant care of him. He hardly appeared to notice it, so completely was his mind absorbed by one terrible subject. His incoherence became at last so great, that he was confined to his chamber. There he would often lie for days, incapable of being roused. He had become emaciated, his eyes had attained a glassy

lustre;—the only sign of affection and recollection remaining displayed itself upon the entry of his sister: then he would sometimes start, and, seizing her hands, with looks that severely afflicted her, he would desire her not to touch him. "Oh, do not touch him—if your love for me is aught, do not go near him!" When, however, she inquired to whom he referred, his only answer was—"True! true!" and again he sank into a state, whence not even she could rouse him. This lasted many months: gradually, however, as the year was passing, his incoherences became less frequent, and his mind threw off a portion of its gloom, whilst his guardians observed, that several times in the day he would count upon his fingers a definite number, and then smile.

The time had nearly elapsed, when, upon the last day of the year, one of his guardians entering his room, began to converse with his physician upon the melancholy circumstance of Aubrey's being in so awful a situation when his sister was going next day to be married. Instantly Aubrey's attention was attracted; he asked anxiously to whom. Glad of this mark of returning intellect, of which they feared he had been deprived, they mentioned the name of the Earl of Marsden. Thinking this was a young earl whom he had met with in society, Aubrey seemed pleased, and astonished them still more by his expressing his intention to be present at the nuptials, and desiring to see his sister. They answered not, but in a few minutes his sister was with him. He was apparently again capable of being affected by the influence of her lovely smile; for he pressed her to his breast, and kissed her cheek, wet with tears, flowing at the thought of her brother's being once more alive to the feelings of affection. He began to speak with all his wonted warmth, and to congratulate her upon her marriage with a person so distinguished for rank and every accomplishment; when he suddenly perceived a locket upon her breast; opening it, what was his surprise at beholding the features of the monster who had so long influenced his life. He seized the portrait in a paroxysm of rage, and trampled it under foot. Upon her asking him why he thus destroyed the resemblance of her future husband, he looked as if he did not understand her—then seizing her hands, and gazing on her with a frantic expression of countenance, he bade her swear that she would never

wed this monster, for he—But he could not advance—it seemed as if that voice again bade him remember his oath—he turned suddenly round, thinking Lord Ruthven was near him, but saw no one. In the meantime the guardians and physician, who had heard the whole, and thought this was but a return of his disorder, entered, and forcing him from Miss Aubrey, desired her to leave him. He fell upon his knees to them, he implored, he begged of them to delay but for one day. They, attributing this to the insanity they imagined had taken possession of his mind, endeavoured to pacify him, and retired.

Lord Ruthven had called the morning after the drawing room, and had been refused with every one else. When he heard of Aubrey's ill health, he readily understood himself to be the cause of it: but when he learned that he was deemed insane, his exultation and pleasure could hardly be concealed from those among whom he had gained this information. He hastened to the house of his former companion, and, by constant attendance, and the pretence of great affection for the brother and interest in his fate, he gradually won the ear of Miss Aubrey. Who could resist his power? His tongue had dangers and toils to recount—could speak of himself as of an individual having no sympathy with any being on the crowded earth, save with her to whom he addressed himself;—could tell how, since he knew her, his existence had begun to seem worthy of preservation, if it were merely that he might listen to her soothing accents;—in fine, he knew so well how to use the serpent's art, or such was the will of fate, that he gained her affections. The title of the elder branch falling at length to him, he obtained an important embassy, which served as an excuse for hastening the marriage, (in spite of her brother's deranged state,) which was to take place the very day before his departure for the continent.

Aubrey, when he was left by the physician and his guardian, attempted to bribe the servants, but in vain. He asked for pen and paper; it was given him; he wrote a letter to his sister, conjuring her, as she valued her own happiness, her own honour, and the honour of those now in the grave, who once held her in their arms as their hope and the hope of their house, to delay but for a few hours, that marriage, on which he denounced the most heavy curses. The

servants promised they would deliver it; but giving it to the physician, he thought it better not to harass any more the mind of Miss Aubrey by, what he considered, the ravings of a maniac. Night passed on without rest to the busy inmates of the house; and Aubrey heard, with a horror that may more easily be conceived than described, the notes of busy preparation. Morning came, and the sound of carriages broke upon his ear. Aubrey grew almost frantic. The curiosity of the servants at last overcame their vigilance, they gradually stole away, leaving him in the custody of an helpless old woman. He seized the opportunity, with one bound was out of the room, and in a moment found himself in the apartment where all were nearly assembled. Lord Ruthven was the first to perceive him: he immediately approached, and, taking his arm by force, hurried him from the room, speechless with rage. When on the staircase, Lord Ruthven whispered in his ear—"Remember your oath, and know, if not my bride to day, your sister is dishonoured. Women are frail!" So saying, he pushed him towards his attendants, who, roused by the old woman, had come in search of him. Aubrey could no longer support himself; his rage, not finding vent, had broken a blood-vessel, and he was conveyed to bed. This was not mentioned to his sister, who was not present when he entered, as the physician was afraid of agitating her. The marriage was solemnized, and the bride and bridegroom left London.

Aubrey's weakness increased; the effusion of blood produced symptoms of the near approach of death. He desired his sister's guardians might be called, and when the midnight hour had struck, he related composedly what the reader has perused—he died immediately after.

The guardians hastened to protect Miss Aubrey; but when they arrived, it was too late. Lord Ruthven had disappeared, and Aubrey's sister had glutted the thirst of a VAMPIRE!

A PEDESTRIAN TOUR ROUND FLORENCE.

MR. EDITOR,

IF the following extract of a letter from one of our young countrymen, who very laudably occupies himself, during his intervals of relaxation from severer studies, in viewing the scenery and manners of Italy, be thought worthy of a place in the columns of your entertaining miscellany, it will most probably

be followed up by others of a similar description. My correspondent's first excursion was made towards the close of last autumn, from Florence, and is thus described:

"—I received a letter from V— about three weeks ago, informing me that he was very ill at Rome, and adding that the season had been so bad there, as to have affected, more or less, all the English residents in that city. He therefore determined to visit Florence via Sienna, at which latter place he thought of staying a week, and proposed that I should meet him there, when we might pursue our studies together during the above period. I immediately accepted his invitation; and having prepared a small portmanteau, with a little wearing apparel, instruments, &c. I set off next day in a *vettura*, a vehicle not unlike your hackney coach of London. We started at four in the morning, and reached Sienna about six in the afternoon; having dined at Poggibonsi, which is about twenty-six miles from Florence. This road is extremely interesting, and a continued series of hilly country, interspersed with villas, hamlets, and cottages, affording many beautiful prospects. However, as you approach Sienna, the scenery becomes rather flat, and the soil more sterile. The neighbourhood of this city is also subject to frequent shocks of earthquakes; and although these counteract, in some measure, the charms of the climate, they have rarely been known to do much injury. Fortunately, on my arrival at Sienna, the innkeeper informed me, that I was just in time to witness a brilliant fête, which was to be given that very evening to the grand duke and his court. Of course, I did not fail to visit the Piazza Grande, or great square, the scene of the intended celebration. I found there an immense crowd of people assembled, not less than thirty thousand.* The piazza of Sienna is peculiarly favourable to the display of such a spectacle, as there is a wide foot-way all round it, which rises by regular steps to the height of eight feet above the arena in the centre, giving to the whole very much the appearance of an amphitheatre: so that the

* There must be some mistake here, for Sienna itself hardly consists of 10,000 inhabitants, and the whole of the district does not contain the other 20,000; so that we must imagine every individual from the septuagenarian to the child in swaddling clothes, to have been present.—ED.

spectators, of whatever age or stature, may see what is going on, without the least inconvenience. Amongst the architectural curiosities of this spot, is the Palace of Justice, with its tower, one of the finest in Italy. It was built in 1325, from the designs of the celebrated Agnolo, and preceded that of Florence, so generally admired by travellers. Opposite the palace there is a fountain; the houses which surround the piazza are also noble edifices; among these, the Sansedoni, Chigi, and Saracini palaces are most conspicuous. No sooner had his highness the grand duke and suite, made their appearance at the balcony of the Palace of Justice, than the fire-works began; but after the exhibitions of this sort, which I had witnessed at London on the peace of 1814, and in Paris last year at the feast of St. Louis, the tortuous forms of circles, squares, triangles, and polygons, twisted into all the various combinations which geometry could suggest, little tended to impress on my mind that splendour and brilliancy of effect, which drew forth such excessive admiration and applause from the surrounding multitude. The pigmy fête of a little Italian city, and that a provincial one, may well be thought contemptible when compared with those of the two greatest capitals in the world. The happy country people who attended on this joyful occasion, were, however, lost in wonder; they could not sufficiently praise the *bel' vedere*, and seemed at a loss which to admire most, the glittering *cortège* of their prince, or the hissing *feux d'artifice*. The cathedral of Sienna, which was built in the beginning of the fourteenth century, pleased me exceedingly; the agreeable arrangement of the plan; a certain richness of well-chosen ornament, the superb aisles, together with a religious gloom which pervades the whole, are extremely favourable to the impressions of awful veneration and respect, which such an edifice should inspire. Every part of this fine building is incrustated with black and white marble, while the interior is also richly decorated with paintings and sculpture. The pavement is beautifully worked in mosaic, representing historical and other subjects. Even the pulpit vies in richness of marble and brilliancy of decoration with the rest of the pile, and is greatly admired by all visitors. In the adjoining library, ornamented with the frescos of Pinturicchio, there is a very beautiful group of the Graces; it was found

some years ago in the neighbourhood, and is from the chisel of a Grecian artist. Nothing can exceed the perfect harmony of the grouping and disposition of the figures in this fine specimen of art: so that I need scarcely add, how gratified I was on so unexpectedly seeing it under the roof of a Christian temple!

In another part of the town there is a second public library, containing a well chosen collection of books, among which I found several that treated on architecture. Annexed is a very insignificant museum, in which some casts from the antique, and a few medals, are shown. The theatre, which adjoins the Palace of Justice, was designed by Bibbiera, and, from its form no less than its decoration and general arrangement, proved extremely interesting and worthy of notice. The pieces represented were, the second act of a celebrated opera by Paër, and also another second act of *Rivale di se Stesso*, by Weigl. The music of the latter pleased me much more than that of the former; though, to say the truth, it was extremely difficult to judge of the comparative merits of either, as a very villainous company of performers rendered the harmony most *inharmonious*; the *prima donna* is, however, an exception to this sweeping condemnation, for she possesses a very good voice, aided by considerable talents and taste.

There are, as in most Italian cities, a number of churches at Sienna; though, excepting the cathedral, and that of the Augustines, by Vanvitelli, none are very remarkable for their architectural beauty. The principal masters, whose productions decorate the convents and churches of Sienna, are Pietro Perugino, Romanelli, and Carlo Maratti. The houses, once inhabited by St. Catherine, and the famous Socinus, both of whom are claimed as natives of the Siennese territory. During some severe shocks of an earthquake, which was felt at this place in 1798, some of the public edifices suffered from their effects. Several of the public walks, in and about Sienna, are extremely pleasant, and the character for affability and politeness, which its inhabitants have long enjoyed, is by no means exaggerated, when the capital of a flourishing republic, and the formidable rival of Florence in the thirteenth century. This city is said to have contained nearly a hundred thousand inhabitants; these have now dwindled into less than a fifth of that number—such are the vicissitudes to which the once

celebrated republics of this, delightful and persecuted country have been exposed.*

Having continued three days at Sienna, and seen its principal curiosities, without there being any sign of V—'s appearance, it was time to think of returning to Florence; but from some information collected in the course of my enquiries at the first named place, I determined to go back by a circuitous route, which would enable me to visit Arezzo, and some celebrated monasteries, particularly those of Alvernia, Camaldoli and Vallambrosa. The excursion thus planned included a distance of about one hundred and twenty miles; but from the greatest part of that which I now intended to traverse, leading across the country and over some mountainous tracts, it occurred to me that I could not do better than save all the inconvenience of going in one of their crazy *vetturas*, or riding on horseback, by turning pedestrian, after the example of so many English travellers in this country. I therefore packed up the portmanteau, and sent it back to Florence, having previously put a shirt, some drawing utensils, and a case of pistols in my pocket. Thus equipped, on Wednesday the 26th, at five in the morning, I left Sienna by the Porta Pisani, and arrived at Monte Sansovino about seven in the evening. This town is not more than twenty-four miles from Sienna, but I had unfortunately missed my way at Castel Nuovo, where I breakfasted, and proceeded five miles before the blunder was discovered; so necessary is it to be cautious in continuing your enquiries when travelling through the more unfrequented parts of this romantic region. The sun was perfectly scorching during the whole of the day, which, added to the badness of the road, and lofty series of hills I had to go over, rendered my journey more than commonly fatiguing. At Monte Sansovino, I entered an osteria, or public inn, where a fowl (or rather the bones of one) was placed before me; this, together with salad, bread, wine, and a bed, cost me the enormous sum of eighteen-pence! I was certainly obliged to sleep in a four-

bedded room, but provided the mattress be a good one, and the traveller takes care to lie with his pistols, this is a mere trifle. After having walked twenty-nine Italian miles, it is needless to say I slept uncommonly well, till five next morning, when I was on my way to Arezzo, where I arrived at ten in the forenoon. This little walk I performed with much difficulty, though only twelve miles: but my limbs were so painful from the preceding day's exertion, that I might be said rather to have crept than walked. I observed a remarkable coincidence in all the towns during the above journey; that of their being built on the most elevated situations, and generally at the point of a peaked hill. I know not whether such situations were chosen for their greater salubrity or elevation,* which was so favourable to defence in those unhappy periods of the Florentine history, when wars and civil tumults were so prevalent. Whatever may have been the cause of this peculiar locality, it gives great interest to the surrounding scenery, which is replete with the most beautiful points of view. I experienced the greatest kindness throughout the first part of my pedestrian excursion, particularly from the peasantry, who offered me fruit, bread, wine, or a glass of water, according to the means afforded by their humble possessions. The whole country is extremely fertile and well cultivated, though mountainous; at one time I found myself on the top of a lofty eminence, commanding an extensive view, with numerous rich valleys beneath me; at another I passed through some of these, which were surrounded by hills whose sides were enriched with the choicest productions of nature, such as the vine, corn, and olive, sometimes a rippling stream accompanied my steps, and the rustic bridges, which were here and there thrown over it, rendered the scene truly picturesque and interesting.

Monte Sansovino is situated in the Val di Chiana: to go to Arezzo you pass through this valley and cross a ridge of mountains. It is built on the summit of a small, though lofty eminence at the foot of still loftier ones, which bound the vale. This place contains about ten thousand inhabitants, and

* Pisa, Arezzo, and Sienna, were once as populous as Florence is at the present moment. When free by commerce and independence they were individually more powerful than Florence is backed by these cities, now reduced by slavery to so deserted a state that grass literally grows in the streets.—ED.

* These elevated situations were chosen by the feudal barons before the establishment of the republics, and when conquered by them, they were fortified as defences upon the frontiers of their petty dominions.—ED.

seems to be extremely poor; indeed one is pestered with beggars at every step. In 1800 it was sacked by the French, of whose rapacity many stories are told. I visited all the churches and other objects of curiosity, so that I had a very good opportunity of examining the principal works of Giorgio Vasari, who was a native of this town; and not only celebrated as a painter, but by the history he wrote of his predecessors in the same profession.

Arezzo is a populous and well-built town, most agreeably situated; but though extremely ancient, its best title to celebrity is derived from its having been the birth place of Petrarch;* to whom both Italy and Europe are, in a great measure, indebted for the revival of literature. There is a superb edifice in the public square, called *il logge*, constructed from the designs of Vasari, and including the custom-house, theatre, &c.: the portico before this is remarkably fine, and nearly four hundred feet in length. Many of the churches and convents are tolerably well stocked with pictures; but the cathedral is chiefly remarkable, as a splendid Gothic pile of the thirteenth century, designed by Margarolini: it contains several fine pictures of the Florentine school, and amongst others, a *chef d'œuvre* from the pencil of the justly celebrated Benvenuti, a living artist. This spirited composition is on a large scale, representing Judith with the head of Holofernes: the engraving, executed by a Roman artist, is well known in Europe. In the abbey of Mount Cassino there is a famous fresco, the Feast of Ahasuerus, by Vasari; also the interior of a cupola in perspective, by Del Pozzo, one of the most perfect illusions of the kind in Italy. Besides the remains of a Roman amphitheatre, the church, called that of La Pieve, is a very singular edifice, said to have been a Pagan temple; and in which an attempt has been made to introduce all the styles of architecture, without either method or execution. The house in which the exquisite poet of Vauluse saw the light is distinguished by a Latin inscription, wherein the date of his birth is followed by a well-merited encomium on that

truly great man, and terminates with the period of his death. Amongst the projects of the French for improving the internal communication of this country, the new road between Arezzo and Sinigaglia on the Adriatic, which was partly executed in their time, but is now discontinued for want of funds, it is pretended, deserves particular notice; for if ever completed, it will add amazingly to the trading importance of Tuscany, by converting it into a species of entrepôt and passage for the rest of Italy.*

Having devoted a couple of days to seeing whatever was worthy of remark at Arezzo, I left it after dinner on Friday, on my way to Attravagante, which is twelve miles on the road to Alvernia. I had, however, scarcely got a mile from the town, when a tremendous storm appeared gathering in the distance; but as mine was not a retrograding excursion I determined to brave it, and, as frequently happens in this country, the clouds took an oblique direction, so that I got clear of the threatened drenching with merely a few sprinkling drops. For about five miles the road continued quite flat; at the foot of the mountains, however, where I came in contact with the Arno, it ascended, and I proceeded along the banks of this river, which on its rocky bed went one way as I travelled the other, until seven o'clock, when I arrived at a tolerably good *osteria*. Here my supper was rather of an humble description; it consisted of bread, cheese, and wine, which, together with my bed, cost a shilling. I resumed my journey at five next morning. The first place I came to was a miserable hamlet called Carberano. Here I had to ascend a very steep hill, the first of the Appenines; the road was dreadfully bad, loose stones, large pieces of wood strewed about it, added to the steepness of the ascent, rendered this part of my walk excessively fatiguing. On setting out, the mist which hung over the mountains, as yet not dissipated by the sun's rays, chilled me very much; but the antidote was before me, and by quickening my pace, I soon felt restored

* It can but just boast of the birth of Petrarch; for the father of the poet was a Florentine banished a short time before with Dante from his native city, who did not remain long enough even for Petrarch's words to be echoed by the walls, as he soon went to Avignon.—Ed.

* Arezzo is situated to the east of Florence, on the banks of the Arno, between that river and the source of the Tiber. The Lake of Thrasimene, with its "sheet of living silver" to the south, and the river Metaurus to the north, both at a trifling distance from each other, and perpetually presenting to the imagination of the beholder the images of that dreadful fray, beneath which "An earthquake reeled unheeded away."—Ed.

to a most comfortable temperature, and reached Alvernia about eleven o'clock in the forenoon.

The above sanctuary was founded by St. Francis, and served as the third retreat of that celebrated patriarch; it is now in possession of the reformed Franciscans, and crowns the top of one of the loftiest Appenines, whose base presents nothing but a barren and uncultivated waste; while the summit is covered with verdure and ornamented by tall fir trees. The habit worn by the monks of this convent is a coarse brown tunic, with a cowl; this garment is tied round the middle by a large white chord, their beards are suffered to grow, and they go uncovered, except when exposed to the inclemency of the weather. Sandals are the only covering for their feet, so that the *tout ensemble* of these holy fathers is by no means destitute of the romantic. They are extremely abstemious, and remarkable for the severity of their religious duties. I was received with the greatest attention, and in the course of half an hour sat down with two or three other strangers to a simple repast. In the evening I took a walk round the height that crowns the rock upon which this sanctuary is built, and from its loftiest point, enjoyed a prospect of the most magnificent description. Immediately below me was an immense depth, with the trees projecting from the sides of an almost perpendicular rock; beneath, were scattered a few hovels, and in various parts the tinkling of the cattle-bells directed my eyes to numerous herds grazing in the valley. There were many channels formed by the winter torrents, which added still greater interest to the scene. The soil is generally sandy, but here and there stupendous masses of rock project in wild disorder, and more terrific than the sword of Damocles, seem to threaten instant destruction to those who pass beneath. Hills without number were included in the view; some more fertile than the rest had their sides and summits topped with the pine, ash or beech, others in a state of wild uncultivated nature, only presented confused heaps of rocks and sand, with an occasional tuft of grass, or solitary tree. More immediately under the sun, which was just setting, an interesting haze gave a beautiful softness to the tints of this variously coloured scene, concealing in gradual depth the farthest horizon. On the other side, however, the sight was not bounded by this fascinating medium, and I was permitted freely

to enjoy an almost interminable distance. After having supped with the other strangers, five or six of the fathers paid us a visit, chatting familiarly with us for about an hour, when they took their leave. I could not help being highly delighted with the polite attention I experienced on the occasion, it would have, in fact, done honor to the most accomplished individuals; every mark of kindness, which hospitality could devise, was shown, unaccompanied by the superfluous forms of the world, and unspoiled by its ostentation. In the church there is a very fine organ, and some exquisite *bas reliefs*, by Lucca Della Robbia, with a blue ground.

I set off at my usual hour next morning, having been previously informed, that as the hospitable reception I had met with was gratis, I ought not to think of offering any money. Passing through Bibiena, where I breakfasted, I reached Camaldoli about half-past twelve. As I ascended these towering heights, from which the sublimity and grandeur of the Creator's works are so perceptible and striking, I found my mind more pure, my senses more calm, while all my feelings assumed a tone of tranquillity never experienced in the bustle of cities, or intercourse with society. Is it that the air, from being more rarefied, tends to purify the intellectual system, and calm the passions? Or is it that former habits of life, living amidst interested individuals and a grasping generation, contrasted with the finer sensibilities and warmer ties of kindred felt amongst the uncontaminated beings of a higher region, make the mind assume this delightful accordance with the general harmony of nature? Whatever the cause may spring from, my wonder is now much less excited on reflecting, that in these wild retreats, far from the haunts of men, the truly religious, rendered enthusiastic by the pomp and imposing ceremonies of his faith, should be satisfied with his fate, and quietly remain at once to adore and contemplate the benevolent omnipotence of a presiding Deity. Here the pious and humble are removed from the petty jealousies of little minds, equally unacquainted with the "law's delay," or "proud man's contumely," and not subjected to the specious forms, which the time-serving and interested have first created, and finally made the standard of virtue! How different is such an abode as that of Alvernia, or the monks of Camaldoli, from the superb edifice near this capital, *La Certosa di Paria*, where each of the

fathers has a separate suite of apartments, and the few nominal studies imposed on them allow abundant relaxation from the melancholy monotony of religious ceremonial; and their church adorned with all the magnificence of art, enriched with marble and ornamented by the choicest productions of the pencil and the chisel, resplendent in riches, evinces a pride of religion and pomp of wealth, far different from the ideas inculcated by our more simple profession of faith. But in the first named abodes, comparatively insignificant temples, cells clean and commodious, but confined, a simple diet, studies suited to their calling, bespeak a much greater affinity to the real spirit and simplicity of religion.

I cannot, however, but regret the reliance placed in the legends of their tutelary saints; if they really believe them true, it betrays uncommon credulity, and if not, proves a degree of imposture, which cannot be too severely condemned, for they not only impose on vulgar minds, but go to raise a tax by means of falsehood and misrepresentation.

The number of monks at Alvernia amounts to nearly a hundred; those of Camaldoli do not exceed sixty: the former wear their beads, and the latter not, though the order of their religious exercises is the same. At seven o'clock in the morning all the brotherhood join in singing the matins, half an hour after, these are followed by a grand mass; both the above ceremonies are again repeated at nine, and half past; in two hours more, another chorus is sung, this is followed by mass at three; then comes a third full choir at six in the evening; the twenty-four hours devotion terminating with the early matins, at half past one in the morning; the latter is of course the most fatiguing part of their duties, as they are called upon to attend it throughout the winter, when the mountain is covered with snow. If this lays so thick in the court which separates the church from the cells, a porter gives four knocks at the doors of those whose turn it is to clear it away; they never change their garments, nor even take them off when they retire to rest: the colour worn by the Camaldolensi friars is white: close to the town of Camaldoli, there is a range of chapels one above the other called *il sacro Eremo*, the holy hermitage; to these are added a church and an extensive pile of building: each cell, for so they may be styled, is inhabited by a monk, who is obliged to

observe still greater abstinence than his brothers of Alvernia. It should, however, be observed, that the French, to whom Italy is indebted for the suppression of so many monastic establishments, committed great ravages here on their invasion of Tuscany in 1800; since which period it has lost much of its celebrity. The revenues of this sanctified spot, are derived from tracts of land in the neighbourhood, mostly covered with timber, particularly pines, some of which are not less than five feet in diameter at the roots.—The fraternity had formerly a very fine library of classical works, together with many rare manuscripts; both collections were however sold by the French. The principal edifice, which forms this range, is situated half way up a very high mountain, which constitutes only one of an extensive groupe not quite so lofty: from the top of these, both the Mediterranean and Adriatic Seas are plainly discerned on a clear morning.

A *Padre Forsterajo* or stranger's guide, with a servant under him, is chosen annually to attend the visitors; his duty consists in seeing that their apartments are kept in order, and fulfilling all other necessary attentions enjoined by hospitality. I had a handsome suite of three rooms allotted to me; they were extremely well furnished, and decorated with some good prints from drawings by Hackert. All the monks dine together at noon in the refectory, and during the repast, one of the fathers reads some passages out of the Bible and another book, somewhat like our NELSON'S FEASTS, from which a prayer adapted for the day and the life of its particular saint; for in Catholic countries I need not tell you that there is one for every day in the year, is also read; after the brotherhood have dined, there is a second table prepared for the officers and attendants; it was at this I had the honour of a seat. The same ceremony, by no means the least agreeable in a convent, is repeated about eight in the evening. Having had the good fortune to please the holy fathers, they were kind enough to invite me, together with one or two other strangers, to take coffee, and chat with them in their cells after both the above-mentioned meals. Remaining two days here, which were very pleasantly passed in receiving the numerous civilities of my hosts, sketching and viewing the surrounding scenery, I left the delightful solitude of Camaldoli, having offered a

small tribute on departing; it was absolutely refused, though with a feeling of delicacy that shewed the good part in which they took my intention. As I was leaving the sanctuary the *Padre Rettore*, who was once an architect, blessed me, and wished me every success.

It was five o'clock in the evening of Tuesday that I quitted Camaldoli on my way to Prato Vecchio, twelve miles off. When on the top of a hill close to the first named place, instead of turning to the right I went to the left, which unfortunate mistake brought on the night, before I had proceeded half my way. Continuing over another mountain, covered with wood, evening was closing in fast, and the sun had already disappeared behind the distant hills. To be thus alone, without a guide, and a total stranger to the country, made me begin to feel rather uneasy; not that I feared banditti, as I knew they would prefer prowling about a more frequented path, and if attacked, my pistols would defend me, but the apprehension of wolves, and fear of being obliged to pass the night in some tree, was by no means a comfortable reflection. After a good deal of despondency, I however revived, my spirits returned, and night having at length thrown her sable mantle round me I was reconciling myself to the gloomy scene, and even looking out for a shady tree to climb; for I could now with difficulty follow the slightly beaten track before me, when I was most agreeably surprized by the sight of a small hut on the left. Here I procured a boy to conduct me to Prato, through a thick wood, as yet two miles distant, and as I did not much like the inquisitive manner of his father's enquiries, I made a point of following the lad, with a pistol cocked in each hand, and thus reached the town in safety.

Prato Vecchio, though greatly celebrated in the historical annals of the dukedom, is now an inconsiderable town, but the surrounding plain on which it stands, is a perfect paradise, both as to cultivation and natural productions. A small stream, called the Chiano, passes near the Prato, giving its name to a fertile and beautiful valley, already mentioned, and which is considered the granary of Tuscany.

Leaving the above place early the next morning I soon arrived by a cross-road at Vallambrosa, the favourite retreat of our immortal Milton, thus finely alluded to in his *Paradise Lost*:—

"Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the rocks

In Vallambrosa, where th' Etrurian shades,
High over arch'd embow'r."——

This renowned spot has much more the appearance of a nobleman's villa than that of a religious solitude. As the monks have not been re-established on quite so liberal a footing as their brethren of Alvernia and Camaldoli, the convent is comparatively in a state of decay; nor did I see above ten or twelve of the fraternity. The revenue of this community is principally derived from the sale of wood and ice; the latter is collected in wells, and sold to the Grand Duke, who retails it in his turn to the coffee-house-keepers and *restaurateurs* of Florence. Without attempting to diminish the attractions of Vallambrosa, as it possesses many for the lovers of romantic scenery and picturesque beauty, I confess it did not interest me so much as the two former sanctuaries, where, to the charms of nature and novelty, were added those of very agreeable society; for although I am satisfied, with Zimmerman, that nothing tends more powerfully to enlarge the mind and promote virtue than occasional solitude, something more than "purling streams and shady bowers" are necessary for the solace of a young traveller, who, like myself, has passed the greatest part of his life enveloped in the fogs, and inhaling the smoke of London.

Having, therefore, examined the almost bare walls of the convent, walked round the avenues which surround it, and ascended the hill from whence there is another splendid view, I took a hasty sketch, *à la Syntar*, and proceeded on towards this place, twenty-one miles distant, where I arrived at my lodgings about six o'clock in the evening. This last journey, whether it arose from habit or acquired strength, I know not, was performed with the greatest ease, and from having got so well over my late excursion, I have determined to proceed towards Rome in the same way: so that you will probably hear from me again, on my arrival in the "eternal city."

T. L. D.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE GOBLET WHICH
THE UNIVERSITY OF WITTENBERG
PRESENTED TO MARTIN LUTHER ON
HIS MARRIAGE.

(With an Engraving.)

MR. EDITOR,

IN the January number of the New Monthly Magazine, I read, with much

pleasure, the account of the marriage of LUTHER, extracted from an authentic German work, and preceded by the sensible remarks of your obliging correspondent. In a note, mention is made of a gift presented by the University of Wittenberg, without specifying what it was. As every thing connected with so remarkable an event in the life of the great father of the Reformation is interesting, and such a testimony of approbation from a respectable public body, is of itself important, I take the liberty of sending you the following account.

It is remarkable, that though contemporary writers speak of the present of wine and beer given to Luther by the senate of Wittenberg, both on his wedding day, and on the public festival a fortnight afterwards, no trace is to be found in any contemporary work of the handsome silver cup presented to him on the occasion by the university.

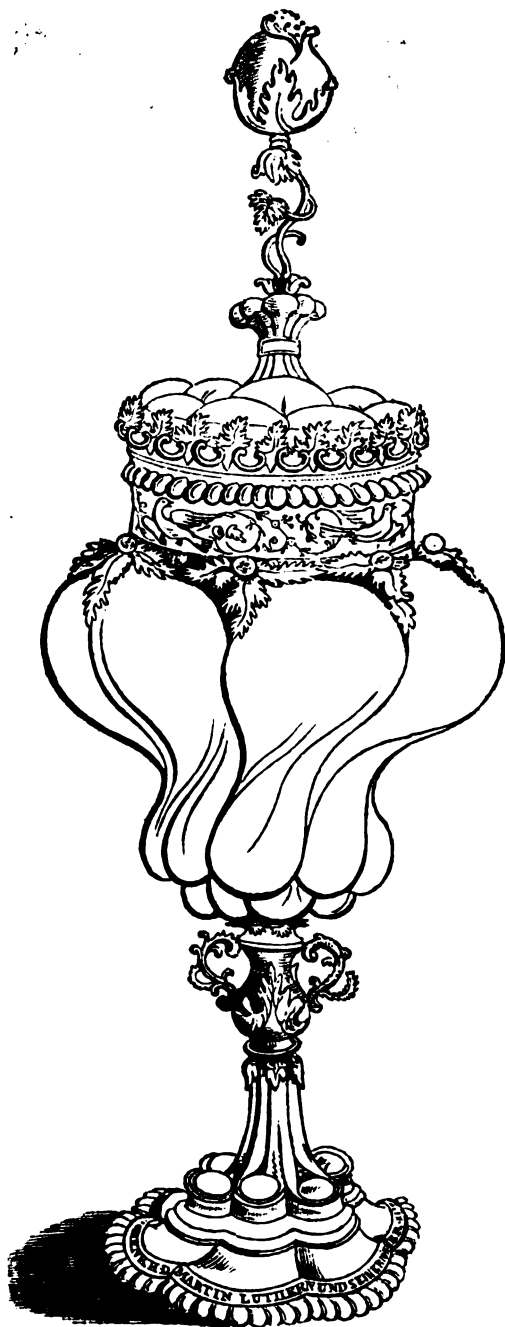
The first published notice of it appears to be in the *Novis Literariis Maris Baltici et Septentrionis collectis Lubeca*, MDCCIV. *Lubeca et Hamburgi*, where, page 49, a communication from Greifswald says: "In Bibliotheca Mayeriana quæ singulos in admirationem rapit, magna cum cura asservantur Acta colloquii Thorunensis, &c., &c. Ac Donum illud Nuptiale quod Acad. Witteb. Luthero, cum nuptias Wittebergæ celebraret, olim obtulit."

Juncker, and, after him, Walch, in Part xxiv. of Luther's Works, published by him, p. 150, allude to the passage above quoted, but are unable to give any account of the present itself. In 1752, J. H. Von Bathasar, in the second volume of the Critical Notices, published by J. E. Daehnert at Greifswald, confirms the above account, and says that D. Mayer had two cups ascribed to Luther, both of which he had seen; one a small drinking cup, for daily use, and the other, the nuptial present here spoken of. Bathasar gives a description of it, which was repeated by Walch, page 27 of the 23d part of Luther's Works, which was published later than the 24th part. Later writers seem to have overlooked Bathasar's account, and Walch's repetition of it; for, in 1813, one of the best writers of Germany says it is not known of what the present consisted which was made to Luther by the University of Wittenberg; and in the Life of Luther by Ukert, published in 1817, doubts are expressed on the nature of the present.

The University of Greifswald, in whose

library the cup now is, purchased it for 100 rix-dollars of the children of Dr. George Brockmann, professor of divinity in the University of Greifswald, and pastor of St. Mary's church, who died in 1800. The children received it from their father, into whose possession it was also come by inheritance. He had married a Miss Mayer, daughter of the professor of medicine, Dr. J. A. Mayer, who died in 1726 at Greifswald, and she, after the death of two brothers, received the cup which they had inherited from their father, and at her death left it to her husband. This professor Mayer had in like manner inherited this important relic of Luther's from his father, the celebrated superintendent-general of Pomerania and Rugen, and supreme counsellor of ecclesiastical affairs to the King of Sweden. Dr. John Frederick Mayer, who, in 1701, was invited by King Charles XII. from Hamburg, where he had been rector of the church of St. James from 1687, to fill the place of general-superintendent at Greifswald; and who died in 1712 at Stettin, whither he had retired on account of the war. According to a verbal tradition in Mayer's family, he received this cup as a present at Hamburg, where he enjoyed the highest esteem, and was greatly beloved. This is, however, much doubted at Hamburg, as nobody knows any thing of such a present being made him there, and no mention is made of it in the register of St. James's church, in which the minutest circumstance relative to Mayer's transactions with the senate, the citizens, and the consistory are detailed. It is therefore probable, either that he brought it with him to Hamburg, from Wittenberg, where he was professor of divinity, or that he received it after he had left Hamburg. This last supposition is merely founded on a letter written by Mayer to the consistory (or rather vestry) of St. James's church, when the citizens of Hamburg urged him to return; in which he says that he lived very happily at Greifswald, that the king greatly honoured him, and had but a few days before made him a present of a golden work of art. Whether this was the gift cup here in question cannot be decided, and it is, after all, uncertain how Mayer obtained this cup.

It is very singular, that those who have written upon Luther and the Reformation, both in ancient and modern times, make no mention of this cup; and that even Mayer, who wrote so



W. I. G. E. T.

Marriage Gift of the University of Wittenberg to Dr. Martin Luther.

much upon Luther, gives no account of it in any of his writings.

The cup is made with great ingenuity in the style of the age to which it belongs. Including the lid, it is about three quarters of an ell (18 inches, English) high, of solid silver, richly gilt within and without, except some smaller ornaments, which, it seems, are purposely left, without gilding, to give them relief. It weighs 842 oths, nearly 45 ounces English, as marked by the artist, under the foot, in the manner represented in the plate. The foot of the cup is a quarter of an ell round, and on the border is inscribed the following inscription :—

DIE LÖBLICHE VNIVERSITET DER-
CHVRP. STATT WITTENBERG VERE-
HRET DISES BRAVTH GESCHENKE H. D.
MARTINO LYTHERN VND SEINER IVN-
GFRAYW KETHE VON BORE, ANNO 1525.
DIE MARTIS POST. FESTVM : IOHANNIS
BAPTISTÆ.

The body of the cup holds about two pints, is narrower below than above, and so ingeniously contrived, that it is hardly possible to drink it out. The ornamental foliage is in filigree work, and not entirely gilt; but the birds and branches round the upper part are engraved. Above these the lid begins, round the edge of which there are gilt ornaments in filigree work. Inside of the lid is screwed the silver medal, which was coined in 1630, on occasion of the centenary of the confession of Augsbur. This medal has doubtless been fixed to the lid to replace another which was originally there, and had been lost; for medals are frequently found fastened to the lids of ancient cups. Upon the lid is a small ornament supporting a vine branch, which last bears a little knob in the shape of an oblong apple, with an opening at the top, in which are seen some small grains or seeds. It seems intended to represent a flower or a fruit, but this cannot be positively affirmed, still less what flower or fruit is meant. It is, however, likely, that some fruit or flower was intended, to which a particular symbolical meaning was attached, and that the artist worked after his own fancy, and not from an original of the flower or fruit which he was ordered to make. Now this ornament seems most to resemble a pomegranate; and it is not wholly improbable, that the university, in ordering the artist to introduce it, had in view one of the symbolical meanings given to the pomegranate by an-

cient writers, and of which several are mentioned in *D. Philippi Pinicelli, mundus symbolicus idiomate italico conscriptus, justo volumine vero auctus, et in latinum conscriptus a R. D. Augustino Erath. Colonia Agrippinae. MDCLXXXVII. Part I. p. 570-574.*

It were to be wished, that some person would examine the archives of the University of Wittenberg, and if he found any thing relative to the history of this cup, make it public.

OUTLINES OF A PLAN FOR EFFECTING AN ORGANIZED SUPPLY OF THE METROPOLIS WITH PROVISIONS BY WATER-CARRIAGE.

Collaterally with the establishment of an improved system of hydro-agriculture, and partly farming, proposed to be introduced in order to render provisions and profitable occupation more plentiful, it would certainly be a most desirable addition to our stock of improvement, if appropriate means could be devised of conveying them afterwards more cheaply to market than heretofore.

The already vast, and still rapidly increasing state of the population of the metropolis, now estimated to contain a million and a quarter of inhabitants, as taking its immediate vicinity into account, affords satisfactory evidence, according to the course of nature, of the great demand for provisions for their subsistence, which must be constantly existing on the one hand; and, on the other, the calculating commercial characters of London will be at no loss duly to conceive, that if each member of this community be suffered to expend five shillings per week in provisions, the annual returns upon them will be upwards of sixteen millions sterling; and consequently, if on the articles which vary in their respective relations from 5 to 50, and even in some instances 100 per cent. 6½ per cent. were saved to them upon the average on this sum in their housekeeping disbursements, by more judicious arrangements than those now in existence being adopted, it would constitute a pecuniary advantage to them of a million sterling per annum in this important department of family economy: besides the further advantage they would reap from it, commercially, in being thus placed more on a footing with their country rivals as to the terms on which business could be done according to their respective rates of living. The actual scale of prices which exist in town, and in various parts of the coun-

try, forms the best possible criterion to judge by, when the probable expences of conveyance to town are superadded, as to how far this per centage, or any other, may be gained to the London interests generally. Suffice it therefore to say, that whatever the difference may be, according to the distance from town, and the thinness or density of population in their respective neighbourhoods, there is always a radical cause to be found for it in the instances where the articles are driven to market in their live state, in the weight of meat lost upon the road: mutton, for instance, is reckoned to lose 2lb. per quarter on the road between Lincolnshire and London, on the average of seasons; which, as reckoning their mutton at 20lbs. the quarter is 10 per cent. in itself, besides road expences, and the Smithfield salesman's commission on its sale. But where the articles are almost necessarily conveyed by land-carriage, as veal, rabbits, and poultry, the ratio often comes higher: fish again becomes an expensive article by this mode of conveyance, both on account of its weight, and its perishability requiring so much dispatch: nor are the Londoners less unfavourably off in the terms on which they are obliged to purchase their milk, their potatoes, their fruits, and garden stuff, under the present regime. In point of quality there can be but one opinion, that in proportion as meat is killed fresh from the pasture with unvitiated juices, so it is superior to that which has been heated, fatigued and worried in a long passage from the pasture to the butchery—in its fat and morbid state. So well furnished as London now is, both by nature and art, with the means of the conveyance of articles by water-carriage, it is somewhat surprising, particularly as the increasing use of steam-boats has lately been so much in vogue amongst them, that no means have hitherto been thought of for availing themselves of their natural and artificial advantages in this respect; where all the fundamental principles of an advantageous intercourse between the metropolis and the surrounding country are in existence, and only want calling into action under a few judicious regulations. Through this mean there certainly ought, with the great mass of capital now looking out for objects on which it may be more beneficially employed than the present low rate of interest will afford, to be reason to calculate, according to the natural course of things, will prefer national speculations for effecting permanent im-

provement at home upon honest terra-firma, to entering into more hazardous and varying political ones connected with foreign governments, whenever they are satisfied there are rational principles to act upon; which they no doubt will feel sufficient interest to enquire into as relates to the present subject.

Northerly, the Grand Junction Canal is now so complete as to extend quite across the country to Liverpool; a parallel one to join the Cam and the Stort together has been some time in contemplation, by which a direct aquatic communication between Lynn and London, through or near Cambridge, will be opened; and such are the numerous cuts and navigations of the fen countries, that but little is wanting to render the aquatic communication from Lincoln to Cambridge, and consequently to London complete, on its projected navigation to join the Stort being finished. How this concern speeds we are at present unacquainted; but if it be not yet begun, it may be a useful hint to observe a short cut from the Soham Lode to the Lark River, which runs to Bury St. Edmonds, would be attended with less expense and more certainty of its answering, especially if it were made a consolidated concern on their parts, and at the same time would be the means of promoting the interest of the new navigation, by pouring into its lap the territorial treasures of this fertile district likewise. It is in the north-eastern counties of Essex, Suffolk and Norfolk, where the greatest deficiency of water-carriage exists; upon which it will be a material part of our present purpose to advert. The Rumford districts of the county of Essex have lately determined, in full convocation, that it is expedient to their interest to reap the local advantages of their situation so near the metropolis, and have therefore determined upon the expediency of forming a canal from town in that direction, by the aid of which they may be enabled to convey manure from it upon sufficiently cheap terms, to enable them to raise two crops of potatoes within the year, as well as their more fortunately circumstanced neighbours, beside the river Lee navigation. Nothing more is necessary than to extend the rational plan they have so judiciously formed, by enlarging their line of navigation after they have finished it, so as to carry it forwards to Malden, in order to make it productive of doubled and trebled revenues to its proprietary, a general benefit to the improvement of the territorial property of the county,

and an important acquisition to the interests of the metropolis itself. This may soon be explained. Malden is the nearest sea-port which we have—it is an intermediate sea-port between the metropolis and the North Seas, from whence both coal and fish are brought to the London market; which will probably afford the means to vessels to make three voyages thither to two, with the disadvantages, as well of the greater distance, as of getting up the river to encounter; and consequently the navigation expences upon articles imported there may be computed as being one-third less on that account; nor does the duty on coals, which is payable on their importation into the port of London attach there. Fish again, is a perishable article, and therefore to be able to land it a day or two sooner must ever be an object of consideration; for here there is not only the extra distance, but the ever uncertain state of the wind, concerned in the question. Besides which, all inlets from the sea, whether natural or artificial, of course supposes a tide concomitant with it; and the existence of a tide gives the means of employing it, *secundum artem*, in working corn and other mills less expensively than by the steam power which is so much in use about town. Should this plan ever be put in execution there will then be four distinct communications with the sea; a circumstance of no mean account, as converting grain into flour is concerned, as well as upon other considerations, as affects the interests of the soil, the means of employing sea-water for irrigation purposes from one end of the canal, and bringing back manure from the other end as *back-carriage*, instead of its being made the prime object as lately purposed. And again, of furnishing a cheap supply of bran, pollard, malt combs, and possibly oil-cake, also, to the intermediate parts of the country supposed to be occupied as milk and poultry farms. The advantageous means then of grinding the corn imported by inland and marine navigation into flour—of disposing of its refuse—the cheaper supply of fuel, together with the lower rents and wages of labor incident to country residences, all concur to point out the eligibility of the situation as a bakery also; particularly as by continuing this canal in a straight line to Thetford in the manner proposed, by that station being constituted the principal butchery of this district, the means of obtaining both the meat and the fruits, which are contem-

plated to be so largely used for pastry purposes, as being at once an agreeable and convenient mean of their transportation to town from the interior of the country, will be had, and as such, they will come all the cheaper on that account. As to the eligibility of subsequently continuing this navigation to Thetford, the recommendations in favour of this measure are substantial: the line of communication between them will not only be as straight as an arrow, but it will comprehend Bury St. Edmund's, likewise as another station, which again is situated so near the termination of the Stowmarket and Ipswich navigation, that by this hiatus being filled up the whole of that course of country might enjoy the benefit of aquatic communication and conveyance. It would also pass through the unnavigable part of the river Stour, so that but a moderate expence would be necessary to open its communication with Harwich, the most convenient port we have for intercourse with the more northern continentalists. It fortunately so happens, by a remarkable coincidence, that the proprietary near Diss have just announced their intention of making their river navigable in this part; so that upon the whole it may be said that the instances are very rare, if indeed they ever occurred, where the natural and artificial advantages of so large a track of country would be combined at so small a comparative expence, compared with the advantages derived from them. It is a still more remote consideration as to the propriety of continuing this navigation from Thetford to Norwich, and thence to Cromar, where already a respectable fishery is established, from which the neighbouring parts of the country down as low as Cambridge are supplied: but this is a most convenient rendezvous for receiving supplies of fish from the great Dogger Bank, would render the whole complete as far as regards this district, where nature has already done so much, and art so little. As a general answer to the often urged objection, that butcher's meat is a perishable article which can only be conveyed to considerable distances at particular periods of the year, it is to be observed, that a patriotic character, long experienced in curing herrings, has communicated the information to the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce, that a pickle composed of twenty-eight parts salt, of seventy-two parts water, will preserve

all kinds of animal substances for a considerable length of time. But the proposed system does not confine itself to sending meat to town in its raw state entirely; but on the contrary, contemplates the metropolis being furnished with it from professional manufactories, in a cured, potted, and cellared state, also, as well as being enveloped in pastry in the walled pies so fitted for popular use; so that families who may wish occasionally to save themselves the trouble of cooking, may always have the means of doing it. Before quitting the northern part of the map, it is to be observed, that Uxbridge stands in as favourable a relation for receiving inland supplies, and preparing them for the use of the west end of the town, as Malden does for the eastern district of it: being already a sort of *dépôt* for corn and flour, and having the means, by its aquatic connection with the northern collieries, of purchasing its coal at the best hand: and as such, it will be eligible as the home provision factory of this district. The aquatic roads of both these stations ought, in order to further improve their acquired artificial advantages, and accommodate the town at the same time, to be constituted into a milky way, with a constellation of ewes, asses, and goats, marking the course of the galaxy. Roots and green food might be brought from the remoter parts of the country for their maintenance, if the valuable land of these districts could be turned to like account as garden situations and poultry farms: but at all events, these supplies would tend to swell the returns of the poultry farms, and enrich their lands at the same time: while milk boats substituted in the place of milk maids, and carrying loads of this heavy article in combination infinitely beyond any human corporeal powers, might deposit their rich supplies of this useful, agreeable, and nutritious beverage, periodically, at stated hours, at a general lactarium to be provided for the purpose; from whence the milk women might continue their present functions in distributing it amongst their customers. Stoney Stratford seems to be the most eligible spot to fix upon for the out station, and butchery *dépôt*: inasmuch as it is in the heart of a merely agricultural district: and again, is conveniently situated for receiving supplies of Welch cattle, which might then pursue their way to Smithfield whenever their owners were dissatisfied with the market prices of this intermediate one,

and might be disposed to think they could do better there. For the grazer to have thus not only two strings to his bow; but what, most likely, he will value still more highly, the means of selling his own cattle, instead of being obliged, by present circumstances, to consign them to the professional drover, and the Smithfield salesman, to be sold at hap hazard, according to the fluctuating state of the market of the day: this must necessarily be so much more agreeable to his feelings, as a man of business, there is little doubt but that, backward as people usually are in changing old habits even for better ones, the convenience of this establishment will be so manifest to them, they will hail it with pleasure, and countenance and support it accordingly. The territorial proprietary to the south west of the metropolis will naturally be desirous of having their share of the advantages of supplying London with provisions by aquatic communication: for this their situation affords a double advantage; it is locally well adapted to the purpose as to vicinity, and it can boast of a finer climate than the more northerly aspects; which will turn to good account, both as to the fertility of the soil, and as forming agreeable residences in that part of the country. From an attentive consideration of circumstances, it appears to us, that Dorking will form the most proper situation for the home *dépôt* of these parts; for it is not only central for this part of the country, but from thence too it is a remarkable straight line of communication throughout the whole intervening country, by Whitechurch, Warminster and Frome, to Bridgewater Bay; where a most convenient and profitable connection with Ireland might, in due process of time, be opened, as taking a full view of the subject: but in the mean time it would pass through an improveable part of the country, at present very thinly populated, and therefore affording the greater advantages to the redundant part of our fast increasing population to settle there. To shew the immediate prospect which exists in present circumstances, of this redundancy of population, we need only to advert to the astonishing fact of our population having been actually found to have increased during the last ten years, which the last census comprehended from eleven and a half to fifteen millions: if such were the immediate fruits of the introduction and practice of the vaccination system

amongst us, even in a period when the nation was engaged in an extensive warfare, it is fair to infer from the ascending series of increase, which must be its natural consequence, that if the annual increase of our population be not already half a million, it will very soon reach that number, and will again speedily surpass it. Not to branch out too extensively upon this copious subject, if we were briefly to suppose as an hypothetical case, that this natural increase only of inhabitants, were to settle here and colonize these parts, without being aided by "all the unsettled humours of the land," who feeling themselves uneasy in their present situations from a variety of causes, would wish to better themselves in life if they knew how, by establishing themselves elsewhere with more favorable prospects of promoting their welfare, it would require no great sketch of arithmetic to shew, that in the short space of three years only, this new colonization alone, without taking the old inhabitants of these parts into account, would exceed the present existing population of the metropolis, vast as this is now deemed: and as such, a double number of mouths are to be provided with their daily fare, houses built, and furniture made accordingly, for the new settlers, besides. The very prospect then of promoting their professional welfare, or making the most of a confined income, which might induce a numerous population to settle on these lines of communication with a great and rich metropolis, will in effect answer the same purpose as if it were actually a reality; for as the sons of industry live by one another, so as a numerous community be but collected together, it matters little as to what cause it was owing that they congregated there. But as increased numbers in society must settle somewhere, upon a natural principle, we may conclude, that where the flowerets are most plentifully to be found, thither are the bees most likely to assemble.—When the principle of this doctrine is established, the degree whether this event will take 3, 13, or 30 years, to accomplish, is but of secondary consequence; though still important as buildings and fruit-tree plantations in anticipation of it are concerned. But it will be easy to shew that the prospect of individual professional welfare, both in agricultural and commercial pursuits, being here promoted, is of the most rational and substantial kind; for here will

be radical advantages, surpassed by no situations, and equalled by few, if any; cheapness, compactness, combination and division of labour, compose the elements of successful competition in commercial concerns, and particularly in the manufacturing department of them. No where can provision be consumed upon such cheap terms as where they were grown: nor is land to be had any where upon more advantageous terms, according to its intrinsic value, than in a thinly inhabited district: but granting that when the supply of London with provisions by water carriage is perfected, that the difference between town and country prices will be little more than the additional expences of their carriage to town and of their subsequent sale by the various dealers in them; still the inhabitant of London can never disengage himself of the mill-stones of high rent and parochial taxes which hang about his neck, so as to place himself in a situation of tolerable comparison with the countryman, where in the first instance building ground is often twenty times more reasonable in the terms of its purchase; and in the last, where all his assessments to the poor-rates fall almost entirely upon household property, for want of that quantity of landed property to bear the brunt of them which it is the characteristic of country situations to possess. In the same way will all the advantages of compactness, and combination and division of labour, be had in an eminent degree, in all the varied articles which are made of leather, felt, and feather, where the animals which produced the materials were killed upon the spot; and where also all the different departments are equally ready at hand to go through with their business, without any intermediate land carriage: as well as when all the branches of the provision trade in millers, malsters, brewers, distillers, cooks, picklers, confectioners, and poultry dealers, are likewise upon the spot: all of which are additional considerations to the agricultural part of the concern, in which so large a scope of employment will be furnished by the land itself, when it is cultivated solely by human labour, advantageously exerted through the newly invented mechanical means, in the manner proposed. The balance of trade must ever be in their favour as to the pecuniary part of the subject, without the Londoners having it in their power to help themselves in this particular. A new system of inland

navigation will also be speedily submitted to public attention.

ON THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF LUIS DE CAMOENS. BY MADAME LA BARONNE DE STAEL HOLSTEIN.

[We have been favoured by an esteemed friend at Paris, with the following hitherto unpublished essay of the celebrated Madame de Stael, and we feel considerable pleasure in being enabled to announce, for the future numbers of our Magazine, several productions of no less interest from the same distinguished pen.—ED.]

LUIS DE CAMOENS, the most celebrated of the Portuguese Poets, was born at Lisbon in 1517.* His father was descended from a noble family, and his mother was connected with the illustrious house of Sà. He pursued his studies at Coimbra. The directors of education in that City thought nothing worthy of estimation in literature except the imitation of the ancient writers. The genius of Camoens was inspired by the history of his native country, and the manners of his age; his lyric poems, in particular, like the works of Dante, Petrarch, Ariosto, and Tasso, belong to that description of literature which was revived by Christianity, and to the spirit of chivalry rather than a purely classic taste. For this reason, the partizans of the latter, who were extremely numerous in the time of Camoens, bestowed but little approbation on his early productions. Having finished his studies, he returned to Lisbon, where he conceived a violent attachment for Donna Catarina de Attaide, one of the ladies of the Palace.† Ardent

passions are frequently allied to great natural talents, and the life of Camoens was alternately a prey to his sentiments and his genius. He was banished to Santarem, owing to some disputes in which he was engaged through his attachment to Donna Catarina. There, in his exile, he composed several detached poems expressive of the state of his feelings, and it is easy to trace the history of his life in the various impressions which appear in his works.*

Reduced to despair, he enlisted as a soldier, and served in the fleet which the Portuguese sent to attack Morocco. He wrote verses even amidst the fury of battles, and, by turns the perils of war animated his poetic genius, and exalted his military ardour. He lost his right eye by a musket ball before Ceuta. On his return to Lisbon he hoped at least that his wounds would obtain for him some reward, though his talent might remain unnoticed; but notwithstanding his two-fold claims to the favour of the government of his country, inconceivable obstacles awaited him.† The envious frequently possess the art of destroying one merit by another, instead of exalting both, and making them reflect mutual lustre on each other. Camoens, justly indignant at the neglect he experienced, embarked for India, in 1553, and like Scipio, bade adieu to his

stances so directly similar; both having encountered the arbitresses of their fate at the same period of the year, in places of religious worship; and it is no less remarkable, that the principal feature in the subsequent event of their lives should also have been alike; we allude to the death of the objects of their affection. They both endeavoured to heal their lacerated bosoms with the balm of fancy, and each has left imperishable records of the sincerity of his love, and the depth and purity of his regret.—ED.

* It is stated that having returned to Lisbon before the period of his banishment was completed, he basked, for a time, once more in the sunny smiles of his fair mistress; but his happiness was doomed to be of short duration; he was detected, driven back to Santarem, and the term of his exile prolonged. *Faria y Sousa* V del P. § xiv.—ED.

† In addition to his misfortunes he found upon his return, that his mistress was no more, she died at the age of twenty, and thus escaped the miseries to which she must have been exposed, had she lived to share the lot of her neglected and hapless lover. Her name, however, will always be preserved by the wild flowers with which he has so gracefully and tenderly entwined it.—ED.

* The place of his nativity has been ascertained by his frequent application of the epithet *paternal* to the Tagus; but the precise time of his birth is involved in considerable obscurity. By an entry in the register of the Portuguese India House, it would appear to have taken place in 1525, as he is there stated to have been twenty-five years old in 1550. The same document mentions him as one of his son's sureties, and consequently living in 1550.—ED.

† Camoens was introduced to the knowledge of his mistress Catarina de Attaide in the church of "Christ's Wounds" at Lisbon, on *Holy Thursday*, 1542; and the far famed Petrarch first beheld Laurette de Sade, whom he has immortalized under the name of Laura, in the church of the monastery of St. Claire, at Avignon, on *Good Friday*, 1347. It is a coincidence worthy of notice, that these two celebrated poets should have received the impetus of their genius—and love has ever been considered as the inspirer of poetry—under circum-

country, protesting that not even his ashes should find a grave in it.*

On his arrival at Goa, in India, one of the most celebrated Portuguese settlements, his imagination was struck by the achievements of his countrymen in that ancient quarter of the world,† and though he had so much reason to complain of them, yet he celebrated their glory in an epic poem. But that vivacity of imagination which creates great poets, is incompatible with the moderation necessary in a dependant situation. Camoens was disgusted at the abuses practised in the administration of the affairs of India, and he wrote a satire on the subject which gave such offence to the Viceroy of Goa, that he exiled him to Macao. Here he lived for several years, having no society, save a sky, even more magnificent than that of Portugal, and the luxuriant scenery of those Eastern regions which are justly denominated the cradle of the world.

At Macao he wrote the *Lusiad*, and perhaps, considering the peculiar situation of the author, the poem might be expected to present more boldness of conception. The subject is the expedition of Vasco de Gama to India, an enterprise which had never before been attempted: the parts most generally known are, the episode of Ines de Castro and the appearance of Adamastor, the genius of storms, who endeavours to

stop Gama just as he is about to double the Cape of Good Hope. The remainder of the poem is supported by the art with which Camoens has mingled the narrative of Portuguese history with the splendour of poetry, and the devotion of christianity with the fables of paganism. He has been blamed for this combination; but, in the *Lusiad*, it does not appear to produce any discordant impression. Christianity is the reality of life, and Paganism the ornament of festivals; and there is a sort of delicacy in not employing that which is sacred, even from the sports of the imagination. Besides, Camoens had ingenious motives for introducing mythology into his poem. He took a pleasure in calling to mind the Roman origin of the Portuguese; and Mars and Venus were considered not only as the tutelary divinities of the Romans, but were also regarded as their ancestors. Fabulous history attributes to Bacchus the first conquest of India; and it was therefore natural to represent him as being jealous of the enterprize of the Portuguese. I am, however, of opinion, that this introduction of mythology, together with some other imitations of classical works, destroy the originality of the pictures which we might expect to find in a poem in which India and Africa are described by one who had travelled through both. A Portuguese may be less struck with the natural beauties of the south than we should be; but there is something so wonderful in the disorders, as well as the beauties of the ancient parts of the world, that we eagerly seek for a detail of their peculiarities; and perhaps Camoens has conformed too closely in his descriptions to the received theory of the fine arts. The versification of the *Lusiad* is so charming and dignified in the original language, that not only the Portuguese of cultivated education, but even the common people know several of the cantos by heart, and repeat them with enthusiasm. The unity of interest in the poem consists, above all, in the patriotic sentiment which pervades the whole. The national glory of the Portuguese is there revived under every form which the imagination is capable of depicting. It is therefore natural that Camoens should be admired by his own countrymen more than by foreigners. The charming episodes of Tasso's *Jerusalem* delivered, must ensure to that poem universal admiration; and even were it true, as some German critics have affirmed, that the *Lusiad* presents

* How different is this exclamation to the following pathetic apostrophe of a self-exiled Bard of the present day:

— I was born where are proud to be,
Not without cause; and should I leave behind

The inviolate island of the sage and free
And seek me out a home by a remoter sea,
Perchance I loved it well; and should I lay
My ashes in a soil which is not mine,
My spirit shall resume it—if we may
Unbodied choose a sanctuary.—

iv Canto. C. Harold.

† Madame de Stael has omitted to mention that Cameons engaged in, and materially contributed to the success of an expedition against the Pimenta Isles, carried on by the king of Cochin and his allies, the Portuguese; a modest recital of which is to be met with in one of his elegies. Shortly after, Manuel de Vasconcelos was appointed to conduct an armament to the Red Sea; he was accompanied by our poet, who with that intrepid thirst for information, which forms one of the characteristics of true genius, explored the wild regions of Africa, by which Mount Felix is surrounded, and thus fitted himself for entering into those delightful descriptions which so constantly occur in his *Lusiad*.—Ed.

stronger and more faithful historical colouring, yet the fictions of the Italian poet will always render his reputation most brilliant and popular.

Camoens was at length recalled from exile. Whilst returning to Goa, he was shipwrecked at the mouth of the river Mecon in Cochin China; but he swam ashore, holding in one hand, above water, the manuscript of the *Lusiad*, the only treasure he saved from the devouring waves, and which he valued higher than his own life.* This consciousness of one's own talent is a commendable trait, when it is confirmed by posterity; for in proportion as unfounded vanity is contemptible, that sentiment is exalted which assures a man of what he really is, notwithstanding the efforts made to discourage him. On reaching the shore, Camoens commented, in one of his lyric poems, on the celebrated psalm of the daughters of Sion in exile, (*super flumina Babilonis.*†) When he set foot on the soil of India, where the Portuguese had settled, he fancied himself already returned to his native country; for the idea of country consists of fellow-citizens, language, and all that revives the recollections of our childhood. The inhabitants of the south are attached to external objects, those of the north to customs; but all mankind, and particularly poets, when exiled from the land which gave them birth, like the women of Sion, suspend their lyres on the weeping willows which border the foreign shore.‡

* Friendless and unknown, it was his good fortune to meet with a most humane reception from the natives, whom he has immortalized in that beautifully prophetic song in the tenth *Lusiad*.—Having named Mecon, he goes on:

Este recebera placido, e brando,

Nô seu regaço o Canto que molhado, &c.

Literally thus: "On his gentle, hospitable bosom (*sic* brando poetice) shall he receive the song, wet from woe! unhappy shipwreck, escaped from destroying tempests, from ravenous dangers, the effect of the unjust sentence upon him whose lyre shall be more renowned than enriched."—Ed.

† Lord Byron has given a fine paraphrase of this Psalm in his *Hebrew Melodies* beginning

We sat down and wept by the waters
Of Babel, and thought of the day, &c.

‡ This, however, was not the case with Ovid; though after his banishment his muse was devoted to little better than the expression of pitiful lamentations; nor need we to look far among ourselves for another exception to the rule.—Ed.

Camoens, on his return to Goa was persecuted by a new Viceroy, and confined for debt. However, some friends offered to become his sureties, and he was permitted to embark. He returned to Lisbon in 1569, sixteen years from the period at which he had quitted Europe. King Sebastian, who had yet scarcely attained the age of manhood, felt interested in the fate of Camoens, and accepted the dedication of his epic poem. The King was about to commence an expedition against the Moors, and he discerned more acutely than another would probably have done, the genius of a poet, who, like himself, could brave every danger for the sake of glory.* But one might almost say that the fatality which attended Camoens, brought about the overthrow of his country that he might perish beneath its vast ruins. King Sebastian was killed at the battle of Alcaçar before Morocco, in the year 1578.† By his death the

* Camoens according to Faria printed his *Lusiad* in 1572. In the opening of the first book he inscribed the volume, with an elegantly turned compliment, to King Sebastian, then in his eighteenth year. Mr. Mickle, however, upon apparently good grounds, seems to doubt the generosity of the King, and to consider the story of the pension granted to the poet, as related by the French translator, not only untrue but improbable; at all events Correa and others, cotemporary with Camoens, have omitted to notice it. Besides, when King Sebastian undertook the Moorish expedition, he selected a person of paltry and despicable abilities named Diego Bernardes, and took him into Africa for the purpose of witnessing and celebrating his exploits. This does not tally with the *discernment* ascribed to him by Madame de Stael; had Camoens, indeed, been as highly favored as is represented, and in fact the *protégé* of the monarch, it is much more likely that he would have chosen him, who describes himself as alternately wielding the pen and the sword.—Ed.

† His successor Cardinal Henry was one to whose eyes "the cowl of monkhood seemed a more graceful ornament than the noblest laurels of the Muse." (Strangford's *Camoens*.) Against this contemptible being, Mr. Mickle has expressed himself in terms of strong but honest indignation; and in the edition of Camoens published at Lisbon in 1782, there is an attempt to vindicate his character from the charges brought against it by the ingenious translator of the *Lusiad*. But it only serves to attach fresh odium to a name already sufficiently despaired. The favourite poet of this wretched bigot, and the only one he thought proper to patronize, was Francesco de Sa, a writer, as Sousa informs us of,

royal family became extinct, and Portugal was deprived of her independence. Then every resource and every hope was lost to Camoens. His poverty was so extreme, that during the night, a slave whom he had brought from India begged in the streets to procure his subsistence. In this state of wretchedness, he wrote several lyric poems, and the most beautiful of these detached pieces are filled with complaints on his misery. What an extraordinary genius must he have possessed who could thus draw fresh inspiration from sufferings calculated to banish all the enchantment of poetry! Finally, the hero of Portuguese literature, the only one whose glory is at once national and European expired in an Hospital, in the year 1579, in the 62nd year of his age. After a lapse of fifteen years a monument was erected to his memory. This short interval separated the most cruel neglect from testimonials of the most lively enthusiasm; but in these fifteen years, death had presented himself as a mediator between the envy and justice of contemporaries.* The best edition of his

orthodox sonnets to St. John, and pious little epigrams on Adam and Eve, &c. whilst the Bard whose genius gave him an imperious claim to protection, was suffered to languish in sickness and poverty, without the means of obtaining even the commonest necessities of life. But the flagitious founder of the inquisition at Goa, the vile and malignant enemy of the elegant Buchanan, so far from possessing enthusiastic sympathy for suffering merit could not be supposed to be endued with even those every day feelings of humanity which are expected in the meanest peasant. He was in fine "a good Portuguese" according to the proverbial definition of the term, namely, "a bad Spaniard stripped of all his virtues, and retaining only his vices.—Ed.

* He was buried in the church of St. Anne of the Franciscans, and an inscription was placed over his tomb by Gonçalo Cautenho, which for comprehensive simplicity has not often been surpassed:

HERE LIES LUIS DE CAMOENS :
HE EXCELLED ALL THE POETS OF HIS
TIME;
HE LIVED POOR AND MISERABLE,
AND HE DIED SO.
MDLXXIX.

† In the Coimbra edition of Camoens, published in 1798, and dedicated by permission to his Royal Highness the Prince of Brazil, (now King of Portugal,) many poems occur, not translated either by Lord Strangford or Mickle. We apprehend his lordship used that of Antonio Josephus, published at Lisbon in 1783, a very im-

works appeared at Lisbon in 1779—80 under the following title :—*Obras de Luis de Camoens Poeta dos poetas de Hespanha*, 4 vols. 12mo.† The first volume is divided into two parts containing the life of the author and the *Lusiad*. The last volume contains the dramas and works attributed to Camoens.

MEMOIRS OF THE LATE PETER GALE FAUX, STENOGRAPHER AND PATRIOT. WRITTEN BY HIS FRIEND AGATHOMPSONIDES MUMPS.

(Continued from page 129.)

HE now studied stenography with great eagerness, was excellent company, and ate remarkable dinners. In a few days after his domestication, I procured a pass for Covent Garden, and sent him to the play—an amusement he had never before witnessed. He returned quite delighted, and I asked him his opinion of Miss O'Neill. 'Why,' said he, 'if she always produces the effect which she has done to-night, one may make several very serious calcula-

perfect one, though in general use; those which are considered genuine, cannot be purchased even at Lisbon for less than three pounds British currency.

We by no means consider Lord Strangford's translations entitled to praise on the score of fidelity; he has taken the most unpardonable liberties with his author, and it is perhaps no where more obvious than in the pathetic "Lamentation for past errors," as Camoens calls it; but which is headed differently by his lordship:

I saw the virtuous man contend

With life's unnumbered woes, &c.

is beautiful and correct; there is however, one verse omitted entirely, and the last two are awkwardly blended into one. The verse omitted comes in after the first stanza of Lord Strangford's translation. We should render it thus:

I watched his combat with a world

Which knows not to forgive;

I marked his foes to ruin hurled;

And saw the good man live.

We can discover no reason for his leaving out a verse which would not only have been an addition, but an improvement to his elegant translation of one of the most affecting little poems in the whole volume.

The talents of Lord Strangford for the task he has undertaken, are unquestionable; but it is probable that the multiplicity of important business in which he must have, necessarily, been engaged, occasioned him to be negligent; in truth, his volume appears to have been composed more for recreation during his few leisure hours than to meet the public eye.—Ed.

tions indeed. She must already have distressed about two millions of his Majesty's subjects in the extreme, and drawn as much water from their eyes as two stout girls could extract from a pump in the course of four hours. The poets talk of a swain's augmenting a brook with tears—that is all stuff; but really the aggregate of lachrymal effusion which she must have caused, would swell a tolerable rill to overflow. I have no notion why any lady should thus make a trade of agitating to hysterics a number of respectable people whom she never saw in her life. This is my opinion of her performance; and, moreover, she falls far short of Mrs. Siddons.* —'Why, have you seen Mrs. Siddons?' asked I.—'Ay, fifty times,' said he.—'Was it in London?' I cried, somewhat astonished.—'No,' replied he very coolly; 'it was in an old Magazine.' I have recorded this conversation to show the reader what profoundly philosophical speculations this surprising young man could deduce even from the most unpromising subjects.

By this time he had acquired a high tone of friendship for my fair spouse, who, nevertheless, took a flat dislike to him, and in our private conferences, hinted that he made much too free with her. I, however, knew a great deal better than she, that he did not, inasmuch as I had it from the first authority—the poor young fellow himself. It is certain he loved to rally and frolic with her a little bit now and then. If she complained of a head-ache, he used regularly to say something quite pat about a heart-ache; if she mentioned a man's having got a broken head, it was followed up on his side by a broken heart, and so the fun went on, and I used to laugh like any thing. One day, indeed, he had offended her rather seriously, by cutting off a lock of her hair, which she demanded back with considerable vehemence; whereupon he walked coolly to the ink-stand, and instantaneously indicted the following exquisite epigram:

'On one sole condition could I be e'er led,
With this beautiful ringlet to part;
I would gladly relinquish the *lock of your head*,

Could I gain but the *key to your heart*.'
Whereupon she was mollified, or as he more prettily expressed it, *marryfied*.

As I have given the reader one specimen of his taste in poetics, I shall superadd another, which he composed upon a

circumstance that occurred in our neighbourhood.

THE MIRACLE.

In a certain old chamber (if authors say right)

With a certain old window that gave in the light,

An honest old Cobler, and Bridget his wife,
Had quarrel'd through forty long years of their life;

But she, for a wonder, was wanting in prattle,
So Johnny had always the best of the battle.

A lad who lived just in the neighbouring court,

One night, coming home primed with negus of port,*

Stuffed up their old window with paper and hay,

To trick them at morn, by excluding the day.

Next morn, then, without having dreamt of the joke,

At the usual hour the old couple awoke;

But finding all darkness, they nestled once more,

Yet couldn't, were they hang'd for it, sleep as before.

They tried every posture—lay crooked and flat,

Now turning to this side—then tossing to that;

Till the wife, with impatience, beginning to snivel,

Cried, 'Johnny, my life, I'm as hot as the Devil!'

'As the Devil?' cried Johnny, 'that same is a lie,

But the Devil was never so red-hot as I.'

Thus saying, he grop'd for his clothes in the dark,

Then grop'd for the door, and at last hit the mark;

But judge his amazement, when dazzled and blinking,

Old John got a view of the sun as 'twas sinking:

'Wife! wife! here's a miracle! see, I protest

The sun is a-rising full smack in the west!'

This poem I consider as a masterpiece of attic elegance. The astonishment of old John, his truly natural, and perhaps, habitual exclamation of '*wife! wife!*'—his protesting so earnestly the force and beauty of the word *a-rising*—than which nothing could more appositely express the supposed line of progress then prosecuting by that well-known luminary—the sun; and, lastly, the intense phrase of full smack, at once

* Peter used to say, that port-wine negus was mentioned by Milton in his *Paradise Lost*, viz.

'From th' empire of *Negus* to his utmost Port.'

so stunning and conclusive—all are in the very first style of true poetry.

It was about a fortnight after his arrival in the metropolis that an event took place, which gave to his future life its bent and its colouring, and which ultimately urged him forward to this glorious struggle for liberty.

He had heard somewhere of a place called 'The Forum,' where a number of extreme patriots were in the nightly habit of assembling and debating. One evening he importuned me so earnestly to accompany him thither, that I could not find refusal at all practicable. Accordingly thither we repaired, and seated ourselves on a bench, amidst a numerous and brilliant assemblage of patriotic pastrycooks, high minded bakers, and sentimental tobacconists. A pulpit stood in an elevated position at the head of the room, wherein sat a presiding chairman. Soon after our entrance this personage stood up, and read the question for that night's discussion: 'In what year of our Lord is it probable that the ruin of Old England will arrive at its utmost point of completion?' I was thunderstruck by this interrogatory. Never having meddled in politics, I could not but feel both astonished and shocked at even the bare supposition of an event, which, however, the assembly present appeared to look upon as quite a settled thing, and set about discussing with the greatest comfort and satisfaction. The first orator who rose was a highly-talented chandler, a florid subject, with a good deal of superfluous person on his limbs, and with a bald scone, which shone under the lustre like a celestial globe. He thus addressed the meeting:—and as my friend Peter made his first experiment in stenography on this occasion, I am enabled to hand down the whole speech to ages yet unborn.

'Mr. Chairnian,

'The question which you have just done us the honour to read from the chair is one that would have been admirably well calculated for discussion about twenty years ago; because, at that time we should not have committed the flagrant anachronism, which we are now doing, by debating when a thing is to happen, which has already happened; by giving to the past tense the powers of the future; by calling upon anticipation when we ought to resort to retrospection; by making that speculative which is already a fact; and, in fine, by, as it were, enquiring after the health of a person who has been dead and

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buried, and deeply lamented by a numerous and respectable acquaintance for the fourth part of a century. Sir, England departed this life on the 18th of June, 1815. On that day was the battle of Waterloo fought; and, what is remarkable enough, on that day I became a bankrupt. All her resources were expended upon this single entertainment; the last penny she could rap and rend together was laid out upon this one munificent massacre; and she has now retired from the murdering business, covered with glory and ditch-water, crowned with bank-notes, enrobed in debentures, and with no resource upon earth but angular parliaments and universal sufferings. A national bankruptcy must therefore soon take place, and then her utter destruction must ensue. I see you are all moved; I see your sides shaking with the retortion of your tender sensibility. Far be from me the gauzy gossamer gewgaws of oily declamation, or the heterogeneous combination of polysyllabical ratiocination. I have done.'

A grey-headed, thin old gentleman, stood up, after this speech, and thus began:

'Mr. Chairman,

'It appears to me, that the learned gentleman in the dirty shirt, rose because he had nothing to do, and sat down because he had nothing to say. He seems to have talked of combination, and of ratiocination, and of his own nation, with equal knowledge and with equal applicability. What he means by *angular* parliaments, I know not, though the angle does not appear to be a very acute one; but as to the universal sufferings which he would fain bestow, since I cannot believe that he would blunder by design, I must conclude that he spoke right by mistake. He begins his speech with declaring, that the ruin of England is already accomplished, and he ends it by proposing a remedy to save her from that ruin. She was first buried by the undertaker with all proper formality, who afterwards coming in the capacity of a resurrection man, to dig her up, finds her alive and merry. Sir, whenever I hear these patriots talk of England's approaching ruin, I console myself with the reflection, that her patriots have talked just in the same strain for the last five hundred centuries. I have read pamphlets, which prove to a demonstration, that she must be destroyed about the time our great grandfathers were within two kings' reigns of

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being born. But, Sir, my firm opinion is, that she has not yet seen her acme of prosperity, and that she probably will not for another hundred years. She is not, even now, near so wealthy as ancient Rome was under the Cæsars, and I sincerely trust she never will; for if England ever falls, she will fall by excessive wealth, not by poverty. We should dread our descendants being clothed in gold, not being blanketed in woollen; we should fear for their enervation by superfluity, not for their depression by want. True, she has contracted an enormous debt; still this is a domestic one; her people owe money to each other, and though they cannot pay it, yet she is not herself one penny the poorer. You complain of an useless war—you say that she might have avoided it, and that had she done so, she would now be out of debt and out of danger altogether. To argue from what is, to what might have been, may do very well for pathetic theorists, and answers admirably for those patriots, who, having failed to predict with precision about the future, have nothing for it now, but to decide, by a sort of retrospective vaticination, upon the past. For my own part, I would say that had she remained an inert spectatress of the contest, she would probably have shared the fate of Prussia, who, after sitting quietly by to husband her resources, at length stalked forth to battle with awful energy, and was conquered in an hour. But, Sir, omitting this useless point of discussion, England got into war—needlessly if you like it, but got out of war gloriously, whether you like it or not. While all the other powers were alternately overrun by hostile myriads, she alone preserved her sacred altars from pollution—she alone saw her harvests untrampled by the armed hoof of overwhelming squadrons. And think you, then, she could have enjoyed all these blessings *gratis*? Are you astonished that she could not save herself and the whole world besides, without some privations, some little inconveniences—nay, without some gigantic calamities? But, after all, why talk of her losses at all, when we consider her gains since the first commencement of the war, her commerce, in despite of all bankruptcies and Milan decrees, has increased progressively and prodigiously, nay, almost to one-fifth of what it had ever been before. To prove this fact, and in answer to all theory, I can only refer you to the ledger of the

Custom-house; there you will find a list of her exports and imports; and let these figures of arithmetic silence your figures of speech. One might dispute for ever in metaphor, simile and periphrasis; but there is no such thing as arguing against one, two, three, and four. But her expences, probably you will answer, have increased during that time in a greater proportion to her acquisitions than when she was poor. I reply, that I would rather succeed to a property of five thousand a year, and pay four thousand a year for my bargain, than remain with an income of five hundred pounds, and pay nothing at all. As for radical reform, I must just tell you an anecdote, and have done:—The people of a little village in Italy, were persuaded by their priest, that he had so much influence with heaven, as even to call down rain from it whenever he chose. A dry season came, and the farmers waited upon him to beg the favour of a few showers. The parson was posed. But parsons are not often at a loss:—Friends, said he, I shall certainly indulge you with a cloudful whenever you please, so now retire together, and fix the day among you. They retired; but none of them could agree. One man thought sunday would answer best for his crops; another fancied Tuesday; a third delighted in Wednesday, and a fourth had a wondrous *penchant* for Saturday. The consequence was, that they found it was just as impossible to decide upon the day they wished for rain, as the parson would have found it to procure the rain. The moral of my story is, that no two of our patriots can agree upon the sort of reform they would desire, and that even if they did, it would be of a nature just as impracticable as drawing down rain from heaven.

(To be continued.)

ON THE FLUCTUATIONS OF FASHION- ABLE PHRASEOLOGY.

THE lovers of science have long been unanimous in wishing that the nomenclature of each branch of physical knowledge—which at present is subject to every change of system and caprice of theory—should be accurately defined and determined. Whilst the chemist and the geologist are bewildered in the maze of confused terms and contradictory definitions, the linguist is no less perplexed by the fluctuations to which language is perpetually liable. He who would make every such shift of literature, and each

returning tide of prevalent idioms—who would ascertain when such and such expressions first appeared in the hemisphere of polite education—how long they flourished, and at what period they were pronounced obsolete, would not find it the work of a day; for there will always be some tenacious and obstinate grammarian, perversely loth to part with one phrase in his vocabulary, and resolute to procure a short respite for some devoted term. But he who is ambitious of keeping a regular account of every new track and channel into which the stream of fashionable conversation may chance to meander, will find it still more difficult, although he may be urged to proceed in the undertaking in the fond hope that he may rank in the *beau monde*, as Johnson does among lexicographers, and Rees among the lovers of art and science. This indefinite phraseology is as absolutely unintelligible to the classical as to the vulgar. It varies with almost every season, and the definition and acceptance of many words in the vocabulary of fashion for 1810 are as different in 1819 as the dialects of Spenser and Southey among the poets. In their own element these phrases are mere birds of passage; it may be entertaining to arrest a few of them in their flight, and, without attempting to submit them to any regular classification, to compare them with their predecessors, and examine what meaning they convey at this period. Some of the most prominent peculiarities of this eccentric jargon—which, at the present æra, nearly approximates with what is elsewhere denominated *slang*—are as following.

The modern *Dandy* has usurped the place of the *Beau*, the *Buck* of former years. Its external character—a pair of stays—high heeled boots—short waist—starched cravat—narrow brimmed hat—sans sense, sans brains, sans wit, sans every thing that a man should possess. Its specific character—vast self importance—selfishness the ruling principle—affecting to despise all men and all things not within the pale of the *Dandy* community, exactly as they are unaffectedly despised by all wise and respectable persons.

That which has been successively termed the *Tox*, the *Go*, &c. is now denominated *Style*. It is the unerring compass by which all concerns in the system of fashion are to be steered, and that improvement of ignorant nature which prescribes new courses to the seasons and elements, which would turn summer into winter,

and night into day. To become a member of this fraternity it is only necessary to renounce three things, namely, your knowledge, your senses, and your character; which trifling sacrifices are not, to persons of style, worth one shadow of regret; though, like the secret of free masonry, none but the initiated can conceive the sublimity of those gratifications, which that style affords, in lieu of these minor considerations. By some ignorant pretenders, it is true, that this acceptance of the word *style* has been defined—an irresistible hurricane of dissipation, sweeping away thousands of men and women, with their families and fortunes, into a whirlpool of mischief and ruin;—and have referred the curious in such investigations to the Insolvent Act, now happily on the eve of being abolished—the Old Bailey—the Fleet Prison—the King's Bench—Hollyrood House, and the Isle of Man;—to the annals of Newgate, to St. Luke's Hospital, and to various cases of suicides, for proofs of its effects.

Bore. It would be troublesome to ascertain the precise period that gave birth to this comprehensive epithet; it has, however, outlived the little existence of most of its brethren, and may still be taken in nearly the same acceptance that was common to it twenty years ago. A *bore*, like an estate in law, may be either real or personal; the first refers to good advice, long sermons, and rational conversation;—the latter to the whole race of parents and kinsfolk—to all who suppose they have a natural right of authority, or a natural claim to civility;—and, above all, to wives and creditors!

Nobody.—One who lives like a christian and behaves like a gentleman.

At Home.—What was formerly called a *roué*, *assembly*, &c., where none of the comforts of home are enjoyed; but where a multitude of well-dressed people, who do not care a rush for each other, are stuffed into one or more rooms, without the possibility of seeing, hearing, or conversing at ease,—at the house of a *friend*, who would not care half a rush if they were all at the bottom of the sea.

Man of Honour. Any person whose nerves are sufficiently firm to stand fire.

Affair of Honour. Cannot be defined—consequence, generally deliberate murder.

Cards. Something to do for those who have nothing to say; it were well if the definition ended here. Truth and

experience must add ;—a means of breaking the Sabbath—ruining fortune—exterminating principle, and entrapping the unwary to their ruin.

To swell. To drink champagne when you have not money to pay for small beer—to run after foxes one day, and away from bailiffs the next. To talk of your stud at Newmarket, when your watch is in the hands of the pawnbroker!

Chaperon. This term is derived from the French, and signifies a *hood*—a shelter for the tender plants of celibacy from the storms of dissipation, the insidious blasts of squeamish sentiment, and the *mal aria* of flattery. In former times it was a sort of female scare-crow which guarded the blossoms of beauty ; the idea supposed to be borrowed from the story of the dragon which *chaperoned* the golden apples in the Hesperian garden ; but by a late edict in the empire of fashion—which has confined this office to those who have entered the holy state of wedlock—it has lost this exclusive character ; since the young and blooming bride—the gay and buxom widow are, now, frequently seen to *chaperon* the single gentlewoman of fifty-four—the unprotected miss of sixty-three ! Akin to this contradiction and misapplication of terms, is another abuse of language, which cannot be too severely reprobated ; it is that of ascribing the faults of particular members of a profession to the profession itself, by means of instituting a set of cant phrases, to denote insufficiency or demerit in the several learned bodies ; and having succeeded in affixing such ideas to the words, they are indiscriminately applied to the professions themselves. Law and medicine have long been subject to this contemptible and mischievous practice, nor has the sacred function of the minister of the gospel escaped—and the appellation of *Parson* is associated with *Quack* and *Pettifogger*, for the purpose of throwing ridicule and contempt upon their respective callings. There is another class of men exposed to this paltry malice, and all who employ their time and talents in endeavours to improve the understanding—correct the will—and expose the prevailing vices and follies of the age, are stigmatised as *Scribblers*. That many have engaged in such undertakings who are unequal to the task—that others have perverted splendid talents to mischievous purposes, is too true : but as well might it be urged, that because there are vile

copies there are no originals—that because fools and knaves are to be found in the great mass of civilized society—we may search, with Diogenes, for an honest man—in vain !

ON THE VARIOUS CURRENTS AND APPARENT WHIRLPOOLS IN THE STRAITS OF MESSINA.

THE waters in the Straits of Messina are, as is well known, impelled by a strong current, varying in its direction according to the period of the tide, sometimes setting from north to south, and sometimes from south to north. Many writers, both ancient and modern, have noticed this phenomenon, but no one has as yet described the circumstances attendant upon it, or traced the causes by which they are connected together. The poets invented Scylla and Charybdis, and historians, copying from them, have affirmed in their works the existence of the rocks of Scylla, and the whirlpool of Charybdis. Spallanzani, to the best of our recollection, was the first who, by his observations, proved the idea so long entertained of this whirlpool, to be erroneous, but he was unable to discover what produced the violent agitation of the waters visible in many parts of the Straits, or by what force vessels were frequently hurried along by the impetuosity of such agitation, and dashed against the neighbouring rocks. It may not, therefore, be a useless labour to distinguish and link together the principal phenomena of these currents ; to explain the cause of the formation of the whirlpools, and the different results of their action under different circumstances.

The channel of Messina is narrowest at the Pharos, where its breadth may be about a league. If we look in an oblique direction through this opening, the view is bounded by the rocks of Scylla, which apparently shut up the mouth of the strait in that direction. But if from the Pharos we approach Messina, as we proceed, the sides of the channel diverge, and after passing Messina, the strait widens perceptibly, till it opens to the main sea. The Messinese have given to the current the Greek name of *Rema*, and when it sets from the north, they call it *Rema discendente* ; when from the south, *Rema montante*. But whether the rema flow north or south, several currents may always be observed at no great distance from the shore, running in an opposite direction to the main stream ; that is to say,

when the rema sets to the northward these currents run in a southerly direction, and vice versâ. This singular fact, which must strike every one who attentively surveys the Straits, deserves to be considered, since, in our opinion, it is the principal cause on which all the other phenomena of this current depend, and from which they proceed.

To explain the reason of these contrary currents, which are called *reflui*, we must take for granted that the two sides of the channel are, as they appear to be, irregular, and intersected by numerous creeks and bays.

If it be true, as some assert, that both shores were formerly united, it may be easily imagined that this irregularity may have been caused by the violence of the shock which split and separated them. But without taking this into our consideration, it will be obvious that the cliffs on either side have been partly dissolved, or washed away by the violence of the waters which have been for centuries, and are still sapping their foundations; nor is it possible that granite, the common basis of the mountains of Calabria and Messina, can have resisted, uninjured, the incessant action of the waters, which in the course of ages will destroy, or at least produce a vast alteration in almost every natural production. We know also that the rocks of Scylla are hollowed into numerous caverns, among which the water rushing in, circulating and bursting out again, produces that noise which, according to Homer, resembles the barking of many dogs.

Admitting the shores to be thus irregular and cavernous, we may easily conceive that the waters impelled by the current, striking them obliquely, a reaction will be produced, and the momentum of the impulse be divided into two distinct powers, one of which being a direct recoil, will be annihilated; the other, flying off in a direction equal to the angle of that in which it was impelled; therefore the current of water, after striking the shore, will be repelled in a given angle, and be urged on in its new direction by the moiety of power which remains. Now if the current, after this first repulsion, strikes the side of a second or third projection, then from the second or third angular obliquity a current may result directly contrary to the main stream. As many, therefore, as are the points in which the irregularity of either side

causes such repulsion of the water, so many *reflui* or contrary currents will be produced. And these are seldom observed far distant from the shores of the channel, because it is by the action of the water on the sides that they are formed.

Nor can the winds apparently have any influence on the formation of the *reflui*; for whether the air be calm or not, whether the wind be favourable or adverse to the stream, these currents are constantly visible. Indeed we cannot with probability assign a certain and invariable result to an uncertain and variable cause. The action of the wind can produce no other effect than to modify the velocity of these currents. If the wind blow in the direction of the stream, the latter will be impelled with greater impetuosity against the shores, and therefore the reflux will certainly possess a greater impulse than would have been the case if it had not been aided by the wind; and if the wind blow in a contrary direction to the rema, the latter will naturally strike the shores with less impetus: but the *reflui* which are formed will not only be impelled by their remaining power, but also by the favourable action of the wind. The formation of the *reflui* therefore being independent of the wind, can only result from the irregular and cavernous shape of the shores.

This explanation, which to some may appear solely theoretical, is, however, confirmed by observation. The *Rema montante*, in the course of the year, is sometimes more, and sometimes less rapid than the *Rema discendente*. The points from which the rema enters the channel, as the Messinese pilots affirm, vary according to the season of the year; but notwithstanding these variations the direction of the *reflui* is always the same. As a proof of this, the above-mentioned pilots, when they see a ship, through the unskilfulness of the captain, caught into one of these *reflui*, can instantly point out the exact spot whither the vessel will be irremediably carried. This uniform direction of the *reflui*, amid all the variations of the current, clearly refers their cause to the only constant and unchanging object—the form of the shore. Besides, it is well known that the rapidity of the *reflui* decreases in proportion as the strait widens, although the rema continues in all its former activity; because these currents must necessarily lose their

force in proportion as that force is extended over a larger space, and as their distance from the points whence they were repelled increases.

As the direction of the reflux is invariably the same, so it is always in the same parts of the strait that the waters appear to form whirlpools; both thus shewing by their constant position, the chain which connects them, and their mutual relation to each other; for wherever the reflux meet the current of the stream, a violent agitation must necessarily be produced, and where many reflux meet the current in an oblique direction, a circular motion will take place similar in appearance to that of a whirlpool.

Observation will strengthen this supposition. The whirlpools are found close to the shore, because the currents do not, as before stated, extend to any distance from land. They are formed in the narrowest part of the channel, because in this part the reflux are stronger and more numerous. In fact, they are for the most part near the Pharos and the Lanterna, and are scarcely perceptible more to the southward, where the channel widens and the reflux lose their force.

After this we can no longer be surprized at the effects produced by these whirlpools in the Straits of Messina. When a ship is inadvertently drawn into one of them, it must of necessity either be whirled round, or remain motionless, till one of the two contrary powers by which it is fixed, becomes greater than the other. When the opposing powers of the reflux and of the main stream are equal and operate in exactly contrary directions upon the vessel, there can be no doubt but that the two powers being in equilibrium, the vessel must remain motionless, and as it were fastened in the middle of the whirlpool. In such case, if the sea is rough and the wind which agitates it, boisterous, the vessel is in danger of being beaten to pieces by the violence of the waves, and consequently of foundering. But if the powers of the contrary currents are not directly opposed in one and the same line, then their forces, although they were equal, would act upon the vessel with a rotatory motion; and, according to the law of mechanics, the momentum of this result would be equal in such case to the sum of the momenta of the component powers, and the motion of rotation will continue as long as the equilibrium and energy of the opposing

forces. But if one of these forces should decrease, it follows that the other being more active and remaining victorious, will drive the ship against the shore, where it will, most probably, be dashed to pieces. This is also the reason why the most dangerous whirlpools in the straits are situated but a few yards distant from either shore.

By the irregularity therefore of the sides of this channel are produced the reflux, and by these again the apparent whirlpools, and all the dangers of the navigation of the Straits near the Pharos. The skill of the Messinese pilots consists in nothing further than their knowledge of these currents, and of the best manner of avoiding them or extricating a vessel from them. Fortunately, the direction of them is always the same, and the art of the pilots being founded upon a certain and invariable basis, seldom if ever fails.

These remarks were drawn up during a recent residence of some days at Messina. Our intention was to have traced a map of the irregularities of the coast, in order to have proved more clearly the truth of our hypothesis; but want of time prevented us from carrying this design into effect. We shall, however, feel gratified to see our ideas corrected or better expressed by some one, who, with more leisure, may hereafter be induced to examine the phenomena of these straits.

THOUGHTS ON THE ESTABLISHMENT OF A PUBLIC MARKET FOR LITERATURE.

THANKS to the immortal discoveries of Jan Lawrence Coster, Jan Faustus or Peter Scoeffer, or to all of them combined, the world is now in possession of a more valuable medium for the universal dissemination of knowledge, than the costly manuscripts of former ages, which, notwithstanding their *illumination*, did not tend to enlighten mankind; although some grave and timid persons have been led to lament the discovery from the torrents of nonsense, impiety, and absurdity, with which the world has been deluged since the introduction of the art of printing, yet as knowledge like *caloric* has a natural tendency to diffuse itself universally, and as it is as salutary to the moral, as heat is to the natural world, every means may safely be employed to facilitate its progress, since, provided the search after truth be not impeded, sophistry and falsehood, error and arti-

see will be finally detected and exposed. But materially as the navigation of the ocean of literature has been improved by this discovery, so many difficulties attend the first launching of the bark, the outfit is generally so expensive, many are prohibited to trade without a licence, while a certain incorporated body (i. e. the booksellers) have such complete command of the market, that many adventurers are for these reasons deterred from employing their capital in such speculations. The warfare between authors and publishers is coeval with the introduction of letters; it has afforded matter of serious comment and playful satire, and has been the subject of many an ingenious essay to our best periodical writers; and scarcely a novel issues from the press, that does not exhibit some interesting disciple of the muse, the victim of the unheard of cruelty and unmerited persecution of a tyrannical bookseller. Occasion has thence been taken by knaves (and fools, who are their echoes, have propagated the slander) to cast a general stigma upon the profession, whereas, if these "*Calamities of Authors*" were traced to their source, instead of being chargeable to publishers, they would be found (like most other calamities) to proceed from their own folly, conceit, or petulance. It is presumed, however, that the present system of negotiation between authors and booksellers, is capable of great improvement; and as this is the age for projects of reform, it has been proposed to obviate all difficulties, to reform all abuses, to remove all impediments, and to secure an equitable competition, by the establishment of a literary fair, where works of every description would be exposed to public sale, and their respective value determined—not by the caprice of a bookseller—but by the state of the market. One of the first points to be considered in the adoption of such a measure is the local situation of the market. Runymede has been proposed as a proper site for its establishment, for as it would tend materially to secure the liberty of the press, and facilitate the circulation of liberal opinion, it would have the further advantage of increasing the attachment to, and invigorating the defence of, those civil rights, which were upon the same spot confirmed to our ancestors, and thus become a sort of annual commemoration of the triumph of civil, as well as of literary freedom. But greatly as these reasons operate in favour of Runymede, as it would be

desirable to combine as many advantages as possible, of a more obvious and generally useful nature, a central situation affording facility of communication with the principal manufactories, is of still greater importance; let, therefore, some topographer of note fix upon that spot in England, most equidistant from London, Edinburgh, and Dublin, and measures will be taken by a parliamentary grant, no doubt (for our national representatives will assuredly rejoice in an opportunity of applying some of our superfluous cash to the attainment of an object of such great public utility) to purchase the premises wherever they may be, most appropriate for the establishment of this emporium of literature. The local situation and the period when the fair is to be held being determined, the environs would soon rise into opulence, for not only must provision be made for the accommodation of the frequenters of the market, but a brisk retail trade might be carried on in the manufacturing of materials for future sale. On one side you might see an advertisement, declaring, that Thoughts on all subjects are provided according to order, on the most liberal terms.—Another sign would inform you, that—Abstracts are furnished at so much per line—here that mottoes and quotations adapted to all subjects can be procured on the shortest notice—there that divines may be provided with heads of discourses—tourists with descriptions and topographical notices—poets with imagination and rhyme—novelists with characters and incidents, with care, secrecy, and dispatch.

It would be amusing to anticipate in idea the anxiety, the expectation, the hopes, the fears, that would pervade all classes of persons who were ever so remotely interested in the proceedings—the crowds of buyers and sellers of all sorts and conditions who would assemble at the general rendezvous:—compilers, driving their ponderous folios to market in broad-wheeled waggons, while the dealer in abstracts and abridgements would canter to the fair on a light thorough-bred mare, with his duodecimos packed in his portmanteau. Many a mule's burthen of controversy would plod its weary way, which the essayist would skip past with his *works* in his waistcoat pocket—while a well-laden diligence was discharging its cargo of novelists and romance writers, dramatists, and opera-mongers, the dilettanti poet in his smart tilbury would dash into the

fair, overturning the stall of a moralist, the booth of a speculative philosopher, a wheel-barrow full of abstracts from Aristotle's poetics, translations of Horace's Art of Poetry, and a few treatises on Common Sense. It is proposed that the conductors of the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews should be appointed clerks of the market. We may conjecture one of their reports to be somewhat in the style following:—"Orthodox Theology is nearly at par—Scepticism on the decline—Sermons, for retail trade, plenty, above a decent market price. Philosophical Dissertations, and Metaphysical Disquisitions are on the advance; there was a considerable demand for Political Speculations and Discussions, which fetched high prices. General Histories stood long, and many remained unsold. A brisk demand for Novels and Romances. Poetry quite a drug, and, excepting some superior samples, did not meet a ready sale. Translations (French novels excepted) were in no demand. The market was overstocked with Travels. Antiquarian Researches bore a decent market price. Natural and Experimental Philosophy considerably above par. There were many samples of forensic and pulpit Eloquence from Ireland, abounding in trope, figure, and metaphor, but as they were considerably adulterated with hyperbole and bombast, there was not a great demand for them, and those that were sold were chiefly for home consumption. Some brilliant and valuable specimens in Poetry, Moral Tales, and the Drama, from that country, were not exceeded by any in the market. From Edinburgh there was a large supply of Philosophy and Metaphysics; Romances of the highest order, which brought enormous prices, and left all competition far behind. Some rare productions of the national school of Poetry, and some of the choicest specimens of legitimate Eloquence. A considerable display of classical Literature, Memoirs of Science, and Political Disquisitions from Oxford. From Cambridge the supply was chiefly of Antiquities, Biblical Criticism, Mathematical works, and Controversial Divinity. The London dealers, as usual, abounded in every department of literature, though their commodities by no means kept pace in value with their numbers and diversity; almost all the Translations in the market were supplied from thence; and there was a plentiful assortment of Lyrics and Loyalty: Ancient Ballads

and Modern Politics, from Cumberland and Westmoreland."

ON THE INCONSISTENCY OF THE EDINBURGH REVIEWERS IN THEIR CRITICISMS ON POPE.

MR. EDITOR,

There is no feature in modern criticism more remarkable than its sudden change of opinion respecting our great poet, Pope. Having passed the ordeal of his probationary century, he had just bidden fair to enjoy as immortal a fame as Horace (who himself decided a hundred years to be the poetical term of probation.) when behold, up starts a Number of the Edinburgh Review; of a work, which, not long before, was his champion and protector: and, in utter defiance of all consistency, declares him a mere versifier, and scarcely a poet at all. Were one quite unacquainted with the secret machinery which actuates that publication, one might guess for ever without discovering the causes of so flagrant and barefaced an apostasy. But when it is recollected that its praises of Pope were published some time before certain modern poets had appeared, and that these modern poets now contribute to the Review, it will easily be conceived, that poets would elevate the style which they had themselves adopted, at the expense of a style which they wished to explode. It may likewise be easily conceived, that the editor of the Review would sacrifice some of its consistency for the advantage he must derive from their contributions. The consequence has been, that he actually took no longer time than three years to change his published sentiments respecting Pope; and, indeed, so completely are his two sets of tenets at variance, that the best refutation now extant of his latter attacks are to be found in his former vindications.

Now, Sir, as I consider those former vindications extremely good, as I am myself incapable of doing so much justice to Pope as he has done, and as I am anxious to expose the injustice which he has also done, I think I cannot better attain my object, than by pitting himself against himself, and comparing his former defence of the bard with his own subsequent attack; which, by the way, is about twice as severe as that from which he had indignantly exculpated him.

I shall, therefore, make some extracts:

Attack.

There are no pictures of *nature* or of *simple emotion* in his writings.

Ed. Rev. Aug. 1811.

Pope is a satirist, and a moralist, and a wit, and a critic, and a fine writer, much more than he is a poet.

Aug. 1811.

He has not a great deal of *fancy*.

Aug. 1811.

He (Goldsmith) had the harmony of Pope, without his quaintness, and his selectness of diction without his coldness and eternal vivacity.

Sep. 1816.

The defence concludes with this unqualified interrogatory: "*What then is it that we want?*" and for what reason does Mr. Bowles, like the vain herd of modern verifiers, carp at the poetical merits of Pope?

What is it that they want? In the year 1808, it seems, they wanted nothing more of him than they had already found in him, namely, "*nature*," "*passion*," "*fancy*," and "*real poetry*:" but in the year 1811, they wanted of him—what? Why precisely those very qualities which they had found in him only three years before! Is poetry, then, like wine, and can its spirit evaporate? Horace, I remember, compares it to wine, when he cautions us to keep it nine years in cask before we publish it; but when it is once published, I had no notion that it could become bad, from having been once good, and that its essence could undergo

PLANETARY MOTION.

MR. EDITOR,

The crowded state of your valuable columns (as I understand from your printer) not permitting the insertion, this month, of my defence and illustration of the Newtonian system of Gravity, I must beg a corner for one observation on W. J.'s objections, the apparent plausibility of which, as it seems to have bewildered him, may also puzzle such of your readers as are not decidedly astronomical.

The fact is, that W. J. fights a wind-mill of his own building—the superiority of the centrifugal over the centripetal

NEW MONTHLY MAG.—No. 63.

Defence.

Is it true? Does he speak so little to the imagination and the heart? Does he borrow his delineations from manners only and not from nature?

Jan. 1808.

Pope has reached a HIGH TONE OF REAL POETRY, according to the strictest notion of the term.

Jan. 1808.

Is the sprightliness of a versatile *fancy*, the play of varied imagery, a distinguishing characteristic of the poet? Where is this more striking than in the Rape of the Lock, and indeed in many parts of the Dunciad?

Jan. 1808.

Is the *ferour of passion*, the power of exciting and expressing emotion, the soul of poetry? We have already pointed to it in the *Eloisa*. Nothing of the kind has ever been produced equal to it, for pathos, painting, and melody.

Jan. 1808.

a complete process of transmutation, without the loss, change, or displacement of a single syllable. Yet, either this must have happened to Pope's works, or else the Edinburgh Review must exhibit a phenomenon not much less remarkable, when it proves, that what is good is bad, and what is bad is good. The truth is, if we judge of Pope by his moral and satirical works only, we cannot allow him many of the higher poetical qualities. Those, therefore, who estimate his powers in general by these pieces alone, may just as well characterize the sublime Milton as a punning, humorous, and witty writer, because he composed a laughable epitaph upon Hodge the carrier, or Homer, as a most facetious poet, but not at all an elevated one, because he was the author of a production called *The Battle of the Frogs*.

I am, &c.

B.

force, after the moment of equality at the perihelium, does not, as he argues, proceed from acquired increase, but takes place in diminution, in consequence of the centripetal force decreasing more rapidly than the centrifugal, thus enabling the rotatory motion and centrifugal force, or projectile as is the common expression, to carry the earth beyond a circle whose radius would be equal to the perihelium distance.

This shews that his main objection is incorrect in position. So much then *en passant*; and I trust that my popular illustration, in the ensuing month, will refute all the sophistry which has lately

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been so much in vogue upon the subject. L.

P. S. If W. J. in addition to § 158 from Ferguson, had consulted the preceding sections 151, 2, 3, 4, he might have inferred the fact of the *diminishing* forces, though not expressly stated.

—I would also recommend a perusal of that author to the Projectile Puzzler. That every body possesses gravity, I hope I shall prove to W. J.; but for any body to retain their gravity, whilst reading Sir Richard, is impossible!

THE CABINET.

AN UNPUBLISHED POETICAL EPISTLE OF ROBERT BURNS.

*To the Right Honorable the Earl of B***, President of the Right Honorable and Honorable the Highland Society, which met on the 23d of May last, at the Shakespeare, Covent Garden, to concert ways and means to frustrate the designs of FIVE HUNDRED HIGHLANDERS, who, as the Society were informed, by Mr. M'—, of A****s, were so audacious as to attempt an escape from their lawful lords and masters, whose property they are, by emigrating from the lands of Mr. MACDONALD, of Glengary, to the wilds of Canada, in search of that fantastic thing—LIBERTY!*

Long life, my Lord, an' health be yours,
Unskait'h'd by hunger'd Highlan' boors!
Lord grant nae duddie, desperate beggar,
Wi' durk, claymore, or rusty trigger,
May twin auld Scotland o' a life
She likes—as *butchers* like a *knife*!
Faith, you and A****s were right
To keep the Highlan' hounds in sight!
I doubt na! they wad bid nae better
Than let them ance but owre the water,
Then up among the lakes and seas
They'll mak what rules and laws they please.
Some daring Hancock, or a Franklin,
May set their Highlan' bluid a ranklin';
Some Washington again may head them,
Or some Montgomery fearless lead them;
Till God knows what may be effected,
When by such heads and hearts directed:
Poor dunghill sons of dirt and mire,
May to Patrician rights aspire!
Nae sage North, now, nor sager Sackville,
To watch and premier o'er the pack vile!
And where will ye get Howes and Clintons
To bring them to a right repentance?
To cower the rebel generation,
An' save the honor of the nation!
They, and he d—d!—what right hae they
To meat, or sleep, or light o' day;
Far less to riches, power, or freedom
But what your lordships please to gie them!
But hear my lord! G**** hear!
Your hand's *owre light* on them I fear;
Your factors, grieves, trustees, and bailies,
I canna say but they do gailies;
They lay aside a' tender mercies,
And tirl the hallions to the birsies:

Yet while they're only poin'd and herriet
They'll keep their stubborn Highlan' spirit;
But smash them! crash them a' to spails!
And rot the dyvors i' the jails!
The young dogs, swinge them to the labour,

Let work an' hunger mak' them sober!
The hizzies, if they're oughtless fawsont
Let them in Drury Lane be lesson'd!
An' if the wives an' dirty brats
Come thiggan at your doors an' yetts,
Flaffan wi' duds, an' grey wi' beese,
Frightan away your deucks an' geese;
Get out a horsewhip or a jowler,
The langest thang, the fiercest growler,
An' gar the tatter'd gypsies pack
Wi' a' their bastards on their back!

Go on, my lord! I lang to meet you,
An' in my house at hame to greet you!
Wi' common lairds ye shanna mingle,
The benmost newk beside the ingle,
At my right hand assign'd your seat,
'Tween Herod'ship an' Polycerate,—
Or, if ye on your station tarrow,
Between Ahnagro an' Pizarro;
A seat I'm sure ye're weel deservin't,
An' till ye come—your humble servant,

June 1, BEELZEBUB.
Anno Mundi, 5790.

ORIGIN OF THE TERMS WHIG AND TORY.

1. "This year (says Hume, Hist. England, 1680), is remarkable for being the epoch of the well-known epithets of *Whig* and *Tory*, by which, and sometimes without any material difference, this island has been so long divided. The court party reproached their antagonists with their affinity to the fanatical conventicles in Scotland, who were known by the name of the *Whigs*: the country party found a resemblance between the courtiers and Popish banditti in Ireland, to whom the appellation of *Tory* was affixed. And after this manner, these foolish terms of reproach came into public and general use; and even at present seem not nearer their end than when they were first invented."

2. Bailey, in his dictionary, gives the following as the origin: "*Whig* (Sax.) whey butter-milk, or very small beer, also a name first applied to those in

Scotland who kept their meetings in the fields, their common food being **four milk**;* a nickname given to those who were against the court interest in the times of King Charles and James II., and to such as were for it in succeeding reigns."

With regard to *Tory*, he tells us that it was "a word first used by the Protestants in Ireland to signify those Irish common robbers and murderers who stood outlawed for robbery and murder; now a nickname to such as call them selves high churchmen, or to the partizans of the Chevalier de St. George."

3. Johnson has, "*Whig* (Sax.) 1. Whev. 2. The name of a faction; and as for *Tory*, he supposes it to be derived from an Irish word, signifying a savage. "One who adheres to the ancient constitution of the state, and the apostolical hierarchy of the church of England—opposed to a *Whig*."

Torbhee is the Irish appellation for a person who seizes by force, and without the intervention of law, what, whether really so or not, he alleges to be his property.

4. Daniel Defoe, in No. 75 of Vol. vii. of his "*Review of the British Nation, 1709*," thus defines *Tory*:

"The word **TORY** is Irish, and was first made use of in Ireland, in the time of Elizabeth's wars there. It signified a kind of robbers, who, being listed in neither army, preyed in general upon their country without distinction of English or Irish."

He then tells us a long story, in which he ascribes the invention of the term to one *Titus Oates*. The word *Whig* he informs us is *Scots*, and was in use among the Cameronians, who frequently took up arms in support of their religion. It is said that the Duke of Monmouth, after his return from the battle of Bothwell Bridge (so admirably described in the *Tales of My Landlord*), found himself ill-treated by King Charles, for having used the insurgent covenanters so mercifully. Lord Lauderdale is reported to have told Charles, *with an oath*, that the Duke had been so civil to the *Whigs*, because he was a *Whig* himself in his heart. This made it a court word, and in a little time all the friends and followers of the Duke began to be called *Whigs*.

* In many parts of Scotland the term *Whig* is still commonly applied to a sort of sour liquid which is obtained from milk or cream.

A CULLODEN ANECDOTE.

MR. EDITOR,

THE very interesting "*Culloden Anecdotes*" in your late number have recalled to my recollection the following occurrence, which I have frequently heard related in my own family, and of the authenticity of which your readers may be assured. After the final overthrow of the hopes of the Pretender, when he was wandering about the country to evade his pursuers, he was, among his many other hair-breadth escapes, once probably saved in the following manner: My grandmother, then a girl of eighteen, was remarkably like the Pretender in face, and a report having been spread that the Prince was wandering about disguised in a female dress, Miss — was actually arrested by a party of the royal soldiers. Being of a family who were staunch Jacobites, she had the resolution and presence of mind not to betray her sex, and suffered herself to be conducted by the soldiers, who treated her with all the respect due to her supposed rank, towards the English frontiers. She was passed in this manner from one station to another, till she reached a post, to the commanding officer of which she was personally known, he having, I think, been quartered either in her father's house, or at least in the neighbourhood. Here the mistake was of course discovered, and she was sent back to her friends with many apologies; but in the mean time the Pretender (the report of whose capture had been generally circulated) had effected his escape.

L.

ACCOUNT OF THE AUTHOR OF NO. 595 OF THE SPECTATOR.

Number 595 of the *Spectator* for September 14, 1714, which was supposed to have been written by an unknown hand, was the production of a Mr. Castleton, a college friend of Addison's. This gentleman was also the author of a small collection of poems never published, although a few copies were printed for his friends, and his name is affixed to a commendatory anagram and acrostic, addressed to the author of a curious pamphlet, entitled "*A Key to the Lock; or a Treatise, proving, beyond all contradiction, the dangerous tendency of a late Poem entitled The Rape of the Lock, to Government and Religion*, by Esdras Barnevelt, Apothecary." 8vo. London, 1715; where Mr. Castleton styles himself "a well-wisher to the coalition of parties."

CURIOUS ORIGIN OF NO. 71 OF THE SPECTATOR.

In the year 1711 James Hirst lived servant with the Honourable Edward Wortley. It happened one day that in redelivering a parcel to his master, he by mistake, gave him one which he had written to his sweetheart, and kept back Mr Wortley's. He soon discovered his error, and immediately hurried to his master in order to retrieve it; but unfortunately, or rather we may say for-

tunately, for poor James, it happened to be the first that presented itself, and before his return, Mr. Wortley had perused the enamoured footman's love story. James intreated to have it returned: "No," said Mr. Wortley, "No James, you shall be a great man; this letter shall appear in the Spectator."—It was accordingly communicated to Mr. Steele, and published in James's own words, "Dear Betty," &c.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

EXTRACTS FROM SOME UNPUBLISHED SCENES OF "MANUEL," A TRAGEDY, BY THE REV. C. R. MATURIN.

ACT III.

De Zelos and Mendosabel.

Mend. How, my lord—

De Z. Nay, pardon me, I know not what I utter;—

But this I know, which much concerns your wisdom:

Mark me, my worthy lord, this ancient railer

Not to your courts confines his clamorous outrage;

In your wide streets it bruits, raves through your walls,

Teaching the credulous, change-loving multitude,

The wealth-swoln burgher and swart artizan, With the crowded but hushed streets to throng,

To nod with hollow look—gripe with stern clutch—

Dart dangerous meanings from the speaking eye,

Then part like men whose parting seems to say,

We'll meet anon to purpose: look to this—Your streets are full of it.

Mend. I 'st possible?

De Z. Possible! aye, and to the meanest hamlet

Th' infection spreads; th' untaught and weaponless rustic

Treads with a firmer step, as his stern song Dooms to despair that murderer's soul.

Men. My lord!

De Z. Oh, sir! I prize the clamours of the crowd

Light as the winds that waft them; but 'tis horrible

To feel the curses which the writhen lip In stifling gives more vehement utterance;

To feel the curse in the averted eye,

Withdrawn, but not extinguished;

Inhale an air, poisoned with execration—

Tread on an earth, whose echoes to my steps

Answer in groans;—dread at my doubtful meals

The cup that hate presents, and the piled dainties

Suspicion plucks back hunger from—'tis horrible—

But most of all to dread slow-stealing night, That like a murderer in its bosom bears

Visions that stab me sleeping.

Toralca. My noble friend, banish such wayward fancies;

You do with too much sorrow load your spirit,

If you—thus wrongfully accused—do feel

Your nice and sensitive frame with anguish thrill

What feels Alonso's murderer?

De Z. (much agitated) Ask me not—It would too deeply rend the soul to speak it—

How should I tell thee what a murderer feels?

Men. Nay drop the ungracious theme, thou seest it moves him.

De Z. It doth indeed.

ACT IV.

De Zelos and Ximena.

Xi. I dreamt I stood within a proud alcove,

Where white-stoled virgins robed me as a bride,

But told no bridegroom's name—and when I asked

Their smile had a strange kind of ghastly sweetness.

De Z. Well dreamer—who was this immortal wooer?

Xi. List to me yet—I sat, as is the wont

Of Spanish maids, within the midnight bower,

To wait the bridal song that calls them thence.

—It came—the bridal song—on the hushed air

Rose rich and troubled, like the groans of melody;

Then sunk the strain, and thrice my name was uttered:

Come my pale bride—and endless be our union;

—It was *Alonso's* voice that called on me—

De Z. He hath no voice—may th' unbodied spirit

Thus haunt and howl around our shaking mansion—

I will have walls of adamant.

Xi. Oh hear me yet, for on the waking ear
Strikes with more certainty no living sound.
Starting I woke, and sat the live-long night,
And on my lute traced the remembered chords

(And bid my weeping maidens learn it too),
Hark, list to it.— [*music within.*]

De Z. (*great agitation*)—Hush, hush
those sounds of woe
They feed her madness—they will drive
me mad.

Wouldst with his funeral dirge insult his—
kinsman (*recovering*)

This must be craft-damned, damned dissembling all.

(*approaching her fiercely and seizing her hand*)

Hear me, and tremble—ha!—unbid thou tremblest.

This dry and burning touch—this wasted hand,

Within whose veins health revelled yesterday—(*dropping it and gazing on her*)

This is not art—

Xi. Canst thou place this shrunk hand—

Through whose thin membrane thou mayst see the pulse

That soon shall cease to beat—within another's (*grasping his hand affectionately*).

Nay keep it in thy grasp—*While yet thou mayst.*

De Z. (*affected at first, then flinging her away*)

Wed him, and die—Now, girl, thou knowst my will.

ACT V.

Victoria surveying her apartment in the Castle of Almunecar.

The carved roof, on which my fretful taper
Flings streaks of light mid gulphing cavities,
Like the ribbed hulk of some gigantic wreck,
Through which the sullen wave that sunk it darkens;

Yon crested arch beneath its sculptured key-stone

Doth darklier frown;—its notched and fretted lines

Seem in the light's pale gilding like some visage,

Whose fierce distorted lineaments do glare
In ghastly mockery at me—(*she sees the tapestry*)

——— Oh ye folds
Of wavering curtained darkness, whose dim range

Doth heave in ominous swelling, is there yet
Beyond your shade, some darkly-lurking shape

—Of giant-form dimensionless,—the eye,
Dizzy with terror, measures not, but catches
In fear's dark mirror multiplied.

Manuel in the vault.

The furred and murky lamp
Fed with foul exhalations and blue damps—

Like a clouded star through autumn's nights—

Gleams sadly as if light were here a stranger—

Shrink not from earthly tread thou land of darkness,

Let not the worm forsake his feast, nor th' owl

Cease from his dirge for me, nor the gorged reptile

Couch in corruption's festering house to shun me;—

—And ye whose fearful being hath no name,
Vampire or Goul, or things of fouler nature
That with the rotting sleep's unnatural revels

Loathed dalliance hold;—upon the shadowy confines

Of your dark empire unscathed I stand—
I am of earth no longer

(*He addresses the supposed inmates of the place*)

Oh ye with unfleshed arms, and sightless sockets

Where eyes have been, and bleached and hairless skulls

Swathed in the recent shroud, or sternly clattering

In hollow nakedness of nerveless bone.

Crusted with charnel mould of livid green,

On the black ribs of death *horribly verdant*
—Ye visible watchers round the hopeless bed,

Where groans and gnashing and th' impenitent yell

Do make the iron music of despair;—

Who 'gainst the doubtful spirit's shivering flight

Do centinel the passes of redemption;—

—Ye forms of horror wheresoe'er ye be—
Victoria.

Oh cease this horrid impious adjuration—

LINES,

Written on a blank leaf of the "Pleasures of Hope."

Or power the fond and feeling heart to bless

With tenderest joy and sweetest penance—

In Love's warm soul to wake a deeper glow,
Or kindlier steal a flushing smile from Woe,—

Here Campbell lives;—his record of renown

No fleeting pomp,—a pageant,—or a crown!
With time's swift tide, they sparkle, and they pass;—

Ionic marble and Corinthian brass

Melt into dust;—towers, kingdoms, empires fall,

As circling ages into ages call;
But all unfelt the withering chill of time,

In the fresh flower of a perennial prime.

Here Campbell lives;—here hath his hand designed

The fervid transcript of his generous mind.

Like that mysterious crystal which inspires
 Serener pureness from the wrath of fires;
 The tender charm of his familiar page,
 Which soothed with softest dreams our
 earliest age,
 But breathes,—reigned to art's severe con-
 troul,—
 Diviner transport, and a purer soul.
 When his bold strings, with noblest frenzy
 fraught,
 Unchecked by terror, reach the heaven of
 thought,
 Seems not his minstrel-spirit to have won
 The fiery car and mantle of the sun;
 Wide o'er the burning galaxy to sweep,
 Span earth's proud planet and divide the
 deep,
 Its springs unlock, and wake with potent
 spell
 The angel pity slumbering in her cell?—
 Soft as her sigh, the swelling tones subside,
 Mournful and slow, yet warbling as they
 glide,
 Sooth the still air, the arrested soul enchain,
 Till bliss is moulded in the mint of pain!
 O thou, whose path fair Fancy strews with
 flowers,—
 One lovely tissue of romantic hours,—
 Whose classic home indulgent Heaven has
 graced
 With each blest handmaid in the court of
 taste;
 Oft o'er the enchanting scenes thy art has
 planned,
 Supremely lovely, or divinely grand,
 Shall beauty linger—each rude care asleep—
 Alone with thee to glow or wildly weep;
 Till thou, enthron'd within her breast, shalt
 be
 The guardian priest of her futurity,
 Responsive to her voice, bright dreams to
 weave
 At opening sun-rise and at falling eve.
 Feb. 12, 1819. J. H. WIFFEN.

TO ARTHUR BROOKE, ESQ.

If storms, the myrtle-flowers decay,
 And lightning scathe the parent tree;
 Fresh blooms almost as fair as they
 In Spring's returning hours we see:
 The stream that glanced as clear as light,—
 Now darkened by a turbid stain,—
 In after moments, to the sight,
 Reflects heaven's glorious hues again:
 With awful sound and stormy flash,
 At morn, old ocean's waters roar;
 Yet evening hears them softly dash
 In music on the sunny shore:
 And hearts by sorrow nursed, and care,—
 By torture seared, or rent by woe,—
 May see, in happier moments, there
 Sweet hope's returning blossoms blow.
 Love's holy light may all be faded,
 And stained and troubled be its tide;
 Yet from her urn,—by roses shaded,—
 A purer stream shall be supplied.

Wild and lamenting voices speak
 The spirit's awful agonies;
 Whose stormy rush may burst and break
 And in soft melting murmurs rise:
 But time, whose wing hath soothed this
 heart,—
 All broken once as thine can be;
 And torn in every tender part,—
 Shall lay his healing hand on thee.
 At midnight to thy page I flee,
 Oh! dear devoted son of song;
 My sleepless spirit aches for thee,
 To thee my warmest tears belong.
 Thy friends from sorrow turned away,* —
 Love would not wake one strain to cheer
 thee;—
 But there are hearts more true than they,
 To whom thy griefs the more endear
 thee.—

I know the world hath loved us not—
 That Fate her burning brand hath
 hurled;—
 But song can soothe our darkest lot,
 And we may yet defy the world.
 Souls, which *apart* are like to such,—
 When *joined*, a purer pulse can know;—
 As two discordant harps, when touched
 At once,—in softest music flow.
 March 1, 1819. B. B. W.

AT PARTING.

Autumn noons were throwing
 Lights, serene and glowing,
 On mountain, lake, and tree;
 And a soft melancholy—
 Making the day more holy—
 Brooded o'er earth and sea;—
 When first I flew to greet thee
 Impassioned Zobeide,
 And oh! so kind and sweetly
 Came thy young voice to me,
 It woke to new vibration
 This sad heart's long stagnation,
 Which trembled all to thee!
 Sickness her best bloom shrouded,—
 Her soft cheek sadness clouded,—
 And dear that cloud to me;
 Yet, would a sudden hectic
 Light her wild eye, electric,
 When wizard Poesy,
 In gold her numbers weaving—
 Exalting, soothing, grieving—
 Thrilled the fair breast whose heaving
 Gleamed like white waves at sea;
 'Till I could deem its splendour,
 So passing bright and tender,
 Was only lit for me.—
 Autumn winds were rending
 The berries, redly bending,
 From one lone sumach-tree;
 When the warm tears, quick starting
 To my dim lids at parting,
 She gave her hand to me.
 'Twas like that earlier token

* "Poems by Arthur Brooke," p. 131.

With which my heart was broken ;—
 Few were the accents spoken,
 Enough—that I could see
 She shrunk away in sorrow,
 From thoughts, that on the morrow
 Our hands apart would be!

The year's last rose hung wreathing,
 Around, faint odor breathing,
 From its decaying tree ;

Unhoping I bereaved it,
 Unsmiling she received it,
 Stole one swift glance at me ;—

Then in her book disposed it
 With lingering hand and closed it,
 Where sacredly reposed it,

Pledge of past joy to be :
 As though her eye had uttered
 To soothe the heart that fluttered,
 "Yes, I'll remember thee!"

VIDA.

Woburn, Sep. 16, 1818.

TO AN INFANT CHILD.

Unknown—unseen—yet cherished in my
 breast,

Child of my love, my happiness and woe !
 I leave thee, lingering, with a soul oppressed,
 To climes afar—to other worlds to go :

Yet, ere I lose the mountains of my land,—
 The last blue glimpse of thy maternal
 shore,—

Hopes of my heart—recorded by my hand—
 Shall be my child's when life and grief
 are o'er.

Whilst on thine infant innocence I gaze,—
 'Tis but the fancy of a father's mind,—
 And cast a glance of prophecy on days

With bliss,—perchance, with wretched-
 ness combined ;—

'Twere wise to wish thee,—pure and fault-
 less,—dead ;

Ere passion, and incentive gifts of time,
 Around thy heart delusive feelings shed,
 And stain thy spotless innocence with
 crime.

Yes—wise it were ;—but from this ruined
 heart,—

Where every year hath triumphed in
 decay,—

From thee, sweet solace of my soul, to part
 Were e'en to chase the blood of life away.

I'd have thee live some few bright summers
 yet,

'Till toil and sufferance have blanched
 my brow ;—

Then, thy pure tears, at least, my tomb may
 wet,

Tho' o'er my grave no other sorrows flow.
 And when—as, haply, thou, in autumn's
 eve,

May'st steal from vulgar joys a pensive
 hour,—

O'er the cold ashes of thy sire to grieve,
 And gild with filial drops his tomb-sprung
 flower,—

As the last tints of wan effulgence shed
 A sad complexion o'er the solemn scene ;
 Since little thy conception of the dead
 May tell, like whom, thine unseen sire,
 hath been ;

Go—lean thee o'er unruffled waters deep ;—
 There trace the features o'er their mirror
 thrown ;

And, haply, those that rest in endless sleep
 May greet thy view—developed in thine
 own.

THE SILKEN LOCK.

*Written by a young Lady on the departure
 of an infant Niece.*

No more, sweet babe ! thou meet'st mine,
 eyes ;

I've wished to thee a long farewell !

And tears, unbidden, now arise ;

And sighs, uncalled, my bosom swell :—

All I now hold of one so fair,

Is but a silken lock of hair.

No more mine eyes can gaze on thee !—

I saw thee, lov'd one ! hence depart :—

Now thou art far away from me,

But thy dear form lives in my heart !

And 'tis a painful, pleasing care

To look upon this silken hair.

I know repining is in vain ;—

It soothes me not,—it brings not thee !

But yet my breast will still complain,

As my too faithful memory

Brings back the head of beauty rare,

Where grew this silken lock of hair.

I do not thy decrees arraign,

Almighty Father of the world !—

The ills that make the heart complain

May blessings prove, when quite un-
 furled :—

The babe I love is in thy care !—

I'll not weep o'er her silken hair.

March 18, 1819.

*On hearing the Irish Melody "DOWN-
 HALL," as arranged by Mr. Moore.*

Yes, I have loved to hear the minstrel strain
 Falling, in liquid notes, from Beauty's
 voice ;

Although each echo woke a thrilling pain,
 Too keen to let my listening soul rejoice !

For it recalled the memory of hours,—

Fraught with delight, but to my heart now
 lost ;

And such the magic of its charming powers,
 I deemed it sweetest—when it pained me
 most !

A.

ON THE BIRTH OF A CHILD.

The morn that ushered thee to life, my child
 Saw thee in tears—whilst all around thee
 smiled !

When summoned hence to thy eternal sleep,
 Oh ! may'st thou smile whilst all around thee
 weep !

E.

MEMOIR OF S. T. COLERIDGE, ESQ.

(With a Portrait.)

THE subject of this biographical sketch was born in the year 1773, at the market town of Ottery St. Mary, in Devonshire, of which parish his father, the Rev. John Coleridge, was for many years vicar, after having been an eminent schoolmaster at South Moulton, on the northern side of the same county, where that elegant scholar and acute critic, Mr. Samuel Badcock, was one of his pupils. Mr. Coleridge contributed much valuable aid to his learned countryman, Dr. Kennicott, in the great work of collating the manuscripts of the Hebrew Bible; and he gave solid proofs of his biblical reading and judgment, in "Dissertations on the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Chapters of the Book of Judges," as well as in some fugitive essays on scriptural subjects in different periodical publications. One of his pieces, now before us, "An Inquiry into the Opinion of the Ancient Jews Concerning the Divine Word, or the *Logos*," would have been a suitable appendix to that part of his son's "Biographia Literaria," where he has ventured to discuss the same sublimely mysterious theme.—Besides these performances, the elder Mr. Coleridge published a Fast Sermon, during the American war, and an incomparable critical Latin Grammar. He died suddenly, in 1782, at the age of sixty-two, much regretted by his parishioners and all who had the pleasure of knowing his worth and talents. He was twice married—by his first wife he had three daughters, one of whom is now living; and by the second he had ten children, among whom there was only one daughter. The survivors of this numerous family are—1. Colonel Coleridge. 2. The Rev. Edward Coleridge, of Ottery. 3. The Rev. George Coleridge, of the same place; and lastly, our author, who indulges the ingenious but fanciful conjecture that Spinoza's admirable biographer, COLERUS, may have been his progenitor; a notion, however, too far fetched to need a serious refutation.

It may well be supposed that, with such a family, and a small living, Mr. Coleridge could not leave much behind him; and accordingly some friends procured admission for the youngest son into Christ's Hospital, where he soon distinguished himself as a boy of acute parts and eccentric habits. The Rev. James Bowyer was then the head mag-

ter of the grammar school, and though a severe disciplinarian, he took a pleasure in fostering promising genius. Reverting to this period of his life, and the character of his excellent preceptor, Mr. Coleridge says—“He early moulded my taste to the preference of Demosthenes to Cicero, of Homer and Theocritus to Virgil, and again of Virgil to Ovid. He habituated me to compare Lucretius, Terence, and above all the chaster poems of Catullus, not only with the Roman poets of the, so called, silver and brazen ages, but with even those of the Augustan era; and on grounds of plain sense and universal logic to see and assert the superiority of the former, in the truth and nativeness, both of their thoughts and diction. At the same time that we were studying the Greek tragic poets, he made us read Shakspeare and Milton as lessons; and they were the lessons too which required most time and trouble to *bring up*, so as to escape his censure. I learned from him that poetry, even that of the loftiest, and seemingly that of the wildest odes, had a logic of its own, as severe as that of science, and more difficult, because more subtle, more complex, and dependant on more, and more fugitive causes. In our English compositions (at least for the last three years of our school education) he showed no mercy to phrase, metaphor, or image, unsupported by a sound sense, or where the same sense might have been conveyed with equal force and dignity in plainer words. Lute, harp, and lyre, muse, muses, and inspirations—Pegasus, Parnassus, and Hippocrene, were all an abomination to him. In fancy, I can almost hear him now exclaiming—“*Harp? Harp? Lyre? Pen and ink, boy, you mean! Muse, boy, muse? Your nurse's daughter, you mean! Pieriam spring? Oh, aye! the cloister-pump, I suppose!*”

“There was one custom of our master's which I cannot pass over in silence, because I think it imitable, and worthy of imitation. He would often permit our theme exercises, under some pretext of want of time, to accumulate, till each lad had four or five to be looked over. Then, placing the whole number *abreast* on his desk, he would ask the writer, why this or that sentence might not have found as appropriate a place under this or that thesis; and if no satisfying answer could be returned, and two faults

of the same kind were found in one exercise, the irrevocable verdict followed, the exercise was torn up, and another, on the same subject, to be produced, in addition to the tasks of the day. The reader will, I trust, excuse this tribute of recollection to a man, whose severities, even now, not seldom furnish the dreams by which the blind fancy would fain interpret to the mind the painful sensations of distempered sleep; but neither lessen nor dim the deep sense of my moral and intellectual obligations. He sent us to the university excellent Latin and Greek scholars, and tolerable Hebraists. Yet our classical knowledge was the least of the good gifts, which we derived from his zealous and conscientious tutorage. He is now gone to his final reward, full of years, and full of honours, even of those honours which were dearest to his heart, as gratefully bestowed by that school, and still binding him to the interests of that school in which he had been himself educated, and to which, during his whole life, he was a dedicated being."

Another friend, to whom Mr. Coleridge acknowledges his obligations, while on this noble foundation, is the present excellent Bishop of Calcutta, who was then in the first form, or, in the language of the school, a *Grecian*. From him, among other favours, he received a present of Mr. Bowles's Sonnets, with which our student was so enthusiastically delighted, that in less than eighteen months he made more than forty transcriptions of them, for the purpose of giving them to persons who had in any way won his regard. The possession of these poems wrought a great, and indeed radical, change in the mind of our author, who hitherto, and even before his fifteenth year, had bewildered himself in metaphysical speculation and theological controversy.

"Nothing else," says Mr. Coleridge, "pleased me. History, and particular facts lost all interest in my mind. Poetry (though for a school boy of that age, I was above par in English versification, and had already produced two or three compositions, which, I may venture to say, without reference to my age, were somewhat above mediocrity, and which had gained me more credit than the sound good sense of my old master was at all pleased with,) poetry itself, yea, novels and romances, became insipid to me. In my friendless wanderings, on our *leave days*," (for I was an orphan,

* The Christ Hospital phrase, not for *holidays* altogether, but for those on which the boys are permitted to go beyond the precincts of the school.

and had scarce any connections in London) highly was I delighted, if any passenger, especially if he were dressed in black, would enter into conversation with me. For I soon found the means of directing it to my favourite subjects, "Of Providence, fore-knowledge, will, and fate,

Fix'd fate, free-will, fore-knowledge absolute,

And found no end in wandering mazes lost."

From this preposterous pursuit he was called, at least for a considerable time, by an accidental acquaintance with a very amiable family, and chiefly by the poetry of Mr. Bowles. At the age of nineteen our author removed to Jesus College, Cambridge, but of his academical history we know but little, nor does it appear, indeed, that he either graduated or stood a candidate for the literary honours of the university. While there, however, he assisted one of his friends in the composition of an essay on English Poetry, intended for a society at Exeter, but which piece is not inserted in their published volume.

In 1794, he ventured to publish a small volume of juvenile poems, which productions were very favourably spoken of by the periodical critics, as the buds of hope, and promises of better works to come: though the same reviewers concurred in objecting to them, obscurity, a general turgidness of diction, and a profusion of new coined double epithets. Instead of feeling indignant at this reproach, the author judiciously availed himself of the censures that were bestowed, for the correction of these parasitical plants of youthful poetry. The same year he printed "The Fall of Robespierre, an historic drama," in which the conventional speeches were happily versified, and the sentiments expressed in language classically correct and uncommonly vigorous. The French revolution had at this time turned the heads of many persons, who from their years, and extent of observation, ought to have considered such a combustion as a pestilential contagion, that called for a strict quarantine, rather than to be hailed as a blessing, deserving of general propagation. Where heads, grown grey in knowledge and experience of the world, erred grossly in judgment, it was not much to be wondered that young and ardent minds should become enthusiastically extravagant. This was the case

lids altogether, but for those on which the boys are permitted to go beyond the precincts of the school.

with Mr. Coleridge, who became such a zealot in the cause of universal liberty as to abandon the friendly cloisters of his college to embark in the quixotic enterprise of reforming the world. He had, at this time, formed a close intimacy with Mr. Southey, and Robert Lovell, on a visit to Oxford, and their sentiments being perfectly in unison, the triumvirate began to project schemes for ameliorating the condition of human society.

They began their operations at Bristol in a course of Lectures delivered by our young adventurer with considerable applause, from certain classes in that renowned trading city. Here, also, Mr. Coleridge published two political pamphlets, one entitled, "Conciones ad Populum, or Addresses to the People;" and the other, "A Protest against certain Bills then pending for Suppressing Seditious Meetings."

In an inauspicious hour also he was persuaded to commence a weekly paper, called "The Watchman;" and as the object of it was to diffuse the new political doctrines, he set out like Wildgoose in Mr. Graves's admirable novel, to make proselytes, and, above all, to procure subscribers. He commenced his campaign at Birmingham; but though the persons to whom he made his approaches were strenuous advocates "for liberty and truth, and all them sort of things," few could be found to contribute their money in aid of the proposed paper. Notwithstanding the poor encouragement which he met with in his northern tour, at Manchester, Derby, Nottingham, Sheffield, and all those places which were most likely for his purpose, our author ventured to bring out *The Watchman*, which languished on to the tenth number, and then its warning voice was heard no more.

This woeful disappointment in his political expectations was in some measure relieved by the favourable reception given to a volume of poems, the quick sale of which induced him to a republication, with the addition of some communications from his friends, Charles Lamb and Charles Lloyd.

Still the ardour for liberty, and the establishment of a perfect order of things, continued to prevail, and Mr. Coleridge, with his friends Southey and Lovell, were bent upon trying their skill as political philosophers, not in correcting the evils of an old state, but in the settlement of a new one. This

Utopia, which was to bear the high-sounding name of PANTISOCRACY, they proposed to found on the banks of the Susquehanna, where all property was to be held in common, and every man in his turn to be a legislator. But while preparations were making to carry this fine project into execution, the whole scheme blew up by a spark of another description, and in the midst of their dreams of immortality, these rivals of Solon, Lycurgus, and Numa, became enamoured of three sisters of the name of Fricker. Thus the business of Love thrust out the mighty concern of what our old friend Jerry Bentham calls the science of Codification, and in a short time our author and his two associates, instead of seeking happiness in the wilds of America, were content to sit down in the bosom of domestic enjoyment, according to the laws and usages of their fathers. In plain terms, all three married, and the scheme of foreign colonization being given up, they began to think about settling in their own country. Mr. Coleridge went to reside at Nether Stowey, a small town near Bridgewater, where he contracted an acquaintance with Mr. Wordsworth, the particulars of which have been already related in the account of that estimable character.

At this period the circumstances of our author were far from being comfortable, and his principal subsistence depended upon literary labours, the remuneration for which, at such a distance from the metropolis, could not be adequate to the necessities of a growing family. In this perplexity he was relieved by the generous and munificent patronage of Mr. Josiah and Mr. Thomas Wedgwood, who enabled him to finish his education in Germany, where he began to study the language at Ratzeburg; after acquiring which he went through Hanover to Göttingen. Here he diligently attended the lectures of Blumenbach on physiology and natural history; and those of Eichhorn on the New Testament: but his chief application was to philosophy and polite literature. This important event in the life of Mr. Coleridge occurred in 1798, and during his residence abroad he had the satisfaction of meeting Mr. Wordsworth, then on a tour in Germany with his sister. At Hamburg the two poetical friends were highly gratified by a visit to Klopstock, who complained heavily of the bald translation of his great work

into our language, and said to Mr. Coleridge, "I wish you would render into English some select passages of the Messiah, and revenge me of your countryman." Soon after the return of our author from Germany he undertook the literary and political department of the *Morning Post*, on entering into which engagement it was stipulated that the paper should be conducted on certain fixed and announced principles, from which the editor should neither be obliged nor requested to deviate in favour of any party or circumstance. This connexion continued during the Addington administration, after which, the paper being transferred to other proprietors, Mr. Coleridge relinquished the management. While he was in this concern he published translations of two of Schiller's Dramas, on the story of Wallenstein.

Mr. Coleridge now became secretary to Sir Alexander Ball, whom he accompanied to Malta, of which island that distinguished officer was appointed governor; but this situation our author did not long retain, nor did it prove any other-wise advantageous to him than by extending his knowledge of the world, and giving him an opportunity of treading the classic ground of Italy. Here an anecdote occurs which we shall give in the author's own words: "When I was at Rome, among many other visits, to the tomb of Julius II. I went thither once with a Prussian artist, a man of genius and great vivacity of feeling. As we were gazing on Michael Angelo's Moses, our conversation turned on the horns and beard of that stupendous statue; of the necessity of each to support the other; of the super-human effect of the former, and the necessity of the existence of both to give a harmony and integrity both to the image and the feeling excited by it. Conceive them removed and the statue would become unnatural, without being supernatural. We called to mind the horns of the rising sun, and I repeated the poble passage from Taylor's *Holy Dying*.—That horns were the emblem of power and sovereignty among the Eastern nations; and are still retained as such in Abyssinia; the Achelous of the ancient Greeks; and the probable ideas and feelings that originally suggested the mixture of the human and the brute form in the figure, by which they realized the idea of their mysterious Pan, as representing intelligence

blended with a darker power, deeper, mightier, and more universal than the conscious intellect of man; than intelligence; all these thoughts and recollections passed in procession before our minds. My companion, who possessed more than his share of the hatred which his countrymen bore to the French, had just observed to me, "a Frenchman, sir, is the only animal in the human shape, that by no possibility can lift itself up to religion or poetry." When, lo! two French officers of distinction and rank entered the church! "Mark you," whispered the Prussian, "the first thing which those scoundrels will notice, (for they will begin by instantly noticing the statue in parts, without one moment's pause of admiration impressed by the whole) will be the horns and the beard. And the associations which they will immediately commit with them, will be those of a *He-Goat* and a *Cuckold*."—Never did man guess more luckily. Had he inherited a portion of the great legislator's prophetic powers, whose statue we had been contemplating, he could scarcely have uttered words more coincident with the result; for even as he had said, so it came to pass."

During the wanderings of Mr. Coleridge his wife and family resided under the roof of Mr. Southey, at Keswick, and thither our poet bent his course on his return to England.

We next find him lecturing on poetry at the Royal Institution, and an occasional writer in the *Courier*, his political principles having now undergone a complete transmutation. In 1812 he produced a series of miscellaneous Essays, entitled "The Friend;" which, though they had but a very limited circulation, he has subsequently revised, enlarged, and reprinted. The year following appeared "Remorse;" a tragedy; and, latterly, he has favoured the world with the "Memoir of his Literary Life;" in two volumes; "Sibylline Leaves;" and "Christabel," a poem; of which it is enough to say that it has received the unqualified praise of Lord Byron.

Mr. Coleridge is at present employed in reading a course of lectures on poetry and philosophy; and we have reason also to believe that he is one of the writers engaged on the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*, a scientific dictionary on quite a new plan, the prospectus of which is known to be his performance. W.

CRITICAL REMARKS ON NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Recollections of Japan; comprising a particular Account of the Religion, Language, Government, Laws, and Manners of the People, with Observations on the Geography, Climate, Population, and Productions of the Country. By Captain GOLOWNIN, R. N. 8vo. pp. 302. (Concluded from our last.)

THE dresses of the Japanese are of a very peculiar description; they consist generally of a number of loose garments with very large sleeves, put over each other, and fastened round the waist with a girdle. The women are described as attending even more than the men to magnificence in their apparel; one custom respecting which must be, in no common degree, inconvenient. Besides a profusion of shorter dresses, they wear a robe with a train of several feet in length: and their vests or corsets sometimes amount to nearly a hundred! Fortunately, however, they are of so slight a construction, that, according to Charlevoix, half of them may be crammed into a pocket.

The female head-dress resembles the old-fashioned head-dresses of our ladies; with this exception only, that the Japanese women do not powder them; but put in the hair many flowers and ribands, and besides some gold or silver bodkins, which resemble our tuning keys. Of children who are not yet five years old, the hair is cut every year differently: in some of them a circle is left round the head, which is braided with riband: in others the hair is shaven from the crown of the head, and left only on the temples and in the neck, and braided with ribands or artificial flowers. p. 123.

The Japanese do not wear any stockings, except in travelling: they call them *Kafan*; their shoes are made of straw, or slips of wood, but they last a very short time, being always of a very slight texture. People of fortune in Japan travel with equipages somewhat resembling our very old coaches, drawn either by horses or oxen: persons of inferior rank generally on horseback, or in litters. Our author, however, describes a procession which he witnessed, of the governor of Matsma, on horseback, to a temple of thanksgiving he was accustomed to visit every spring.

The high priest, the priests and officers who were obliged to be present, were gone before. He rode alone without ceremony: a small train attended him on foot. To the horses' bit there were fastened, instead of the bridle, two light blue girdles, which two grooms held fast on each side of the horse's mouth: the two ends of these girdles were

held by two other grooms, who went a little at a distance from the others, so that these four men occupied almost the whole road. The tail of the horse was covered with a light blue silk bag. The governor, dressed in his usual clothes, in which we had often seen him, sat without his hat upon a magnificent saddle, and held his feet in wooden japanned stirrups, which resembled little boxes. The grooms who held the horse at the bit, continually cried: *Chai! chai!* that is, softly: however, they pushed on the horse, and made it leap and go quick, the governor therefore stooped and held fast the saddle with both hands. At a short distance before him went some soldiers in a row with two sergeants, and though nobody was in the way, they continually cried:—"Make room! make room!" Behind the governor followed the armour-bearers, who carried all the insignia of his dignity in cases. This was to signify that the governor was *incognito*. p. 136.

The Japanese have erected mile-stones, or distance posts, on most of their high roads, which are planted with avenues of trees, and fountains, at intervals; their inns are commodious, but every traveller is obliged to leave the room he has occupied perfectly clean and neat, so that no person ever thinks of departing from an inn until he has seen his apartment put into proper order, well swept, and washed if necessary. The cleanliness of the Japanese, with regard to their habitations, is said even to surpass the Dutch. They have a great taste for theatrical amusements, and appear particularly fond of music and dancing: there is an instrument in use among them which resembles a recumbent harp, a kind of violin; and, besides this, various descriptions of flutes, and a drum.

The Japanese spoke of many other kinds of instruments which were in use among them: but they were not to be found in Matsmai, and I could not comprehend of what description they were. Notwithstanding the cheerful character of the Japanese, their songs have something melancholy and plaintive; their motions in singing always corresponded with the words, the attitudes of the singer are therefore, frequently, very ridiculous; they make horrid grimaces, distort their eyes, turn up the whites, then often put on a cheerful face, or laugh with one side of the face and cry with the other. During our stay in Chukolade there was a servant with us, who was said to be a great dancer; he had even danced on the stage, as they told us, and received much praise from the public. This virtuoso was curious to see a Russian dance, he was there-

fore obliged to exhibit before us, which he willingly did, particularly as he thereby gave our guards extraordinary pleasure. Two or three of them, boys of sixteen years of age, learned dancing of him, and imitated his grimaces with success. I often laughed when I looked at them with my friend, M. Moor, and remarked that this was probably the first time that lessons in dancing were given in a prison. p. 141.

Among their amusements may be reckoned their pleasure-boats, or yachts, which are very expensive and magnificent, a game at draughts of their own invention, with four hundred pieces, and cards, to which they appear to be singularly addicted.

PRODUCTION OF THE COUNTRY, TRADE, AND COMMERCE.

Japan is, perhaps, the richest country in the world. It produces in abundance, precious stones, gold, silver, copper, tin, lead, mercury, tea, tobacco, silk, cotton, salt, iron, coals, timber, rice, barley, and almost every description of fruits and vegetables. It has few wild animals, but all the domestic ones. The Japanese carry on a vigorous home trade, chiefly by means of water transport: their foreign commerce is confined to the Peninsula of Corea, China, the islands in the Kurile Archipelago, and the Dutch. The commercial communication with Holland and China is limited to the port of Nangasaky. Formerly the foreign trade of the Japanese was much more extensive; and Europeans were then freely admitted into their ports and the interior of the country; but these advantages were forfeited through the dangerous intrigues and disgraceful conduct of the Jesuits, which provoked Zego Sama, then emperor, to persecute Christianity and expel all Europeans. The revenues of the empire are chiefly collected in produce. Six-tenths of the fruits of the land are paid by the tenant to the proprietor; the Japanese have silver, gold, and copper coins, and have invented a paper currency!

POPULATION AND MILITARY FORCE.

The population of Japan, with reference to its extent, is prodigious. The metropolis Yeddo, alone, is said to contain ten millions of inhabitants.

To give us an idea of the population of the country, the literati and the interpreter, Teske, shewed a map of Japan, which was drawn upon a very large long sheet of paper. On this map were marked not only all the towns, but also the villages, so that the paper was hardly to be seen for the names written.

They shewed on the road from Mimai to Yeddo, a place which they call a desert (*Steppe*) because a neighbouring river, after heavy rains, overflows this spot, and renders it unfit for cultivation. This desert is so immense, that the litter bearers, who carry travellers, when they set out in the morning meet with no village till noon, and when they have rested, have to travel again through the desert till sun-set. According to their way of travelling, in litters, they must pass through two barren places, each of which may be above 18 wersts; and this the Japanese term a desert. They also shewed us a plan of the capital; and told us, that a man could not walk in one day from one end of it to the other. When we questioned the Japanese respecting its population, they affirmed that it contained upwards of ten millions of inhabitants, and were very angry when we doubted it. They brought us the next day a paper from one of the officers who had been employed in the police in Yeddo. It was stated in this paper, that the city of Yeddo has, in its principal streets, two hundred and eighty-thousand houses, and in each of them there live from thirty to forty people. Suppose there were only thirty, the number of inhabitants must amount to eight millions four hundred thousand; add to this the inhabitants of the small houses and huts, those who live in the open air, the imperial guard, the guard of the princes in the capital, their suites, &c., the number of the inhabitants must exceed ten millions. As a confirmation of their assertions, the Japanese mentioned, besides, that Yeddo alone contained 36,000 blind people. To this we could say nothing, and neither allow the Japanese to be right, nor contradict their assertions.

These data may, however, be very true; for according to the plan of the city, and considering the narrowness of the streets, it may fully contain ten millions of people: as the greatest diameter is more than eight Japanese Ri, or 32 to 35 wersts. p. 26.

The military profession is hereditary: the imperial soldiers possess many exclusive and important privileges. Their military dress for action is a suit of complete armour, as far as the knees, but they do not carry shields. The arms of the infantry consist of a sabre of unequalled temper, a dagger, a musket, and, occasionally, a pike. In the military art they are, probably, three centuries behind the Europeans.

NATIONS WHICH PAY TRIBUTE TO THE JAPANESE AND COLONIES.

The sway of the Japanese over their colonies and tributary states is represented as being exercised with a spirit of equal wisdom and moderation. The conquered people are allowed the benefit

of their own laws, which are administered by their magistrates; the Japanese having fortresses in the different islands, and exacting the payment of tribute-money.

From this imperfect sketch of the national character and institutions of the Japanese, it will, at once, appear how admirable are the moral elements, of which the mind of this great people is compounded, and on what a towering elevation they would stand amongst the nations of the earth, did they enjoy the privilege of a free communication with the more enlightened countries of Europe. From its happy geographical position, the fertility of its soil, and the number, activity, and commercial spirit of its inhabitants, Japan would, in such an event, become the entrepot of the direct commerce between South America and Asia, and largely participate in the trade between Europe and South America.

The style of the Recollections, as well as that of the "Narrative," to which we have formerly adverted, is simple and unartificial, and such as would alone induce a conviction of their authenticity, excepting in the undiscerning minds of the conductors of certain Reviews.—One or two remarks will finally decide this question. Had Captain Golownin himself compiled his "Narrative" as a species of statistical romance, like De Foe's History of the Island of Formosa; or had it been a forgery attempted in this country for the base purposes of gain, how does it happen that his representations of Japan and its inhabitants, are corroborated by the concurring testimony of all writers (and there have been many of various nations) who have, during a period of 200 years, employed their pens upon the subject, without any connection with each other, and of the genuineness of whose relations no doubt has ever been entertained: or would, we ask, any one but a delirious impostor have presumed to state circumstances involving the public acts of the Russian government, and consequently the most easy and certain of detection, had those circumstances never actually taken place? Having thus noticed the hypercriticism to which Captain Golownin's former volumes have given rise, we shall close our observations on the present ingenious and entertaining work, by earnestly recommending it to the attention and perusal of our readers.

Ximenes, the Wreath, and other Poems.

By J. W. POLIDORI, M.D. pp. 170.

We took up this volume with a feeling of considerable interest. We were anxious to examine how far a youthful and enthusiastic imagination would be effected by an intimacy with, certainly, the greatest poet of the day: we mean Lord Byron; with whom, we understand, the author travelled as physician. We had noticed the influence of a lofty, but peculiar description of genius in the wide diffusion of the Lake school of poetry; and had been astonished that its defects should be the only bond by which its different members have for so long a time been united; as, however various the beauties of their compositions, they have ever agreed on being prolix upon trifles, and on not always choosing the most elegant subjects for their lyres. The age of poetry, which extended from the time of Charles the Second, when the models of France began to be imitated, until the beginning of the eighteenth century, is marked by a peculiarity, which will, we think, sufficiently account for the neglect, evident at the present time, of the poems of Dryden and Pope. We have, of late, been accustomed to violent excitement of the passions, and having been thus roused, have ceased to feel that interest in the writings of these poets, which their productions, considered in an abstracted point of view, would appear to deserve; owing, doubtless, to their complete deficiency in individual and personal representation. We do not mean, by such an affirmation, that there is a general colouring, though without a distinction of the person or situation described; far from it: for who could peruse the *Eloisa* of Pope, and, afterwards, hazard such an assertion. But we would be understood to say, that in the school in which they studied, despotism of government, and the no less general influence of society, destroyed those traits which might have served to distinguish, pointedly, the individual; who sacrificed all his own peculiarities, no less in his works than in his person, that he might conform with the usages of a *coterie*, where no extraordinary flights of imagination were expected, and where the members seldom aspired to be any thing farther than witty, pleasant, and companionable. The French poets are generally elegant and polished; often ingenious, but seldom pathetic, and still less frequently sublime. The reason is ab-

vicious: they never dared to imagine themselves in the situations they were describing; they could, therefore only copy those generalities which were governed by etiquette, and by the *bienstance* of a doubly artificial society. Our poets, by imitating them, learned speedily to surpass them; thus Pope must certainly be allowed to have excelled Boileau, with whom he seems to have trod the same bye paths to fame; for no one can compare the *Lutrin* with the *Rape of the Lock*, without immediately perceiving the superiority of our poet in that very point upon which the Frenchman so particularly prided himself, *picquante raillerie*. In his satires, also, Pope is evidently superior to his antagonist; none of the productions of Boileau will stand the test of a comparison with the *DUNCIAD*.

There is, however, a style of composition far superior to this: it is the poetry of our early writers, but more particularly, perhaps, that of the present age. We refer to such as depicts the individual author, whether the poet attempts to scale Olympus, and snatch the epic wreath from the hand of Apollo, or is content to tread the more retired windings of Parnassus, and pluck the bays, as a reward for a sonnet or an elegy. Who does not dwell with more pleasure on those poems of Milton, in which his unbending mind pourtrayed itself? Where, with such forceful energy, he has described the daring of the *dæmon*, in his attempts to free himself from what he considered thralldom, because he felt in his own breast the same indignant impatience of superior power? What is it that affects us in the character of Sampson, but the consciousness that the poet depicted the miseries of blindness and disappointed greatness, because he himself was blind, and had had all his visions of ambition destroyed by the restoration. Even the poems of Gray, which consist merely of centos composed of the thoughts of others, have always been popular, because they for the most part breathe a tone of melancholy which leads us into a mournfully pleasing contemplation of the distresses incident to mortality. But perhaps the strongest instance we could adduce is Lord Byron. He has, apparently, poured forth the whole enanguished bitterness of his soul in his poems: and whether he depicts the *Giaour* content in a life of danger, toil, and degradation, to have had one bright moment of happiness in the arms of *Leila*; or *Lara*, who appears not to

have had sympathy even with his lovely page, there are always some features which stamp the individual author's character, as positively as that of the hero or renegade he delineates.

Having waded through the verses of Mr. Hobhouse, which, in spite of his intimacy with such a character, are flat and artificial, and possess few, if any, redeeming points to save them from unqualified condemnation, we were anxious to observe how far a writer, really possessed of imagination, would be affected by an intercourse with our modern poetical Colossus. Nor have we, upon the whole, been disappointed in the idea we had formed upon the subject; for though the poems before us contain many and great defects, they have also numerous beauties, and an individuality of spirit which breathes throughout, no less obvious, though of a very different complexion, than that of Lord Byron. We would not by any means be understood to institute a comparison between such a master of the "various lyre," as the noble lord and the immature efforts of, evidently, a youthful bard. But we may point out resemblances between the two, which appear much more worthy of notice, than the pretensions of those, who expect, by imitating passages only, to rank themselves in the same class as the imitated. Throughout the minor pieces in the present volume we observe, a melancholy, and almost misanthropical state of mind arising, as we should conceive, from a too unlimited indulgence of the imagination. If Lord Byron has exhibited the result of the "fulness of satiety," of pleasures, which by a too frequent repetition, pall upon the senses; and if he has exposed, in glowing colours, that restlessness which ensues at the expiration of the charm by which we had been delighted—which is fed by the hopes of some hitherto unattained enjoyment, the author before us appears to have pourtrayed those bitter feelings of disappointment with which we contemplate the flat realities of life, after having exalted our minds with the brilliantly false, and fast-fading coloring of the imagination. The melancholy observable in all these poems does not seem to have resulted from satiety, but from the consciousness of the unsubstantiality of those forms of bliss which spring up in beautiful succession beneath the wand of the enchantress, *Fancy*. Even in his amatory verses the author seems hardly to be aware, that "the beings of the mind are not of clay;" for whilst he de-

scribes his hopes, he appears half to doubt, whether if their object were actually granted to him it would turn out to be any other than the "baseless fabric of a dream,"—the mere personification of his wishes.

The plot of the poem which forms the principal feature in the volume before us, is original, and not founded upon any tale or tradition; for the Jephtha and Abraham of the sacred writings—Agamemnon, Medea, and Brutus, so often handled by ancient and modern authors, appear in various situations as the sacrificers of their children: yet no writer, with whom we are acquainted, has ever attempted to represent an enemy as inducing a father to kill his child, knowing him to be such.

Count Orlando, disguised as a pilgrim, under the name of Ximenes, on arriving at Cyprus, in search of an enemy, who had deprived him of the woman he loved and had been the murderer of his father, discovers in the person of the bigot Gustavus the object of his enquiry, his former friend, but now detested foe, Francesco. Perceiving that he is oppressed with the weight of his crimes, and in a state of mind bordering upon despair, he obtains an introduction to his privacy, as a pilgrim priest, who had visited the Holy Land. In this sacred character he strives to impress upon the mind of Gustavus, by various hints and allusions, that he is, to a certain degree, acquainted with the nature of those crimes, which the bigot imagines are entirely unknown, and by this means gains an ascendancy over his mind, which he could not otherwise have obtained. Gustavus is, in the event, wrought into such a state of fear and weakness, that Ximenes makes him believe, during a violent storm, that the voice of God calls upon him to prevent his son, then about to marry an infidel, from ruining his hopes of heaven, by immolating him before the commission of the crime. The next morning, on the terrified father's requesting the advice of Ximenes, the latter reveals what he himself pretended to have witnessed; taking care, at the same time, to invent such a relation as would still further confirm Gustavus in his belief that he had received the divine authority to perpetrate the deed upon which he appeared bent. The latter, at length, determines to sacrifice his son, and after various struggles with his parental affection, and vain endeavours to force him to forego his intentions towards Euphemia, the infidel lady, he attempts to stab him

in the presence of the bride; he however, only wounds him, but immediately kills himself. Ximenes, on being discovered as the instigator of the whole, is confined in prison, where he puts an end to his existence, by poison.

Our limits will only allow us to adduce a few passages as specimens of the performance. The following will enable the reader to form a fair estimate of the author's merits:—

Ximenes (alone, after meeting with Gustavus)

Gustavus?—no; 'tis he, Francesco's self;—
He cannot with his hated name put off
His fiend-like form—at sight of which my
wrongs

So fiercely rush upon my wildered mind,
That vengeance chasing every meaner
thought

Fires my impatient soul.—But hark! again
That brazen tone comes rolling on the
breeze;

He is devout—devout!—religious fool,
To think that tears can wash such guilt
away.—

I will behold him fondly bend, and kiss
His rosary, and see how weak the man
Who once with hold unfeeling hardihood
Of life's best treasure robbed his foolish
friend. p. 11.

Beside the rose all other flowerets hang
Their humble heads, so other beauties
drooped

Where'er Eliza came. But oh! how far
Was every grace that floated round her
form,

Bloomed on her cheek or sparkled in her
eye,—

How far were these below the gentle charm,
That checked my angry words ere passion
spoke,

And melted me to tears, whene'er she soothed
The orphan's sigh, or suffering peasant's
groan. p. 12.

My heart then opened to the sun of love,
As the soft harebell, when Aurora's tints
Glow in the east, expands its silken leaves
To the life-giving orb.

Gus. Last night I lay reclined on yonder
cliff

And sought oblivion gazing on the sun;
Its blood-red disk was setting in the west,
And all the clouds—the heavens—the sea
were clothed

In vest of crimson light. The air was still,
No breath was stirring—no green wave was
breaking;

The distant cliffs of ancient Greece were
lost

In the red coloured air, and the few rocks,
That nearer reared their heads, seemed
wrapt in sleep. p. 41.

Along the western coast, myself and child
Were sailing o'er the softly swelling waves,

A gale o'ertook our vessel in its way;
The sails yet flying caught the tempest's
force;

And soon the lofty mast, riven by the shock,
Fell, and was buried in the boiling surge;
Then quick the heaving billows swept the
deck,

As if, when each tumultuous wave retired,
It gained new strength. Weary at length
and spent

We both were hurled into the yawning deep;
Euphemia, carried by the rapid tide,
Was struggling seen from shore.—Thy noble
son,

Unmindful of the proudly beating storm,
Heedless of all save her, rushed to her
rescue:

With one firm hand he bore my sinking
child,

The other buffeted the curling waves,
Which angry, at their loss, their braving load
Dashed with impetuous fury on the strand.

p. 53.

How sweet it is to breathe this air—the
storm

Which threatened but some moments since
to hurl

All that now smiles around to utter ruin,
Has cooled the breeze, and all the choiristers
Of night, seem now with song to celebrate
Great nature's triumph o'er some fallen
foe.

The smiling verdure round, now seems to
wear

Attire most gay; for every leaf displays
Radiant in silvery light of yon pale orb
A thousand gems.

p. 67.

Among the minor poems of Dr. Polidori: in the "Lines written at Grimsel," and the Dream, he appears forcibly to have depicted the peculiarities of his own mind.

In vain I seek these solitary rocks,
Which seem to leave no track upon their
side

For man to tread upon:—these daring blocks
Of the world's masonry, o'er which storms
glide

Powerless, unmoved, stern in their might
yet stand,

And leave no room for man's destructive
hand.

Yet I am vainly hid within their breast;
They cannot breathe on me their quiet rest,
Man's passions will intrude—man's wants
assail

E'en me, whose tongue is dumb, save when
the gale

Strikes on my ear with harsh but plaintive
note;—

Exciting words which mingle with its float,
And make the echoing rocks respond my
grief,

As if I'd take from sympathy relief. p. 112.

SONNET.

To my Lyre.

I dare no more to strike thee, lovely lyre!

NEW MONTHLY MAG.—No. 63.

My brain grows wildered and my heart
but grieves;

Thou canst not speak the love consuming
fire

That burns my heart—mine eyes of tears
bereaves.

E'en, e'en that smile, which like the evening
dew

That falls upon the parched field, would
smooth

My furrowed brow, as round her lips it flew,
Now fails in power my writhing pains to
sooth;

For dark despair has seized upon my breast,
And laughs at its own ruin, scoffing me,
It snatches in its bony clutch, from rest
My sinking heart, and points the while to
thee:

Then go, let the winds whisper mid thy
strings,

Thy note no longer soothing pleasure
brings.

p. 180.

ON MAN.

Man's restless mind will often seek,—

Forgetting that his power is weak,—

To soar above, and snatch from heaven

The thunders that to clouds are given;—

Boasting himself the lord of all,

He'd have, obedient to his call,

The hidden stores of earth below

And planets that above him glow;—

Would strive to tear the veil that's placed

Before the sphere by Godhead graced,

Forgetful that his mortal eye

Was never formed to look so high;

Would with despotic slavery strive

To chain the power that bade him live.

p. 150

SONNET.

I'm tired of this mortality;—for years

I scorned this nature; for methought I saw

Nought but the marks of virtue caused by
fears

Of what the stronger might make into law.
Methought that souls, like the cameleon's
skin,

Could every hue invest;—the hero, knave,

Or any mask that could a purpose win,

Or help the various plot of passion's slave.

And now that I have found some who per-
form

The noblest acts; not for the use alone,
But that their hearts were cast in Virtue's
mould:

I scorn mortality, which cannot form

A word, worthy of virtue's heavenly
throne,

At such a sight my feelings to unfold.

p. 165.

SONNET.

What though a waste of dark green waves

Shall flow between my love and me;

'Tis nought; the foam which ocean paves

Shall serve to bear my thought to thee.

What though the Alps with snowy vest

Shall stand between my form and thine;

The eagle, often cloud-capt nest,

Shall fly and bear my thought to thine.

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2 K

And though e'en time should interpose,
Between my heart and its desire;
'Tis nought; the breast for thee that glows,
Shall never feel another's fire,
Nor can e'en thought ere find repose
Save when with thee I most admire.

p. 16.

We will conclude our extracts with the author's farewell sonnet to his book.

Farewell!—farewell!—the hopes I've built
On thee

Will fail too, like the rest: I heed it not;
Far bitterer pangs than thou canst bring to me
I've borne withal. Tho' such may be
thy lot,

I will no more revile thee than the sire
His son, tho' graceless he may prove, and
leave

His grey hairs hopeless:—no; whate'er my
lyre

Hath sung is thine, thou chronicler of
grief!

And I shall be most glad to read thy page
When memory lags, and life is lost in age;
Tho' thou mayst tell of hope for ever gone—
A heart that withered finds itself alone
Midst crowds—a stranger midst its friends,
'To which its sympathy no being lends.

p. 169.

Besides several errors of the press we should notice as a considerable blemish in the present volume, the too frequent recurrence of the same expressions—for instance:

Thou art my only hope! from thee I part,
Hoping, &c.

My heart was light was full of hopes of glee;
For I have hoped, &c.

But see my fellow-captives come this way,
If thou wilt come, &c.

Many verses are, also, rendered unintelligible by the inversion of grammatical position, and the omission of the necessary articles; as in the following passages:—

When wreath
Of many colour'd flowers fading placed
By lover's hand.

Like the white-haired glisten
On old man's head
The lips of hungry babe.

The sound that tells my grief may even float
On the wave softened as it falls from lyre, &c.

Some prosaic lines occur, such as
Ere my lips speak renews my heart's anguish.

The Imam says a pilgrimage to Mecca made,

I introduced
This villain to her house—for he promised.

"Rapt in sleep" is incorrect; it should be "wrapt," &c. "Blub" is not a poeti-

cal expression, and the following pleonasm is decidedly objectionable:

Must I then, *once again*, call up *afresh*, &c.

Such blemishes, however, might easily have been corrected, had the author been in less haste to make his *début* before the public. It is a complaint very common against young writers (and poets in particular) that their impatience to be made acquainted with their doom, and have their compositions submitted to the public eye is so great, that they will not allow themselves time to correct such inaccuracies of style as escape them in the heat of inspiration. Could they but be persuaded to lay aside their productions for some time, if possible forget them, and then peruse them for the purpose of final preparation, they would have an opportunity of remodeling, in dispassionate moments, such of the currency of their imagination as happened to be injured in the mintage, but which their attention to the main object prevented them at the time from observing.

Memoirs of EMMANUEL AUGUSTUS DIUDONNE, COUNT DE LAS CASAS, communicated by Himself. 8vo. pp. 228.

Whenever Fate shall put the final seal upon the fortunes of Napoleon in this world, the materials for a complete public and private history of the man will not be wanting. Every month produces some new information on his past adventures, or his present condition; and for our parts, we are neither sorry to observe the interest taken in the subject, nor willing to repress the ardour of curiosity. These performances may all be useful in the way of instruction, and as furnishing hints for future biographers. The author of this volume, though an insufferable egotist, has some claims to attention, on account of his near connexion with the exile of St. Helena: and the reader who is above being influenced by prejudices, will derive no small amusement from the perusal of the *Memoirs*, even while he despises the vanity of the author. The following is a sketch of Napoleon's mode of living, and of its correctness we have no reason to form a doubt; though the concluding observations carry so much malignity in them as to be wholly unworthy of animadversion.

The Emperor sleeps very little: he goes early to bed, and as he knows that I am also a bad sleeper, he frequently sends for me to bear him company till he falls asleep: he wakes pretty regularly about

three o'clock, when a light is brought him, and he works till six or seven: he then lays himself down again to endeavour to sleep a second time; about nine o'clock breakfast is served to him, on a small round table, a sort of *gueridon* beside his couch; here he frequently sends for one of us: he then reads, works, or slumbers during the oppressive heat of the day; he afterwards dictates, to us. For a long time he used, about four o'clock in the afternoon, to take us all out with him in the *caleche*, but at last he got tired of this, as he before did of riding; he now continues to walk till the humidity of the air compels him to return to the house. If he remains out after four o'clock in the open air, he is certain of being seized in the evening with rheumatic pains in the head, a pretty severe cough, and violent tooth-ache. On his return, he dictates till about eight o'clock; he then repairs to the dining-room, and plays a game of chess before dinner. During the dessert, when the servants have withdrawn, he usually reads to us some passages from our best poets, or from some other books of importance. These are the most minute details of the manner in which the Emperor at present lives: he would esteem himself happy in his distance from the rest of the world, were it permitted him, amidst our pious and careful attentions, forgotten by men, to live for a few hours only free from suffering: but since the arrival of the new Governor, neither a day, nor an hour, nor a moment passes in which he does not receive fresh wounds; a sting may be said to be in constant operation to tear open the wounds, the pain of which a short slumber might have somewhat deadened.

The Delphin Classics, with Variorum Notes. Intituled the Regent's Edition. No. 1.

It would open a wide field were we to expatiate on all the services which the new and corrected edition of the *Delphin* and *Variorum Classics*, may be considered as rendering to the cause of learning, in the present day. The finest library would be deemed incomplete without the classic authors, whose works have long been considered as best preserved in the original *Delphin* and *Variorum Edition*—hence it has always been sought with an avidity which has rendered it scarcely possible at present for even the most industrious collector to

make up a complete set from the same source. A mere reprint, therefore, of the old edition, "with all its imperfections on its head," and that it has many its numerous pages of Errata too plainly acknowledge, would have been highly acceptable to the public; but when we see the innumerable advantages with which it now comes forth, both with respect to the splendour of its appearance, the convenience of its arrangement, the improvement of its text, and the great additional information which is contained in the notes, as drawn from the critical labours of the learned during the last century, we cannot but exult in it as a work of which any age and any country might be proud, and which will reflect lasting credit on the enterprize and liberality of its editor. The long list of subscribers to this edition, nearly amounting to eight hundred persons, among whom are to be found nearly all the most distinguished names in the kingdom, is a sufficient proof, at once, how greatly it was considered a desideratum, and how ready a support has been afforded to the undertaking, which is in itself one of so much magnitude, that it probably would not, at this period of time, have been conceived or fostered in any other country except our own. The large paper copy fully justifies the expectation which had been formed of its magnificence, and will stand forth as a gratifying specimen, both at home and abroad, of the perfection which the typographic art has attained in this country. We have no doubt that the edition will be in as much request on the continent as among ourselves, notwithstanding which, the editor, in order to make a decided difference in favour of those who are the foremost to prove their readiness to support him in his laudable design, very properly has raised the price of the work to new subscribers, which, as only a small number over the subscription will be printed, is likewise the surest way to make the work itself valuable for its rarity as well as for its own intrinsic and exceeding merit.

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Our limits will not allow us to make any citations from this valuable work; but we should be acting unjustly to the benevolent intentions of the ingenious author, if we did not state, that the view which he has taken of the extreme difficulty of acquiring a competent knowledge of the theory of medical science, and of the danger of deducing

universal conclusions from, or of establishing an invariable treatment for, the cure of distempers from the success which may have attended a few partial experiments, affords an useful lesson—one, we trust, which will not have been vainly delivered—of the hazard and folly of confiding in the universal efficacy of any advertised nostrum: since it is evident, from what is now so ably advanced by Sir Gilbert Blane, that the same medicine which may be successfully employed in the cure of one patient, with reference to his previous habits and constitution, cannot, in many cases, be administered to another, labouring under the same malady, but of different habits and constitution, without its being either dangerous or inefficient. This fact should deter all reasonable persons from the use of empirical drugs, of whose qualities and composition they are ignorant. We conjecture that it will be some time before the proprietors of the Vegetable Balsam, Balm of Quilo, Nervous Cordial, Balm of Gilead, Tincture of Rasahiri, &c., &c., will present Sir Gilbert Blane with the freedom of their fraternity in a gold box, in return for his laudable suggestions.

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UNIVERSITIES.

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part of Volunmia's speech, beginning with

—“Thou know'st, great son,
The end of war's uncertain.”

And ending with

"Let us shame him with our knees."

Which is to be translated into Iambic Acatlectic Trimeters, according to the laws laid down by the professor in his preface to the *Hecuba* of Euripides.

The Rev. John Palmer has resigned his office of Professor of Arabic. There are several candidates for the professorship, which is in the appointment of the Vice-chancellor and the other Masters of Colleges.

Feb. 26.—We are gratified in having to announce, that the valuable Oriental MSS. bequeathed to this university by the celebrated African traveller Burckhardt, consisting of upwards of 300 volumes, have safely arrived, and are now deposited in the public library.—*Cambridge Chronicle*.

Professor Giesecke's Greenland Museum.—The late English expeditions to the northern polar regions have attracted the attention of all Europe, and though they have failed in attaining the objects proposed, they have afforded important information respecting geology and natural history; for the ancient accounts, often hastily written, do not furnish any complete picture of the natural history, the manners, and the way of life of the inhabitants of Greenland. Yet, in a scientific point of view, scarcely more is to be expected from these expeditions than from a single man, who out of love to the science of natural history resided seven years and eight months (like another Robinson) in Greenland, braved all the hardships of that inclement climate, and in unfavourable circumstances, collected a treasure of natural productions, which will always be a monument of an uncommon spirit of enquiry, and indefatigable diligence. This man is Mr. Charles Lewis Giesecke, formerly an actor in the great theatre of Schikaneder, in the suburbs of Vienna, and author of the favourite burlesque of Hamlet, and other pieces, now commander of the Royal Danish Order of Dannebrog, professor of natural history at Dublin, and director of the cabinet of natural history in that city. He had, at an earlier period, amused himself with mineralogy—left the theatre to apply himself exclusively to that science—went to Copenhagen, was made Danish counsellor of mines, and undertook the direction of an expedition to Greenland: having remained there four years, he sent the first fruits of his diligence to Denmark. But it being war time the ship was captured on the voyage by an English cruiser, and the cargo sold in Edinburgh and London. He had now to begin his whole fatiguing operation of collecting over again. He is at present, for a short time, at Vienna, with a treasure of natural productions of all kinds, and will deliver all he has collected to the Imperial Museum of Natural History, for which the whole has been purchased by the Emperor Francis, among whose royal virtues the patronage of the sciences shines with distinguished splendor. This cabinet,

rich in rare specimens, merits, by the wise care of the director, Mr. Charles Von Schreiber, both on account of the scientific arrangement, and the tasteful manner in which the whole is displayed, the palm of excellence above all in Europe. The diligence of this naturalist, who is highly esteemed in foreign countries also, has converted the chaos which only ten years ago gave the Imperial Cabinet of Natural History the appearance of a mass of confusion, by judicious careful arrangement, into a systematic panorama, which justly excites the admiration of the learned and unlearned natives and foreigners. A good and detailed account of it, is contained in Charles Bertuch's remarks on a Tour from Thuringia to Vienna, in 1805-1806, published at Vienna, in 1810, and in the Guide to Vienna and its Curiosities, published in 1816, by Artaria and Company.

Professor Giesecke's collection consists, 1st, of a treasure of valuable minerals, most of them extremely rare, the great worth of which will doubtless be set in a proper light by the learned Vienna mineralogist, Mr. Von du Muhlfeld. 2dly. Of dried Greenland plants. 3dly. Of skulls of remarkable animals, for instance, of the whale (*Balena Mysticetus*) of immense size—of the Narval (*Monodus Monoceros*), a great rarity, having two teeth—of the sea-horse (*Trechcas Rosmarus*)—several stuffed seals (*Phoca*) of different ages, e. g. the common seal (*Phoca vetulina*), the *Phoca fetida*—the sea lion, (*Phoca cristata*), with a new, hitherto unknown, kind—a spotted seal, which Giesecke therefore calls the (*Phoca pantherina*)—the white and blue fox (*Isatis Arctica*, *Lagopus Groenlandica*)—a great number of sea fowl, in admirable preservation; shellfish, &c. 4thly. Dresses of the Greenlanders, arms and instruments, neatly, and even elegantly worked; models of their vessels, and the tackling belonging to them; the whole apparatus for catching whales, in miniature, &c. I pass over the paintings of scenes in Greenland, which perfectly represent that frightful country, and a number of other curiosities which the public will soon behold scientifically arranged to their entire satisfaction. We have to expect from Professor Giesecke a circumstantial description of Greenland, and of his travels, with maps and views of various places, which will be published in London, in English and German.

A LIZARD, four feet long, of the species described in Count De la Ceppe's History of *Oviparous Quadrupeds*, by the name of *Tupinambus* in America, and *Gallathea* in Africa, was found on the beach by Hordle Cliff, near Milford, Hants, the morning after the ship British Tar, from Sierra Leone, was wrecked. It appears this animal is the largest of the kind ever brought to Europe—the one in the royal cabinet of Paris measuring 8ft. 6in. and one in the ca-

binet at Lisbon, 3ft. 4in. These are the only two to be found in any public exhibition in Europe. The body of this lizard was the same length as the tail, covered with hard scales of an oval and circular form; the colour of the body is of a greenish cast; the spots from the back to the sides are regular, and in four distinct rows, about four inches apart; these spots had all the appearance and beauty of a large pearl set with small ones, and the black spots are equal in beauty to the white. The legs are furnished with strong hooked claws, as beautifully spotted, and resemble a handsome piece of lace. The head is like a frog's, the teeth long and sharp. It could not have been long dead when found, as it was scarcely cold.

A German journal states that the celebrated Dr. Chladni, the inventor of the Claviclynder, and the instrument called the Euphonia, is at present at Vienna, where he intends giving lectures on the nature of acoustics, or the theory of sound. He also proposes to explain his system respecting meteoric stones, which he regards as mere heterogeneous masses, and absolutely foreign to our globe and its atmosphere.

New Game.—The following are some particulars respecting a new game, now playing at Berlin and other places; it is something like our horse-racing, or more properly calculated, as the English people lay their money on the turf, on the hedging principle: for, supposing a field of horses to start at Epsom or elsewhere, and the odds against one horse is five to one; against another two to one; and even betting on another, any gentleman taking all the bets cannot lose; but if any of the other horses win, the person so betting wins all the money, which is very often the case, and is what is called betting round to advantage and account; for many great fortunes have been made by this principle on the turf. The ball, with the assistance of a mace, used in this new game, called *Une, Deux, Cinque*, is costly, and made of solid ivory, by a celebrated artist of Berlin, a very great mathematical turner, is only a little above one per cent. in favour of the bankers; has 48 ways of deciding top and bottom, like a die, to the greatest nicety, with 24 ways for black, 16 ways for red, and 8 ways for blue; so which, if a black, the banker pays equal to the stake; if a red, he pays twice the stake; and if a blue, he pays five times the stake; so, if a punter puts 3 on black, 2 on red, and 1 on blue, he neither wins or loses. At Berlin the banker hangs up a purse, which contains Prussian d'ors, equal to about 1600 guineas, and any one putting one d'or in a bowl, if it come four blue running, wins the purse. This is a favourite stake. If a punter places twice on the blue, one pound, he wins 35l. for his one. This new game is playing in France, and outvies all other games. The decision is simple,

correct, and very pleasing, affording great opportunity of hedging. It is supposed the ball will stop undecided once in about 2 or 300 events, which shows to a certainty the correctness of the principle, as affirmed by judges of the game.

Dr. Weatherhead will commence in April his spring course of lectures, which embrace the consideration of the congenital mal-formations and morbid and accidental distortions of the bones, whether originating *in utero*, or as the consequence of rickets, mollities ossium, spina bifida, scrophulous affections of the knee and hip-joints, club-foot, &c.; together with some account of monstrosities and remarks on comparative osteology.

The Governors of the Royal Dispensary for diseases of the ear, have presented Mr. Gurtis, the surgeon of that institution, with a superb piece of plate, as a token of the high estimation they entertain of his professional abilities, and for his great attention to the patients placed under his care at that useful charity.

Oxalic Acid, Epsom Salts, &c.—A correspondent, advertising to the suggestion which lately appeared, for the colouring of Epsom salts, to prevent a repetition of the fatal mistakes which occurred, through administering the oxalic acid instead of that drug, considers the plan to be inefficient;—first, because many persons considering the coloured salts to be adulterated, would not take them; secondly, because, although Epsom salts might be coloured, Glauber Salts, which are somewhat similar in appearance to the oxalic acid, but with larger crystals, would remain colourless, and thus mistakes might continue to arise. He proposes, therefore, that the salts shall be allowed to retain their usual and natural appearance, and that an alteration shall be made in the poisonous acid. This, he adds, may be easily and effectually accomplished, by every druggist's keeping, instead of the crystals, a saturated solution of the oxalic acid, which would answer every desired purpose, and be liable to no objection.

Literary Curiosities.—R. Watson, esq. who purchased the Stuart MSS. at Rome, is arrived in London from Paris, and has brought with him a valuable collection of literary curiosities: among which is the celebrated MS. Hebrew Bible, that long ornamented the library at Constantinople. It is beautifully written on vellum, and is supposed to be a work of the 5th century. After the fall of the Greek empire it was carried to Vienna, where it was preserved for ages in the private cabinet of the house of Austria, until the capture of that capital by the French troops, when it was transported to Paris by a general officer, who did not know its value, and sold it to the present proprietor. The most learned men in Europe consider it to be unique in its kind, and without a price.

The intelligent collector has 20 figures of the actors who performed before Francis, King of France, and Henry, King of England, in "the Field of Gold Cloth." It is supposed to be by Parmegiano, and was preserved in the *Garde Meuble*, at Paris, until the Revolution, when it was plundered. It is now in the original cover, on which are the royal arms of France. The Poems of Ossian are forthcoming, and are supposed to have been carried to France about the year 1715, consequently long before Mr. McPherson collected them orally. A celebrated bookseller is anxious to procure them and the geographical notes of Mr. Campbell. Many autograph signatures of the kings of France, the original painting of St John in the Wilderness, by Raphael—and the Brevet Commission of General of Division of Marshal Ney, taken out of his pocket the morning he was shot, signed by Buonaparte, and stating his gradual rise in the French service from a corporal, with an account of his gallantry, and the different battles in which he was engaged, until the 11th year of the French Republic, when he attained the above rank, are among the valuable collections of the above gentleman.

Fascinating Power of Serpents.—Major Alexander Garden, of South Carolina, has, in a paper read to the New York Historical Society, attributed the supposed power of fascination possessed by serpents to a vapour which they can spread around them, and to objects at a little distance, at pleasure. He first reduces the exaggerated idea which has been entertained of this power, and then adduces instances where the effect of a sickening and stupefying vapour have been seen to issue from the animal. A negro is mentioned, who, from a very peculiar acuteness in smell, could discover the rattle-snake at a distance of 200 feet, when in the exercise of this power; and on following this indication always found some animal suffering from its influence.

The Pearl Fishery of Panama.—The isthmus which forms the boundary between North and South America might, in the possession of an enterprising nation, be rendered a fertile source of prosperity. It would only be necessary to cut a canal to connect the two seas, and to build a city at each of its mouths, which might become the central points of extensive trade.

At the extremity of the Bay of Panama is an archipelago, consisting of 43 islands; between the islands of El Rey and Tobago the sea is perfectly calm, and near the coast lies a considerable bank of pearly oysters.

These oysters produce pearls of a large size, though, in point of regularity and beauty, they are inferior to those of India.

All the inhabitants of Panama and its vicinity who are in easy circumstances, keep negroes, who dive to procure pearls for their masters. They are dispatched to the islands, where tents and boats are kept in

readiness. Eighteen or twenty of these poor negroes, who are excellent swimmers, and who possess the power of holding in their breath for a considerable time, are under the control of an overseer. They swim about under water until they find a bank of oysters, where the sea is not more than ten, twelve, or fifteen fathoms deep. The negroes then ascend to the boat and cast anchor. They tie round their waists a rope, one end of which is fastened to the boat, and jump into the sea, taking a small weight to enable them to descend the more expeditiously. On reaching the bottom, the diver seizes an oyster, which he places under his left arm, another in his left hand, a third under his right arm, a fourth in his right hand, another in his mouth. He then ascends to take breath, and to deposit the oysters in a little bag in the boat. As soon as he has recovered himself, he dives a second time, and so on until he is tired, or has fished a sufficient number of oysters.

Each of these negro divers must supply his master with a certain number of pearls daily. When the negro has fished as many oysters as he thinks sufficient, he opens them in the presence of the overseer, and delivers to him the pearls, whether small or large, perfect or imperfect, until he has completed the number due to his master; the remainder are the property of the negro, who usually sells them to his master.

Besides the labour and fatigue which the negroes experience in detaching the oysters from the bottom of the sea, where they are frequently fixed between rocks and stones, they encounter great danger from the *laborones*, or *tinloresses*, a monstrous fish by which they are sometimes devoured, and likewise from the *mantas*, huge rays, which seize the divers so forcibly, that they stifle them, or, by falling upon them with all their weight, crush them at the bottom of the sea.

For this reason, the diver is usually armed with a pointed knife. If, when the water is clear, the negro overseer, who remains in the boat, should perceive any of these fish, he warns the diver, and sometimes goes to his assistance.

Notwithstanding these precautions, the divers sometimes lose their lives, and frequently return with the loss of an arm or leg.

French Gold Coin.—Previous to the year 1785 the mark of gold, consisting of eight ounces French weight, and equal to 3760 grains Troy, was coined into thirty Louis d'ors, being each 126 grains, and passing for 24 livres, the standard of fineness being the same as here. The Louis d'or was then worth in England at the Mint price of gold 20s. 6d. In 1785 the mark of gold, of the same weight and fineness, was ordered to be coined into 32 Louis d'ors, being 48 to a French pound of gold, in place of

45, which was the former number, and each therefore only weighing 118 1-8th grains. These continue to pass for 24 livres in France, but in England they are only worth, at the Mint price, 19s. 4d.

Liv. S.

Before 1785 an English guinea was worth in France - - - - 24 13

It then weighed nearly 129½ grains Troy, it still weighs the same, but is now worth in France - - - - 26 6

Making a difference of - - - - 1 13
Or nearly Seven per Cent

So that a guinea is worth more in France than formerly, while it remains the same here. On the contrary, the French Louis d'or is worth less here, while in France its value has been raised.

EAST INDIES.

The "Thugs" or Robbers infesting Hindustan.—Extract from a private Letter.

"The life led in this part of the world is so monotonous, that years would hardly furnish subjects enough for a single letter. The same round of duties returns. Crimes occur; ingenuity is exerted to discover the offenders; they are caught, convicted or acquitted. We have lately been successful in bringing to condemnation a gang of villains, forming part of a particular class of offenders, none of whom had ever been brought to the gallows. They are called "Thugs" from the Hindu word "Thugna" to deceive, and an abstract of their character may be given in a few lines. They are

of all casts; assemble in gangs of ten, twenty or more; assume the garb of honest men; travel on the most frequented roads and there contrive to join company with some unsuspecting traveller, whom they persuade to start very early in the morning, while yet dark; and only one or two miles from his halting place, they murder him by strangulation with a handkerchief, throw his body into a well, and run off with his property. Murder is one of their chief motives and they never rob without first slaughtering their victim. "Dead men," say they, "tell no tales." This is as trite a proverb with them as amongst our European cut throats, and it has been assigned by them as the reason for always murdering. The difficulties of conviction are, that the deceased cannot be recognised, (having perhaps travelled a hundred miles), consequently there is no knowledge of what property he was possessed of or in whose company he was last seen; add to this, that the murderers reside fifty miles or more from the spot where the crime has been committed. They roam, however, infinitely further, being often absent four, five, or six months from their homes. Some idea of their strength may be formed by observing, that ten bodies have been taken out of one well; and of their cunning, by mentioning that they, in some cases, send one of their gang up a tree, by shaking which, the crows and other birds at roost begin to call and fly about; from which the traveller is led to suppose it is near day-break, and is thence induced to start."

FINE ARTS.

HISTORICAL OBSERVATIONS ON ANTI-BRITISH AND ANTI-CONTEMPORARIAN PREJUDICES.

THE title adopted by the British Institution, to indicate its patriotic purpose, awakens the proudest feelings of the British breast. The success of its object is so intimately connected with the progress of morals, and has so direct a tendency to advance the British character, and diffuse the national glory, that every member of the community has an immediate or ultimate interest in its promotion and success. Their first meeting, fourteen years ago, had for its avowed intention to encounter the Anti-British prejudice, which maintained that the natives of this island were disqualified by a cold phlegmatic constitution and a want of imagination, from attaining to excellence in the Fine Arts. This incapacity was attributed to the influence of the climate, and was supposed to be inherent and incurable. Thus a people, whose intellectual energies and persevering enterprise rendered them victorious in war,

and enabled them to excel in the sciences, manufactures, commerce, navigation, and all the useful arts, were unjustly doomed to a humiliating inferiority in painting and sculpture. In vain the beauty and sublimity in the works of Spenser and Shakespeare, of Milton and our other poets, refuted this fallacious notion; and the history of the Fine Arts confirmed the refutation. There are still too many persons of rank and education who entertain this injurious and groundless notion. We shall therefore, as sincere advocates of truth, offer some brief remarks on this important subject.

In Greece, the people of Athens and Sparta, living on the same soil, under the same sky, and subject to the same vicissitudes of season, although neighbours sufficiently near to form parts of the same nation, and bear the same common name, were wholly opposite to each other in manners, customs and taste. But this difference, so complete and essential, was produced by the varying spirit of their civil polity and social in-

stitutions. To provide for the defence of the republic, and secure its freedom, *Lycurgus* considered every individual born within its territory as the property of the state, and gave to all affairs a military tendency. To guard against the effeminating effect of sedentary habits, he forbade the citizens to cultivate the sciences, and consigned to slaves only the exercise of the mechanic arts. To convert the whole mass into an invincible soldiery, he sought by coarse fare and athletic exercises to harden the bodies, and render the mind inflexible and cruel. Where industry was a crime, to prevent the idleness of this stern and rude population from producing civil commotion, men were not left free agents in their most indifferent affairs. Where all goods were in common, where they studied neither domestic economy, nor business, and learnt nothing but what was absolutely necessary for the wants of civil life, refinements were unknown. The law, which had ordained that the doors of houses should only be made by a saw, and the ceilings by an axe, without the aid of any other tool, was designed to shut out luxury and expense. From dwellings so rudely fashioned, vessels of gold and silver, rich tapestry, pictures, statues and ornamental carving of every kind, were, in effect, excluded. We are not to wonder, that among these Greeks, the bodily and martial qualifications and fierce energies of the soul were alone prized; and that the Fine Arts were unpractised, and artists unknown or contemned. But no historian has charged the barbarism of those celebrated people upon their air or climate. The spirit of legislation, which prevented the cultivation of the Fine Arts in Lacedæmonia, under the same climate and sky, invited their advance in the neighbouring state of Attica. There was nothing physical in this cause in either republic. The opposite minds of the two legislators, of *Lycurgus* at Sparta, and of *Solon* at Athens, alone caused the difference. The Athenian laws, framed upon the wise principle that private happiness is the best basis for public security, left the citizens in possession of as much freedom as was compatible with the tranquillity of the state. The whole system of policy was fashioned to draw forth the industry, talents and genius of individuals. Idleness was guarded against as the parent of crime, and the source of public insubordination. Hence, while among the neighbouring Greeks, in Sparta, liberty appeared under a savage and ob-

durate grandeur of character, attended by a sort of ferocious subordination and licentiousness in morals,—at Athens commerce, manufactures, and the sciences flourished; and to excel in poetry, painting, sculpture, architecture, music or eloquence, was considered the highest glory. It is a proud consideration for humanity, and an honour to the Fine Arts, that these illustrious people, notwithstanding their unrivalled attainments in the refinements of peace, and the superior freedom of their civil and political institutions, were more pure in their morals, and not less enthusiastically attached to public liberty, or less brave or martial, than their fierce and unpolished rivals, the Lacedæmonians. The valour of *Leonidas* and his Spartan heroes, who fell so gloriously defending their country at the pass of *Thermopylæ*, was not more renowned than that of the Athenians at the battles of *Marathon*, *Salamis* and *Platæa*. But the trophies of their wars, the monuments of their military power, have passed away. A brave people will ever participate in the triumphs of their armies, and revere the commanders who led them to victory; but the arts of peace, alone, consecrated to the social virtues, have power to confer a solid and permanent glory. In the course of a long succession of ages, only the names of a few of the Grecian painters, and none of their pictures, survive; but the precious remains of their sculpture have immortalised Greece, and the genius of that illustrious people may be still said, in the divine works of their sculptors, and in none more than in those of *Phidias*, now in the capital of this free country, to dictate the law in the Fine Arts, and to exhibit the union of truth and grace, of nature and grandeur, to an admiring world. The argument against the English climate is therefore refuted by the examples of Sparta and Athens. But modern Greece exhibits another melancholy proof, that the exquisite paintings of *Parrhasius* and *Zeuxis*, and the breathing marbles of the *Parthenon*, were not produced by climate, but by wise laws, moral culture, and liberty. That unhappy country, deprived of her independence, and fallen from her intellectual greatness, retains the same advantages of climate, but her glory is no more. She possesses inhabitants, but not a people; for that common interest, which is the parent and nurse of the Fine Arts, and the only bond and power of society, is unknown in the land. Under the iron sceptre of despotism, the enthu-

siam of the soul is extinguished, and the imagination, continually oppressed by terror, fears to stretch her wings. Genius and courage are beheld with suspicion, and carefully crushed as crimes against the state. The loveliness of beauty is a temptation to violence; and the very nature of man appears reversed. How changed from their forefathers, are the descendants of the warriors, before whom the armies of Xerxes fled in route and disorder; and of the sages and philosophers, to whose precepts the youth of distant nations listened in the groves of Academus!—Though possessed of the stature and aspect of Grecians, they dwell amidst the ruins of their ancient cities, an oppressed and servile race, without arts, or letters, or fame! Happy if they are also without sensibility; for what misery can be more poignant, than to be haunted by the shade of departed greatness: to witness their beloved country's oppression, and to be a sharer in her sufferings, without a hope of living for her redemption, or of dying in the glorious attempt to break her chains!

No people have advanced so rapidly in the Fine Arts as the people of England within the last fifty years. It is computed that more than a thousand years elapsed from the time of Dædalus and his school, before sculpture attained to its perfection in Greece under Phidias and his contemporaries. The remains of Etruscan invention have furnished a well-grounded belief that the Fine Arts were introduced very early into the maritime cities of Italy, before the building of Rome. Painting was practised in Tuscany, by Cleophantes, in the time of the first Tarquin, 652 years before the christian era; yet Plutarch states that the Romans had not arrived at a true taste for the arts until Marcellus enriched Rome with the fine paintings and statues obtained at the capture of Syracuse, 440 years after the time of Cleophantes. These facts shew the slow progress of the arts in the boasted climate of Italy: and if war and its consequent circumstances have, for so many ages, extinguished painting and sculpture in Greece, and also in Italy, after the subversion of the Roman empire, in like manner, war and other circumstances, wholly independent of climate, for a succession of centuries after the Romans had withdrawn from Britain, prevented the successful cultivation of the arts, which they had introduced into practice in the island. The ravages of the Scots and Picts, and the wars between the Saxons and Britons,

destroyed almost all their works of art, excepting a few beautiful mosaics, which still display their taste. The cities have been so often wasted by fire and sword, that few remains of the ages, which immediately succeeded, exist to guide inquiry. Some imitations of the designs of the Greek christians were executed in the reign of *Edgar*, but the increasing devastations, committed by the Danish invaders, wasted the country, and put a stop to improvement. The invasion by William the conqueror, was followed by the impoverishment and ruin of the English nobility; but the sculptures from sacred history in Lincoln cathedral, executed in this reign, and the monumental figures adopted from the Norman style, show that, in the midst of confiscation, massacre, and feudal barbarism, a taste for the arts still sprung up in the kingdom. His reign was followed by a century of commotion. Contested claims and sanguinary struggles for the crown, foreign wars and the expenditure of wealth and loss of the nobility, in the crusade of Richard Cœur de Lion, were succeeded by the civil broils between king John and the barons. This period left little room to cultivate the embellishments of peace; but still the arts did not fall into disuse. A precept of Henry the third in 1233, ordering the sheriff of Hampshire to have a chamber repainted with *historical subjects*, proves that historical painting had been introduced before this date; and various public documents show that painting was practised during this reign. A record quoted by Walpole (vol. i. p. 11.) proves the extraordinary fact, that painting in *oil colours* was known in England in 1239, long before the alledged discovery of that process, by John ab Eyck, in Flanders, who died in 1441. Painting on glass was also practised at this time, so that the taste of the people for the arts of design cannot be doubted, although the unsettled state of the country prevented their advancement. In 1240, many years before, exterior decorations were used to ornament the churches of France and Italy; Bishop Josceline caused the south-west front of Wells cathedral to be enriched with subjects from the Bible, in alto-relievo, and with statues of its patrons and benefactors, larger than life. The admired remains of the stone crosses, erected to the memory of Queen Eleanor by Edward the first, do honour to this reign, and the statues of that queen exhibit features of Italian grace and elegance. But while at Rome, Florence,

Venice, and other Italian states, the Fine Arts rose into notice, and the artists made continual improvements, our Henries and Edwards, for more than a century, wasted the flower of their subjects pursuing their conquests in France.

The wars, which produced the memorable victories of Cressy, Poictiers, and Agincourt, and spread the fame of English valour through the world, impoverished their country. Before England could recover from this exhaustion, she was involved in the calamity of a contested sovereignty, and the sanguinary struggles between the powerful houses of York and Lancaster, ruined the nobility, and devastated the land for thirty years. Here, again, the ravages of war and fanaticism have wholly destroyed their paintings, and left but few specimens of sculpture for several reigns; but there are enough to continue a chain of proofs in favour of native genius. The Last Judgment over the south door of Lincoln cathedral; the monument of Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, in Henry the Sixth's reign, and the multitude of statues in Henry the Seventh's chapel in Westminster, marked the existence and great improvement of sculpture down to the reign of Henry the Eighth. This monarch displayed a taste for the fine arts; invited Raffaele and Titian to his court; and, although he was not so fortunate as to obtain the presence of either, he gave his royal commission for the picture of St. George, the patron saint of England, to the latter. It is not improbable but that his munificence drew many other artists to visit this country, whose works have been destroyed. Of these, history notices Luca, or Bartholomew Penni, a scholar of Raffaele; Jerome de Trevisi, and Anthony Teto, Italian painters; and Torrigiano, a sculptor of the school of Michael Angelo; of John Carvus and Luca Cornelitz, painters, from Flanders; and Hans Holbein, from Switzerland.

The arts were, now, likely to grow up and flourish, when the change of religion rendered them objects of general proscrition and abhorrence. Painting and sculpture were denounced disloyal and rebellious subjects, in active co-operation with the enemies of the throne; and as Paganish emissaries from Satan to counteract the will of Heaven. Pursued and persecuted as double traitors, they fled, in affright, from these shores. The wit, the learning, the manliness and valour, the domestic virtues and the public force, were

incessantly employed to perpetuate their banishment. Pictures and statues were destroyed with a holy zeal all over the kingdom; and were, thenceforward, looked upon with suspicion and abhorrence, as illegal emblems and damnable instruments of conspiracy, hateful in the sight of God and man. This detestation mingled in acts of private devotion, and was strengthened by public worship. It was cherished by penal inscriptions on the statute books; was, as it were, incorporated in the civil and political institutions; animated the military spirit, and was, for a long time, supposed to form an essential point in the religion of the state. We are not to be surprised if, thus descending from father to son, a settled coldness and hatred of the Fine Arts, at length, formed a prominent trait in the English character. The child imbibed it in his hours of instruction; it strengthened with his growth, and was regarded in age as a paramount duty of loyalty and public spirit, and a means of eternal salvation. Thus, if we may use the figurative expression, the Fine Arts were torn up by the roots in this country, and the soil was, as it were, rendered sterile, to prevent their ever again springing up in the island. This is the real cause of the public coldness and apathy which have been so falsely misinterpreted into a want of public taste in the natives, proceeding from a defect in their constitutions, or from the climate. England possessed liberty, wealth, and imperial dominion: she possessed glory in the sciences, and a pure system of morals; but, even still more than at Sparta, her laws and social institutions were hostile to the Fine Arts. Religion, which, in Greece, ancient Rome, and modern Italy, had been the parent and patron of the public style of painting and sculpture in England became its public destroyer, and opposer. After this spirit of hostility had continued for several generations, to acquire a national inveteracy, the more formidable as it was founded in the purest motives, and built up and fortified with all the noblest qualities of the British character, when the patronage of Charles the First, and of a few lords about the court, had drawn Rubens, Vandyck, and a number of artists into England, a favourable prospect opened. But the civil war clouded all again. The fury of the fanatics and republicans dispersed or destroyed the royal and noble collections; and the people, who, with silent dislike, had beheld the recent introduction of

pictures and statues, as a corruption in religion, rejoiced when the Fine Arts were again driven into exile. Until the middle of the last century there was little change. But from the restoration of Charles the Second, the example of his present majesty, and the progress of knowledge, abated the force of prejudice in the highest circles. A more liberal system of education, the freedom of the press, an intercourse with the continent, and various other causes, have since contributed to introduce an enlightened mode of thinking. But the work of centuries could not be removed in a day. The long odium and persecution of the Fine Arts, had deterred Englishmen from those studies, and the very few native artists, who had, for many years, ventured to attempt so unpopular a practice, were not sufficiently employed to arrive at excellence. Hence, during the six preceding reigns, a succession of foreign artists enjoyed the patronage of the court, and nobility and gentry, to the almost total exclusion of English men, whose discouraged and inferior attempts only served to confirm the prejudice at home and abroad, that there was something in the air or climate of this island which disqualified Englishmen from attaining to excellence in the Fine Arts. The evil lay in the *unthinking and unpatriotic practice of comparing English art, in its infancy, with foreign art in its prime*. Englishmen of rank, having been accustomed, when abroad, in France, Italy, Holland, and other countries, to see the walls of churches, public halls, palaces, and private houses, covered and enriched with the works of their native artists, on their return to England, looked round on the naked walls of their public buildings and superb apartments. The contrast was too striking not to produce an unfavourable impression. Abroad, each school, within its own territory, possesses a proud supremacy in public opinion: and the British traveller, in each foreign state, heard the exulting commendations of noble and princely patrons, who each justly considered himself and his country a sharer in the celebrity of the works which he praised. Too many of our travelled amateurs, instead of making allowances for the imperious force of those circumstances, which, for so many centuries, had prevented the growth of the arts in this kingdom, drew an anti-British conclusion. They adopted the prejudices of foreigners, and inferred a deficiency of British genius from the

scarcity of British fancy and historical pictures, forgetting that the true causes of that scarcity were the political and religious revolutions of the country, the unpopularity of the practice, and the almost total discouragement, against which British genius had to contend.

To dissipate this anti-British spirit, his present Majesty founded the Royal Academy; and the paternal wisdom of that measure has been proved by the fact, that since that royal incorporation, the Fine Arts, notwithstanding the mass of prejudices, which they have to encounter, have, as already noticed, advanced more in this country in fifty years than in any other in a century and a half. But though British genius rose to excellence, in every department of the arts, in which a due encouragement was afforded, and that the portrait and landscape painters soon carried the palm of glory from their contemporaries on the continent, still the prejudices of two centuries were not to be suddenly removed. The old religious dread and abhorrence of works of art had subsided into a cold repugnance, and from that, in many circles, into a contempt for every production of the British pencil. Thus a too general indifference, or distaste, presented a fatal prospect to native genius. The heartless and unjust practice of comparing the infant efforts of the British painters in history, poetry, fancy and familiar life, with the finest works of the Italian, Dutch, and Flemish masters, continued, and threatened to render the further advance of the arts doubtful and tedious. Although each of the old schools had grown up and flourished under the applauding patronage of national enthusiasm, England, the most powerful kingdom in Europe, was the only one in which, with a few exceptions, the lovers of the Fine Arts undervalued the native artists, and were ashamed to decorate their mansions with their works,

The Royal Academy, AS A SCHOOL OF SCIENCE, had produced able artists: but *artists without patrons*, in poverty and distress, contending for a precarious subsistence, only contributed to increase the unfavourable opinion of their profession. To remove this evil, to protect and encourage the painters in the highest department of art, in the several stages from immaturity to excellence; to excite and reward merit, and to introduce the genius of the British school to the patronage of the country; that noble association, the British Institution

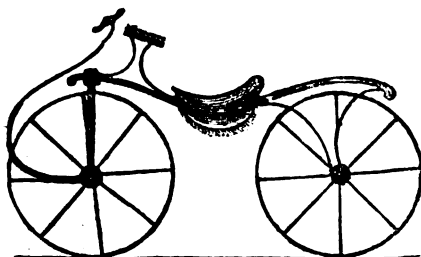
was founded. The Royal Academy and this patriotic body have a mutual interest; and their cordial co-operation is so absolutely necessary for the attain-

ment of their object, that all but their common enemies must wish to promote their union. W. C.

NEW INVENTIONS AND PATENTS.

MR. LESTER has brought his new discovery in optics to perfection, and from its simplicity and utility, it promises to be of great importance.—Two cones of light produced from the luminary being placed near to their respective apexes, and in opposite directions, base to base, form a parallelogram of indefinite dimensions, that would fill the largest room with an equal light of the same tensity in every part of its space, and as the fountain of light would be in opposite directions, the bodies equally divided, would have but two sides as opposed to the lines of vision; no shadows can be produced by the application. Rooms of all descriptions may be lighted by the flame being placed on the outside of the wall, and its reflections thrown through an aperture, by which means the smoke arising from the combustion will pass off into the atmosphere without entering into the room. By this means the light will have the most beautiful effect by illuminating a space void of smoke, which is far from being the case with rooms lighted in the common way. It has been clearly ascertained that one of Mr. Lester's Mirrors, $13\frac{1}{2}$ inches diameter, placed before one of the lamps commonly used to light stages, and fixed to the foot-board of the driver, will render the smallest print legible at the distance of 100 yards before the leaders heads.

The Pedestrian Accelerator.—Notice of this singular invention having appeared in our number for March 1, page 178, we have in the present, given a wood cut representing the machine, for the benefit of our readers who reside at a distance from the metropolis.



Experiments have shewn that it is easy to travel fifty or more miles a day on these "German Horses;" and as a riding-school is about to be opened for them, we expect to see them brought into extensive use. For exercise in parks, &c. they seem to be admirably adapted; and from a trial of their powers, we can say that their management is very readily acquired.

American Water Burner.—An apparatus called the American Water Burner, has been invented by Mr. Morcy, of New Hampshire. It is a rough blow-pipe; but is applicable in many cases in place of a furnace. Tar is intimately mixed with steam, and made to issue from a small jet, in the manner of an eolipile, and the stream of matter being ignited, produces a flame of great size and intensity. It appears that the water is partly decomposed towards the middle of the jet, and that the heat is thus increased, by increasing the quantity of active agents. But whatever the exact effect, the water is found to be useful in preventing the formation of smoke, and increasing the combustion.

A new life boat has been invented by Lieut. A. F. Gardener, R.N. and from the trials made with it, it is expected to present advantages over those in present use. It supports the weight of 18 men when filled with water, and when completely overset, though with mast and sail standing, rights again without aid.

A new invention has been lately promulgated, called the *Patent Drag*, by which coachman, guard, or inside passenger, may apply the shoe to the wheel, without removal from their respective situations.

Baron D'EVELKRANG, President of the Royal College of Commerce at Stockholm, and author of many ingenious mechanical inventions, has lately invented a machine for spinning flax, which has been submitted to the inspection of a commission appointed by the King of Sweden. By means of this machine, ten persons may, during ten hours, spin thirty-six pounds of flax. It is said that Buonaparte offered a million to any person who would produce a machine with these properties, and the first attempt of the kind was made by a Belgian.

A new instrument called the *Ædlophone*, has been invented and made by Charles Henry Vander Bergh. It has the appearance of a lady's work-table; the shape is a parallelogram, and it occupies about 4 feet by 2. It is played on by keys, like a harpsichord or piano-forte. Along the back lies a solid block of metal of a peculiar composition, known only to the inventor, and the exact proportions in which the several metals are combined, he avers to be indispensable to the production of the best possible tone. The side of the block that lies next the player, presents a sweep, into which are inserted cylindrical bars of the same metal, varying in length from $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches to $\frac{1}{2}$ an inch and something more than a $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch in diameter. Upon each of these bars

in a moveable ring of the same metal, closely fitted, which is fixed by a screw through the top, and by changing the position of this ring (a very simple operation, and similar in effect to the apportioning of water in musical glasses) the instrument is tuned. To the end of the bar not inserted in the block, a spring is affixed at a right angle by a screw, and each of these springs is connected with the corresponding key by a simple mechanical contrivance, so as to be pulled forward when the keys are pressed down by the player. Part of the surface of the spring is covered with some kind of felt or plush. Parallel to these springs lies a roll of conical shape and of a peculiar composition, but differing from the block and the bars, the former being of a colour between brass and copper, and the roll resembling pewter. This roll revolving upon its axis, is put into motion by the foot, like the wood in a turning lathe. The pressure of the finger upon the key brings the spring into contact with the roll while it is in a state of revolution, and thus the bar inserted in the block is made to vibrate, and the tone produced. The sound ceases when the spring is relaxed from contact with the roll, which happens when the pressure on the key is removed. A swell is produced by a difference in the touch, and a perfect *crescendo* and *diminuendo* can be obtained at pleasure.—The compass of the instrument is five octaves and a half, and it is singular that the several parts produce sounds essentially different. The upper tones are precisely those of an octave flute—the next notes in succession those of an oboe, below these of the clarinet, and still lower of the bassoon. The resemblance is exceedingly close, so much so, indeed, that the best application of the invention will probably be found to be in substituting the *Cedophone* for wind instruments at concerts where good players are not to be had. The lowest tones are rough, and rather injure than improve the general effect whenever they are employed. Increasing the size of the block and bars extends the quantity of tone in a degree far beyond a geometrical ratio. In the present

shape and proportion, its tone is scarcely louder than a common square piano-forte. The *Cedophone* is competent to the performance of an allegro. Of its use as an accompanying instrument to the voice, every one may judge from the description of its several tones. They clearly give a constant variation as the composition rises or falls; and now the singer would seem to be accompanied by a flute, and now by a clarinet or bassoon obligato. The general effect, however, is that of a small concert of all these wind instruments.

NEW PATENTS.

JOHN RUTHVEN, of Edinburgh, printer, for an improved drag for coaches, carriages, or other vehicles, which operates by raising a wheel or wheels off the ground, from the inside or outside of the coach, carriage, &c., without stopping the horses. Dated Dec. 1818.

ALEXANDER ADIE, of Edinburgh, optician; for an improvement on the air barometer; which improved instrument is to be called a sympiesometer. Dec. 23.

WILLIAM JOHNSON, of Salford, Manchester, brewer; for certain improvements in the construction of furnaces or fire-places, for the purposes of heating, boiling, or evaporating water and other liquids; which improvements are applicable to steam-engines and other purposes, whereby a greater saving in the consumption of fuel is effected, with a more complete destruction or consumption of smoke by combustion, than has hitherto been produced. Dec. 24.

CHARLES TANNER, of Plymouth, Devonshire, tanner, for certain improvements in preserving or curing raw hides and skins by the application of certain materials hitherto unused for that purpose. Jan. 4, 1819.

JOHN GREGORY, of Penny Fields, All Saints Poplar, Middlesex, shipwright; for a combination of machinery, consisting of a fire-escape ladder, and the various apparatus necessary for the safety of persons and property in such cases; part of which machinery is applicable to other useful purposes. Jan. 15.

THE DRAMA.

COVENT GARDEN.

The Marriage of Figaro.—The Managers of this Theatre, always anxious to make a due return for public favour, have produced this excellent Opera, with the music of Mozart, nor indeed have they confined themselves to the music only belonging to the piece, but have made a judicious selection from the several published works of this great master. The part of the Countess of Almavia was performed by Mrs. Dickons, and the songs, and the varied harmony and science of the music, was given by

this accomplished singer in a manner worthy both of the inimitable composer and of herself. Mrs. Dickons, if we are rightly informed, has passed nearly three years in Italy, previously to her appearing on the boards last season; and was received by the foreign theatres with a welcome little inferior to the reception of her talents at home. Miss Stevens performed the part of Susan, and most admirably seconded the science of Mrs. Dickons. In their duets, nothing could be more effective than the blending of their voices and tones into each other,

Both, in this manner, concurred to give effect to the efforts of the other. We know no other Opera on the English stage which contains so much finished composition in its music.

DRURY LANE.

A new Tragic Comedy, in three acts, called *The Dwarf of Naples*, has been produced at this theatre, evidently written for the purpose of exhibiting Mr. Kean, and to the discouragement of all the other talents of the company. It is the production of Mr. Soane, a writer of some very clever pieces, although in the present by prostituting his genius to the whim of the representative of its hero, he has completely failed of success. The plot, if plot it may be called, is simply as follows:—Malvesi, the dwarf, is a little crooked wretch, and as distorted in mind as in body. Like Richard he detests all the better proportioned part of the creation, but his most implacable hatred is towards his brother. His brother Giulio, a general returned in triumph from the wars to enjoy the sweets of peace, and is therefore very solicitous to be very fraternal with Malvesi, who requites his good intentions and overtures of friendship by entertaining a fixed resolution to murder him the first opportunity for his attentions to Armanda, with whom Malvesi also is in love. Giulio, finding it more easy to gain the affection of Armanda than the friendship of the Dwarf, resolves upon a marriage with her. Count Orsino and the General bring a casket of jewels, intended as a present to his bride, into the room where Malvesi is, who, instigated by jealousy, substitutes a treasonable for a love letter in it. Upon this evidence the marriage is set aside, and his brother banished. After

an interval, and some adventure, during which Malvesi sends a bravo to assassinate his brother, the King of Naples, having been informed of the falsehood of the accusation made against Giulio, sends for him and the Dwarf—restores the former to favour, re-establishes him in all his honours, and causes the latter to witness him at the altar married to Armanda. The Dwarf maddens at the sight and dies.

Of the piece, as a literary production, we cannot speak too decidedly; it is a mixture of dulness and folly, notwithstanding which, gleams of genius every now and then burst out even through the disgusting frame-work.

ORATORIOS.

DRURY LANE.—The Lent Oratorios at this Theatre begun on Wednesday, the 3d of March, with an extensive selection from Mozart and Haydn, a Miscellaneous Act, and the *Battle Sinfonia*, by Beethoven. It was conducted with great spirit, and did infinite credit to the taste and judgment of Sir George Smart. Madame Bellocchi and Mrs. Salmon distinguished themselves by exerting their utmost ability to please, and gave delightful exhibitions in their respective styles. The *Sinfonia* closed the night with singular eclat.

COVENT GARDEN.—The Oratorios commenced here on Friday the 5th. We are sorry not to be able to speak favourably of the selection. With a good instrumental orchestra, and respectable singers, with which the public are well acquainted, the performance was altogether ineffective.

[We are obliged, for want of room, to defer, till next month, our remarks on the Tragedy of *The Italians*, and Mr. Kean's conduct towards its author.]

LITERARY REPORT.

We beg to remind our Correspondents that all Notices for this Department must be sent on or before the 15th of each month.]

The following works are in the press and speedily will be published.

Messrs. Harding and Nicol are preparing a Catalogue of the valuable French, German, and English Library of her late Majesty, removed from Windsor to Buckingham House, and which will be sold by Mr. Evans in the month of May.

A new periodical work is announced, written in ancient or modern Greek only, and by natives of Greece; the principal object of which is to make the friends of the Greek nation acquainted with the present

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state of knowledge amongst them, and with their endeavours for their regeneration.

A Translation of the Comtesse de Genlis' celebrated novel entitled *Les Parvenus*, ou les Aventures de Julien Delmours.

The Life of William Lord Russell, with some account of the times in which he lived. By Lord John Russell.

A Treatise on the Education of Youth, founded on the discrimination of individual character by the form of the head. By Dr. Spurzheim.

A Syriac and English Grammar, designed
VOL. XI. 2 M

for the use of English students. By Mr. T. Yeates.

A Translation of Marahal Bassompier's Account of his Embassy to London, with notes and commentaries, describing the Court of England in 1620.

Collections for a Topographical Historical and descriptive Account of Boston, and the Hundred of Kirbeck in the county of Lincoln. By Bishey Thompson, esq.

Meditations and Reflections on the Beauties Harmonies and Sublimities of Nature. By the Author of "Amusements in Retirement.

A Series of finished Engravings, with descriptions of the ecclesiastical and castellated Antiquities of Normandy. By Mr. J. S. Cotman, of Yarmouth.

A Collection of Letters relative principally to Public Events during the latter half of the seventeenth century, from the original papers in the archives of the Rawdon Family in Ireland.

A Voyage up the Persian Gulph, and a journey over land from India to England in 1817, containing an account of Arabia Felix, Arabia Deserta, Persia, Mesopotamia, &c. &c. By William Heude, esq.

A Journey to Persia in the Suite of the Imperial Russian Embassy in the year 1817. By M. de Kotzebue.

The Life of the late Right Hon. John Philpot Curran, Master of the Rolls in Ireland. By his Son, W. H. Curran, esq. 2 vols. 8vo.

A Journey in Carpiola and Italy in the years 1817—1818. By W. A. Cadell, esq. 8vo.

A Geographical and Statistical Description of Scotland. By James Playfair, D.D. F.R.S. 2 vols. 8vo.

Excursions through Ireland, to be comprised in eight volumes, containing 400 engravings.

A Collection of Dr. Zouch's works, with a Memoir. By the Rev. Francis Wrangham.

Sixty Curious and Authentic Narratives and Anecdotes, respecting extraordinary characters, illustrative of the tendency of credulity and fanaticism. By J. Cecil.

Zcal and Experience, a tale.

Emmeline, an unfinished tale, with some other pieces. By the late Mrs. Brunton, Author of "Self Control," &c.

A Descriptive Catalogue of the Splendid Collection of Pictures, by British artists in Sir John Fleming Leicester's Gallery in Hill street, and at Tabley. By Mr. W. Carey.

Letters of the Right Hon. J. Philpot Curran to H. Weston, esq. 8vo.

Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Luis de Camoens. By J. Adams, esq. 2 vols. 8vo.

Notes Statistical, Moral, and Political on the Colony of New South Wales, and its dependent Settlements, on Van Diemens land.

The Iron Mask, a poem. By the Author of "The Recluse of the Pyrenices," &c.

Remarks on the Foreknowledge of God,

suggested by passages in Dr. Adam Clarke's Commentary on the New Testament. By Gill Timms.

The Victories of the Duke of Wellington, illustrated in a series of Engravings from drawings by Richard Westall, R. A. The outlines engraved by C. Heath, and coloured in imitation of the original drawings.

The Englefield Vases; the first part of this work containing six plates engraved by H. Moses, from the Vases in the possession of Sir H. Englefield, bart. is just ready for publication.

Mr. Dodwell's long promised Travels will certainly appear in May, accompanied with the first portion of his Views in Greece.

Sir W. Gell's Itinerary of Greece, is also nearly completed.

Pastorals Ruggiero, and other poems. By E. D. Baynes, esq.

Views in the Tyrol. Engraved by W. B. Cooke, from drawings by P. Dewint; the original sketches taken by Major Cockburn, of the Royal Artillery, in the year 1817.

The Yorkshire Gazette, a loyal and constitutional newspaper, the political department of which will be conducted on the principles of the late Mr. Pitt.—In the maintenance of these and other corresponding principles, connected with the welfare of our valuable and national establishments, it will proceed with firmness and spirit, but at the same time, avoid misrepresentation, acrimony, and personality, which will entitle it to the support of loyal and well disposed persons of every denomination.

The tenth and concluding volume of Donovan's British Birds.

A new volume of Rivington's Annual Register for the year 1808; which will soon be followed by another volume of the former series.

A satirical work entitled, "Junius with his vizor up! or the real Author of the Letters under that signature now first unveiled and revealed to the world, in two letters to my cousin in the country: from Oedipus Oronoko, tobacconist and snuff-seller."

Narrative of a Voyage to the Spanish Main in the ship Two Friends, the capture of Amelia Island by McGregor's forces, and their dislodgment of the American troops, with Anecdotes illustrative of the manners and habits of the Seminole Indians: with an Appendix; containing a detail of the trial and execution of Arbuthnot and Ambrister. 8vo.

Popular Observations on the Diseases to which literary and sedentary persons are subject, with hints for their prevention and cure. By W. André Pearkes, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons.

Historical and Descriptive Sketches of Horncastle, and several neighbouring parishes, in the county of Lincoln, embellished with Engravings. By George Weir.

Foreign Literature lately imported.

Ginguené, Histoire Littéraire d'Italie. Tom. 7, 8, and 9, (et dernier.) 8vo. 11. 14s.

Correspondance inédite officielle et confidentielle de Napoleon Bonaparte avec les Cours étrangères, les princes, les ministres, et les généraux Français et étrangers en Italie, en Allemagne, et en Egypte. Tom. 1. 8vo. 10s.

Correspondance de Napoleon avec Carnot pendant les Cent Jours. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Segur, Galerie Morale et Politique. Tom. 2. 8vo. 10s.

Landen, Choix de tableaux et statues des plus célèbres Musées et Cabinets étrangers.

Ouvrage destiné à servir de suite et de Complément aux Annales du Musée de France. Tom. 1. liv. 1. 8vo. with 86 plates, 15s.

Almanach du Commerce de Paris, des départemens de la France et les principales Villes du Monde pour 1819. large 8vo. 11.

Almanach Royal pour 1819. 8vo. 11.

Lemaire, Contes Moraux pour la Jeunesse. 2 vols. 12mo. fig. 12s.

Biographie des Hommes Vivants. Tom. 4, et 5. 8vo. 11. 4s.

Comte Chaptal, De l'Industrie Française. 2 vols. 8vo. 11.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE.

N.B. The Observations are made twice every day, at Eight o'Clock in the Morning and at Ten in the Evening.

1819.	Ther.	Wind	General Remarks		Ther.	Wind.	General Remarks.
Feb. 2.	M. 40	S.S.W.	Heavy rain	Mar 14.	M. 42	S.W.	Cloudy
	E. 36	N.W.	Serene		E. 38	E.	Serene
	M. 32	W.	Slight sleet, snowy		M. 37	E.S.E.	Serene
24	E. 29	N.	Serene	15	E. 45	S.W.	Rain
	M. 31	W.N.W.	Little snow		M. 48	S.W.	Cloudy
25	E. 32	N.W.	Serene	16	E. 46	W.	Cloudy
	M. 32	S.W.	Snow and rain		M. 44	W.N.W.	Serene
26	E. 38	E.	Rain	17	E. 42	N.W.	Cloudy
	M. 39	S.W.	Cloudy		M. 36	N.	Serene
27	E. 40	E.	Rainy	18	E. 45	S.W.	Rain
	M. 40	S.E.	Cloudy		M. 48	S.W.	Heavy showers
28	E. 38	E.	Rainy, boisterous	19	E. 40	W.N.W.	Cloudy
	M. 36	E.N.E.	Rain, snow		M. 42	N.W.	Stormy
Mar. 1	E. 40	E.	Rain, cloudy	20	E. 40	N.W.	Showery
	M. 43	E.N.E.	Heavy rain		M. 40	N.	Serene
2	E. 39	E.	Cloudy	21	E. 42	N.W.	Cloudy
	M. 38	E.N.E.	Cloudy		M. 43	W.	Cloudy
3	E. 36	E.N.E.	Serene	22	E. 46	S.S.W.	Cloudy
	M. 37	N.E.	Cloudy		M. 45	W.S.W.	Cloudy
4	E. 42	N.N.E.	Showery	23	E. 44	S.E.	Rain
	M. 42	N.N.E.	Cloudy		M. 48	S.W.	Serene
5	E. 42	N.N.E.	Cloudy	24	E. 48	S.S.W.	Rain
	M. 42	N.E.	Cloudy				
6	E. 40	N.E.	Cloudy				
	M. 38	N.E.	Cloudy				
7	E. 40	N.E.	Cloudy				
	M. 40	E.N.E.	Serene				
8	E. 38	N.E.	Cloudy				
	M. 38	E.	Cloudy				
9	E. 40	W.	Cloudy				
	M. 38	W.	Cloudy				
10	E. 44	W.S.W.	Cloudy				
	M. 44	W.N.W.	Cloudy				
11	E. 44	N.W.	Cloudy				
	M. 44	N.W.	Cloudy				
12	E. 45	N.W.	Cloudy				
	M. 45	N.W.	Cloudy				
13	E. 46	N.W.	Cloudy				

METEOROLOGICAL REPORT.

THE weather during the latter part of the last month, assumed some of the stern features of winter, accompanied with snow and rain, but unattended by any severe frost. From the 2d instant the weather has been generally dry, and very temperate, although the prevailing winds have been the N.N.E. and N.W.—a circumstance almost without an example in this month, when those winds have predominated. Indeed, so extraordinary in this respect is the present season, that it would almost induce a belief that some great climatical revolution had taken place in the northern and eastern parts of Europe, the immense storehouse from whence we derive our scanty gleanings of winter.

COMMERCIAL REPORT.

AN unusual degree of apathy continues to pervade the whole commercial community, and almost every article of merchandize, whether of raw produce, manufactures, or colonial, to experience a depression both in demand and value; the depression in value, however, is only a depression from a speculating maximum, not such as to discourage production; and as consumption is promoted by moderate prices, we may look forward to a revival of demand, and a resumption of general activity. We have invariably contended, that the field for commercial enterprise is progressively widening, and presenting continually increasing advantages, which position seems directly at variance with the results of several months past; but, however much we may regret the abject condition to which commerce is at present reduced, we are satisfied of its being occasioned by avoidable causes, and consequently we anticipate, that the experience of the past will operate to the advantage of the future. To render somewhat more intelligible and explicit our views on this subject, we need only refer to the several speculations, within the last twelve months, in oil, hops, tallow, and East India cotton, as the more prominent features of that perversion of principle and common sense in commercial proceeding, which, instead of promoting the legitimate ends of its object and capability—that of diffusing comforts and prosperity throughout the pale of its influence, can only lead to the ruin of many, and the prejudice of all who may be so unfortunate as to be concerned in any article that becomes subject to the baneful cupidity of speculation.

The supply of Wheat, since the commencement of the present year, has fallen off very considerably, whilst Barley and Beans have continued to arrive in excess; and we think it a duty we owe to all ranks of our friends, who read for information rather than amusement, to point out to them in particular the Table shewing the supply of Grain for the present year, with the average return of prices, and to refer to the Table of the comparative supply of the last seven years in our last Number. Of Sugar, Coffee, and Rum, the consumption keeps pace with the supply, and Cotton continues to arrive in a corresponding ratio of last season, which exceeded the consumption by one-third; it is, therefore, not improbable but that a further depression in price will take place in this article, already for certain kinds one-half less than at the same period last year, particularly East India, which were, for Bengal from 10d. to 1s. 1d. now $5\frac{1}{2}$ to $7\frac{1}{2}$; Surats 1s. $\frac{3}{4}$ d. to 1s. 4d. now 6d. to 9d.; other kinds about one-fourth less, viz. Georgias were 1s. 7d. to 1s. 10d. now 1s. 2d. to 1s. 4d.; Brazils were 1s. 10d. to 2s. 2d. now 1s. 5d. to 1s. 9d. The lower numbers, or qualities of Cotton Yarn, are lower in the proportion of about 2s. 10d. the present price from 3s. 3d. to 3s. 5d. The price at this period last year, whilst the finer numbers command higher prices, a circumstance that will account for the numerous new buildings now erecting in Lancashire for spinning; on the other hand, various kinds of cotton manufactured articles have, within the last three months, been forced to sale at a loss of one-third or more upon the actual cost. It is this sort of disorganization in the value of merchandize that produces the evil in commercial intercourse, and not the total absence of demand, to which persons in general are in the habit of ascribing it.

Sugars are in value about 6s. per cwt. lower than at this period last year, when the price was from 77s. to 83s. now 72s. to 87s., according to quality. Coffees are 15s. to 20s. per cwt. higher than at this period last year; yet 30s. to 40s. per cwt. lower than in the month of August. The present prices for Jamaica 116s. up to 148.; St. Domingo, Brazil, &c. 116s. to 125s. Rum, notwithstanding a diminished stock, and its admission into Russia, is 3d. to 4d. per gallon lower than last season. The Tallow speculators still continue to maintain the price 10s. to 15s. per cwt. above its legitimate value, although 25s. per cwt. lower than in September last.

At the commencement of last month a sudden panic pervaded the market of Public Funds, which produced a depression of from 76 to 73 for 3 per cent. Consols. The panic, or finesse, or whatever else it may be termed, appears to have subsided, and Consols have remained steady for a fortnight past at 74 and a fraction approximating to 75. The Foreign Exchanges have also indicated within the last two or three weeks an improvement of 2 or 3 per cent.

An Official Return, by order of the House of Commons, of the Value of all Grain and Flour imported into Great Britain for the last seven years, having appeared just as this Report was going to press, we stopped the same for insertion, to render more complete the comparative view we have endeavoured to disclose on this very important and interesting subject:—

		<i>£.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
Value in 1812	1,267,350	3	1	
„ 1813	2,192,592	3	6	
„ 1814	2,815,319	4	0	
„ 1815	793,243	8	11	
„ 1816	912,197	19	7	
„ 1817	6,403,893	10	6	
„ 1818	10,908,140	0	2	

Statement of the Total Weekly Supply of GRAIN, SEED, and FLOUR, for LONDON, from the 20th February to 20th March, 1819, compared with the Average Weekly Supply of last Year, and of the present Year up to the 20th February; shewing the Proportion of Foreign into London, and the Total Importation of Foreign into all GREAT BRITAIN, with the Average Return of Prices regulating such Importation.

	Wheat Qrs.	Barly. Qrs.	Malt. Qrs.	Oats. Qrs.	Rye Qrs.	Bonns Qrs.	Peas. Qrs.	Lins. Qrs.	Flour. Sacks.
Weekly Average of the Year 1818	19257	10478	3517	23707	503	1806	1418	2484	7110
Weekly Average of 1819 up to Feb. 20	8035	10464	4423	15390	319	8095	1336	422	7563
Week ending the 27th Feb.	11447	11593	4142	12897	1000	981	1617	65	8159
" " 6th March.	16096	17453	2904	31732	22	4537	1399	—	10013
" " 13th March.	3483	5182	9189	9189	—	283	475	—	5360
" " 20th March.	5545	8257	5070	10823	—	1502	435	35	9907
Total of 1819 to London to March 20	100906	126289	49719	187772	1174	71064	13617	3088	93080
Proportion of Foreign - - -	54654	49753	—	53741	3605	63111	4977	3414	2314
Total Imp. of Foreign into Gr. Brit.	100755	84350	—	62441	7925	84974	8749	12688	11080
Average Return of Price, Mar. 13, 1819	77s. 8d.	56s. 6d.	—	30s. 9d.	56s.	10s. 10d.	33s. 8d.	—	—
Average, admitting from Brit. Ame.	67s.	33s.	—	22s.	44s.	44s.	44s.	—	—
Importation free* all other Parts	80s.	40s.	—	27s.	53s.	53s.	53s.	—	—

* Grain is allowed to be Imported from all Parts for Home Consumption free of Duty, when the Average Return of Prices from the Twelve Maritime Districts of England and Wales for Six Weeks preceding the 15th February, 15th May, 15th August, and the 15th November, shall exceed as above; but, providing the Average within the first Six Weeks from either of the above Dates should decline below the Standard, the Importation is to cease from all Ports in Europe, within the Rivers Riddasoo and Eyder, but to continue for Three Months from all other Parts.

BANKRUPTS.

FROM FEBRUARY 23, TO MARCH 23, 1819, INCLUSIVE.

Where the address of the Solicitor is not mentioned, he must be understood to reside at the same place as the Bankrupt. The Solicitors' names are between parentheses.

A

ADAMS S. and J. Jos. Wattleworth, Walsall, Stafford, factors (Price and co., Old square, Lincoln's Inn.

B.

Booiface C., junr. Chichester, mealman (Hume, Holborn court, Gray's Inn—Bates J. Stockport, Chester, dealer and chapman (Meadowcroft, Gray's Inn—Bailey C. R. H. Swallowfield, Wilts, dealer and chapman (Fisher and Co., Holborn—Barfoot J. Arundell street, Strand, fancy and ornamental stationer (Paterson and co., Old Broad street—Bass J. Castle inn, Woodford, Essex, victualler (Hobler, Walbrook—Bell C. F. Castle street, Bethnal green, victualler (Parnell, Church street, Spital fields—Beer W. Plymouth dock, ironmonger (Dark and co., Princes street, Bedford row—Blake J. Parson's Green, Fulham, brewer (Buckle, Size lane—Bamforth J. Wath-upon-Deane, Yorkshire, butcher, (Alexander and co., New Inn—Burton W. Cornhill, auctioneer (Collins's and co., Spital square—Booth J Gloucester, earthenwareman (Waltons, Hatton Garden—Burradon W. Worcester, hop merchant, (Cardale and co., Holborn court, Gray's Inn—Burcharl R., Ashton within Mackerfield, Lancashire, dealer and chapman (Makinson, Middle Temple—Bennet J. A. Tabberer, and Co. Scudamore, Manchester, Lancaster, woollen-card manufacturers (Adlington and co., Bedford row—Brodie H. Liverpool, Lancaster, linen draper (Hurd and co., King's Bench Walk, Temple—Barter R. H. Bishop's Waltham, Hants, grocers (Amory and co. Lethbury.

C

Coa J. and J. Morgan, Gutter lane, London, glovers, (Oldham, Earl street, Blackfriars.—Cushon T. Minories, hat manufacturer (Mangham, Great St. Helen's, London—Churcher J. Bristol, hair preparer (King, Serjeant's Inn, Fleet street—Cousins J. Charlton street, Some's Town, cheesemonger, (Rose, East street, Red Lion Square—Crickett D. Hougham, Kent, timber merchant (Stoker and co., New Boswell court, Lincoln's Inn—Claut J. Walsall, Stafford, flour seller (Avison and co. Castle street, Holborn—Cross J. H. Bristol, corn factor (Edmunds, Exchequer Office, Lincoln's Inn—Carlike W. and T. Hodgson, Bolton-le-moors, Lancaster, dealers in cotton yarn (Milne and co. Temple—Chreppett C. Walcot, Somersetshire, cabinet maker (Williams, Red Lion Square—Cole R. Friday st., warehouseman (Steel, Bucklersbury—Campbell D. B. Harper, and A. Baillie, Old Jewry, merchants (Kaye and Co., New Bank buildings—Cottam G. Manchester, plasterer (Adlington and co., Bedford row—Cameron J. Manchester, merchant (Makinson, Temple—Chaster G. Gomersal, J. Chaster, Knottingly, and T. Chaster, Dewsbury, Yorkshire, coal dealers (Evans, Hatton Garden—Cocksedge, T. A. Woolpit, Suffolk, merchant (Tom's, Copthall court, Throgmorton street—Cook, W. P. Plymouth, merchant (Alliston and co., Freeman's court, Cornhill.

D

Davies M. J. Maidstone, Kent, dealer and chapman (Norton, Commercial chambers, Minories—Doble A. Liverpool, Master Mariner (Rowlinson, Liverpool—Dyson B. Doncaster, corn dealer (Lover, Holborn court, London

E

Evans W. S. Chapel street, Lamb's Conduit st., bricklayer (Blakelock, Serjeant's Inn, Fleet street—Emanuel A. Plymouth Dock, Devon, navy agent (Walker, New Inn—Ellis R. Dean street, South-wick, provision broker (Richardson, Clement's Inn F.

French W. Heaton, Norris, Lancashire, cotton manufacturer (Lowe and co., Southampton buildings, Chancery lane—Fairclough R. Farringdon, Lancaster, Tanner (Blakelock, Serjeant's Inn, Fleet street—Fouldrinier J. & J. C. Rickmansworth, Herts, paper makers (Richardson, Clement's lane, Lombard street—Fenner B. Fenchurch street chambers, flour factor (Parthor and co., London street, Fenchurch street—Fisher G. and T. Liverpool, merchants (Clarke and co., Chancery lane—Fenner R. Patenoster row, bookseller (Sweet and co., Basinghall street.

G

Gregson W. Kingston upon Hull, merchant (Ellis, Chancery lane—Greathread T. and W. Outwaite, Lamb street, Middlesex (Thompson and co., Leman street, Goodman's Fields—Gray G. Ham-mersmith, Middlesex, carpenter and builder (Pop-kin, Dean street, Soho—Guy, T. Liverpool, broker (Norris, John street, Bedford row—Grime J. Bol-ton, Lancashire, upholsterer (Appleyby and co., Gray's Inn square—Garland J. Austin Friars, in-surance broker (Bourdlan and co., Bread street Cheapside.

H

Harris C. and J. Edmonds, Birmingham, japan-ners (Alexander and co., New Inn—Hope T. Blakeley, Manchester, bleacher (Hurd and co., Temple—Hatton J. Warrington, Lancaster, butcher (Hurd and co., Temple—Horner J. Brockbottom, Lancaster, W. Horner, Liverpool, and J. Horner, Jamaica, linen manufacturers (Blakelock, Serjeant's Inn, Fleet street—Heaford T. John street, Stepney, Middlesex, dealer and chapman (Bousfield, Bouv-erie street, Fleet street—Harvey W. Clifton Glou-cester, lodging house keeper (Addington and co., Bedford row—Hendry M. Kingston upon Hull, merchant (Rodger and co., Bartlett's buildings—Her-bert T. Chequer yard, Dowgate hill, cotton mer-chant (Lewis, Crutched Friars—Heath R. Chelten-ham, carrier (Bridger, Angel court, Throgmorton street—Howe J. Finsbury place, livery stable keep-er (Longdill and co., Gray's Inn square—Hayhurst W. Rimmington Gisborne, York, cotton manufac-turer (Hurd and co., Temple—Houghton J. E. Ket-ter lane, builder (Drykes, Thavies Inn—Hoffman J. Mile end road, Middlesex, brewer (Thomas, Fen court, Fenchurch street.

J

Jammieson J. Globe street, Wapping, ship owner (Hatchison, Crown court, Threadneedle street—Jones G. E. Bedford, bookseller (Swain and co., Frederick's Place, Old Jewry.

K

Kidd J. Castle Coombe, Wilts, butcher (Dax and co., Doughty street—Keut A. Deptford, baker (Williams, Cursitor street—Knowles J. Stroud, Gloucester, innholder (Hiz, Cook's court, Lincoln's Inn.

L

Loft G. Woodbridge, Suffolk, corn and coal mer-chant (Hine, Essex court, Temple—Leslie A. Size lane, Bucklersbury, provision merchant (Gregson and co., Angel court, Throgmorton street—Lawes T. Amesbury, Wiltshire, corn dealer, Sandy's and co., Crane court, Fleet street—Lamb J. R. Uns-worth lodge, Lancaster (Hay, Manchester—Lea W. Birmingham, victualler (Long and co., Holborn court, Gray's Inn.

M

Mitchell T. Cowiek, Yorkshire, linen draper (Egerton and co., Gray's Inn square—Miall M. Portsea, merchant (Alexander and co., new Inn—Mercer J. Heath street, Commercial road, mariner (Charsley, Mark lane—Masters J. Dartford, Kent, grocer) Pownall and co. Copthall court—Morton J. Ainsworth, Lancashire, cotton manufacturer (Ad-lington and co., Bedford row—Mycock H. Man-chester, provision dealer (Appleyby and co., Gray's Inn square—Murray J. Bishopsgate street, cord-wainer (Kedit, King's Road, Bedford row.

N

Norris H. Bolton-le-moors, Lancaster, confre-tioner (Ellis, Chancery lane—Nelson T. and E. Smith, Bolton, Lancashire, bed quilt manufacturers (Meadowcroft, Gray's Inn—Newton H. Devonshire street, Queen's square, tailor (Goodall, Southamp-ton buildings, Chancery lane—Needs J. Brick lane, Spital fields, coal merchant, (Lang, Fenchurch st.

P

Powel, P. Knightsbridge, Middlesex, broker (Pem-ber, Charlotte street, Blackfriars road—Parker J. Axbridge, Somersetshire, money scrivener (Young and co., St. Mildred's court, Poultry—Peake S. Junr. and J. Rothwell, Halliwell, Lancashire, cal-ico printers (Meadowcroft, Gray's Inn—Paul J. Cir-cus, Minorities, merchant (Sweet and co., Basinghall street—Pinkerton T. Nunaton, Warwickshire, merchant (Rogers and co., Manchester buildings, Westminster—Piggott W. Ratcliffe highway, grocer (Hearn Hooper's square, Leman street, Goodman's Fields—Power J. F. London street, merchant (Os-baldeston, London street—Price T. Liverpool, baker (Adlington and co., Bedford row—Prel J. Fazeley, Stafford, C. Harding, Fazeley, and Wm. Wellock, Fazeley, manufacturers and cotton spinners (East-ham, Lawrence Lane, Cheapside—Pearce W. Out lane, London, Blackwell Hall factors (Stevens, Sion College gardens.

R

Ratcliffe T. of Ewood Bridge, Lancashire, Rat-cliffe J. Manchester, Ratcliff J. of Ewood Bridge, and R. Radcliffe, Manchester, calico printers (Kay Essex street, Manchester.

S

Street, J. E. Budge Row, London, stationer (Oldham, Earl street, Blackfriars—Shooter F. Stey-ing, Sussex, auctioneer (Palmer and co., Bedford row—Smith T. R. Oxford, linen draper (Steel Bucklersbury—Stewart R. Liverpool, Lancaster, master mariner (Hurd and co., Kings Bench Walk, Inner Temple—Stanley B. Woolwich, Kent, miller, (Chirm, Charles street, City road—Simpson R. Hall, Bank buildings, merchant (Blunt and co., Broad street buildings—Sayer W. Bristol, corn factor (Clarke and co., Chancery lane—Steir J. Butcher row, East Smithfield, rectifier (Lane and co., Law-rence Poultry Hill—Stakey W. Bethnal Green road, bricklayer, May and co., Bethnal Green road Stephens J. late of Dublin, but now of London, merchant (Addington and co., Bedford row.—Sykes, J. Junr., J. Sykes, and W. Redfearn, Al-mondbury, York, fancy manufacturers (Battye, Chancery lane.

T

Thick J. Islington, Middlesex, broker (Beckett, Hoole street—Taylor T. Leadenhall street, Master mariner (Taylor and co., Great James street, Bed-ford row—Tuckett J. and C. H. Bristol, grocers, (Thompson, Gray's Inn—Trahan T. Newlyn West, Cornwall, baker, (Rivington, Fenchurch street.

V

Vigers W. R. Austin Friars, merchant (Knight and co., Basinghall street.

W

Worsley J. Liverpool, Lancaster, wine and porter merchant (Leigh and co., New bridge street—Woods E. Rayner, Kelvedon, Essex, grocer (Lewis Clement's Inn—Westwood C. Bristol, merchant (King, Serjeant's inn, Fleet street.—White J. and W. French, Davoushire street, Kennington, dyers (Younger, Wellclose square and John street, Minories.—White S. Turnham Green, victualler (Hen-

son, Bouverie street, Fleet street—Whitmarsh H. Wingham, Kent, malster (Starr, Canterbury—Williamson T. Leigh, Lancashire, provision dealer (Shaw, Ely Place, Holborn—Wright W. Kirkdale, Lancaster, victualler (Dacie and co., Palsgrave Place, Temple Bar—Watson H. Stepney Green, Middlesex, merchant (Wright, Feuchurch street—Williams D. Green street, Bath, saddle and harness maker (Dax and co., Doughty street.

DIVIDENDS.

A

Allen G. Greenwich, stationer, March 27—Adams W. and J. Edwards, Cumberland street, Fitzroy square, chair makers, March 13—Allen B. Guildford street, St. Pancras, livery stable keeper, April 6—Adams D. Fleet street, optician, April 6

B

Barrow J. and J. Haigh, Kirkheaton, Yorkshire, merchants, March 23—Baker E. Sheffield, Bedfordshire, paper maker, March 16—Beazley S. and M. G. Neise, Parliament street, Westminster, army accoutrement makers, March 20—Blower J. H. Mint square, Tower Hill, gun maker, March 20—Bush J. Bishopstortford, Hertford, money scrivener, March 20—Briggs W. Armley, York, clothier, March 24—Bond J. Huddersfield, York, merchant, March 25—Barrett T. Upper George street, timber merchant, March 23—Bendy E. Charles street, Hoxton, factor, March 30—Bush W. Saffron Waldon, Essex, carpenter, March 13—Bishop H. Whitechurch, Hants, linen draper, April 17—Brown H. Charles street, Westminster, April 6—Brown W. Liverpool, Lancaster, merchant, May 10

C

Corpe J. Sun street, Bishopsgate within, saddler and collar maker, March 27—Cochran T. York, glover, March 19, April 13—Crampton W. Beckingham, Nottingham, horse dealer, March 22—Coppin W. and E. North Shields, Northumberland, ship owners, March 25—Curme G. and T. Eighelmstone, Sussex, linen drapers, March 27—Coulter J. Chatham, carpenter, April 10—Cumbers F. Bear's head court, King street, Westminster, coachmaster, March 27—Cridland C. Dublin, and B. Cridland, Leicester, merchants, April 5—Clarkson T. Kingsbury, Warwickshire, dealer in coals, April 6—Clements J. Plymouth Dock, victualler, April 12.

D

Dickinson J. Guildhall passage, warehouseman, March 20—Dyke J. Gloucester, Salesman, March 23—Dutton T. King street, Cheapside, warehouseman, March 20—Dawson W. Wetherby, Yorkshire, innkeeper, March 23—Dressard P. Welbeck street, Cavendish square, milliner, March 27—Doubleday W. Nottingham, lace manufacturer, April 8—De Rowe J. P. and J. Hambrook, Angel court, Throgmorton street, merchants, May 11—Davy W. Norwich, gun maker, April 10—Devereux F. and M. Lambart, Brabant court, Philpot lane, merchants, April 6—Dodman M. Kornham, Norfolk, shopkeeper, April 7—Drabbie W. Holbeck, Yorkshire, machine maker, April 8—Davie D. G. and S. A. Snowden, Plymouth dock, Devon, drapers, April 20—Davies J. Cardiff, Glamorgan, builder, May 1—Dorwell J. Winchester, Southampton, butcher, April 19.

F

Fowler D. and A. Anstle, Gracechurch street, merchants, March 11.—French A. B. Old South Sea House, merchant, March 27—Forder W. Ba-

singstoke, stage coach proprietor, April 17—Ford W. Bedlington, Somerset, malster, April 13

G

Gill S. Horbury, Yorkshire, tallow chandler, March 29—Goodman B. Romsey Infus. Southampton, miller, March 17—Godfrey T. Sadler's Hall court, merchant, March 27—Gill J. Mill Pleasant, Devon, rope maker, April 12—Goldspink R. Brook, Norfolk, butcher, April 10

H

Heathfield M. Old broad street, R. Heathfield, of Sheffield, and T. Heathfield of Tiverton, cotton spinners, March 17—Harry S. Angel court, Throgmorton street, broker, March 20—Hole W. Islington, Middlesex, apothecary, March 20—Hellye J. Lloyd's Coffee house, insurance broker, March 23—Hambridge J. Stow on the Wold, Gloucestershire, carrier, March 19—Hanton J. Manchester, and T. Smith, Middleton, Lancashire, cotton spinners, April 8—Haise T. H. and T. D. Meriton, Maiden lane, Wood street, Cheapside, button manufacturers, April 6—Haddington M. King street, West Smithfield, harness maker, March 27—Harrison J. Heskett, Cumberland, dealer in wood, April 7—Houston J. and T. Smith, Manchester, cotton spinners, April 6.

J

Jones M. London road, St. George's Fields, upholster, April 3

K

Kohler J. St. Swithin's lane, merchant, March 16 Koe J. H. Mill Wall, Poplar, Middlesex, Roman cement manufacturer, March 6—Kendal J. Exeter, statuary, March 15

L

Loggins F. Aylesbury, Buckinghamshire, druggist, March 16—Lande, J. Tokenhouse yard, merchant, March 16—Latham J. Romsey, Southampton, common brewer, March 17—Lord S. Sutton, Surrey, innkeeper, March 27—Lancaster T. J. Catton street, merchant, April 13—Lewis R. Trefu-nney, Montgomery, tanner, April 16

M

Mayer J. senr. and junr. Leadenhall street, insurance brokers, March 11—Mowett J. St Martin's lane, builder, March 27—Morgan C. Bishopsgate street within, merchant, March 23—Merac T. and M. la Porte Merac, Queen-street, Cheapside, warehousemen, March 27—Morrison N. C. Tottenham, court road, oil and colouman, March 30—Moore S. Bosham, Herefordshire, farmer, April 5—Moore J. St. John's square, brandy merchant, March 30—Mackneall J. Preston, linen draper, April 10—Mathieson W. and G. R. Lapraik, Bishopsgate-street, Without, tailors, April 6—Mathias J. and T. Bowen, Haverfordwest, bankers, April 10—Merrick T. Frith street, Soho, merchant, April 6—Mayoe E. G. High-street, Shadwell, grocer, April 6—Moses T. Bath, linen-draper, March 26—Mills H. New Bond street, Middlesex, linen draper,

April 24—Matthews W. Liverpool, Lancaster, merchant, April 14—Moffat R. Manchester, Lancashire, merchant, April 10—Moore J. Manchester Lancashire, flour dealer and baker, April 10.

N

Nye J. Tunbridge, Kent, baker, March 27—Naish F. Tiverton, Somersetshire, clothier, April 26.

P

Pallet C. and J. P. Massey, Love-lane, Aldermanbury, factors, March 20 and May 1—Pennell W. jun. Queenhithe, merchant, March 13—Pierce W. Hawbrook Pottery, Salop, potter, April 7—Piper W. Hammersmith, Middlesex, barge-builder, April 24.

R

Rowlatt J. Charter-house square, merchant, March, 2 and 13—Riches J. and H. Foreman, London-road, Surrey, linen drapers, March 6—Robertson J. and J. Stem, Lawrence Pountney Hill, merchants, March 11—Rogers G. South Anston, Yorkshire, maltster, Mar. 26—Rigg W. Liverpool, merchant, April 12—Read E. and T. Baker, Great Russell street, Bloomsbury, March 20.

S

Saunders W. Bristol, mercer, March 16—Smith T. Austin Friars, London, merchant, March 20—Standen J. H. Dover, Kent, linen-draper, March 20—Sykes J. and J. Marshall, North Collingham, Nottingham, maltsters, April 16—Smith W. and P. S. Papillon, Morton bridge, Surrey, dyers and calico printers, March 23—Sykes G. and J. Curriers-hall-court, Huddersfield, York, clothers, March 20—Smith D. J. and J. Hampshire, Kirk-burton, Yorkshire, scribbling and fulling millers, March 25—Singer S. High-street, Kensington, haberdasher, March 31, April 6—Stree A. John-street, Bedford-row, money scrivener, March 31—Stevenson T. Snow's Fields, Bermondsey, wool-stapler, April 10—Stubbs J. Long Acre, coach plater, April 6—Stree H. John street, Holborn, money scrivener, April 6—Swann J. Birmingham,

Warwick, grocer, April 10—Saunders E. Feversham, Kent, grocer, April 27.

T

Thurkle G. M. New street square, Fetter-lane, wine merchant and sword-cutter, March 2—Tyler B. Woodford, Essex, inn-keeper, March 20—Thomas R. Northumberland-court, Strand, dealer, March 27—Thorbury N. and E. Taylor, Stroud, Gloucestershire, clothiers, March 16—Turit W. M. Old Broad-street, merchant, April 6—Tarleton J. Liverpool, merchant, April 23—Turton J. Ripley, Derbyshire, April 14—Towse W. Wokingham, Berks. merchant, April 10.

V

Ventress J. and R. Emmerson, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, cheesemongers, April 8.

W

Warren J. and L. Smith, Austin Friars, merchants, March 27—Whitfield J. Old street, St. Luke's, coal merchant, March 27—Walcot T. Portsea, Hants, linen draper, March 27—White J. Portland street, Portland place, merchant, March 27—Williams L. Cursor street, Chancery lane, colourman, March 27—Walker S. Junr. Manchester, grocer, April 6—Wingfield J. Long lane, West Smithfield, sadler, March 31 and April 6—Witley J. Willoughby, Waterliss, Leicester, farmer, April 5—Walker J. Allrick, Worcester, timber merchant, April 5—Wright H. New street, Brunswick square, merchant, April 3—Walker T. and H. P. Parry, Bristol, furnishing ironmongers, April 14—Wilkie E. and J. Red Cross street, East Smithfield, yeast merchant, April 10—Weale W. Birmingham, Warwick, brazier and tinman, April 27—Willoughby B. Plymouth, Devon, W. Thomas of the same place, and R. Thomas, Cheapside, London, hat manufacturers, April 10—Walton W. Evesham, Worcester, barge owner, April 14—Watts W. Thorley, Bishop Stortford, Hertford, farmer, April 20.

Y

Yates J. E. Shoreditch, pewterer, April 20.

DIGEST OF POLITICAL EVENTS.

GREAT BRITAIN.

THE Election for Westminster terminated on the 3d instant, and tranquillity succeeded to the noise and tumult which it gave rise to—its conclusion was not very consolatory to the party whose political principles were identified with the triumph. Mr. Lamb's majority was secured by the aid of those who supported him as a minor evil. Without that aid, we firmly believe that his own friends could not have returned him.

House of Commons.—An interesting debate took place on the 2d. on the question of the resumption of cash payments by the Bank of England. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, in answer to a question from Mr. Calcraft, gave a very luminous explanation of the causes of the great fall that had taken place in the funds, which had been attributed to the Bank having narrowed their discounts. So far from the Bank issues having been reduced, they stood higher than they had done. He expressed a

wish that the report of the secret committee should be prepared as soon as possible, as if an early resumption of cash payments were contemplated, an early report must be necessary.—The same day Lord Castlereagh brought forward his motion on prison discipline, and a committee was appointed to investigate the various papers laid before the House as connected therewith. It appears to us to be an important object to find some remedy to an evil of which all men complain, namely, the promiscuous mixture of offenders, of different degrees of crime, of different feelings and conditions of profligacy. A boy, for example, or a young servant girl, is committed for a first offence—a petty larceny, or on mere suspicion. A judicious punishment would probably lead to certain reform of the offender. But, according to the present practice, such criminal is immediately cast into the society of old thieves and finished felons, where their rising remorse and peni-

tence is suppressed by the example or ridicule of their companions; and those who enter pilferers come forth accomplished thieves and determined prostitutes. Another object worthy of attention is, the substituting some better system of employment for offenders than the useless mode of beating hemp, and a certain portion of labour to be performed in a given time, as it is well known that the present toil is remitted or dispensed with altogether, at the caprice of the gaoler. Every one, at all observant of the habits of criminals, perfectly well knows that nothing is so much dreaded by them as hard work, and that they have almost all become thieves from their dislike of it. Sir James Mackintosh redeemed his pledge, by bringing forward his promised motion on the criminal laws. There can be but one opinion upon the eloquence, the moderation, and the precedence of his speech on that occasion. It contained nothing violent or inflammatory, and without the least effort at brilliancy it pleased both sides of the House. It appears to us that one more reason might have been added to his luminous argument—that of making the punishments assigned by law so appropriate, that in almost all cases they will be practically inflicted, and the sovereign will thus be, to a great degree, relieved from one of his most painful duties.—On the 8th, the Chancellor of the Exchequer made a motion relative to the balances in the hands of the Bank. As this subject is not generally understood, we will enter a little into it:—According to the practice of the Exchequer, the revenue received, which is applicable to the consolidated funds, accumulates till the end of the quarter, till which time it has not been made applicable to the public service, the Bank having had the advantage of the interest upon it. Or, in plainer terms, the interest on the sum has hitherto been lost to the public, and been received by the Bank, which has, till now, drawn the balance out of the hands of the Tellers of the Exchequer, placing as a deposit in their toffers Exchequer bills to an equal amount. The proposition now is, that the advantage of the sum so accumulated shall be transferred from the Bank to the public, to the amount of six millions, which is nearly as large a sum as is usually accumulated in the interval between the end of one quarter and the end of the succeeding one. The Chancellor therefore proposes, that at the time these sums are taken from the ex-

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chequer for the public service, Exchequer bills should be deposited as a security.

On the 16th, the Attorney-general made a motion for a committee to enquire into the state of the law relative to the discharge of insolvent debtors.

There are many persons that urge this law to be bad in principle, and that it ought not to exist.

What is the principle of the law?—That men who have contracted debts, which they are unable to pay, shall not remain at the mercy of their creditors, provided no fraud is established against them, and that they surrender, not only the property they may have at the time of their discharge, but make all future property they may acquire available to the liquidation of such debts.

This is, in a few words, what we take to be the principles of the insolvent law, and it is matter of astonishment, that in any civilized country, there should be found persons capable of condemning it in the abstract.

When we look at its principle and its practical application, we readily admit that there is a large field for deliberation opened; and therefore we greatly approve of the appointment of a committee to give the subject proper investigation, heartily recommending to their notice the continuance of the existing law, administered by a jury.

Sir Francis Burdett presented a petition, signed by four of the electors of Westminster, complaining of the return of Mr. Lamb, on the grounds of that gentleman having by himself, and his agents, been guilty of bribery.

The navy estimates have been presented to the House—they amount to £2,148,526 12s. 7d. Estimates were presented of the charge that may be necessary for the building and repairing of ships of war and other works, together with the sums that will be wanted for the transport service, and by the victualling board, for the cost of provisions for the use of the army on board transports, and in garrisons abroad.

For the total charge for the ships is	£1,145,430
For the improvements in the yards	486,198
For army provisions	419,310
For the transport department	281,312
	2,335,268
Navy estimates	2,148,526
	4,483,794

Of the sum destined for the navy, the estimate of the half-pay, superannuations and pensions, &c. amounts to no less than £1,125,692 18s. 9d.

The civil superannuations and pensions amount to £100,694, 6s. 4d.

FRANCE.

The French court are reduced to something like the expedient resorted to by Queen Anne, who created in one day thirty peers, in order to obtain a majority in the House of Lords against a strong opposition. The chambers and people are divided into two strong parties; the ultra-royalists, at the head of whom is the Count d'Artois, and the charter-party, at the head of whom are the King and ministry. The former party have become so strong, as almost to compel the government to a direct violation of the charter, as it respects the law of elections, having introduced a law, by which the intermediate body of departmental colleges is to be interposed between the electors and the members, (or in a more generally intelligible language) that is to say, by which the freeholders are not to elect the members of the chambers, but to elect twelve or fourteen in every department, who are to form an electoral board for the actual election. The king, it is proposed, is to choose the president, and to bribe, if he pleases, the other members; so that if this measure had been quietly adopted, all elections would have been in

the power of the crown. (What would Sis Francis and his friend Hobhouse say to such a proposition in the British House of Commons?) But the king, a man of too much virtue to promise one thing and do another, steadily refuses the accession of power and influence thus intended to be given him, and resting upon the charter, adheres to its spirit and letter. So strong is the opposite party, that he is only enabled to defeat their purposes by so extraordinary an exertion of his prerogative as the creation of fifty new peers, so as to ensure a majority in the upper chamber. The minister of finance has submitted to the chamber of deputies the budget for the present year. It contained only the estimated amount of expenditure, the ways and means were to form the subject of another communication. The total amount is 889,210,000 francs, being an aggregate of expense somewhat greater than was required for the preceding year. The increase has taken place chiefly in the consolidated and funded debt, (occasioned by the departure of the army of occupation) in the foreign department and that of the marine. The licentiousness of the press has attained so dangerous a height, that the government has been obliged to abandon the temporary system it has hitherto followed, and to order the prosecution of two works, replete with sedition and outrage.

MEMOIR OF DR. JOHN WOLCOT, M. D.

This eccentric character, who is better known to the public by his poetical appellation of *PETER PINDAR*, closed his chequered career, at his apartments in Montgomery's Nursery ground, Somers' Town, on the 13th of January, in his 81st year, being somewhat older than our venerable Sovereign, who was for a long period the subject of his malignant satire.

He was born at Dodbrook, in the South of Devon, near the Start Point, in April, 1737. The name is variously spelt in registers and deeds, sometimes through caprice, and sometimes from ignorance; as Wolcot, Woolcot, Wolcott, Wollacott, and Walcot. Our poet is mentioned for instance in the baptismal record under the name of Walcot, though he uniformly spelt it Wolcot. His father was a respectable farmer, and lived in a little freehold of his own, which descended to his son, who sold it in 1795. He received his school education under Mr. Morris, a respectable teacher at Kingsbridge, who had been a

quaker, but like the late Dr. Birch, quitted the society of friends, and became a schoolmaster. Under this instructor, John made a good proficiency in Latin, till he was sixteen years of age, when his uncle, a bachelor, who was settled in good business, at Fowey, in Cornwall, as a surgeon and apothecary, took him as an apprentice, with the view of making him his heir and successor. Wolcot served his term of seven years diligently, and at the expiration of that time, went to London for improvement; and after attending the hospitals, returned into the west, where he became an assistant to his uncle, with whom he lived on the best footing, till Sir William Trelawney was appointed to the government of Jamaica, when John desired his uncle, who was apothecary to the family, to recommend him for a situation under his excellency. This was a thunder-clap to the old gentleman, who fell into a great passion, abused his nephew for his ingratitude, and threatened to cut him off

with a shilling. John, however, who knew his relation's temper thoroughly well, persevered in his application, and after much altercation, the uncle reluctantly agreed to wait upon Sir William, who also was very much surprised, but having a regard for his professional friend, and no unfavourable idea of the abilities of the young man, he readily gave his consent, and nominated him his physician, to qualify himself for which post, Wolcot obtained a diploma from Scotland, where the universities were, as now, endeavouring to get rich by *degrees*. In the voyage, the ship touched at Teneriffe, and while here, the Doctor formed several interesting acquaintances, and wrote some of his most pleasing poems. On his arrival at the place of destination, he found many sources of enjoyment; for as it was a time of peace, the island healthy, and the planters, living in a style of hospitable luxury, such a man as our author could not fail to make himself agreeable. He was also a favourite with the governor, who appointed him physician general to the island; a situation, however, that was more honourable than lucrative. At this time, the rector of St. Anne's parish died, and as there were few clergymen in Jamaica, and no superintendent, the Doctor was prevailed upon to perform the ecclesiastical duties in the vacant church, till the arrival of a new incumbent. Such was the lax state of religious order in our colonial settlements, that even the governor acceded to this irregularity; though he knew very well that the principles of his medical attendant were of the most libertine description, and would have totally disqualified him for the due discharge of the sacerdotal office, even though he had received the sanction of the ordinary. As an instance of this, the writer has heard the Doctor jocularly, but blasphemously, laugh at his having offered up prayers to the Holy Trinity in the morning, and amused himself with shooting the Holy Ghost in the afternoon—meaning the wood-pigeons, which abound in the interior of Jamaica. This shocking circumstance is here selected, as elucidatory of the man's character, and of the deplorable state of morals in our West Indian islands at that period.

Sir William Trelawney, fearful that a new reactor might be sent out, now advised the Doctor to hasten back to England, and obtain legal institution from the Bishop of London; and accordingly he came home with the first fleet; but in the mean time, his patron died, and presentation to the living was refused. The Doctor now relinquished a profession, to which he neither had inclination nor pretensions of any sort; and his uncle being dead, he resolved to set up as a physician at Truro, where he had a numerous acquaintance; and might have established himself in good credit and practice, by a proper regard to the duties of

life. Unfortunately, however, his manners were not improved by a residence in the West Indies, and as he possessed some property, both real and personal, which had been left him by his parents and uncle, he cared little about patients, and paid not the smallest attention to the families in his neighbourhood. With one or other of these, he was continually on terms of hostility, and his greatest delight was to annoy them by anonymous squibs and caricatures; for the Doctor was equally clever and severe with the pen and the pencil. Among the objects of his satire, was the late Henry Rosewarne, Esq. member of parliament for Truro, who was lampooned by him in every possible way. On one occasion, that gentleman suffered a very mortifying insult from his troublesome neighbour. Mr. Rosewarne, after his election, invited a large party to his house, to a supper and ball; but of course the Doctor was not one of the guests. To avenge himself for this neglect, Wolcot sent a letter of invitation, as from Mr. Rosewarne, to an old woman, who was a distant relation and pensioner of that gentleman's wife. This matron, who was such a notorious drunkard and virago as to be the dread of all Truro and the neighbourhood, proud of the honour so unexpectedly conferred, dressed herself out in the best manner she could, and sallied forth at the appointed hour, to her cousin's house, into which she found easy access, and proceeded up stairs to the drawing room, where her presence created unusual dismay and confusion.

The company stared with pale astonishment at the gaunt figure, for she was of a most gigantic stature, and poor Mrs. Rosewarne fainted away. The attempts necessary, though gentle enough, to remove the unwelcome visitor, made matters worse, for having already primed herself, as she came along, with right Nantz, she levelled the footman to the floor with one blow, and smashed to pieces all the apparatus of the tea table that stood nearest to her; then throwing down the letter which had been sent to her, she stalked out of the room into another, where she committed similar depredations, and chancing to encounter a musician in her way, she snatched the fiddle from him, and broke it about his head. The whole house was in an uproar; the servants, instead of running to stop the ravages of this Cornish Meg Merrilies, avoided her as she approached them, and thus she was suffered to reign for near an hour within the mansion, while the people on the outside were enjoying the storm. Jokes of this sort could neither increase the friends nor the practice of the doctor, for instead of denying the fact of his having written the letter, he made a boast of it; but though the scene occasioned much fun to him and his boon companions, it was viewed in a very different light by the gentleman at whose expense it was played, and

all the respectable people of the place were much offended with a trick, that had deprived them of a pleasing entertainment. Matters now grew disagreeable to the Doctor, and he was subjected to mortifications in his turn. Patients fell off, acquaintances grew cool; he was left out in the invitations to public meetings, and few were the social parties that would venture to admit a man whose conversation was ribaldry, and whose pen overflowed with gall. At length a circumstance occurred that induced the doctor to abandon Truro, and this was a litigation between him and the parish, respecting the right of the latter to saddle him with an apprenticeship. The Doctor refused to take one, and appealed to the magistrates at the county sessions, by whose decision he was fixed, and had to pay the costs, on which, in a great hurry, he sold off his furniture, and swearing that if the overseers would put an apprentice into his house, they should maintain him there, he left Truro and went to reside at Helston, about seventeen miles from that town, near the Lands End. After remaining there some time he returned to Exeter, where he had lodgings for a year or two in St Peter's church-yard. It is proper to observe here, that the doctor, during his residence at Truro, cultivated the sister arts of poetry and painting, with assiduity and effect.—Some very charming effusions of his muse, written at this place, make it to be regretted that a genius so well fitted for the true sublime, should have dipped its plumes in the filthiest puddle of obscenity and scandal. The "Ode on Cambria," a mountain in Cornwall, written by him in the year 1776, may vie with the happiest productions of Collins, or even Gray, in pathos, personification, and description.

It was during his residence at Truro, that Dr. Wolcot had an opportunity of bringing forward to the world an eminent natural genius, who, but for his friendship and assistance, would never have emerged from his original obscurity, or at most might have been a sign-painter in his native county. This person was John Opie, a name of which Cornwall has just reason to be proud. Opie was a parish apprentice to one Wheeler, a house-carpenter, in the village of St. Agnes. The Doctor, in his rides through the village, was so much struck with some rude sketches in chalk, and a few on paper, that were shewn him as this lad's performance, that he invited him to his house, furnished him with materials, and gave him such lessons and assistance, as enabled him in a short time to set up for an itinerant portrait painter. Opie followed the profession of an itinerant painter, in Cornwall and Devonshire, for two or three years, with increasing reputation. While his patron dwelt at Exeter, he came thither also, and by painting the portraits of Dr. Glass and Mr. Patch, the physician and surgeon of the hospital, he acquired great celebrity. We may also add here, that the aspiring genius

of the Rev. Mr. Polwhele, was not a little fostered by Doctor Wolcot, who was in the habit of visiting Truro grammar school, and examining the boys, in the course of which he discovered the poetic turn of young Polwhele, to whom he frequently gave topics for Latin and English composition. One of these themes on *Sleep*, occasioned a rivalry between the Doctor and his young friend; and this mode of composition, in writing verses on the same subject, contributed not only to the improvement of the youth immediately concerned, but others of the same standing in that respectable seminary.

In the Spring of 1781, Dr. Wolcot and his friend Opie came to London, where the painter was welcomed as a phenomenon, to such a degree that the street in which he took up his residence was crowded with carriages from morning to night.

Soon afterwards, the poet, who had made himself known by his "Epistle to the Reviewers," formed the plan of an unusual critique on the pictures in the exhibition, which design he carried into execution, the ensuing season, in the publication of "Lyric Odes to the Royal Academicians, by Peter Pindar, a distant relation of the poet of Thebes." If, however, our merry bard had adapted the name of Peter Aretin, it would have been more in character; for his muse instead of possessing Grecian elegance and dignity, was a mere virago, copious in the language of abuse, and perfectly indifferent to the feelings of those upon whom it was bestowed. In the midst of his scurrility, however, he displayed considerable knowledge of the art, and administered much wholesome advice to young painters. Nor could it be said that his censures were altogether undeserved, though the caustic severity of them in most instances was certainly inexcusable.

The following year (1783) he produced another batch, in which, after laying the lash without mercy on some artists of great name, he managed to bestow a portion of praise on—

"The Cornish boy, in tin-mines bred,
Whose native genius, like his diamonds,
shone

In secret, till chance gave him to the sun."
But this attachment to Opie did not last long, and before the next exhibition a difference arose between the poet and the painter, which terminated their friendship for ever.

The cause of the breach has been ascribed, and we believe truly, to pecuniary claims made by Peter, which were resisted with indignation, as totally unfounded in justice. Let this be as it may, the bard now became an implacable enemy of the person upon whom he had lavished so much praise, and he now took as much pains to ruin his reputation as he had before done to raise him above his contemporaries. He even went so far as to patronise an obscure artist, whose merits he blazoned in all companies, with

the view of supplanting Opie; but after labouring some time to force this person into notice, he was obliged to abandon him again to obscurity, while his mortification was increased by seeing the man whom he had endeavoured to injure gaining ground in his profession.

In 1785, Peter made up for his silence the preceding year, by bringing out no less than twenty-three odes, one of which was devoted, in no very courtly phrase, to his majesty. With the next exhibition the satirist took his farewell of the painters, with a broad hint, that he was now preparing for a much nobler quarry.

Accordingly this daring lampooner soon after appeared in a direct attack upon his sovereign, and the mock-heroic which he produced, worked up by his invention, presented so glaring an evidence of the wanton liberty of the poets in this country, that even they who enjoyed the joke, wondered at the temerity of the writer, and the supineness of government.

It has often been made a question, what motive actuated the satirist in holding up the monarch, and almost every branch of the royal family, to public ridicule? and some persons, affecting peculiar sagacity, have attributed the malice of the poet to some ill-treatment which he and his friend Opie had experienced from the king. Nothing, however, could be more erroneous than this surmise; and the writer of the present article can take upon himself to say, that neither the poet nor the painter had the slightest cause of resentment. The satirist, on being interrogated respecting his conduct in this instance, has uniformly declared that his sole inducement was to get money, and that finding how eager the people were to swallow any ridiculous thing reported of their superiors, he availed himself of the general credulity to perform the part of *Thersites* for his own advantage. Thus talents of the richest description, and obviously capable of immortalizing the possessor, by benefiting the public, were perverted to the most sordid purposes. On some occasions, indeed, his satirical powers were well applied, and in all they never failed to create a laugh, even in those persons who despised the buffoon, and shuddered at his profane-ness. The *Town Eclogue* on Johnson's Biographers is one of the happiest pieces of burlesque in our language, and extremely characteristic of all the parties. Dr. Wolcot was well acquainted with the great moralist, by often meeting him at the table of his countryman, Sir Joshua Reynolds; but Johnson rather repelled than encouraged his advances to a nearer intimacy, from the dislike which he had to ribald discourse. The humourist happening to be in company with the doctor one day, observed to him, that his portrait by Reynolds was deficient in dignity: which remark was received with a growl. "No, sir;—the pencil of Reynolds never wanted dignity nor the graces." We

shall not enumerate the remaining publications of Wolcot, because they must be sufficiently known to our readers; and it would be almost impossible to specify any of them without, at the same time, noticing the prostitution of wit to sedition, blasphemy, and calumny. Neither rank, sex, nor virtue, could protect characters of eminence from the shafts of his ridicule; and in some of his convivial moments, when sacrificing largely to Bacchus, he has openly acknowledged and gloried in the declaration, that he made scurrility a trade. "'Tis my vocation, Jack," said he to a remonstrating friend, "and I am resolved to live and die in the exercise of it." When asked how he came to assail persons of the fairest reputation, of whom he could know but little, and nothing to their disadvantage—his answer constantly was. "Why they have a name, and that's enough for me. A satire upon scoundrels, and people about whom nobody cares a farthing, would never sell."

Such was the principle which governed the conduct of this man, who, to pamper his own vices, scattered firebrands into the habitations of others, and laughing at his success, exclaimed that it was all done in sport. The prodigious sale of his works stimulated him to proceed in this nefarious course; and it deserves observation, that though the satirist was a debauchee of the grossest description, he was avaricious to excess. He seemed to have no other idea of happiness than that of getting money, and indulging his sensual appetite.

While the redoubtable Peter was thus dealing mischief all around, like an Indian running a muck, he unfortunately encountered a native genius, possessed of equal powers and better principles, who assailed him in his turn, and made him feel the whip most sorely. The satirist, instead of reflecting upon the wounds which he had so wantonly inflicted, without the least provocation or regard to truth, on others, took this castigation in high dudgeon, and sallying forth with a cudgel in his hand, he attacked Mr. Giffard, the author of the *Baviad* and *Mæviad*, in a bookseller's shop, where, however, he was soon disarmed, and tumbled into the street. After this he avenged himself, in a manner, with a weapon to which he was more accustomed. But the virulence of his abuse, and the infamous charges alledged by him against his antagonist, only convinced the public how bitterly he writhed under the correction which he had received, and with what strict justice it had been ministered.

At length the irregularity of his living brought on an asthmatic complaint, which gave such strong symptoms of a speedy dissolution, that his booksellers laid their heads together to devise a plan for securing to themselves the copy-right of his works. Accordingly, with great cunning, the doctor was brought over to accept an annuity of two hundred and fifty pounds, for which he

readily made a proper assignment of his literary labours. This being executed, he went into the west, and there sold the little freehold which he inherited from his forefathers, at Dodbrook: but, contrary to all calculation and human expectancy, though for some months he could not lie down in a bed at night, the salubrious air of Devon and Cornwall wrought such a surprising change in his constitution, that he got rid of his cough, and held out above twenty years longer. On returning to London, his renovated appearance startled the booksellers, who would have rather seen his ghost in Paternoster-row, and they now consulted how to be free of their engagement. Recourse was had to the law for this object, and a chancery suit was actually commenced, when the failure of the principal house occasioned a compromise, and the bond was cancelled.

At this period the doctor had lodgings in Chapel-street, Mary-le-bone, from whence he removed, for the benefit of the air, to Pratt-place, Camden Town, where he continued to amuse himself with writing on such topics of the day as afforded scope for his mirth. He also superintended a new edition of Pilkington's Dictionary of Painters; compiled a Selection of the Beauties of English Poetry; and printed anonymously a tragedy called "The Fall of Portugal." Besides these literary productions, the doctor, presuming on his popularity under the appellation of Peter Pindar, sent into the market a set of landscapes, engraved in aqua tinta, from his own drawings. He likewise descended so low as to write puffing paragraphs for the lottery offices, and we have no doubt that in time many of these will be sought for with avidity by bibliomaniacs and the collectors of curiosities. At last, he who had lived by exposing others to ridicule, became an object of public ridicule himself: and when he had passed the threshold of the age of man, he was brought into the court of King's Bench on an action for criminal conversation. The affair was passing strange, and whimsically extravagant; but though the plaintiff was nonsuited, to the satisfaction of the court, enough came out in the evidence to convince every body that our old Adonis had not forgotten the sports of his youth.

Soon after this the doctor shifted his quarters to Ossulston-street, Somers Town, where he buried his old and faithful servant Nell, upon whom he wrote an epitaph too indecent to be here inserted. The doctor now made another remove to the house of Mr. Montgomery, a nurseryman, near the New Road, where he received a few select friends, but saw none; for a confirmed cataract had totally extinguished vision in both eyes. In this state, however, he dictated some little effusions of his fancy to an amanuensis, and,

among the rest, "An Address to be spoken at the opening of Drury Lane Theatre, by a landlord in the character of Peter Punchcon." This was his last composition, subsequently to which he employed himself in the arrangement of a complete edition of his poetical works, for which he dictated a kind of biographical preface. But that which happened to all men, could not be parried by the liveliness of genius; and it is to be regretted that the warnings which were given so significantly had not the effect for which they were sent. Though the poet had now reached the age of fourscore, he still indulged the hope of protracted existence in a world where he was almost forgotten, and the pleasures of which he could no longer enjoy. All beyond was as great a blank as the sphere around him; and death to him was literally what Hobbes called it in his own case, "a leap in the dark." The satirist did indeed make his will, and he gave directions for his interment, which he desired should be as near as could be ascertained to the grave of Butler, in Covent Garden church-yard: but he still clung to life with such remarkable tenacity, that the very day before his dissolution, which happened on the 13th of January last, he talked confidently of spending the ensuing summer in Devonshire. His remains were deposited in the cemetery which he had selected, but it will be in vain to assign any just reason for such a choice. Between Wolcot and the author of Hudibras not the slightest resemblance can be found. The latter applied his inimitable talents to the unmasking of knavery, and the support of loyalty; but the former made game of virtue, and did all that lay in his power to alienate the minds of the people from their sovereign. Though Butler exposed canting hypocrites to ridicule, he evinced a deep respect for the sacred truths of revealed religion; but the modern satirist intermixed with his abuse of persons the most shocking parodies and burlesque perversions of scripture. The wit of Butler accomplished a great national purpose, in providing an effectual antidote to a moral epidemic, which had produced inconceivable mischief; but the lampoons of Pindar tend to poison society, and to destroy the great bonds by which mankind are united together. In reading Hudibras, we laugh, it is true; but then our mirth is excited by causes that are obvious to our minds, and we feel obliged to the poet for laying open those pernicious follies, upon which grave argument would be lost. The works of the modern Momus create risibility also, but it is an entertainment which no wise or good man is proud to recollect, or willing to repeat, because he is conscious that he has been drawn in by a trick to indulge a moment's merriment at the expense of truth and virtue.

INCIDENTS, PROMOTIONS, BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, DEATHS, &c. IN LONDON AND MIDDLESEX;

With Biographical Accounts of Distinguished Characters.

BULLETIN OF THE KING'S HEALTH.

Windsor Castle, March 3, 1819.

His Majesty has been generally cheerful during the last month; but his disorder has suffered no diminution. His Majesty's health continues good.

(Signed as usual.)

From official returns, printed by order of the House of Commons, it appears that the quantity of wheat imported from foreign countries into Ireland, in the year ending the 5th of January, 1818, was 17,807 barrels; ditto in the year ending the 5th of January, 1819, 14,647½ barrels. Of barley, in the former period, 120 barrels; ditto in the latter 1098 barrels. Of Oats, in the former period, 8808 barrels; ditto, in the latter period, 952 barrels. Of beans, in the former period, 20 barrels; ditto, in the latter, 24. Of flour, in the former period, 11,552 cwt.; ditto, in the latter, 1,057 cwt.

An official return of the strength of the British army on the 25th of January, 1819, laid before the House of Commons, states the general total at 109,810 non-commissioned officers and privates, and 5,852 officers; of which amount there are serving in Great Britain 15,248, exclusive of 5,516 Foot Guards; Ireland 18,923; East Indies 18,281; troop-horses 11,276.

Gold and Paper.—Of all the subjects connected with political economy, there is not perhaps any one of more importance, or on which the well-being and prosperity of civilized States so much depends, as on that of money and finance. The selfishness, cruelty, and ignorance of various governments, and the want of a thorough knowledge of the theory and practice of money, have occasioned more misery in the world, and produced the destruction and overthrow of more states than any other cause whatsoever. As the subject of our money has been again brought before the public, and as every one is interested in its discussion, the following scale is given for the purpose of conveying a more clear idea of the nature of our present system of money as established by the bank directors and ministers; it shows the manner in which every alteration in the price of gold changes the intrinsic value of the money unit, the pound sterling, or Bank of England pound note; our present fluctuating measure of value.

When Gold is at	The pound note is worth
l. s. d.	Grains
3 17 10½ an ounce	123 27 of Gold
4 0 0	120,00
4 2 0	117,07
4 4 0	114,28
5 6 0	111,63

4 8 0	102,09
4 10 0	106,66
4 12 0	104,35
4 14 0	102,10
4 16 0	100,00
4 11 0	97,96
5 0 0	96,00
5 2 0	94,12
5 4 0	92,39
5 6 0	90,57
5 8 0	88,88
5 10 0	87,27

The Bank of England note has been for many years past, and it is now by law the legal money of this country. It will be found, by calculation, or by reference to the above scale, that every rise in the price of gold is a debasement, a depreciation, or a lessening of the intrinsic value of our present money unit, or pound note, and a fraudulently and secretly changing of the measure of value; consequently that it alters the nature of all transactions for a time throughout the country.

Preferments.—The Rev Mr. Pitman to the Magdalen.—The Rev. Francis Coleman M. A. to the Rectory of Humber, Hereford.—The Rev. John Elliot, A. B. to the perpetual Curacy of Randwick, Gloucestershire.—The Rev. John Preston Reynolds, B. A. to the Rectory of Little Munden, Herts.—The Rev. T. T. Walmesley, to the Rectory of St Vedast, Foster-lane, and Hanwell, Middlesex.—The Rev. W. Jackson, M. A. to be domestic chaplain to the Earl of Verulam.—The Hon. and Rev. George Pellew to the Vicarage of Laling, Essex.—The Rev T. Thorpe, M. A. to the Rectory of Widford, Nottinghamshire.—The Rev. William Smith, A. M. to the Rectories of Brome and Oakley, Suffolk.—The Rev. Levi Walton, to be head master of the free school of Scarning, Norfolk.—The Rev. H. Lloyd, to the Vicarage of Llanfawr, near Bala.—The Rev. J. T. Holloway to the Vicarage of Stanton upon Hine Heath, Salop.—The Rev. Samuel Heyrick, to the Rectory of Brampton by Dingley, and Carlton, Notts.—The Rev. E. Valpy, to the Vicarage of South Walsham, St. Mary, Norfolk.—The Rev. Edmund Gray, bart. to the Rectory of Kirkby, Misperton, Yorkshire.—The Rev. Henry Denny Berners, L.L.B. to the Archdeaconry of Suffolk.—The Rev. George Rennell, to the Rectory of Greystead.—The Rev. Isham Baggs, to the Rectory of Wark.—The Rev. William Elliot, to the Rectory of Thorneyburn.—The Rev. William Evans, to the perpetual Curacy of Humshaugh.—The Rev. John Stedman, to be Master of the Grammar School, Guildford.—The Rev. Henry Bower, M. A. to the Vicarage of St. Mary Mag-

dalen, Taunton, and Staple-Pitzpain, both in Somersetshire.—The Rev. Mascie Dornville Taylor, M. A. to the Rectory of Moreton Corbet, Shropshire.—The Rev. W. Barber, A. M. to the Vicarage of Duffield, Derbyshire.—The Rev. George Maximilian Slatter, to the Vicarage of West Anstey, Devon.

Births.] In Henrietta-street, Cavendish-square, the lady of Sir Bellingham Grant-ham, bart. of a daughter.—In Park-street, the lady of Charles H. Marshall, esq. of a daughter.—In Grosvenor-square, the lady of John Marberley, esq. M. P. of a son.—In Portland-place, the lady of Lieut. Gen. Reynolds, of a son.—In Harley-street, the lady of George Henry Ward, esq. of a daughter.—In Hamilton-place, her Grace the Duchess of Bedford, of a son.—The wife of the Hon. H. Grey Bennett, M. P. of a son.—At her father's house, St. James's Park, lady Gardiner, of a son.—In Wimpole-street, the lady of Sir Lawrence Palk, bart. of a son.—In Thayer street, Manchester-square, the Countess of Lusi, of a son and heir.—At the Palace, Lambeth, the Hon. Mrs. Hugh Percy, of a daughter.—In Portman-square, the Countess of Mansvers, of a daughter.—In Keppel-street, Russel-square, the lady of Col. Aspinwall, of a son.—The lady of Francis James Adam, esq. of a son.—In Gower-street, the lady of the Rev. G. Griffin, Stone-street, of a son and heir.—The Viscountess Duncannon, of a daughter.—In John-street, Bedford-row, Mrs. Thomas Styan, of a son.—In Cavendish-square, the lady of Admiral J. E. Douglass, of a daughter.—The lady of B. Travers, esq. New Broad-street, of a son.—In Portland-place, the lady of Henry Bonham, esq. of a daughter.—In Piccadilly, Sarah, wife of the Rev. Edward Vincent, of a son.

Married.] At Mary-le-bone New Church, Thomas, eldest son of Wm. Evans, esq. of Wimborne, to Margaret, only daughter of Wm. Harris, esq. of Norton-street.—At St. George's Hanover-square, Wm. Franks, esq. of Woodside, Herts. to Caroline, daughter of the late Christopher Fower, esq. of Weald-hall, Essex.—At St. Margaret's, Westminster, Thomas Broadwood, esq. to Amie Augusta, eldest daughter of Alexander Mundell, esq. of Parliament-street.—At St. Luke's, Chelsea, the Rev. Charles Norman, of Maningtree, to H. H. Seringa, daughter of the late Lieut. Col. Norris.—Barrington Tristram, esq. to Helen, widow of Henry Pawcett, esq. late M. P. for Carlisle.—At St. George's, Hanover-square, J. Astley Warre, esq. to Susan Cornwall, of Grosvenor-place.—William Clowes, esq. of the Middle Temple, to Ann, eldest daughter of John Leigh, esq. of Bedford-square.—At Kensington, the Rev. Benj. Puckle, of Clapham, Surrey, to Elizabeth, tenth daugh-

ter of Gen. John Hale, of the Plantation, Yorkshire.—Capt. Abra. Alexander Wood, to Elizabeth Maria, daughter of Capt. Beecher, R. N.—N. P. Levi, esq. of Lombard-street, to Sarah, only daughter of the late Abraham Goldsmith, jun.—C. T. Mahon, esq. of Laleham, to Mary Margaret.—At St. Andrew's Church, Holborn, William Cartwright, esq. of Hunter-street, Brunswick-square, to Maria, youngest daughter of the late Daniel Robinson, of Gray's-inn-place.—William Levi Irish, esq. to Frederica, youngest daughter of the late Francis Spilsbury, of Soho-square.—At St. Mary-le-bone New Church, Joseph Wickham Mayer, esq. 8th Light Dragoons, to Miss Ann E. Gowley, of Upper Norton-street, Portland-place.—At St. Mary's, Islington, the Rev. A. Clarkson, of Bindley, Yorkshire, to Miss Elizabeth C. Wilcocke, of Islington.—Benjamin Cohen, esq. of Great Cumberland-street, to Justina Montefiere, of Vauxhall.

Died.] In Great Marlborough-street, Caroline Louisa Mary Ann Thornton, youngest daughter of W. Thornton, esq.—In Mecklenburgh-square, Amy, the wife of George Garland, esq. of Poole, Dorsetshire.—At his lodgings, in Belvidere-place, Constantine Jennings, esq.—In Berners-street, Sir Thomas Berners Pestow, knt. of Wallington-hall, Norfolk, 71.—The Rev. Houlton Hartwell, vicar of Loders and Bradpoley, Dorset.—The Rev. C. G. Cotterell, rector of Hadley, 80.—Mrs. Phillips, widow of the late Capt. Phillips, of Wandsworth, Surrey.—At Islington, Thomas Hodgson, esq. 90.—Sir Henry Harper Crewe.—Samuel Arbouin, esq. of Cumberland-street, New-road, 71.—In Upper Guildford-street, William Devon, esq. 85.—In Bruton-street, Berkley-square, Mrs. Ann Burland, relict of the late J. Burland, esq. of Stock-house, Dorset.—In Bouverie-street, Mr. George Bousfield, 47.—In Sherbourn-lane, Mr. William Beaumont, 67.—In Hamilton-place, the infant son of her Grace the Duchess of Bedford.—In Lower Seymour-street, Sophia, wife of Lieut. Col. Shedden, of the Elms, near Lynton.—In Cavendish-square, the Rev. William Browne, 81.—Sir Robert Macreth, knt. of Ewhurst, Southampton, 94.—In Portland-place, Hammersmith, D. Cooper, esq.—In Somerset-street, Portman-square, Thomas Cowper Hinks, esq. 62.—In Hereford-street, Lady Ellenborough, 27.—At Tottenham, J. Budgen, esq. 79.—At Hanwell, the Rev. Herbert Randolph, B. D.—Thomas Holland, esq. of Fleet-street.—In Guildford-street, Mrs. Gillespie, wife of Lieut. Col. Gillespie.—Samuel John Wormald, R. N.—At his house, Alpha-road, Regent's Park, John Whitehead, esq. 51.—In Portland-place, Lieut. Gen. Charles Morgan, 77.

PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES

IN THE COUNTIES OF ENGLAND, ARRANGED ALPHABETICALLY.

BERKSHIRE.

The Roman coins discovered near Wallingford, were within a quarter of a mile of the Roman Road called Icknild Way, also about the same distance from a large dyke, or fosse, called Lere Grims Ditch, which is supposed to form one of the ancient divisions of the country; the road and dyke cross each other here; and in one of the angles thus formed, there is an inclosure of seven or eight acres, surrounded by banks, much inferior indeed to the other dyke, but still more considerable than would be requisite for any common purposes considering its local situation. This may have been a camp station, or lodgment of some of the ancient inhabitants of the country. The principal entrance to it is in the centre, immediately on the Roman Road. It is at present overrun with bushes and furze, and does not bear the least traces of its ever being cultivated. The diligent antiquarian might amuse himself in this interesting neighbourhood. The west end of the large dyke ends at, or near, the Thames, and forms the north boundary of the Bishop of Durham's delightful premises.

Married.] At Newbury, Mr. John Green, to Miss Maria Willis.

Died.] At Abingdon, Mrs. W. Budworth, relict of the late Rev. Philip Budworth, 76.—At Shellingford, Elizabeth, wife of Wm. Mills.—Mrs. Davenport, of East Challow.—J. Benson, esq. of Rye Farm, Abingdon.

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

During this winter, as some labourers were digging gravel near the town of Aylesbury, on the road leading to Buckingham, they discovered about 258 human skeletons, and twenty skulls only; they appear to be all males, and full grown. No historical or even traditional account exists as to when they were deposited there. Lord Nugent has collected the bones together, and intends erecting a tablet over them.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

A beautiful pair of antlers, attached to the upper part of the skull, with the teeth perfect in their sockets, was taken up a few days ago, in a bed of shingles, twenty-two feet below the surface of the earth, in cutting the new canal to join the Eau Brink, in this county.

Married.] William Faskin, esq. to Jane, youngest daughter of Thomas Jones, esq. of Sawston.

Died.] Mr. John Boyce, jun. of Outwell.—At Trinity College, Cambridge, Thomas Blundell, B. A.

CORNWALL.

A manufactory for fine and coarse colours, both dry and ground in oil, is nearly completed at Penryn, on an extensive scale. *NEW MONTHLY MAG.*—No. 63.

The establishment is expected to be of great advantage to the county; as the colours now used in Cornwall are procured, at a considerable expense, from London and Bristol. The great variety of materials which the county affords, for making colours, has induced the proprietors to establish this manufactory.

Birth.] At Helston, Mrs. Wm. Andrews, of a son.

Married.] At St. Austell, Capt. James Phillips, jun. to Miss Mary Medland, of that place.

Died.] At St. Columb, Miss Kitty Bennet, 38.—At Penzance, John Harrington, esq. son of the late Dr. Harrington, of Bath, 60.

CHESHIRE.

Schools on Buckley Mountain.—We some time ago inserted the names of the principal subscribers to a new church, in this district; and we have now the pleasure to add, that a Curate's dwelling-house, with every accommodation for the immediate occupation of a clergyman and his family, has been erected on Buckley Mountain. Two excellent rooms, each calculated for the reception of 150 children, are finished, and on the 1st of January of the present year, that for girls was opened. The sum expended upon these premises far exceeds 1200*l*. A statement is therefore submitted with confidence to the public, as the remaining sum in hand will hardly pay for the foundation of the Church, which will form such a principal feature in the moral improvement and civilization of this extensive, and hitherto inaccessible district. The following additional subscriptions have been received:—Hon. Lady Glynne, Hawarden Castle, second donation, 100*l*.; Miss Metcalfe, Hill-street, 5*l*.; Miss N. Metcalfe, Hill-street, 5*l*.; Miss — Metcalfe, Hill-street, 5*l*.; Rev. H. Hodgkinson, second donation, 3*l*.; Mrs. Mary Ashley, Epsom, 5*l*. 5*s*.; L. H. Petit, esq. 10*l*. 10*s*.; Robert Powell, esq. Norton-street, 1*l*.; Rev. Dr. Prosser, 5*l*. 5*s*.; Rev. Archdeacon Cambridge, 5*l*. 5*s*.—*Chester Chronicle*.

Birth.] At Penley Hall, the Lady of T. Tarleton, esq. jun. of a son.

Married.] At Mobberley, the Rev. P. Vannet, of Knutsford, to Dorothea Goodburn, of the same place.—Charles Roberts, esq. of Camberwell, to Frances Rosalie, of Cheddle.—Mr. Serjeant Copley, Chief Justice of Chester, to Mrs. Thomas, widow of the late Lieut. Col. Thomas.—Mr. Wright, of Holt-hall, to Miss Goodmere, of Tranmere.

Died.] At Melton Hill, James Shaw Williamson, esq. 35.—Esther, sister of George Palfreyman, esq. of Crag-hall, near Macclesfield, 51.—Charles Chivers, gent. Frodsham-street, Chester, 70.—At Nantwich, Anthony Clarkson, A. M. 71.

CUMBERLAND.

Died.] At Queen's Elms, Brampton, Mr. Sydenham Tate Edwards, F.L.S.—J. Oliphant, esq. of Stonefield, 79.—The Rev. Mr. Hare, of Hayton, 66.—In George-street, Whitehaven, Capt. Hodgson.—At Esk Meals, near Ravensglass, T. Falcon, esq.

Married.] At Greystoke, the Rev. Mr. Ormady, to Miss Wilkinson, of Penrith.—At Barton, near Penrith, J. Wallace, esq. to Miss Fletcher, of Low Leys, near Cockermouth.—At Ambleside Mr. M. Mayson to Miss Green, daughter of the celebrated artist of that place.—At Grasmere, Mr. M. Strickland, to Miss Jane Nelson; their united ages did not amount to 37.

DERBYSHIRE.

Died.] At Fair Holme, near Hope, Sarah, relict of Mr. D. Rose, 105.—At Green House, Darley Dale, D. Dakeyne, gent. 86.—At Wirksworth, A. Goodwin, esq. 68.

DEVONSHIRE.

The Devon and Exeter Savings' Bank presents the most happy progress. The amount invested in Government debentures is 91,600l.

Births.] The lady of the Rev. Thomas Atkinson, of Beaufort-place, Exeter, of a daughter.

Married.] At Henninton, Capt. Garrett, R. N. to Catherine, daughter of the late S. Price, of New House, Glamorganshire.—James Gould, esq. of Plymouth, to Miss Barnwell, of Exmouth.—At Rockbear, near Exeter, Lieut.-Col. Evans, to Anne, eldest daughter of the late W. Sloane, esq. of Tobago.—At St. Mary Major's Church, Exeter, the Rev. J. L. Knight, to Jessy, eldest daughter of Mr. J. Watson, of Exeter.—At Plymouth, C. Lowder, esq. of Bath, to Susan, eldest daughter of R. Fuge, esq. of Plymouth.—At Abotsham, near Bideford, W. S. Willet, esq. of Porthill, to Christiana Adalaide, eldest daughter of H. Nantes, esq. of Kenwith Lodge.—At Lympstone, Lieut. G. E. Powell, R.N. of Great Connell, Ireland, to Charlotte Kingdon, of Exeter.

Died.] At Marley House, W. Palk, esq. 77.—At Culmstock, the Rev. H. C. Manley, L.L.B. of Bradford.—Conolly, youngest son of T. Norman, esq. of Exmouth.—At Moretonhampstead, the Rev. J. Isaacs, 65.—S. Walkey, esq. of East Budleigh, 73.—T. Cleather, esq. of Plymouth, 67.—At Bowden, Sophia, wife of Col. Adams.—At Barley House, near Exeter, Mrs. E. Graves, 71.—S. Willey of St. Sidwell's, Exeter, 101.—At Exeter, Miss Ann Dacic.

DURHAM.

The Hon. and Right Rev. the Bishop of Durham has entered on the 50th year of his Episcopate, on which occasion a congratulatory address has been presented to his Lordship by the clergy of the diocese.

Births.] At Wickham Rectory, the Hon. Mrs. C. E. Grey of a daughter.

Married.] At Durham, R. Bateson, esq.

of Milton Lodge, near Londonderry, Ireland, to Elizabeth, second daughter of A. Hammond, esq. of Hutton Bonville.—At Durham, Lieut. P. Bowlby, to Miss Hazlewood.

Died.] John James, esq. 80.—At Staindrop, Mr. A. Bazin, 94.—At Camperdown, near Chester-le-street, Margaret Whitelock, 97; and at Lumley, in the same parish, Eleanor Turner, 100.—At Darlington, Mr. Meggeson, 27.

DORSETSHIRE.

Married.] At Shapwick, Mr. J. Evans, to Miss Joyce of that place.

Died.] At his seat, Charborough Park, R. E. D. Grosvenor, esq.—At Charminster, J. Wright, esq.—At Weymouth, F. W. Shuyler, esq. of Woolland House.—Mrs. E. Bullen, wife of S. Bullen, esq. of Charmouth.

ESSEX.

The subscribers to the projected Colchester and Essex Infirmary, have resolved to erect that edifice on the road towards Lexden, the exterior to be of brick, and the whole to be erected in a plain and substantial manner, under the direction of an eminent architect.

Births.] At Copped Hall, Mrs H. Conyers, of a daughter.

Married.] Capt. C. Sotheby, R.N. of Sewardstone, to the Hon. Miss J. Hamilton, third daughter of the late Lord Belhaven and Stenton.—The Rev. W. Goodday, A.M. Vicar of Terling, to Miss Mary Algar, of that place.

Died.] Lieut. S. B. Coppin, of the West Militia.—At Bloomfield, Mr. J. Blakely, 92.—W. Canning, esq. of Quendon.—At Brentwood, Mrs. E. Holbrook, 74.—At Broomfield, the infant son of Capt. Wright.—At Borley, the Rev. W. Herringham, 62.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

New Churches. The eyes of the public are gradually opening to the necessity of providing places of public worship in the increased and increasing population. A subscription for rebuilding the parish church of Pitcombe, on an enlarged scale, is nearly completed. This village will form an interesting object to the traveller, when the new road from Gloucester to Stroud has opened it to his view. It is singularly circumstanced; the parish itself being very small, but several other parishes contributing nearly one-half to the actual population of the village. The body of this projected church will be free, and sufficiently large to receive all who can be reasonably expected to attend it.

Births.] The lady of C. Mathia, esq. of Paradise House, near Painwick, of a son.—The lady of R. Jenkins esq. of Charlton Hill, of a son.—At Porkington, the lady of W. O. Gore, esq. of a son.—At the Royal Fort Bristol, the lady of T. Tyndall, esq. of a daughter.—At Ebley, the lady of E. Davies, esq. of a daughter.

Married.] At Charlton, T. Phillippa

esq. to Harriot, third daughter of Major-Gen. Molyneux.—At Gloucester, J. W. Walters, esq. of Barnwood House, to Sarah, eldest daughter of the Rev. H. C. Adams, of Painswick. At Prees, J. Overton, esq. of Cheshire, to Miss Overton, daughter of Mr. Overton, of Corra, near Whitchurch.

Died.] At his house in Clifton, Bristol, Sir Joseph Ratcliffe, bart. 75.—At Stout's Hill, Mary, wife of the Rev. W. L. Baker.

HANTS.

Births.] At Shaldon, the lady of Col. Johnson, of a still-born child.—At Southampton, the lady of Capt. Peter Rainer R.N. C.B. of a daughter.

Married.] T. Nicholls, esq. of Burton Dorset, to Mary Davis, of Winterborne Abbas.

Died.] At Winchester, Capt. Barr, 23d. regt. in consequence of severe wounds received at Waterloo.

HEREFORDSHIRE.

A legacy of 200l. was bequeathed to the Hereford Infirmary, by the late Lowbridge Bright, esq. of Bristol.

Married.] Capt. H. G. Jackson, Royal Artillery, to Catherine, eldest daughter of the late Walter Cecil, esq. of Morton Jeffris.

Died.] Mrs Mary Badham, of Lugwardine, near Hereford, 92.—At Ledbury, J. Jarvis, esq.—At Sutton's Marsh, Mr. R. Phillips, 77.

HERTFORDSHIRE.

Sacrilege.—On Friday night, or early on Saturday morning, the parish church of Watford, Herts, was broken open by means of iron crow, in expectation, no doubt, of finding the valuable communion plate. The villains were disappointed, as the plate is not kept in the church. In revenge for the disappointment, they did all the mischief they could, by cutting and destroying the bibles, prayer-books, &c. the velvet coverings to the pulpits, desks, pews, &c. particularly the pew belonging to the Earl of Essex.

Died.] At St Alban's, J. Reid, esq.—Mr. W. Bowden, 45.—At St. John's Lodge, Sir Cornelius Cuyler, Bart.

HUNTINGDONSHIRE.

Died.] At Kimbolton, Elizabeth, wife of R. Tidswell esq. 62.

KENT.

At a meeting held on the 11th inst. of the minister, parishioners, and some of the out dwellers of the borough of Hoath, Kent, to consider of the best means of relieving the condition of the labouring poor of the said borough, and thereby lessening the poor's rates, it was *unanimously* resolved to accommodate them with small allotments of land, proportioned to their respective wants and industry, at a low rent, and exempt from tithes and parochial assessments, and that the said resolution should be carried into immediate effect.

Births.] The lady of Robert Sackett Tomlin, esq., Thanet, of a son.—At Langley

Farm, the Hon. Mrs. Colville, of a son.—At Tunbridge wells, the Marchioness of Ely, of a daughter.—The Lady of E. Taylor, esq. of Bitrons, of a daughter.

Married.] At Leybourn, P. H. Parsons, esq., of West Malling, to Miss E. Sharpe, of Leybourn Parsonage.—Robert Richie, esq., of Greenwich, to Charlotte, second daughter of Major Benwell.—At Edenbridge, A. Marshall, esq., to Mary, second daughter of the late J. Alexander, esq.—At Dover, A. Matson, esq. to Mary Frances, eldest daughter of the late James Tector, esq.—At St. Dunstan's, Canterbury, Mr. John Mason, to Miss Lucy Cook.—At Plaxtol, J. L. Reynolds, esq. of London, to Hannah, daughter of J. Simpson, esq. of Fair Lawn.—W. Saltren Willet, esq. to Christina Adelaide, of Kenwith Lodge.—T. H. Pleyer, esq. of Greenwich, to Miss R. Rayley, of the same place.

Died.] The Rev. G. Gregory, Curate of Burham, 35.—R. E. D. Grosvenor, esq. M. P. for New Romney.—At Brompton, A. Upcher, esq. of Sherringham, Norfolk.—At Lord Thanet's seat, the Countess of Thanet.—At Canterbury, Elizabeth, wife of Capt. G. Hilton, R. N., 26.—At Broadstairs, W. Potter, esq. 22.—At Folkestone, Mr. Wm. Ledger, 67.—The Rev. R. T. C. Pattenson, rector of Milsted.—At North Frith, near Tunbridge, C. Idle, esq. 48.—At Tenterden, J. Curtois, esq. 81.

LANCASHIRE.

The disputes between the coal proprietors and their workmen at St. Helen's, near Liverpool, are at an end.

One hundred new cotton spinning manufactories are erecting at Manchester and its vicinity.

Birth.] At Blakeley, Mrs. Hulton, wife of J. Hulton, esq. of a son and heir.

Married.] At Liverpool, S. Solomon, esq. M. D., to Miss Machinney.—R. Chawner esq., of Melburn, Derbyshire, to E. Felton Edgley, of Manchester.—T. Stamp, esq. R. N., to Miss E. M. Maude, of Kendal.—At Lancaster, A. Thornborrow, esq., to Catharine, second daughter of A. Crompton, esq. of Lune villa.—M. Fletcher, esq., of Crompton Fold, to Anne Manee, of Liverpool.—At Manchester, T. Patterson, esq. o Rotterdam, to Martha Satterfield, of Manchester.—At St. Anne's, Liverpool, Capt J. O. Head, to Catherine Browne.—At Manchester, Mr. C. Currie, to Miss Cook.—A. Liverpool, Mr. Alderson, to Miss Robinson.

Died.] At Ashton Hall, the Duke of Hamilton, 80.—At Pendleton, W. Leaf, esq.—Miss S. Kenworthy, daughter of the late Rev. J. Kenworthy, of Stayley Bridge.—R. J. Sivewright, esq. of Liverpool.—J. Baldwin, esq. 57.—At Springfield, near prescot, L. Cotham, esq., of Hardshaw Hall, 29.—T. Tattersall esq., of Everton, Liverpool.—J. Baldwin, esq. an alderman of Lancaster.—At Manchester, Mr. J. Adams, accountant. 29.—At Liverpool, Mrs. Shuttleworth.—A.

Bolton-le-Moors, J. Bolling esq.—At Manchester, Mr. J. Greenshaw, Professor of Musick.—Mr. W. Osbaldeston.—Mr. S. Garnett, 42.—At Worealey, Mr. J. Varey, 69.—At Nantwich, the Rev. A. Clarkson, M. A., Chaplain to the Duke of Leeds.—At Manchester, Mr. Faulkner, dentist.—At Clithero, Mrs. Anne Smith, 46.—At Puncture, near Bury, Mr. J. Openshaw, 57.—At Green Hill, S. Jones, esq. 74.—At Denton, Mr. T. Creswell, 24. At Daig Hulme hall, H. Norris, esq. 83.

LINCOLNSHIRE.

Births.] At Barrowby, near Grantham, the lady of M. Ashwell, esq. of a daughter.

Married.] At Owston, Capt. W. Allison, of West Stockwith, to Miss S. Helsey, of Gunthorpe.—At Averham, the Rev. H. Houson, jun. to Frances Anne, eldest daughter of the Rev. R. Chaplin.—At Great Limber, C. Morris, esq. of Croxton, to Isabella Colquhoun, of Barton-upon-Humber.

Died.] Capt. Lloyd, R.N. of Fancourt, near Louth.—At North Helsey, near Caistor, the Rev. R. Bingham.—At Gainsburgh, Mrs. M. Thompson, 59.

LEICESTERSHIRE.

The Leicester Journal says, on Sunday last, Wall, Callis, and Widowson, three persons of Loughborough, returned from America to their native place. About six months ago they, with several others, were induced to visit that "land of liberty and plenty," in the hopes of bettering their condition, but were miserably disappointed. They were in the neighbourhood of Baltimore, where they were employed in working upon the roads; and bad as was their situation, many others of their countrymen were much worse off. There was nothing but paper currency in circulation, and that as low as 2½d.; they represent the country as swarming with thieves, and were repeatedly in danger of losing what little they had. These may be considered as home proofs, and we hope will have the desired effect.

Married.] At Leicester, the Rev. G. Peak, to Matilda King, of that place.—At Goudly, Mr. S. Draper, to Miss M. Gill; also Mr. R. Butler, to Miss A. Pearson.

Died.] At Rothley, the Rev. A. Macaulay.—W. Percival, gent. of Cold Newton.—W. Harris, gent. of Great Wigston, 52.

NORFOLK.

Births.] Elizabeth, the wife of R. Wells, of Gressenhall, of four living children, three boys and one girl.

Married.] The Rev. C. D. Williams, to Margarette Anne, daughter of the late Rev. Dr. Lukin, dean of Wells.—At Cley, Chas. Buck, esq. R. N. to Miss Lucy Ellis, of the same place.—At Lynn, Mr. James Learmouth, to Miss Eliz. Harvey.

Died.] Mr. Thos. Gooding, 3, of Laramas, 100.—At Yarmouth, Capt. Randall Barrett, 84.—At Yarmouth, John Dunlop, esq.—At Norwich, Mary, relict of the late Dr. John Murray, 89.

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

It is asserted in the Northampton Journal, that the Gentlemen Agriculturists and Farmers of that County, are hostile to the Agriculture Petition.

Married.] At All Saint's Church, Northampton, Captain Wm. Richards, R. N. to Sarah Constable, of that place: and John Ellis, esq. of Pwllhell, Carnarvonshire, to Ann Constable, sister to the above.—J. Cooke, esq. of Peterborough, to Miss Squire.

Died.] Isabella, the wife of Wm. Lucas, esq. of Hollowell.—At Thrapston, John Benson, esq. of Rye Farm, Abingdon, 30.—Mr. Frances Geary, of Hartwell Park, 102.—At Keasingbury, Mrs. Facer, 61.—At Northampton, Mrs. Balaam.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

Married.] At St. Nicholas's, Newcastle, Henry Richardson, esq. of Stepney, Middlesex, to Margaret, youngest daughter of Wm. Cotes.

Died.] At Newcastle, Margaret Purvis, 100.—At Longhorsley, Mrs. Mary White, 102.—At Newcastle, Margaret, widow of Mr. Wm. Carr, 96.—At Alnwick, Major Hardy, 53.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.

Birth.] At Fountain Dale, the lady of General Need, of a son.

Married.] At Lenton, the Rev. James Bagge, M. A. to Catherine Anne Evans, of Lenton Grove.—At Lincoln, Mr. Dutty, to Miss Sykes.—At Lincoln, Mr. Martin, to Miss Pepper.

Died.] At Overton, Broughton, Mrs. Elizabeth Severn, widow of the Rev. Wm. Severn, late of Hull, 64.—Mrs. Crisp, of Lister Gate, Nottingham, 99.—Wm. Turner, esq. of Kneenton, 64.—At Burgate House, John Leacroft, esq. of Southwell, 75.—At Nottingham, Wm. Bibbie, gent.

OXFORDSHIRE.

Married.] Capt. J. Thompson, to Ann Ellen, daughter of J. Newman, esq. of Finmere House.

Died.] At Holmwood, near Henley, Wm. Kerr, esq. eldest son of Lord Mark Kerr, 17.—At Clifton, Sir Thos. Radcliffe, bart. of Milnsbridge House, West Riding of Yorkshire, 75.—At his lodgings, in Baliol College, Oxford, the Right Rev. John Parsons, D.D. 58.—At Witney, Mrs. Jane Etwall, relict of the late Rev. Wm. Etwall, 77.

RUTLANDSHIRE.

Died.] The Rev. Henry Finch, vicar of Burley, near Oakham.

SHROPSHIRE.

Birth.] At Acton Burnell, the lady of Sir Edward J. Smyth, bart. of a son.

Married.] At Whittington, Mr. Robert Bowen, 19, to Mrs. Ruth Morris, 85.

Died. At Laton Hall, Sir Robert Leighton, bart.—Mary, wife of Lawton Parry, esq. of Glan-yn-alon, near Oswestry.—Rev. Robert Smyth, minister of Wolstaston and Smethcott.—Edward Lloyd, of the Runis,

Llanvairwaterdine.—Mr. Wilson, of the wood, near Drayton, 97.—John Milner, esq. of Eardington, near Bridgenorth.—At Frankton, John Burlton, esq.

SOMERSETSHIRE.

Births.] At Bath, the lady of J. A. Neilson, esq. of a daughter; and the lady of T. Hayes, esq. of a son.—In Queen-square, Bath, the lady of Arthur Weston, esq. of a son.—The lady of John Thompson, esq. of Lansdown-place, Bath, of a daughter.

Married.] J. B. Estlin, esq. of Bristol, to Margaret, second daughter of Robert Bagshot, esq. of Langport.—Andrew Armstrong, esq. to Susan, only daughter of Mr. Henry Hooper, of Montague Parade, Bristol.—J. W. Morgan, esq. of Glasbury, Radnorshire, to Miss Joannah Williams, of Bath.

Died.] The Rev. John Yeatman, M. A. rector of Stock Gaylard, 66.—At Bradford, the Rev. Mr. Manley.—At Shepton Mallet, Mrs. Mary Hole, 90.—At Fairwater House, near Taunton, Sarah, widow of Rich. Clarkson, esq.—Mrs. Lowell, wife of the Rev. Samuel Lowell, of Kingsdown, Bristol.—At Wrington, Thos. Council, esq. 61.—At Frome, Mrs. Mary Cannings, 99.—At Bath, the Rev. Houlton Hartwell, 37.—At Wincanton, Mrs. Hawkins, wife of the Rev. G. F. Hawkins.—At North Parade, J. Lambert, esq. 81.—At Bath, Edw. Everard, esq. of Lyme Regis, Norfolk.—Samuel W. Stone, esq. of Taunton, 78.—At Bath, James Thompson, esq. of Aberdeen.—At Bath, the Rev. John Manning Hazeldan, LL.B.

STAFFORDSHIRE.

Mr. Richard Hardy, of Draycot-in-the-Clay, has an apple-tree in his orchard, which bore a plentiful crop of apples last season, and in the autumn blossomed afresh, and has now on it full formed fruit from the late blossom. Mr. Hardy having preserved some of the first crop, treats his friends with both.

Birth.] At Blithfield House, the Right Hon. Lady Harriet Paget, of a daughter.

Married.] Mr. J. A. Attwood, youngest son of James Attwood, esq. of Congreve House, to Mary, youngest daughter of Robert Edden, esq. of Lower Wick, near Worcester.

Died.] Mr. John Dickenson, of Stafford, coroner of this county.

SUFFOLK.

Married.] At St. Mary-at-hill, George Rogers, esq. of Manningtree, Essex, to Miss Mary Roebuck, of the former place.—The Rev. C. Lawson, of Needham-market, to Mary Ann Clover, of Cretinge.—Thos. B. Western, esq. of Tattington-place, to Margaret Letitia Bushley, of Great Cumberland-place.—At St. Helen's, Ipswich, Captain R. Johnson, jun. to Miss Mary Ann Rudd, of Sheerness.—At Thaxted, Samuel Smith Ramsey, esq. Lieut. R. N. to Mrs. Anna Pyne Alexandre.—Capt. Adam Alex. Wood, to F. E. Maria Beecher.

Died.] At Sibton Park, Mary, wife of

the Rev. Benjamin Philpot.—At Borley, the Rev. Wm. Herringham, 62.—At Gisligham, Frances Sparrow Reeve, relict of R. Reeve, esq. 88.—At Ipswich, Emerson Cromwell, esq., having survived Mrs. C. only twelve days, 87.—Joseph Hardcastle, esq. of Hatcham House, New Cross.—At Cockfield, Mrs. Langham, 90.—At Framlingham, Mary Ann, wife of John Shafto, esq. 41.—At Foley-house, Charles Watt, esq. 45.

SURREY.

Surrey Sessions.—In consequence of the increasing number of cases for decision at these sessions, which are now held quarterly, the Magistrates have come to a determination of holding them at the same periods as those for the county of Middlesex; namely, eight instead of four times a year. This measure has been forced upon them by the crowded state of the gaol in Horsemonger lane, there being now nearly 400 prisoners on charge of felonies, &c. The assizes for the county will be held at Kington, on Monday, the 29th inst.

Births.] At Beaumont cottage, Chertsey, the Lady of John H. Colt, esq. of a daughter.

Married.] At Croydon, W. Faskin, esq. to Jane, youngest daughter of T. Jones, esq. of Sawston, Cambridgeshire.—At Capel, Mr. J. C. Ridgway, to Miss E. Ballinghall, daughter of the Rev. P. Beath, of Capel.—At St. Saviour's, Southwark, D. A. B. Haynes, esq. to Miss M. P. Kinsum, of Essex.

Died.] At Croydon, Mrs. C. Chamberlayne, relict of the late Rev. T. Chamberlayne.—Nicholas Vincent, esq. of St. Catherine's Hill, near Guildford.—At Clapham, T. Margary, esq. 65.

SUSSEX.

Marlborough House, formerly the residence of the late Duke of Marlborough, at Brighton, and now the property of the Prince Regent, is shortly to be pulled down, and on its site a wing to correspond with the royal pavilion is to be erected.

An exhibition of apparatus for preserving lives from shipwreck, took place on Wednesday, at Brighton, and was found completely effective.—By it a shot with grapples, can be thrown, almost to a certainty, across any object in the sea within 400 yards of the shore.

Married.] At Slougham, the Rev. J. Hurlock, M. D., to Maria, youngest daughter of the Rev. R. Ellison, of Slougham.—The Rev. W. Edelman, A. B. of Queen's College, Cambridge, to Miss Abigail Kemp, of Brighton.

Died.] At Cuckfield, H. Bowles, esq.—The lady of C. Stude, esq. of Frant Cottage. At Chichester, Vice Admiral Sir G. Murray, 60.

WORCESTERHIRE.

Births.] The lady of Dr. Malden, of Worcester of a son.—The lady of T. B. Cooper, esq. of a daughter.—At the Deanery,

the lady of the Rev. Dean of Worcester, of a son.

Married.] The Rev. T. S. Biddulph, to Charlotte, youngest daughter of the late Rev. J. Stillingfleet, prebendary of Worcester.

Died.] At Hanley, Ann Goodwin, and a short time previous, her husband; they had lived together as man and wife about 60 years, and died at the patriarchal ages, of 99 the former, and 101 the latter.

WARWICKSHIRE.

Notwithstanding the late revival of trade, Birmingham has to support, at this moment, no fewer than *twenty-four thousand four hundred and forty eight paupers!*

The Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, as Dean of Durham, has transmitted to the Mayor of that city, 200l. to be distributed amongst the poor, with large families, who do not receive parochial relief.

Birth.] At Norton, near Warwick, the wife of R. Roberts, of three children, all girls.

Died.] John Richards, esq. of Olton, 70.

WESTMORELAND.

Died.] At Orton, Mrs. Elizabeth Bowman, 93.

WILTSHIRE.

A few years back the farmers of Dauncey, in Wilt, let to the poor labourers of their parish who had large families, three acres of land, at two pounds per acre; and soon afterwards the late Lord Peterborough gratuitously built a barn for them, where they could thrash their corn; the consequence was, that those men had their names immediately struck off the parish book; have brought up their families to industry and honesty, and all of them now cheerfully pay to the aged and infirm of the said parish their regular rates. The farmers declare that the parish have saved hundreds by this plan. The gentlemen and farmers of Great Comerford, in the same county, are now pursuing a similar plan, by letting the same number of acres to the poor with large families, and paying their taxes. Each farmer allows according to the extent of his farm.

Births.] The lady of the Rev. T. Fox, of Fovant, of twins.—At Farleigh, the lady of the Rev. T. Heathcote of a daughter.—At Wilton, the lady of John Seagrim, Jun., esq.

Married.] At Devizes, John, second son of W. Dyne, esq. of Lincoln's Inn Fields, to Frances, youngest daughter of Mr. Fletcher, of Devizes.—At Nursling the Rev. C. D. Willaum, to Margaret Ann, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Lukin, late of Dean Wells.

Died.] The Rev. E. Spencer, of Winkfield Rectory, near Bradford.—At Leighton House, Jacintha, youngest daughter of T. H. Phillips, esq. of that place.—At Bishopstrow, Mary, widow of the late Col. G. Martin.—The Rev. H. C. Manley, vicar of Bradford.—At Moira-place, Salisbury, William Smith, esq. 88.

YORKSHIRE.

The following is an extract of a letter from a gentleman of great accuracy and impartiality of observation, who is engaged on an extensive commercial tour through Yorkshire, and some other northern counties:—

"The complaints on the state of trade do not appear to me to have any just foundation.

I find the manufacturers every where at work. I do not hear of many goods on hand. The prices of wool advance, and this raw article is in great demand, which could not well be the case if there were no market for it when wrought into cloth. The truth seems to be that our dealers have for many years been accustomed to a trade so highly prosperous, and to so rapid a demand for their goods, that they cannot easily reconcile themselves to any thing like moderate business. A friend on whom I called a few days ago, in the iron trade told me that he had lately received orders for the machinery of 12 new mills: this does not look like a falling off in trade, and yet complaints are occasionally to be heard; though, as I before observed, without any very obvious reason."

There has been a general cessation of labour lately upon the Sheffield end of the intended turnpike road leading from thence to Glossop, and ultimately to Manchester, in consequence of prices being demanded for land considerably exceeding the original estimate. It is now in contemplation to apply for Parliamentary aid to enable the commissioners to divert the road from the entrance originally contemplated, and introduce it through Broad-lane.

A monument is erected near Pontefract, to commemorate that important event ever memorable in British annals, the Victory of Waterloo; which forms a pleasing object to the surrounding country.

Births.] The lady of E. H. Hebdend, esq. of Scarborough, of a son.—At Elmfield, near Doncaster, the lady of the Rev. Henry Torre, of Sledmere, of a son.

Married.] At St. Mary's Church, Beverly, T. Hutton, esq. Capt. in the 4th Dragoon Guards, to Miss Sarah Gilby.—At Overton, near York, R. D. Ker, esq. of Greenock, to Augusta, youngest daughter, of the Rev. C. Buchanans, D.D.—R. W. Green, esq. of Dublin, to Elizabeth, third daughter of T. Wilson, esq. of York.

Died.] Mr. Peake, of Hull, 91.—At Scarborough, the Rev. J. Kyte, 85.—At Brompton, Sarah, relict of the Rev. G. Walker, F.R.S.—At Tolesby-hall, in Cleveland, T. Rudd, esq. 48.—The Rev Mr. Clough, of Morley.

WALES.

It is related as a fact, that several thousand acres of waste land, which have been enclosed at a great expense within the last four years in the county of Montgomery, have been allowed to become open again; the fences torn down, and posts and rails

destroyed, most probably burnt. Similar circumstances have also taken place elsewhere; the above can have happened from no other possible cause than a grand error at the outset, of attempting the culture of land too poor for arable purposes, in course not returning even the expense of culture. Formerly, indeed, the labourers had a prejudice against the culture of wastes; but that has long since nearly ceased, excepting when their interest in the new inclosures is neglected, which Mr. Young and the best informed writers allow is too generally the case.

Potter's Clay.—Near the Hulk in Hills, in Flintshire, and within four miles of the sea, some miners discovered, about two years ago, a vast bed, of a substance said to be adapted for the manufacturing of earthen ware without the addition of any other material. It lies immediately under a stiff red clay, and coals abound in the neighbourhood. The miners and Mr. Bishop, of Stafford, have taken a lease of the ground from the proprietor, Lord Grosvenor. A specimen of the substance has been brought to London, but has not yet been analyzed. Near the same place also has been found a hollow siliceous rock, abounding in organic impressions, which has been supposed likely to become a substitute for burrstone, but it appears to be too brittle for this purpose.

A poor man, a stranger, was last week most furiously attacked by a boar, on the Lanstephen road, near Green Castle, Carmarthenshire, and dreadfully wounded. It is said that having struck the boar, the enraged animal turned upon him and followed him into the field, in which he had sought refuge, threw him down, lacerated his arm and leg in a shocking manner; and would, no doubt, have killed him on the spot, had not a gentleman's servant, who was fortunately passing at the time, rescued him from his perilous situation. This poor man was taken into Green Castle House, where he was treated with great humanity; surgical assistance was procured for him, and we are happy to state, he is now doing well. We cannot but regret, that a penalty does not attach to the owners of boars who suffer them to retain the formidable weapons of offence with which they are armed, and with which such frequent injury is inflicted, as well on human beings, as on brute animals.

Awful effects of a thunder storm.—The village of Trawsfynydd, in the county of Merioneth, was lately visited by a tremendous heavy thunder storm. The peals were terribly loud and frequent, and the lightning extremely vivid. Shortly after the commencement of the storm, the electric fluid, entering the chimney of a cottage in the village, where the whole of the family, consisting of five, sat by the fire-side,

struck the father and one of his sons, both of whom instantly expired; another child received so severe a shock that he lost an eye, and the rest of the family suffered very materially, though not dangerously. Happily there is no account of any other destructive effects of the storm. The father's name was Hugh Thomas, for many years Surveyor of the county bridges.

Birth.] At Holywell, the lady of Gen. Birch Reynardson, of a son.

Married.] At Llawrhaiadr, the Rev. J. Jones, to Miss Norris, niece of Richard Wilding, esq. of Llawrhaiadr Hall, near Denbigh.

Died.] Jane, the wife of Matthew Bayley, esq.—Mrs. Mary Thomas, of Swansea, 102.—Richard Jenkins, esq. of Gwainkeel, near Bridgend.—John Jones, esq. of Summer Hill, near Wrexham.—The Rev. Lloyd Jones, of Ruabon, Denbighshire, 88.—At Abergavenny, J. Morgan, esq.—At Wrexham, Mr. Shepherd, 67.

SCOTLAND.

Death of the Esquimaux.—On the 14th. inst. died, at Edinburgh, John Sackhouse, aged 22, a native of the west coast of Greenland. The Esquimaux has occupied a considerable share of the public attention, and his loss will be generally felt. He had already rendered important services to the country in the late Expedition of Discovery, and great expectations were naturally formed of the utility which he would prove on the expedition about to sail for Baffin's Bay. The Admiralty, with great liberality and judgment, had directed the greatest pains to be taken in his further education, and he had been several months in Edinburgh with this view, when he was seized with a violent inflammation in the chest, which carried him off in a few days. He was extremely docile, and though rather slow in the attainment of knowledge, he was industrious, zealous, and cheerful, and always grateful for the kindness and attention shewn to him. His amiable disposition and simple manners had interested those who had opportunities of knowing him personally in a way that will not soon be forgotten. To the public his loss, we fear, is irreparable—to his friends it is doubly severe. Just before his death, the poor Esquimaux said he knew he was going to die; that his father and mother had died in the same way; and that his sister, who was the last of all his relations, had just appeared to him, and called him away!

Births.] At Aberdeen, Mrs. Barclay, of a daughter.—At Monteith, the Lady of Sir W. Maxwell, bart. of a son.—At Edinburgh, the lady of C. H. Basely, esq. of a son.—The Lady of Sir R. Dick, bart. of Prestonfield, of a son.—At Leigh Fort, the lady of Lieut.-Col Walker, of a daughter.—At Crailling House, the lady of James Paton, esq. of a son.—At Birkenbog, the lady of R. Marquis, esq. of a son.

Married.] At Edinburgh, W. second son of the Hon. M. Fortescue, to Isabel B. Christie, of Durie, Fifeshire.—At Cardonald, M. McCulloch, esq. of Bulgray, to Miss Elizabeth Newham.—At Drumsheugh House, G. Forbes, esq. to Mary, eldest daughter of Sir John Hay, bart.—At Annan, James Ferguson, esq. to Margaret Lowther, of that place.—At Kilgruston, Capt. Lindsay, of Balcarras, to Miss Ann Grant, of the former place.—At Leith, Capt. Robert Muckle, to Elizabeth Campbell, of Leith.—At the Mance of Carnock, the Rev. Peter Cosens, to Catherine, only daughter of the Rev. A. Thomson, of that place.—At Glendonon, J. M. Mackenzie, esq. to M. Clarke.

Died.] At Edinburgh, Mrs. M. Rowland, widow of F. Rowland, esq. late a Captain in the 84th regt. of Foot, 41.—W. Lindley, esq. of Doncaster, 80.—The Rev. Robert Robertson, of Ednam.—At West Linton, Alexander Daziel, esq.—At Dundee, Col. J. Crow.—At Riccarton, James Hay, 114.—Lady Elizabeth Boyle, daughter of the Earl of Glasgow.—At Arkleton, near Longholme, John Jardine, esq.

IRELAND.

Fire in Dublin.—Late a fire was discovered at the Nunnery, in Ranelagh, which entirely consumed the chapel of that institution, also all the priest's vestments, communion plate, &c. The damages are es-

timated at 1200l. Several engines arrived but too late to save the chapel.

Births.] At Monasterewan, the lady of the Rev. C. Moore, of a daughter.—At Dublin, the Countess of Longford, of a son.—At Hollymount House, Mayo, the lady of Thomas Spencer Lindsey, esq. of a daughter.—At Rochelle, near Cork, the lady of William Charles Calow, esq. of a son.

Married.] The Rev. Wm. Cleaver, eldest son of the Archbishop of Dublin, to Mary, second daughter of Sir Digby Mackworth, bart.—At Rathdowney, Queen's County, Capt. Rankin, to Sarah Elizabeth, only daughter of the Rev. Marcus Monk, Chaplain to his Royal Highness the Prince Regent.—Richard Smyth Condon, esq. of Kilsannel-house, County of Limerick, to Mary, second daughter of Major L. Sanders, of Kilcarron, Queen's County.—Maxwell Percy, esq. of Crawduff, near Downpatrick, to Susannah, youngest daughter of Mr. John M. Bride, of Moneyland.—John Barber, jun. esq. of Plantation, Lishburn, to Eliza Sarah, only daughter of Joseph Nicholson, esq. of Seafeld Kilkeel.

Died.] Sir Roger Palmer, bart. of Ballyshannon.—At Crumblin, Mr. Abraham Muirhead, 110.—At Ardmore, John Geddes, esq.—At Dublin, Richard Deace, esq. surgeon and professor of anatomy.—In Tralee, John Busted, esq.—In Clonmel, E. Kellat, esq. lieut. D. G.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The Letter of Veritas has been received; but to notice the calumnies to which he adverts against the character of the late M. G. Lewis, Esq. would be, in some degree, to admit that they had emanated from a source sufficiently respectable to entitle them to a serious reflection. We would, therefore, suggest that they be suffered to die in the unwholesome page which gave them existence, as carrying with them abundant evidence of their atrocity, to render them self-subverted, and as having proceeded from too despicable a quarter to merit contradiction or animadversion.

The observations contained in the letter from Godshill have been anticipated by several of the daily prints. We are already in possession of an able refutation of W. Jenkin's objections to the Newtonian System, which will appear next month.

The "Narcissus," who has written two copies of verses on the perusal of his own "soft and enticing lays," will meet with no "Echo" in the pages of the New Monthly Magazine.

Our Cambrian friend, T. R. has our thanks: occasional notices, similar to those he has forwarded, will be acceptable.

A. R.—Philo-graphicus—L.—B. W.—S.—P.—in our next.

We have received several poetical pieces of real excellence, which shall be attended to as speedily as our limits will permit. The verses of J. P. K. have much merit; they may probably be inserted in a future Number; if not be has our best wishes.

It is quite impossible for us to comply with such requests as those preferred in the letter from Dunbar. We find our time sufficiently occupied, without transcribing from published works for the benefit of our correspondents.

The manuscript of "Night" has been unfortunately mislaid, it is, however, recovered, and will certainly appear next month.

We thank our friend at Leeds, but we do not wish to break a spear with so contemptible an antagonist.

We are under the necessity of postponing until our next publication, W. C.'s observations on Sir John Leicester's splendid gallery of paintings, and on the superb collection of Turner's drawings, on view, by tickets, at the house of Walter Fawkes, Esq. of Farley.

Among other articles unavoidably postponed for want of room, are, a Memoir of the late Mr. Elgdon—Observations on Campbell's Specimens of British Poets, and Remarks on Mr. Mudie's grand series of National Medals.



Portrait by Henry Meyer from an original miniature.

LADY CAROLINE LAMB.

Portrait by Henry Meyer from an original miniature.

THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. 64.]

MAY 1, 1819.

[VOL. XI.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

ON THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF
CLEOPATRA. BY MADAME LA
BARONNE DE STAEL HOLSTEIN.

CLEOPATRA, Queen of Egypt, was the daughter of Ptolemy XII. (Auletes). By her father's will she became, at the age of seventeen, heiress to the throne, conjointly with her brother Ptolemy XIII. to whom, according to the Egyptian custom, she was to be married. Being older than her brother, she thought herself entitled to wield the sceptre alone; but the young king, instigated by his courtiers, attempted to exclude Cleopatra from the throne; and the princess was under the necessity of retiring to Syria, where she levied an army to march against her brother. About this period, Pompey was assassinated by order of Ptolemy; and Cæsar, though he had little cause to regret being delivered from so powerful an adversary, conceived the deepest hatred and contempt towards the Egyptian prince. Cæsar possessed virtues and passions, which frequently carried him away even from the views of his own interest; and he succeeded in his enterprises rather through genius than calculation. Ptolemy Auletes had appointed the Roman people tutor to his children. Cæsar, in his quality of dictator, assumed the power of exercising every authority, and declared himself the arbiter of the differences existing between Ptolemy and Cleopatra. The princess anxiously wished to dispatch to Alexandria some individual competent to take up her defence; but Cæsar advised her to proceed thither herself without delay. Fearing lest she might be recognised on entering the city, she requested Apollodotus, the friend in whom she reposed most confidence, to wrap her up in a carpet, and thus convey her unobserved into Cæsar's chamber. By this bold stratagem she won the heart of the conqueror.

According to Plutarch, Appian of Alexandria, and Dion Cassius, Cleopatra was not strikingly beautiful; but her talent and grace diffused so many charms over her person, that it was impossible not to admire her. She spoke several languages, possessed extensive general knowledge, and, above all, excelled in the art of pleasing. Her oriental educa-

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tion had imbued her with a taste for magnificence, which subdued the imagination; and, from her constant relations with Greece, she had acquired the more potent charms of the language and seductions of that nation. Cæsar was so enchanted with her, that, on the following day, he insisted that her brother should divide the throne, and become reconciled to her. The young prince was astonished to learn that Cleopatra had visited the palace of Cæsar, and well knowing the means by which she had seduced her judge, he immediately hastened to the city, declaring that he was betrayed. He thus excited an insurrection, which Cæsar was only enabled to quell, by proving to the people that he had merely executed the will of Ptolemy. But the eunuch Pothinus, whose plans were frustrated by this reconciliation, in concert with Achilles, an Egyptian general, secretly advanced with a number of troops to surprise Cæsar, who was attended only by a small force. Though besieged in his palace, the dictator defended himself until, by receiving a reinforcement from Syria, he defeated the Egyptians. This occasioned the death of Ptolemy, who, from the mortification of this defeat, drowned himself in the Nile. Then Cæsar was enabled to crown Cleopatra without opposition; he placed her on the throne, and having given her in marriage to her younger brother, who was then only eleven years of age, he departed, though reluctantly, to subdue the remains of Pompey's party. Shortly afterwards Cleopatra was delivered of a son, whom she named Cæsarion. On her return to Rome (46 years A.C.) Cæsar received her, together with her youthful husband, in his own palace; he classed them among the friends of the Roman people, and placed golden statues of Cleopatra beside those of Venus, in the temple which he erected to the Goddess of Love. These honors gave offence to the Romans. The Queen of Egypt shortly after returned to her own states, where, in order to become absolute mistress of the kingdom, she administered poison to Ptolemy, who had, by that time, attained his fourteenth year.

When the death of Cæsar gave rise
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to a new civil war in the Roman empire, Cleopatra was accused of having aided Brutus and Cassius; and Mark Antony, when on the point of departing for the Parthian war, ordered her to proceed to Cilicia to explain her conduct. It would appear that Cleopatra, on this occasion, devoted her attention more to the means of pleasing, than to her justification. She embarked on board a gilded vessel, fitted up with purple sails. The queen herself, magnificently dressed, reclined on a sofa near the stern, surrounded by a group of children, representing the Loves: her women, all remarkable for their beauty, were attired as Nereids, and stationed on different parts of the deck. A concert of flutes and lyres made the air resound with enchanting harmony; whilst the most fragrant incense was burned in vases of silver. Thus, as Venus rose from the bosom of the ocean, Cleopatra sailed up the Cydnus, to visit the conqueror of Asia.

The banks of the river were lined by an immense concourse of spectators, whom the music, the perfumes, and the beauty of the queen, filled with admiration. Cleopatra landed at Tarsus amidst universal enthusiasm. Antony, who was then sitting in judgment at the tribunal, surrounded by his lictors, ordered Cleopatra to be conducted before him; but this the queen begged permission to decline, urging, in excuse, the fatigue she had encountered on her journey; at the same time requesting that Antony would himself partake of a banquet on board of her vessel. She entertained him with the utmost magnificence; and, when Antony in his turn invited her, he made useless efforts to excel her in point of splendour. He was speedily seduced by her charms, and his passion for her was more violent than Cæsar's, for it occasioned his ruin. What must ever be a subject of reproach to Cleopatra is, that she emasculated the character of Antony. Though she evinced greatness of mind under some circumstances of her life, yet she did not place her own glory in the reputation of the object of her choice; she invariably preferred herself to her lover, which, in a woman, is always a bad calculation, as well as an unworthy sentiment. Antony renounced, for the meanwhile, the projected expedition against the Parthians, and followed her to Egypt, where they spent the winter in a continued series of entertainments. Conforming to the taste of Mark Antony, the daughter of the Ptolemies shared with him

the most refined pleasures, as well as the most ignoble amusements: she accompanied him in his hunting parties, played at dice, and rode through the streets with him to hear the language of the populace of Alexandria, who were celebrated for their talent for railery.

At length Antony was obliged to quit Egypt; his disputes with Octavius called him back to Italy, where the reconciliation of the two rivals restored momentary peace to the world, and Antony married Octavia, without ceasing to love Cleopatra. The events which succeeded prevented him for several years from visiting Egypt; but after his unfortunate expedition against the Parthians, about 30 years A. C., in which he was on the point of experiencing the fate of Cæsus, Cleopatra proceeded in quest of him to Phœnicia, where he had assembled the wreck of his army, and the two lovers once more departed for Egypt. Forgetting all his vows to Octavia, all his duty towards his wife, Antony again fell a victim to intemperance, and the caprice of Cleopatra. Wishing to entertain her with the spectacle of a triumph, and having by some stratagem, taken prisoner Artabazus, king of Armenia, he presented him in chains before Cleopatra. On this occasion he gave a banquet to the Roman people in the Gymnasium, where he caused several thrones of gold to be erected, two of which were elevated above the rest for Cleopatra and himself. He proclaimed Cæsarion sovereign of Egypt and Cyprus, conjointly with his mother; and, disposing of the kingdoms which he might afterwards conquer, he named the states which were to be shared among the children he had had by the queen. As Cleopatra took a pride in protecting learning, he conveyed to Alexandria the rich library which Eumenes had collected at Pergamus, consisting of nearly two hundred thousand volumes. By these arrangements Antony created to himself many enemies at Rome; Augustus, in particular, irritated at the powerful assistance which Cleopatra afforded to the interests of his rival, declared war against her in an assembly of the people. Thus the name of a woman resounded throughout the vast empire of the Romans. Every thing seemed to announce a civil war, and Antony accordingly assembled an army and quitted Egypt.

Cleopatra followed him to Greece. Athens granted the highest honors to her; and Antony prided himself in ap-

pearing before the princess as a citizen of Athens, to present to her the homage of its inhabitants. Horace calls Cleopatra a *fatal prodigy*. Her ascendancy over Antony was absolute, and she even rendered it subservient to the gratification of her hateful passions, by putting to death at Ephesus her sister Arsinoë, of whom she was jealous. Yet Antony would never marry her, either because he could not resolve to sacrifice his wife Octavia, who was a mediating angel between him and Octavius, or because he did not wish to incur the animadversions of the Romans, who could not endure that one of their citizens should marry a foreigner. Some of Antony's letters are preserved, in which he speaks lightly of his connection with Cleopatra, hoping to conceal, by feigned indifference, the power she really possessed over him. At length the day arrived when that fatal power became manifest, namely: at the battle of Actium, between Mark Antony and Octavius Cæsar, when, to use the language of Propertius, "the forces of the universe contended against each other."

Cleopatra, accustomed to the luxurious manners of the East, was unable to brave the perils of war; and though she still possessed sufficient energy to put a period to her existence, yet terror overcame her in the scene of conflict. She ordered her vessel to be put ashore, and the sixty Egyptian gallees of the fleet immediately sailed after her. On seeing this, Antony could not refrain from following her; he went on board her vessel, but he was no sooner there, than, overwhelmed with shame and regret, he placed himself near the helm, covered his face with his hands, and was three days without addressing a single word to her for whom he had sacrificed all. However, on his arrival at Alexandria, he again participated in all the amusements which Cleopatra prepared for him. They and their friends were termed the *inimitable band of life*; but that title was soon changed for a Greek term, signifying *those who are resolved to die altogether*.

Cleopatra well knew the situation of Antony, and the increasing success of Octavius banished all illusion with respect to the future. Whilst, therefore, she was passing her life amidst festivities, and lavishing on Mark Antony all the enjoyments of luxury and the fine arts, she was making experiments of the effect of various poisons on animals, and even on her slaves, in order to ascertain

which would occasion death with least pain. There were, among the ancients, many instances of this union of seriousness and frivolity, which made them voluptuously enjoy existence whilst they prepared for death. As they had no hopes beyond the grave, they exhausted the cup of life without endeavouring to prepare, by meditation, for the immortality of the soul. With Cleopatra, coquetry was a grand art, consisting of all the resources of policy, royal magnificence, and poetic cultivation of mind. All the resolution she possessed was summoned in the dangers she encountered through her desire to please; she exposed herself to love, as a man would to the perils of war, and, like an intrepid general, she prepared to die if fortune should not favour her hazardous destiny. Some historians assert that Cleopatra was in secret negotiation with Octavius, and that she betrayed Antony. It is impossible to imagine that a woman who could entirely dispose of a character so devoted as that of Antony, could wish to see him replaced by the subtle Octavius; though it is probable she sought to bring about a reconciliation with the conqueror. It would have been more noble to have wished for none; but she had children, and was anxious to preserve the throne for them; besides, the character of Cleopatra was personal, and she rendered subservient to her ambition all the gifts with which nature had endowed her. It is well known from what motives she first became attached to Julius Cæsar. She next gained to her interest Sextus Pompey, who was for a short time master of the sea. She exerted every effort to please Mark Antony, and, from his weakness she obtained all. Had she found the same dispositions in Octavius, it is probable she would not have resolved to die by her own hand. She conceived the gigantic enterprize of conveying her ships by land across the Isthmus of Suez to the Arabian Gulf, whence she might embark for India; some of her vessels reached the destined point, but they were immediately burnt by the Arabians.

Meanwhile Octavius advanced to Egypt by the way of Syria. Cleopatra built near the temple of Isis, at Alexandria, a monument, in which she concealed her treasure, and which she intended should become her tomb. The Egyptian sovereigns wished to contend against death, by preparing, in this world, an almost eternal asylum for their ashes. When Antony was defeated in

his last battle with Octavius, Cleopatra immured herself in the edifice which contained all her riches, and circulated a report of her death, in order that Antony's love for her might no longer attach him to life. On hearing this fatal news Antony stabbed himself; but as he did not immediately expire, he had time to learn that Cleopatra still lived, and he ordered his attendants to convey him to the asylum she had chosen. But Cleopatra was an egotist even in the tomb, and she would not suffer the doors to be opened lest the satellites of Octavius might force an entrance; and with the assistance of her women she contrived to introduce the dying Antony at the window. She bestowed on him the tenderest care; and of these two illustrious, but unhappy lovers, one at least had the happiness of dying in the arms of the other. Octavius was, above all things, desirous of taking Cleopatra prisoner, that she might follow his triumphal car on his arrival at Rome. By some stratagem his soldiers at length succeeded in entering the monument to which she had retired. She attempted to kill herself, but was prevented by the Roman soldiers, who watched over her with barbarous vigilance. She entreated that Octavius Cæsar would permit her to render funeral honours to Mark Antony: he granted her request. To render them magnificent, she exhausted all her remaining treasures, and sacrificed the dearest of all, her beauty, for she covered her face and bosom with wounds whilst lamenting over the tomb of Antony. In this situation she was visited by Octavius; she was stretched on a couch, the bloom had forsaken her cheeks, and her lips were pallid and trembling. On beholding the sovereign of the world she recollected the Great Cæsar, who had been enslaved by her charms, whilst her presence revived the same recollection in the mind of his successor.

There are some women in whom the desire of pleasing outlives every other passion. It is probable that Cleopatra wished to captivate Octavius, notwithstanding her regret for the loss of Antony. She was a woman neither entirely sincere nor entirely artful; a mixture of tenderness and vanity gave her a two-fold character, like all who are powerfully agitated by the passions of life. Be this as it may, the charms of Cleopatra made no impression on Octavius; there was nothing of an involuntary nature in his mind, and he maintained by prudence

what Cæsar had acquired by enterprize. Octavius spent some time in conversation with Cleopatra; but neither her entreaties nor her grace could avert the cruel designs he had formed against her. He, however, sought to disguise them; and she, on her part, carefully concealed her resolution of dying: it is therefore impossible that they could be pleasing to each other, since they were mutually practising deceit.

Cleopatra, being informed that Octavius intended to carry her away with him in a few days, requested permission to take a last farewell of the remains of Antony. She threw herself on his tomb, and pressing to her bosom the stone which covered his ashes, she uttered the following words, which are preserved by Plutarch:—"Alas! my dearest Antony, I once performed your funeral honours with free hands, but now I am a prisoner; satellites watch over me and prevent me from dying, in order that this captive form may be exhibited in the triumphal procession which Octavius has prepared to celebrate your defeat; henceforth hope for no funeral honours, these are the last that Cleopatra can bestow. Whilst we both lived, nothing on earth had power to separate us; but after death we are in danger of making a sad exchange of sepulchres. You, who were a Roman citizen, have found a grave in Alexandria; whilst I, unhappy queen, must find one in your country. But if the gods of your nation have not forsaken you as mine have done, let me find an asylum in your tomb, that I may thus escape the disgrace which is prepared for me. Oh! receive me, dearest Antony! for of all the misfortunes I have endured, the greatest is separation from you." Her prayer was heard. She obtained permission to have some flowers conveyed to her, among which an asp was concealed, and the sting of the reptile at once freed her from life and the outrage which the pride of Octavius had prepared for her. Her women, Ira and Charmion, stabbed themselves and died with her. Among the ancients, an illustrious individual seldom expired alone; the attachment of servants towards their masters threw a lustre over slavery, by giving it the character of devotedness. Cleopatra died at the age of thirty-nine, having reigned twenty-two years, and fourteen with Antony. Octavius caused an image of Cleopatra, with an asp on her arm, to be carried in his triumph; but he allowed her to be

interred with Antony, and perhaps this act of delicate piety appeased the manes of his unfortunate enemies.

NEWTONIAN THEORY.

MR. EDITOR,

IT has been so much the fashion of late to attack the Newtonian system, that, like the Logierian controversy amongst the flats and sharps, I suppose we shall soon have Newtonian buttons, and Philippian buttons, to distinguish the disciples of the knight of the last and the knight of the present century, the Sir Isaac, and the Sir Richard, or Sir Philip, by whichever name the latter ought to be designated.

This doughty civic chevalier seems indeed to have found what is vulgarly termed "a mare's nest," in some work upon spherics or projectiles, which has puzzled himself so that he must endeavour to puzzle all mankind *likewise*; but as there are some *a little wiser*, they cannot help laughing to see him astride upon a curve, like Iris on a rainbow, and spluttering about his ordinates, semi-ordinates, forces, &c. like the projected shell whose course he is describing, and like which also he will burst and dissipate in smoke, if there is fire enough in either end of him, his head or his heels, to kindle the fuse.

He indeed shuts his eyes to every fact connected with the doctrine of gravitation but *one*, and attacks the complicated system of the solar theory by an insulated experiment of a body projected from the earth's surface, and returning again to that surface—a proceeding so palpably absurd, that he is really *unanswerable* upon any principle of philosophical reasoning, or even of common sense. Him I shall therefore leave to those who can be bewildered or benighted with his vagaries, for as *he* is unanswerable so are they likewise *inconvincible*; not so your new correspondent W. Jenkins, (No. 62, p. 108; March 1819), the plausibility of whose objections to the Newtonian explanation of the facts connected with the elliptical orbits of the planets round the sun, may stagger, at first sight, even those conversant with astronomical reasoning, and has evidently had that effect upon himself, so that I feel myself called upon, merely as an individual, and not as a professed astronomer, to investigate his objections and endeavour to refute them. This, however, will require some close reasoning; but I shall attempt it in the

plainest manner consistent with the subject, premising that, from the tenor of W. J.'s communication, I shall consider him as admitting every phenomenon of planetary motion described in the Newtonian theory, he merely denying that these phenomena are caused by the centripetal and centrifugal forces, or rather in his own words—"The plain inference is, the existence of centrifugal force and the sun's attraction absolutely precludes elliptical motion; and the existence of elliptical motion absolutely precludes the existence of centrifugal force, and of the sun's attraction."

To investigate this dilemma I presume the latter part is that which I have to encounter; and the elliptical motion, with all its mathematical consequences, being established by astronomical facts and the constant daily fulfilment of astronomical calculations, and indeed evidently admitted by W. J. (for he calls for a defence of *gravity*) I now stand forward in defence of attraction and gravity, and of the application of centrifugal and centripetal forces to explain the phenomena of the planetary orbits; but, for the sake of simplicity, confining my reasoning to that of the Earth, with its alterations of absolute distance, its accelerations and retardations of motion with differences of mean and apparent time, &c. I shall not quarrel with W. J. about the word *gravity*; but I must maintain the fact, that in all material bodies which come under the immediate operation of our senses, there is a *something* which makes them approach each other under particular circumstances, when different names are given to it. Newton calls it gravity. Since his day, we see it under peculiar modifications called electric attraction, chemical affinity, &c.

For instance, two pieces of cork, of unequal sizes, if put into a vessel of still water, will either approach each other towards the centre, or recede from each other towards the sides, as they may be originally placed nearer to or further from each other. Here is motion, without any apparent artificial cause; we may therefore designate that power, which is only known by its effects, *inherent*; in one case, moving the cork balls towards each other, as if repelled by the sides, in the other, moving them from each other as if attracted by the sides, and thus presenting the phenomena of attraction and repulsion, considered by Newton as the effects of gravitation,

which combines in itself the power of *attracting* and of being *attracted*.

The same principle appears to have operated in the experiments tried upon the plummet near Ben Nevis, in Scotland. When suspended in the centre of an immense plain, it hung perpendicular to the horizontal line determined by a spirit level. When brought near to the mountain, it deviated from that line, diverging from the perpendicular towards the mountain.

These are not insulated facts, at war with all other natural phenomena like Sir Richard's misapplication of the projectile curve, but are really in unison with all hydrostatic, hydraulic, electric, magnetic, galvanic, and chemical experiments, which have hitherto been tried; and they may, therefore, be applied by a fair analogy to the material objects in the heavens, that are visible to our eyes, though not absolutely cognizable by our other senses (with the exception of the sun's heat) provided they will stand the test of mathematical investigation.

Thus far the way is cleared. A power is shewn to exist in the matter of this earth, in addition to other powers which we know experimentally to be inherent or existent in that matter, such as its capability of receiving motion in various directions, the retardation or acceleration, and the stoppage of that motion, the tendency to fly from the centre of motion when its direction is circular, together with all the varieties of curves, or lines between a right line and the segment of a circle.

The inferences drawn from these facts Newton considers as laws. He applies them as universal laws to the illustration of proved astronomical phenomena. Let us now see how far they are impugned by W. J.'s "arguments;"—but first let us examine those arguments, to see if they are correctly put; for, if they do not embrace the whole facts, if the facts omitted are in opposition to their tenor, then the inferences and dilemmas drawn from them must fall to the ground, and nothing will remain for me to do but to explain mathematically the Newtonian principle and its mode of action.

The first position, that "there can be no progression from inferiority, without arriving at a point of equality," is perfectly true, if applied to a body moving in a right line on the earth's surface, and impelled in opposite directions by two *artificial* forces. Thus, if I have twelve horses of equal power and speed, and

yoke nine of them to a cart to draw it from Hyde Park Corner to Brentford, yoking the other three so as to draw in an opposite direction, then it can only advance with a power of six. If I move another horse behind, it will advance with a power of five. If I put six behind, the cart will most certainly stand still; but if the experiment should be tried upon a hilly road, and the equalization of the horses, the two *artificial* powers, should take place just after turning the brow of an eminence, then the cart will descend, notwithstanding the equality of artificial forces. It will descend, not by the application or acquisition of a *new* power, but by its relative position to the earth's surface allowing an *inherent* existing power to change its line of action, which pointed directly to the earth's centre on the level road: the centre of gravity of the cart being then in the centre of motion, but now thrown out of that point on the slope of the hill. Just, in fact, as a coach without horses will stand still at the Elephant and Castle, but will descend towards Brighton, if placed upon the southern face of Reigate hill!

But the truth of the first axiom, in such a case, does not prove its applicability to the earth's motion; for that is not in a right line but circular or elliptical; not with two powers drawing always in direct opposition, both of which are *artificial*, but with one *inherent*, the centripetal, the other *artificial*, the centrifugal, as I shall presently demonstrate; not subject to two opposite motions only, but acted on by THREE—the centripetal, which is *inherent*—the projectile, which is perhaps inherent, perhaps the result of absolute shape and density;*—and the centrifugal, resulting from the projectile, and artificial therefore most indubitably.

But the whole of W. J.'s objections, in his four axioms, are founded upon the consideration of two motions only, the centripetal and centrifugal, the projectile being left out of the account; when in fact the centrifugal cannot exist until the projectile puts it in action, or creates it, increasing or diminishing according

* Let W. J. put a lemon or an orange in a vase of water, placing it under the receiver of an air-pump, the fruit remaining at rest. Let him exhaust and admit the air alternately, and he will see the fruit ascend and descend, and acquire a motion on its axis absolutely rotatory in regard to itself.

to the rapidity or slowness of orbicular motion, tempered by the *centripetal* or *gravity*.

This is surely sufficient answer to W. J.'s objections, inasmuch as their very basis rests upon incorrect assumptions; but as the object of the writer of this essay is *truth*, and not mere *victory*, he will proceed further in the investigation, especially as W. J., in summing up, does advert to the *artificial* production of the centrifugal force, and indeed reasons very fairly and very judiciously under the impression which has elicited his objections, but which impression, being erroneous, must naturally beget erroneous inferences.

Let W. J. then, or your other readers, Mr. Editor, keeping these facts in view, refer to any astronomical figure illustrative of the earth's orbit, or construct a figure of which the longest diameter, or the line of the apsides, reaching from the aphelion to the perihelion, shall be at least twelve inches in length, forming the ellipsis with just sufficient eccentricity to show its difference from a circle. On such a scale, perhaps half an inch will be sufficient distance between the two centres of the ellipsis, and will be a sufficient approximation to the real proportions of the earth's orbit. Let the upper end of the longest diameter be marked A, for aphelion, the lower P, for perihelion; let the lower centre be marked S, for sun, through which draw a line at right angles with A P, until it touches both sides of the ellipsis, marking E to the right and I to the left.* Now E will represent the earth's place at the vernal equinox; let him therefore take from S to E in his compasses, and with one foot resting on S sweep a circle, which will come within the ellipsis at A, and extend just as far beyond it at P, shewing what the earth's orbit would be, provided the mean equinoctial distance always remained the same, and demonstrating that the excess of distance at aphelion, and also diminution of distance at perihelion, is exactly equal to the eccentricity of the orbit, or to the distance that the sun is from the point cut by the transverse and conjugate diameters. Then let him continue the longest diameter, by dots, from A to

R; then with S A in his compasses, and one foot on S, sweep an arch through A, which will go outside the ellipsis, marking its extremes M N; next with S P, and one foot on S, sweep an arch through P, which will fall inside of the ellipsis, marking its extremes O Q. The ellipsis and right lines he may blacken; and the circle with the two arcs may be dotted.

Now to say in what part of the ellipsis the earth was when first starting into rotatory and projectile motion, whether projected from a sun turning upon its axis, or brought within his attraction,* is far beyond our knowledge: but to explain the theory, let us suppose it at rest at A, with gravity impelling or drawing it in the line A S. But it receives a projectile motion in a right line from A, and then up starts the *centrifugal* force—let us see its mode of operation.

Now if the centrifugal were precisely equal to the centripetal, at the moment *after* starting into motion, and *continued so*, the earth would proceed in the direction A M, being part of a circle of which S A is the diameter, but which it does not do. That they were not precisely equal at the earth's first starting into motion may be fairly argued from the fact † of the centripetal being an inherent force, whilst the centrifugal is an artificial one just commencing and arising out of the commencement of circumrotatory motion; but I shall come to further proofs as we continue the discussion.

Again, if they were precisely equal, and *did not continue so*, then if the centrifugal force gained the difference, *ad infinitum*, the earth would fly off in a curve beyond the segment of the circle A M, constantly going off from the sun, which it does not do. It is evident, therefore, that either of these two cases could not exist at the moment of starting.

But if they were precisely equal, and *did not continue so*, then the centripetal force was the gainer *ad infinitum*, then the earth would describe a curve within

* The writer had prepared a figure rather more complicated and illustrative than this, but the size of the page precludes its adoption.

* If W. J. will consult the first and second numbers of the N. M. M. he will find some curious facts in a defence of the Mosaic Theory.

† W. J. may here say this is only an *assumed* fact; and I have no objection to grant the term in this part of the illustration.

the segment of circle $A M$, and at last fly to the sun, which it does not do.

It follows, then, that if both the centripetal and centrifugal forces existed, and were equal at starting, that equality did not continue; and it also follows, that if they existed and were unequal, that precise inequality could not continue.

Again, if neither centripetal nor centrifugal forces existed at starting, then, though the centrifugal would evidently be generated by the projectile, agreeable to the Newtonian theory, and as $W. J.$ may feel, by swinging a musket ball round his head at the end of a sling, there is no known operation of nature or property of matter that would generate a centripetal force, which we must consequently either allow to be inherent, or deny its existence; but that a centripetal force, or something equivalent to it, does exist, is evident from the earth being retained within the circle $A M$ in all parts of its orbit (supposing $A M N$ to be completed) though sometimes approaching to, and sometimes receding from, that imaginary circle.

Here then starts the Newtonian theory, which I shall exemplify by the preconceived figure in as few words as possible.

The earth at A , and at rest, possesses a centripetal force increasing or diminishing as it approaches or recedes from the sun. It receives a projectile motion, and proceeds along the portion of the ellipsis $A I$, acquiring a centrifugal force in its progress, which centrifugal force increases from nothing to a certain sum at I . In the mean time the centripetal force increases, for $S I$ is shorter than $S A$, and of course the earth, now in its autumnal equinox, is nearer to the sun than when it was at A , the aphelion, or summer solstice. It is evident, also, that the centrifugal force has increased in a greater ratio than the centripetal has done, because the rapidity of the revolving motion has been gradually increasing from A to I in a greater proportion than the absolute diminution of distance of the earth and sun, which gradual increase of rapidity is proved by the established facts of the equation of time.

But still the centripetal and centrifugal forces are not equal at I ; for if they were, and continued so, the earth would move, as $W. J.$ himself objects, in a circle; but in what circle?—Why in the dotted circle already directed, from I towards P ; a circle of which $S I$, or

the mean equinoctial distance, would be the radius.*

But the earth moves in a curve within that circle; and it is evident, therefore, that the centripetal still predominates, until it arrives at P , when it is in perihelion, or the winter solstice, being then nearest to the sun, as $S P$ is shorter than $S I$. But here, by the Newtonian theory, the centripetal and centrifugal forces are equal. *Here also is the point of $W. J.$'s objection*, who says, that now being equal (and denying any possible increase or superiority of centrifugal over centripetal) they must move in a circle. But in what circle? Why in the arch of a circle $P Q$, within the ellipsis, of which $S P$ is the diameter, and consequently if Q is continued until it reaches the equinoctial diameter $I E$, it would fall considerably within the point E , or the vernal equinox, and so come nearer to the sun, turning the ellipsis into a circle, which would make the aphelion and perihelion distances equal. But the earth does move in an ellipsis, and not in a circle, as $W. J.$ acknowledges (I believe) and as astronomical facts and calculations prove; for the rapid increase of the earth's motion, and the increase of centrifugal force from I to P are established, and can be accounted for upon the elliptical theory; and as facts prove that the earth does not proceed in the dotted circle of equality $P Q$, but in a curve beyond it, $P E$, constantly receding from the dotted arch $P Q$, until it reaches E the vernal equinox, so does the Newtonian theory say, that at P the centrifugal force, having a ratio of increase from A to P beyond the ratio of centripetal, there equals it. It is evident, also, that the centrifugal must now begin to surpass the centripetal, because the line of actual motion diverges beyond the dotted circle: but not because they both go on increasing, as $W. J.$'s objections argue, but because they both begin to diminish in an inverse ratio to their increase from A to P .

Thus—the earth moving from P to E increases its distance (and loses a portion of its centripetal force, or, in other words, the sun's attraction diminishes) its increased distance proceeding from the orbicular motion and centrifugal force; which latter force being equal to

* I say nothing at present of the vector, radius, or radius of motion always changing in length, in various parts of the orbit, but always going over equal spaces in equal times, by the law of Kepler.

the centripetal at P, and not diminishing so rapidly as the centripetal, aided by the increased but decreasing momentum, now acquires a relative superiority, though in a state of actual decrease.

That the centripetal force diminishes more rapidly from P to E, than it increased from A to I, is mathematically demonstrable by the measurement of the vector radius. That the centrifugal does not decrease so rapidly in ratio from P to E as it increased from A to I, but only in the inverse ratio from I to P, is also demonstrable from the figure and from equation of time.

Hence the centrifugal force at E surpasses the centripetal, just as much as the centripetal surpassed it at I; but both in a less quantity of actual power than they possessed at P, where they were equal.

Hence the earth ascending from the vernal equinox to the summer solstice, or aphelion at A, instead of proceeding in a dotted circle, of which S E is the radius, is carried by centrifugal force and momentum beyond it. But the centripetal force still diminishes, as does also the centrifugal; with this remarkable difference, however, that as the ratio of acquired centrifugal increase was greatest from A to P, so that it overtook the centripetal, its decrease is now the greatest, and at A it again becomes a minimum.

It has indeed been objected, that if even a small portion of centrifugal force remains at A, after the first revolution, that would increase from year to year, and hence the distance from the sun would annually increase from the accumulation of centrifugal powers, nay, that the centrifugal would overtake the centripetal sooner in the orbit every year; with other extraordinary phenomena, which would indubitably be the case, if the earth and sun were the only bodies in the system. But when we recollect that there are several others, all moving in unequal ellipses, or orbits of different eccentricities, so that the sun's actual place, as forming one elliptical centre of each orbit, is actually a mean of the whole, that difficulty vanishes; the apprehended irregularities of one planet being corrected by the gradual and constant correction of the whole system.

I must again repeat that the Newtonian theory does not suppose the earth, or comet, to approach the sun after equality of centripetal and centrifugal forces. On the contrary, it proves incontestably, that from whatever point

in the orbit the earth is, or was first put into motion, the vector radius there must be equal to the longer apsis or aphelion distance—that in proceeding to the perihelion it acquires an accelerating velocity and accelerating momentum, which act *with* the centripetal force until the moment of equality, when the projectile force, still acting in a tangent to the line of motion, causes the accelerated momentum to act *with* the centrifugal force, the vector radius augmenting and forming an obtuse angle with the direction of motion, decomposing the force of gravity, and continually diminishing in velocity and momentum until it reaches the aphelion, when they are at a minimum, and its course begins anew. I must also add, that W. J.'s objection respecting the sum total of centrifugal force at the perihelion is incorrectly put. Though the centrifugal force increases from aphelion to equality at perihelion, in the ratio of a shortening radius, still there is a surplus force acting on the earth, and now at its maximum, being the increased momentum from accelerated velocity, added to the original projectile impetus, sufficient fully to the theory, without supposing the generation of any new external impulse.

Yours, L.

JOURNAL OF A TOUR IN ENGLAND IN 1815-16, FROM MS. NOTES OF THE ARCHDUKES JOHN AND LEWIS OF AUSTRIA.

(Continued from p. 17, Vol. X.)

FROM Holyrood House we were taken to the Register Office, where the public and family archives of Scotland are preserved. This establishment prevents many lawsuits, by the careful preservation of all family writings. The most ancient of the documents here is of the year 1405, and of the reign of King David. An aged woman, who understands how to render old faded manuscripts legible, is employed for that purpose in this office.

We viewed St. George's Church, which is built in the Greek style, and ascended into the lantern of the dome, from which there is an extensive prospect over the city and the surrounding country, as far as the sea.

On the 5th of December we visited the buildings where the Scotch parliament met before the Union; it is used at present for the sittings of the Courts of Justice. The Courts happened to be sitting that day, and a place was given us near the Judges; though I did not

understand what was said, I perceived that the mode of proceeding was like that in England, which has been imitated in France. In another hall we found the Court of Exchequer assembled. It decides on causes between the crown and private individuals. The case then before it was that of a brewer, who affirmed, that by means of a new invention he could make use of the spirituous parts, which, during the cooling of the beer, evaporate in the air and are lost. His idea was to collect these parts in a pipe, where they should be condensed like common brandy. The royal officers, on their side, made objections to this, affirming that some fraud upon the revenue might be intended.

We were shewn the library of the counsellors, which is in a handsome room, and had not been long established. Another library, belonging to the lawyers,* consists of 40,000 volumes. It contains the best ancient and modern works, a variety of manuscripts, and a complete collection of documents relative to the history of the country; the oldest of these last is of the year 1350; the earlier ones are said to have been lost in the passage to England by sea. We saw among them a letter written by Mary Queen of Scots, while she was in France, to her mother; the handwriting and the style were good for that time.

The Bettering-house, or House of Correction, is on a hill, called Calton Hill, and is one of the best ordered establishments of the kind that we have seen. On the same hill there is a monument in honour of Nelson.

On the 6th of December we began our daily rounds with visiting the High School, in which 800 young people of all ranks receive preparatory instruction. The school has five classes. The boys go through the lower classes in four years, under four teachers or professors. In the fifth they receive the preparatory instruction immediately previous to being sent to college. The branches of learning taught there are reading, writing, Latin and Greek, geography, history, and mathematics. The methods of instruction seem to be good.

One of the most useful institutions of the city of Edinburgh is the Highland Society of Scotland, which has a president, four vice-presidents, and members of all ranks of society, nobles, merchants,

&c. The object of this society, whose labours are eminently successful, is the improvement of agriculture, and the breeding of cattle, the cultivation of waste lands, the encouragement of useful inventions, by the distribution of premiums and other rewards. Another Society, to promote instruction in Christianity, was founded in 1701. It receives 1000*l.* per annum from the king, and many schools are supported by it.

We made a little excursion to the town of Leith, distant about two English miles from Edinburgh. The way to it is along an uncommonly fine, broad, paved road, which has an almost uninterrupted row of houses on both sides of it, so that you hardly think that you are in another town when you arrive at Leith. There is the old harbour, and they are busy in forming a new one. The first is at the mouth of the little river Leith; but it is too confined, and is dry at low water; the new one will consist of a row of docks, several of which are completed.

We saw large three-masted vessels, which go to Greenland on the whale fishery. They are distinguished by the strength with which they are built, and by the covering of iron on the bows, to resist the masses of ice. They sail every year, in March, to Greenland or Newfoundland. The fishery is not always successful, and these enterprises are often attended with loss.

Leith is defended by some batteries, but they are not very formidable. During the American war Paul Jones sailed into the river with three armed vessels, and spread terror as far as Edinburgh. Leith possesses several manufactories; the principal branch of its industry is linen. The town is in the period of its increase, and had already attained a high degree of prosperity, when several of its merchants made great speculations in colonial goods to the Continent; the turn of political affairs disappointed their hopes, so that several of these houses became bankrupt; and while we were there, one of them, the only one who had commercial relations with the East India, declared itself insolvent in the sum of 250,000*l.* sterling.

We returned to Edinburgh by the same road, and visited, on the way, a great manufactory for spinning cotton and hemp, which is put in motion by a steam-engine. The Botanic Garden, which we saw after our return, is neither large, nor, as it appeared to us, well kept. There are in Edinburgh several

* The Advocates' Library.—ED.

ale breweries, many manufactories of sal volatile, sal ammoniac, &c. The city is supposed to have received its name from a castle which a Saxon prince, named Edwin, had built here in the year 626, and which was called Edwinburgh.

This city will at a future period certainly become one of the most beautiful cities in Great Britain. Its situation is uncommonly favourable, on an eminence near the sea, and combines advantages of every kind. The New Town, which was built after a regular plan, is every thing that can be wished in respect to the architecture both of the public and private buildings. The contrast between the Old and the New Town is striking: the houses of the former are black, crowded together, and the streets between them, in part, no more than from six to ten feet broad. The two towns are joined by a handsome bridge, which was begun in 1765, and finished in 1769. The building of the New Town did not begin till the year 1768; before which time there was not a trace of it. Ten handsome streets, parallel to each other, now traverse the city on its whole length from East to West. Queen-street is a hundred feet broad, and has only one row of houses, the inhabitants of which enjoy the most beautiful prospect towards the north, over the county of Fife, and the whole course of the Firth of Forth. This advantage renders the street a very agreeable promenade in summer. St. George's-street is a hundred and ten feet broad, and terminates at each end in a fine square. Princess-street, along the Fosse, serves as a winter promenade. Its broad foot pavement is frequently crowded with walkers. The fine street leading to Leith is a third very agreeable promenade.

The architecture of the houses in the New Town agrees with that usual in London: the kitchens are below ground, and receive their light from a grated window looking towards the street; but they are more spacious and comfortable. The streets of the New Town have raised pavements on both sides for the foot passengers, and are paved with basaltic stones, which are found in abundance near Arthur's seat.

On the north of Queen-street a new town is building, which might be called a third Edinburgh. Three principal, and some inferior streets are already finished, and the houses are inhabited as fast as they can be finished. Edinburgh is supplied with water from a reservoir four miles from the city, and which re-

ceives the supplies from five springs. When these springs flow abundantly, it furnishes seven hogsheads per minute, or 10,080 hogsheads daily. The water is conducted by many pipes into a second reservoir upon the Castle Hill. This is the highest part of the city, but it is twenty-four feet below the level of the first reservoir. The second is 48½ feet long, 28 feet broad, and 7½ feet deep.

The churches in the city are handsome, and built in a good style. St. Andrew's Church has a chime of bells which plays on Sundays; but as this kind of music is not at all liked in Scotland, the rent of the houses near the church has declined since the latter had its chime of bells. The new catholic church is very pretty. The Highlanders have a church here, in which divine service is performed in their own language.

Of the predominant religion (the Presbyterian) there are sixteen churches; besides which there are two catholic, one episcopal, seventeen dissenters', and one quaker's church (a meeting-house). The clergy consist of twenty-eight clergymen of the established church, who are paid by their parishioners. Besides the parish churches, there are also what are called chapels of ease, the preachers in which, like those of the dissenters, are chiefly paid out of the profits arising from letting the pews.

The Presbyterian (Calvinistical) church predominant in Scotland is under four ecclesiastical authorities. The Kirk Session (*la Session d'eglise*), the Presbyteries (*Presbytériens*), the Synod, and the General Assembly. In all ecclesiastical matters an appeal lies from the Session to the Presbyteries, from them to the Synod, and from the Synod to the General Assembly. This latter stands in the same relation to the inferior authorities, as the House of Lords to the inferior tribunals of the kingdom. The approbation of the sovereign is not indispensably necessary in Scotland to the validity of the ordinances which the General Assembly issues from time to time. It meets once a year. A royal commissioner generally arranges with the president, who is called the Moderator, the time of its being summoned, and it is always dissolved by the former in the king's name. The king bears in this assembly the title of Head of the Church.

The inns at Edinburgh are good and cleanly. The King's Hotel in Princess-street, where we lodged, is particularly to be recommended for its fine situation. Besides the hotels and public-houses,

there are here houses which bear the modest name of oyster-cellars; you find there at all times oysters, porter, punch, and supper, when they are ordered.

Among the pastimes or amusements of the city, the public promenades deserve to be first mentioned, as they are an amusement more or less in vogue all over England. We have already mentioned some of them: there is another on the south side of the city; it is a mile and a half long, and is called Meadows, or Hope's Pool, because a person of the name of Hope, about the beginning of the eighteenth century, had a marshy spot called South Loch drained and converted into a fine promenade; its oval centre is planted round with avenues of trees. The theatre, which we did not see, is, we are told, inconsiderable. Near Leith there is a place which is used for horse-racing; notwithstanding the very unfavourable sandy soil, it is much resorted to in the summer time. Corri's Room, as it is called, is a place for concerts, and sometimes used for feats of tumbling and horsemanship, and even as a theatre. The new seat of Mr. Haldane has also a chapel here. The assembly rooms are resorted to once a week by the *beau monde*, for cards and dancing.

The Concert-hall, built in 1762, is at present a Freemason's Lodge.

The Royal Company of Archers consists of about a thousand members, many of whom belong to the first families of Scotland. Part of them meet every week at Edinburgh to practise archery. Every year there is a grand assembly, on which occasion five principal prizes are distributed. The first, or royal prize, remains the perpetual property of him who gains it; three others consist of silver arrows, which were formerly presented to the society by different cities; the fifth is a silver punch bowl. The winner keeps these only till the next annual meeting, when he gives them back, and hangs on a medal, with an inscription, at pleasure. Another society is that of the Golfers. Their amusement consists in striking a ball in the open air. The place designed for this game is inclosed, and at certain distances holes are made. He who strikes the ball into all these holes with the smallest number of strokes wins the game.

The population of Edinburgh amounted in the year 1678 to 35,600 souls; in the year 1811 it had increased to 103,143.

The number of new houses built in

Edinburgh, and which in manufacturing towns always implies an increasing demand for the productions of their industry, cannot proceed from that cause here, where there are no manufactories. The reason assigned to us was, that all natives of Scotland who have acquired property, whether in the army or in trade, or in America, buy land and build houses here, to pass the rest of their days in repose. If this city cannot boast of its trade and manufactures, it possesses the most celebrated men of Scotland, who are equally distinguished by their number, their knowledge, and their erudition. Seven mail coaches go every day from Edinburgh to all parts of Great Britain, and 34 stage-coaches. Charles I. established the post between London and Edinburgh in 1635. The annual revenue of the post-office is estimated at 100,000*l.* sterling.

Edinburgh has two banks. At the time of their foundation, Scotland did not possess a million of coin in circulation, and its trade was very inconsiderable. The bank gave every person a certain credit who could bring two landowners as sureties; or, as we say, opened him an account on its books. All merchants and others who had money transactions found it advantageous to have an account with the banks of Edinburgh. The merchant pays the manufacturer in bank-notes, with which the latter pays the landholder for his produce, and which return to the merchant to be employed in balancing his accounts, or in repaying the sums advanced him by the bank. Thus this establishment serves to support the whole commercial intercourse of Scotland. The manufactures of Glasgow were doubled in fifteen years after its foundation: and in the fifty years that have since elapsed, the trade of Scotland has increased tenfold.

One of these banks is called the Scotch Bank; it was founded by act of parliament in 1695, with a capital of 100,000*l.* sterling. It was necessary to have 1000*l.* in the bank to have a seat at the board. The governor was obliged to have 8000*l.* in it, the vice-governor 6000*l.*, and each bank director 3000*l.* In the year 1774 an act of parliament allowed the capital to be doubled, and since that time the officers of the bank must possess double the above-mentioned sums. To prevent abuses, it was ordered that no notes should be issued of lower value than one pound. The second bank is called the Royal Bank: it was founded in 1727. Though there is an Exchange

for the use of the merchants, they, however, for the most part, transact their business according to ancient custom, walking backwards and forwards in the street.

Intellectual improvement has made great progress in Scotland, and is united with a high degree of hospitality. The Scotch are obliging and benevolent; they possess an open character and a more lively disposition than their neighbours. Knowledge of languages and the fine arts are to be met with in all ranks. They are well acquainted with the affairs of Europe, and the state of sciences on the Continent. We met with several persons who understood and spoke the German language. Their customs and manners correspond exactly with those of England; but this, as we have been informed, has been the case only since the latter half of the last century. In the year 1763 it was still customary to dine at two o'clock, and in 1783 the fashion was not yet introduced for the ladies to retire from table towards the end of the repast. Social intercourse must be extremely agreeable, as the women have very cultivated understandings.

The Scotch have tall, slender, and handsome persons. Our stay in this country was too short to permit us to make particular observations on its inhabitants; however, the first impression was in every respect agreeable. The Scotch people are poorer than the English, but on the other hand more lively and cheerful; their character must have the advantages which distinguish the inhabitants of mountainous countries.

We have been informed that agriculture has made much greater progress than in England, although in a much less favourable soil and climate. Sir John Sinclair has given a circumstantial account of it. They have particularly employed themselves in cultivating waste lands. Horticulture has also attained here a high degree of perfection.

The Highlanders are very poor, and not seldom obliged to emigrate: whether it be from an excess of population, or on account of an abuse originating with the great land-owners, who purchase lands from the country people to convert them into pasture. Endeavours are now making to remedy this evil, partly by digging the Caledonian canal, which is a private undertaking, partly by the construction of several roads, which was ordered by the government in 1803, to open a better communication

through the Highlands by means of high roads and bridges. The nobility offered to take a part in the execution of the work; but as an inequitable distribution of the burdens was apprehended, an Act of Parliament was obtained, according to which every body is taxed in proportion to the advantages which he derives.

The Caledonian canal intersects the country from east to west, in the same direction as the Forth and Clyde canal. It commences near Inverness eastward, follows the valley to Loch Ness, with which it is connected, passes by Fort Augustus, touches Loch Eroch and Loch Lochy, intersects a little valley near Fort William, and runs thence into the sea. Where the division of the waters takes place there is a great number of sluices. The expense of this canal is estimated at 800,000*l.* sterling; but the advantages will hardly be in proportion to this immense sum. The work was undertaken, as we have before observed, to lessen the frequent emigrations of the Highlanders; it was attended with great difficulties, for it was necessary in many places to blow up granite rocks: the canal, however, approaches its completion; the benefit expected from it is, that it will save the troublesome navigation round the north coast of Scotland. It will bear frigates of 36 guns, and ships of 1000 tons burden. By the introduction of steam boats, it is hoped to avoid the dangers of the navigation in deep narrow lakes, surrounded with rocks, where a gust of wind may overset the vessels, or total calm hinder their progress.

As, however, the different kinds of labour offered to the poorer classes could not entirely put a stop to emigration, the government has resolved to establish a colony in Canada. We were told that the peculiar costumes of the Highlanders gradually disappear, and that the ancient national dress begins to become more rare.

(To be continued.)

NOTICES ILLUSTRATIVE OF CAMBRIAN HISTORY AND ANTIQUITIES.

No. IV.

THE DRUIDS, &c.

IT would, perhaps, be an easy matter to prove, that the great body of men known in different parts of the world by the designation of Brahmins, Celtes, and Druids, were members of one great original society, nearly in unison with re-

spect to their leading principles: * these were—the unity of the Deity—his perfections and attributes—the transmigration and immortality of souls—the origin of the world—and its tendency to dissolution. These tenets, probably co-eval with the earliest population, had been preserved by these orders, unimpaired, through the revolutions of ages, and their various emigrations. According to Herodotus, the doctrine of the metempsychosis may be traced to a more remote antiquity; and the tenets, more particularly druidical, as their veneration for the oak and mistletoe (*pren awyr*) to a very early origin. It is therefore highly probable, that druidism was brought into Britain by its primitive planters; nor is there the least reason to suppose that their system was at all altered by the introduction of any thing derived from those fertile and fanciful sources—the mythologies of Greece and Rome. The word druid is derived from *derw* (oak), though Pliny traces it to a Grecian word of the same signification; it is, however, certain, that they held this tree in particular veneration, performed their ceremonies in the recesses of its groves, and generally dwelt beneath its sacred branches. The custom which still prevails in many parts of England, and particularly at Chester, of cutting the mistletoe, and suspending it to the ceiling in houses, is a relic of druidism. When the end of the year approached, the Druids marched with great solemnity to gather it, in order to present it to Jupiter, inviting all the world to assist at the ceremony in these words: “The new year is at hand; gather the mistletoe.” The sacrifices being ready, the priest ascended the oak, and, with a golden hook, cut off the mistletoe, which was received in a white garment spread for the purpose. This part of the ceremony being ended, the victims (two white bulls which had never been yoked) were brought forth, and offered up to the Deity, with prayers that he would prosper those to whom he had given so precious a boon. Of the mistletoe thus gathered, they made a potion, which they administered as an antidote to all poisons, and used as a remedy to prevent sterility. In Mona (Anglesea) the Druids, gradually retreating from every part of Britain, were in hopes of finding a sanctuary from the persecuting Romans, who, Strabo says, hated them: it was here that Suetonius and his hardy veterans were appalled

with a species of warfare that was new even to them, whose avocation it seemed to be to find foes, or to make them:—“*Muliebre, &c. fanaticum agmen*,” a troop of viragoes and maniacs, running about like furies, brandishing fire-brands, and pouring out on the violators of their groves, the most dreadful execrations.

CARNEDD LLEWELYN—CARNÆVON.

Upon the summit of this mountain, its altitude differing from Snowdon only 48 feet, it is supposed Llewelyn ap Iorwerth encamped, at that desperate juncture when King John, with an overwhelming army, was in the plains below, and Bangor blazing; and from whence he sent his princess (Joan) to her father, to make a peace. Rhys Goch, o Eryri, addressing this hill, about 1420, says:

“*Yna gorwedd Rhitta gawi.*”

There rests the giant Rhitta.

Rhitta, in the Bardic mythology, was the terror of the petty tyrants of his time, and is said to have ordered a robe to be made of the *beards* of several of those whom he had slain in battle!

SNOWDON.

Snowdonia was so denominated, like the Armenian Niphates, and the Tartarian Imaus, from its snowy summits. It consists of such a variety of mineral substances, as to render it almost impossible to give them a distinctive character, as they begin so high as the Calcareous, and descend so low as the softest Argile. The prevailing strata, however, of which the highest points are composed, are petro silex, grey granite, slate, shaltery, schistus, intermixed with rich veins of metallic substances, and quartz spar. The intelligent mineralogist will be highly delighted by a ramble over this delightful neighbourhood.

BEGGING PRIARS.

Lewis Glyn Cothi, a bard of 1450, describes, in a very humorous manner, the practice of the mendicant friars in his time, who, profiting by the credulity and superstition of their neighbours, exchanged with them the images of certain saints, held in particular veneration, for cheese, bacon, &c. Among them, Seiriol and Curig (patron of Capel Curig, in Snowdonia) were always negotiable; the effigy of Seiriol being reckoned infallible for the removal of certain disorders, and that of Curig being equally so for the expulsion of evil spirits from farm houses, &c.—*Un o honynt a ddygai, &c.*

Beneath his cloak the begging friar bore
The guardian charm, grey Curig, to the door;

* Rowland's M. Antiq.

Another Seiriol's healing image sold,
And found the useful saints like modern
gold.

LLEINIOG,

A small quadrangular fort, rounded off into towers at each corner, erected upon the summit of an artificial mount, surrounded by a fosse, and communicating with the shore by a hollow way, at the extremity of which was a redoubt, to cover the landing. It was built by Hugh Lupus, Earl of Chester in 1096. The Earl, accompanied by Hugh de Montgomery, was invited by a traitor, named Owen ap Edwyn, and ravaged North Wales in a brutal manner. In the mean time, Magnus, King of Norway, attempting to land, was opposed by the earls; Hugh de Montgomery was, however, shot in the eye, as he stood armed, cap-a-pie, on the shore; Magnus at the same time tauntingly crying out, "Leit loup!" (let him dance) whilst the earl was in the agonies of death. On the loss of his colleague, Lupus quitted the isle, built a castle at Bangor, ravaged the promontory of Lleyn, so that it was completely desolate for seven years, returned to Chester, and there died.—Lleiniog was garrisoned during the civil war by the Parliament forces, under Sir Thomas Chedle, but surrendered to Colonel Robinson in 1645.

DR. CHEDLE.

When Hugh Courtney, governor of the Castle of Beaumaris, made bulwarks about the town in 1652, he cut turf in the Castle Meadow, and peeled the surface for that purpose; upon which Dr. Rowland Chedle, the rector, observed, "Woe be to us when Beaumaris stands in the middle of the Castle Meadow!"

Employing a painter to take his likeness, on a pane of glass, he added as a motto—

"Nunc primum transparui."

Observing the post-master of Beaumaris drunk, he wrote on his back, when asleep—*Post-paid*.

LLAN JESTYN.

In this church is a precious morsel of antiquity—an ancient tombstone, of curious workmanship; supposed to be that of *Jestyn*, the patron saint. But it is evidently of a later period.

DIN SYLWY—NANT Y DIHENYDD.

About two miles north of Llandoed, is the site of an old British fortification, called *Din Sylwy*, an exploratory fort, and happily situated for the purpose, the track of the ancient invaders of the country from the north, being, for a vast

distance, within the eye. It was these swarming nations that formed the armada in the reign of Owen Gwynedd, the repulse of which Mr. Gray has so happily versified from the prose translation of the late Rev. E. Evans:

Big with hosts of mighty name,
Squadrons three against him came.

Near this impregnable post is the British Tarpeian Rock, *Nant y dihenydd* (cliff, or chasm of destruction), suggested, perhaps, by its precipitous situation. *Din Sylwy* is one of the places still called by the name of Arthur's Round Table—*Bwrdd Arthur*;* that monarch sensibly adopting the circle, to prevent difficulties on that most important subject, *precedence*!

TUDOR AP GRONWY

Was one of the great proprietors who, holding their estates in *capite*, did homage to Edward, Prince of Wales, at Chester, in the 29th Edw. I. His three sons were, in their time, styled the three temporal lords of Anglesea, viz. *Ednyfed*, of *Tre'r Castele*; *Gronwy*, of *Penmynydd*; and *Rhys*, of *Arddreiniog*: the three spiritual proprietors, or lords, being the Archdeacon of Anglesea, the President of Holyhead, and the Prior of Penmon.

LLANFAES

Was a famous religious house, of the Friars Minors, and the burial place of many of the nobility and gentry of England, slain in the wars against the Welsh. But the circumstance which will, perhaps, more than any other, induce genius and intellect to tread these once hallowed floors is, that they cover the remains of *Gryffydd Gryg*, the able opponent of David ap Gwilym, the British Ovid, as appears from *Gryffydd's* monody, written by his generous rival—

"Tôst o chwedl," &c.

Llanfaes! thy crowded choir contains,
Ah, hapless tale! the bard's remains;
Each eye look'd down, with dewy lid,
When Mona's tuneful son was hid.

PRIESTHOLME,

An island near Anglesea, about a mile long, and its sides one continued precipice. It is much frequented by the *Puffin Auk*, who visit annually in immense numbers in the month of April; they lay one egg, often on the bare rock, but generally in burrows formed by the males, or in others from which they have ejected the rabbits. The males and females sit alternately, relieving each other

* See New Mon. Mag. vol. x. p. 215.

at intervals, for the purpose of procuring food. About the middle of August they re-migrate, previous to which a great number of the young are taken, pickled, and inclosed in small casks for sale—forming, together with the large oysters, an article of traffic peculiar to this neighbourhood.

HOWELL Y FWYALL.

Jolo Goch alludes to his taking the French king prisoner, at Poitiers, in the following figurative lines:—

“Pan rodded

Y fuyvyn yn mhen Brenhin Frainge.”

The Black Prince knighted him on the field of battle, gave him the rent of the Dee Mills at Chester for life, and the Constablership of the castle of Cricieth, added his battle-axe to his coat of arms, and ordered that a mess of meat should be served before it daily, for ever, to preserve in memory the uncommon prowess of its master. The king appointed eight yeomen, at eight pence a day each, to guard the mess, and see it regularly served before the axe! After the death of Howell, the mess was given to the poor, for his soul's sake, till the reign of Elizabeth, when the establishment, in the indiscriminate *levelling* of the time, was abolished.

BEAUMARIS.

The castle was built in 1295, by Edw. I. (it was the parent of the town) in a place called Bonover marsh, and he gave it the name of Beaumaris—compounded of the French words *beau* and *marais*. It may be, after all, from the Latin *Bimaris*, for Horace calls Corinth *Bimaris Corinthus*, from the meeting of tides near that place. Among the extraordinary favors granted to the inhabitants by king Edw. I. were, that they shall have a *free prison* in the castle, that no Jews shall dwell there—that if any of the burgesses die, testate or intestate, their goods shall not be confiscated to the king, but their heirs shall have the same. In the vestry of the church is interred the Rev. Gronwy Davies, the last line of whose epitaph is perhaps worth preserving—

“Here lies learning, friendship, love,
Here lies the innocence of the dove;
Within this grave, and in this dust,
His ever-courteous body must
Until the resurrection lie,
Then, HE shall live, and DEATH shall die.”

At the entrance of the church-yard is a plain stone to the memory of Meredith Davies, the parish clerk, with these lines:

“Who has been our parish clerk
Full one and thirty years I say,
Must here, alas! lye in the dark,
Bemoaned for ever and for aye!”

Fit poetry for such a professional personage.

TRANSFER OF HUMAN BEINGS.

In the township of Porthaethwy was exemplified the power of a feudal proprietor to sell his vassals or villains, as well as his cattle, as appears from the following translated document:—“Ednyfed Fychan ap Ednyfed, Dafydd ap Gryffydd, and Howell ap Dafydd ap Ryrïd, free tenants of our Lord the King, in the township of Rhandirgadog, have given and confirmed unto William ap Gryffyd ap Gwilym, esq. free tenant of Porthmael, seven of our natives, viz. Howell Matto, and Llewellyn, ap Dafydd dew; Dafydd and Howell, ap Matto, ap Dafydd dew; Llewellyn, ap Evan goch, and Jevan ap Evan ddu, with their successors *procreated*, and to be *procreated*, and all their goods, &c. Dated at Rhandir gadog, June 20, 27th Hen. VI.”

BARDIC CONTENTION.

In the time of Dafydd ap Gwilym, the British Ovid, a great revolution happened in British music; the twisted horse-hair strings with which the harp and cruth had, till then, been furnished, were discarded for the foreign and more sonorous catgut, though not without a contention which divided the world of harmony into two factions. Dafydd, to check innovation, joined the ancient amateurs, and wrote *Cowydd y delyn ledr*, ode to the catgut harp, &c.; but, notwithstanding his influence, and that of his muse, he was borne down by an invincible majority; the *piano* of Britain was, of course, lost in the *forte* of the Levant, and the lovers of Italian novelty carried their point.

CRUELITIES OF THE ENGLISH.

Among the numerous acts of rapacity and oppression committed by the English, under Edw. I. are the following, emphatically called “Greefs,” suffered by the men of Strath Alyn (the Mold district) at the hands of Roger Clifford, and Roger Schrechill, his deputy—

“The said Roger took the lands of the men of the country as forfeit, and for one foot of a stag found in a dog's mouth three men were spoiled of all they had.

“Item.—Ithel ap Gwysty was condemned in a great sum for the fact of his father, done forty years before.

"Item.—We were given to Maister Maurice de Cruny, and were sold to Roger Clifford, which was never known in our parents' time."

CONQUEST OF CAMBRIA.

Vaughan of Hengwrt says, "I confess we have reason to bless God for his mercy to us in our happy establishment under one monarch, we may well say, we were conquered to our gain, and undone to our advantage."

Caer.

L.

SOME OBSERVATIONS ON THE THEATRICAL REPRESENTATIONS OF THE ANCIENTS.

AS so much is now said and written about the theatre, it seems to me not irrelevant to make some remarks on the theatrical representations of the ancients, whom we consider, in every respect, as models for our imitation.

First of all, I find it necessary to define two words which are generally taken in a wrong sense—*Song* and *Dance*. *Song* (cantus), and to sing (canere), were used in speaking of declamation, as Strabo mentions. Homer, Horace, and others, called the actor a singer (cantor); yet he did not sing but declaim. Thus in Cicero (Orator. III.), it is said of Lælia, that she pronounced, with great ease and fluency, very frequent and strongly marked accents; so that, adds the relator, when I heard Lælia speak, I thought I heard the pieces of Plautus or Nævius sung. These examples are numerous, and the same is the case with dancing. For dancing, (*Saltatio*, χορεία, with the Greeks), is, according to Plato, (de Legibus, VII) the art, which consists in the imitation of all the attitudes and motions of which men are capable. In fact, the word *Saltatio* did not come from *Saltus* (a leap), but from *Salus*, an Arcadian, who first taught this art to the Romans. Dion Cassius relates, that the Emperor Heliogabalus danced not only when he saw dramatic pieces performed, while sitting in the Imperial seat in the theatre, but also in walking, while giving audience, or when speaking to his soldiers, nay even when sacrificing. Now this would be entirely absurd, if *Saltatio* did not include gesticulation, or what we properly do not call dancing: hence, this was also termed Cheironomie (the law of the hands). Thus Juvenal says, the carver of the viands at the tables of the great, carved the meat dancing; he would certainly not have performed this office very well, if he had

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really attempted to dance. *Orchesis*, therefore, properly comprehended action: hence Aristides Quintilianus, who wrote a book upon music, calls the celebrated actor, Roscius, an *Orchestes*, a dancer; and they used to say to dance a drama, that is, to perform it. The reason of this denomination probably is, that the mien and movements of the actor were as much regulated by measure, and certain rules, as the steps and turns of a dancer. This fully clears up that passage of Aristotle, where he says that the chorus danced in the most melancholy parts of the tragedy. Now the chorus consisted of a number of excellent actors, sometimes of venerable old men, sometimes of women or children, &c. who answered the questions of the acting personages, and made the suitable attitudes, expressing in every look or motion the most lively interest; their joy, their sorrow, their fears, or their hopes: so that, this must, in fact, have been a very moving spectacle. Hence we find, that a chorus of Æschylus, which consisted of fifty furies, spread such a general horror among the spectators, that the chorus was reduced, by an ordinance, to fifteen. The highest species of *Saltationes*, were the pantomimes; this mute music, as Cassiodorus calls it, where every thing was represented merely by the posture, gesture, and action, according to certain measure. The oldest performer of this kind was Telesis, the dancer of Æschylus, who danced the seven chiefs before Thebes, and knew how to mark properly the character and the deeds of each of these heroes. The Romans in particular carried this art to a very high degree of perfection. The two most celebrated pantomimic actors among them were Pylades and Bathylus, the first of whom was particularly happy in tragedy, and the latter in comedy. They represented at first only single scenes, then acts, and at last whole pieces. These pantomimic representations were called dances, and the performers themselves dancers, (*Saltatores*), and they were a kind of *ballets*, which name is indeed derived from them; for they were also called, especially in Sicily, *Ballismoi*. The titles of some of them are preserved, from which we may pretty well infer their contents—for instance, the Dances of the Cyclops, the Dance of Hector, Ajax, &c. One of the most celebrated pupils of Pylades was Hylas, the latter once danced an ode, which ended with "The Great Agamemnon." (τοῦ μεγάλου Ἀγαμέμνονος, Macrob.

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ii. 7.) To express this, *Hylas* stretched himself out, and stood on tip-toe; but this did not please his master, who called out to him that he did it wrong, on which the people desired that he would dance this ode himself; he did so, and when he came to the above passage, he stood still, in the attitude of a person in profound thought, because he conceived that nothing was more suitable to a great commander than to think. The same *Hylas* once danced *Œdipus*, but with his eyes open; whereupon his master called out—"thou seest!" The Romans were so charmed with these pantomimes, that they often wept at them, and the applause given them was so extravagant, that it was ordained under the reign of *Tiberius*, that no senator should visit the theatre of the pantomime performers, and no Roman knight should walk in the street with them.—(Tacit. Annal. i. 7.) But *Caligula* abolished this ordinance, by his example; for he was so extravagantly fond of the pantomimic actor *Lepidus Mnester*, that he embraced him during the performance, and beat, with his own imperial hand, whoever made the least noise. But the task of the pantomimist was very difficult, and *Lucian* requires of one who will distinguish himself in it, great knowledge of poetry, music, rhetoric, philosophy and psychology—demands, which the actors of the present day, will doubtless think very absurd.

With respect to the proper theatrical representations, we must remark at the outset, that with the ancients, poetry and music were most intimately connected. In general the word music was taken in a more comprehensive acceptation, and *Aristides* *Quintilianus*, in his work upon it, declares it to be the art which proves the principles on which it proceeds, and teaches every thing relative to the use which may be made of the voice, and at the same time shews how to perform with grace all the motions of which the body is capable. *Augustine* calls it expressly the art of graceful motion. Music, poetry, as well as every thing that tends to form the person, were among the ancients essential parts of a good education: hence *Quintilian* says (Instit. l. 12,) that without understanding music a person cannot be a good philologist, much less a good orator. Can poems, adds he, of whatever kind they are, be composed without music? For one unacquainted with music was considered as a barbarian. With respect to dramatic pieces the declamation was written in notes, and composed. The

same marks were employed for this purpose as were used in indicating the accents. Before the piece itself began, some instruments, especially flutes, played a prelude, which were in admirable harmony with the subject. *Cicero* therefore says (Acad. Quæst. IV.) that persons who understood music would immediately perceive from the first notes of the prelude performed by the instruments, whether *Antiope*, or *Andromache* was to be acted. The instrument then continued to accompany the actor. *Quintilian* even says, that one of the most celebrated orators of his time had an instrumental performer behind him, who, from time to time, gave him the proper measure. Thus *Cicero* sometimes declaimed, and *Roscius* made the gesticulation. Among the Romans, the declamation was often divided between two actors, one had to recite, the other to make the gesticulation. Thus, as *Livy* and *Valerius Maximus* relates, a celebrated actor, named *Andronicus*, performing himself in one of his pieces, and having become hoarse by repeating several passages which were highly applauded, placed a slave before the musician, who recited the verses while he himself made the gesticulation. *Lucian* says, formerly the actor who recited also made the gesticulation; but because the action hindered him from breathing freely, and consequently injured the pronunciation, an assistant was given to the actor, who recited for him. But both had to observe a certain measure. Above the verses the attitudes were marked in notes, which the actor (*Histrion*) had to follow in exact time. *Seneca* says, in his letters, one could not without astonishment see upon the stage how the gesticulation of an able actor kept pace with the language, and so to speak, combined with it, notwithstanding the volubility of the tongue. We read in *Cicero's* paradoxes, that a comedian, when he made a motion out of time, was hissed, as much as an actor who committed a fault in the pronunciation of a verse.

With respect to the dress of the actors it was as diversified as the characters of the persons represented. Every thing possible was done to dress in a becoming manner, the actor who appeared in the figure of a divinity or a hero; they therefore gave him the *Cothurnus*, properly a *Cretan* shoe, which consisted of four cork soles laid upon each other, and was at least four fingers thick: but often, in proportion to the whole, of much more considerable thickness. The shape

of the soles was originally four-cornered, though they were probably, at a later period, rounded off according to the shape of the foot. On the other hand, they sought to make the figure of the actor more heroic by placing on his head, as we read, Pollux, (*Onom.* IV. 115, seq.) over the forehead of the mask a raised piece running to a point like a Greek *α* (*αγκυρα* was the technical term for it; in Latin, *superficies*), which was covered with hair, and so formed into a magnificent peruke. Besides those high shoes and head-dress, all the other parts of the body were stuffed out in due proportion. Lucian mentions false arm-pieces, cushions for the stomach, &c. Over the whole was thrown the long Talar, with the train, (*Syrma*) which covered the Cothurnus, so that the hero, so dressed out, must doubtless have an imposing appearance in the eyes of the spectators. Four ells (eight feet) was the usual stature of heroes on the stage; hence, as Athenæus says, a tragic actor, who in a procession of Antiochus carried the horn of Amalthea, measured four ells. The chief expression of an actor lies in the face; it may therefore be supposed that the ingenious Greeks paid particular attention to this in their theatrical representations. For this purpose they used masks, which were of the most various sizes and forms, according to the characters of the persons. Thus the mask of Medea expressed ferocity, that of Niobe grief, that of Hercules pride and strength, &c. Fathers, for instance, who were to be sometimes cheerful, sometimes melancholy, had a mask, of which one eyebrow was frowning, the other smooth, and they very dexterously contrived to shew always the proper side. In our theatres we often see pieces in which the intrigue arises, from the confounding of two persons, who in general are so unlike each other, that the spectator cannot conceive how a mistake can ever arise. In such pieces the masks on the ancient stage were admirable. For the spectator was himself deceived, he could not well distinguish two masks closely resembling each other, and therefore believed the more readily that the performers were deceived. Thus, too, wrinkled old matrons of fifty (who, like the Roman Sabina, got their hair, teeth, &c. at the toilet), were not seen, as on the modern stage, to act the parts of young spirited girls, or consumptive old men the parts of first lovers. But the masks always

shewed the face suited to the part. Another advantage attending them was, that female characters, which required too strong lungs for a woman to be able to fill such a vast theatre, could be very well performed by men: so that it once happened, (*Aul. Gell.* vii. 5,) that the actor Polus, in the character of the Electra of Sophocles (in the scene when she comes upon the stage with an urn containing the ashes of Orestes,) appeared with an urn which really contained the dear remains of his child, lately deceased; and as he addressed the ashes, was so moved, that the whole audience was penetrated with the most profound affliction. With respect also to the ideal excellence of tragedy, the masks had a great advantage, by removing the representation from the real and ordinary scenes of life to the higher regions of art. Whereas, we see only Mr. S. and Mrs. O. which necessarily destroys the illusion. They there really saw a Hercules, an Oedipus, &c. In comedy, especially, the masks must have produced the highest effect; for the masks were either true copies, or caricatures of the originals represented, whose stature, dress, &c., were most faithfully imitated. Something was indeed lost—namely, the expression of the passions in the countenance, and the sudden turning red or pale, which produces a great effect; but then this is also hindered in part by the rouge used by our players: this expression of the passions necessarily escaped most of the spectators on account of the vast extent of the theatre; and, lastly, the actors knew how to remedy this defect, by expressing all the gradations of passion with their eyes. Cicero and Quintilian cannot sufficiently praise their art in this particular. Juvenal, in his 8th Satire, speaking of Nero, says, the masks, the thyrsus, and the robe of Antigone, ought to be placed at the feet of the emperor's statues as so many trophies of his great deeds. The emperor, therefore, it is evident, had played the part of Antigone in a tragedy. Suetonius relates of him, that when he acted the part of a goddess or heroine, he always wore a mask resembling the lady with whom he was at the time in love. Aulus Gellius (v. 7.) commends the derivation which Cajus Bassus gave to the Latin word *persona* (mask), deriving it from the verb *personare* (to sound). For, adds he, as in fact the face and the whole head were inclosed in the mask, and the voice could therefore issue only

out of a single, very narrow opening, it follows that the voice, thus compressed, must produce louder and more distinct tones. We indeed see in the masks on stones, coins, &c. always a very large opening of the mouth. It is not improbable that the mouth of the masks was surrounded with metal, forming a kind of mouth-piece, to increase the sound. In later times they used thin pieces of a marble, which in sound resembled metal (Plin. Hist. Nat. xxxvii. 10), and was therefore called metal sound (*χαλκοφωνος*). They also used (Vitruv. v. 5.) certain brazen vessels (*echaca*) on the stage, which served instead of an echo. They wore large hollow brazen plates, which were placed on the sides of the stage. They had different tones, and were at equal distances. Pliny complains that these vessels and arches confused the voice of the players. Cassiodorus, on the contrary, says, that the voice of the players became so full and strong by their aid, that it could hardly be believed that the tone was produced by human lungs.

C. F. B.

MEMOIRS OF THE LATE PETER GALE FAUX, STENOGRAPHER AND PATRIOT. WRITTEN BY HIS FRIEND AGATHOMPSONIDES MUMPS.

(Continued from page 226.)

IT is impossible for the English, or any other modern language of which I am master, to express my profound astonishment, confusion, and dismay, at seeing my young friend, Peter Gale Faux, get upon his legs after the last orator had sat down, and, with the most imperturbable ease, address the assembly as follows:—

“Mr. Chairman,

“ACCUSTOMED from my boyish days to keep the very best society, in consequence of my having the unhappiness to be descended from a noble and ancient family, I have listened with considerable disgust to the vulgar effusions of the gentleman in the dirty shirt. To refute his arguments would be quite impossible, because he who contradicts the evidence of the senses, contradicts that physical foundation upon which all moral superstructure is built. Rage, in his eyes, are robes, and starvation is fatness. I shall therefore pass him in despair, and proceed to abuse the administration of the country. Sir, they have ruined that country externally, internally, and infernally. They have cursed it with destructive victories and with rotten splen-

dor, and have lemmened it by its elevation, like an eagle on an oak. Born for the mere diplomatic routine of office, they cannot expand their minds with the spread of national intelligence. They run through all the formal vocabulary of senatorial phraseology, cringe at a levee, diplomateize with princes, and beg you will accept the assurances of their high consideration, while the world is receding beneath their feet, and the portentous meteors of the times are melting the elements around them. Such, sir, are the ministers—and what are the opposition? Not one whit better. The former are in place, and the latter are out of place—that is the only difference between them. As for the common distinction of Whig and Tory, I deny it. The whig becomes a tory when he becomes a minister; and the tory grows a whig, when he is turned out of office. For my own part, I am not an oppositionist at all. Far be it from me to interpose any obstacle whatever to the projects of the government. In my opinion, they are acting for the benefit of the nation at large; and were I in Parliament to-morrow, should they ask for twenty millions extra, I would, without hesitation, vote them forty.” (Here there arose strong murmurs of disapprobation.) “Gentlemen may hiss,” continued my friend, “but I am much mistaken if they will not applaud what I have said, as soon as they shall have heard my reasons. I repeat, then, that ministers are serving their country most essentially; because the only way now left of serving it is by a revolution; and a revolution they are most effectually bringing about by their extravagance, their oppression, their illegal acts, and their total imbecility.” (Here my friend was cheered with ear-piercing shouts of applause.) “Now then, gentlemen, will any of you tell me that you really wish ministers to do their duty? No; every true lover of his country would wish to see them injure that country; every man who would desire to see it ultimately saved, must desire to see it previously ruined. This is the secret hope of all those honest patriots who keep aloof from both parties, and who only hold back till both shall destroy the national resources between them. Take my poor advice—wait till old England becomes involved in a debt double the amount of what she owes at present. On a moderate calculation, about ten millions of her people will then be beggared by a national bank-

ruptcy. Then these ten will easily put down the remaining five, seize the reins of government themselves, wipe off the debt by act of Parliament, make a bonfire of bank notes, institute the Agrarian law, enact universal suffrage, with the exclusion only of the five millions who were wealthy and prosperous under the old regime—and then, hurra for radical reform and the sovereignty of the people!"

My friend concluded his oration amidst thunders of applause. He was immediately surrounded by numbers of patriots, who began to press their acquaintance on him; and had he acceded to all the invitations he received, he might easily have eaten from twenty to twenty-five dinners on the following day.

On our way home, I, being at that time quite unacquainted with the degree of latitude which this oppressed country permits to the tongues of her patriots, simply enough asked him, if he had not spoken treason?

"I don't know," replied he; "it is all a matter of taste. One jury, whose notions happen to be circumscribed, might call it treason, while another of a more liberal and elegant tact might call it patriotism;—a man may either get hanged or crowned by such sentiments; success is the only criterion. But this I can tell you, that ministers shall be turned out, or I shall be turned off."

When we reached my house, I found some literary friends there before me, who had come to sup, but whose appointment to do so, I had, with my usual absence of mind, entirely forgotten. However, we soon dispatched supper, and entered upon "the feast of reason and the flow of soul." As I purpose interspersing these memoirs with such amusing or instructive episodes as I think agreeable to the reader, I shall here record some of the conversation. Lord Byron was the first topic, and, like all other men of supereminent ability, he was alternately deified or damned.

"He writes too fast," observed one.

"What signifies the time he takes to write," replied another, "if his works will last as long as time itself?"

"He plagiarises," remarked the first.

"So have all the first writers in every age and nation," said a third. "But where he is original, he may be said to be more original than any other author in our language; and I will venture to add, that he copies less than any other author whom you can name."

"I will name Goldsmith," replied the

former; "where will you find a plagiarism in his works?"

"In the first place," replied the other, "Goldsmith copies himself perpetually. For instance, in his *Citizen of the World*, he says: 'These poor shivering females, perhaps now lying at the doors of their betrayers.' And in his *Deserted Village* these lines occur:

'Where the poor, houseless, shivering female lies.

Near her betrayer's door she lays her head.'

"In his *Citizen of the World*, too, we find this expression: 'A land of grants and a den of slaves;' which, you must remember, is also a line in his *Traveller*. This couplet occurs in his *Traveller* also:

'And over fields where scattered hamlets rose,

In barren solitary pomp repose.'

"And almost a similar one in his *Deserted Village*:

'Along the lawn where scattered hamlets rose,

Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose.'

"At least," observed the other disputant, you can discover no plagiarism in Burns."

"What say you to this verse?" replied he.

'The mother may forget the child

That smiles sae sweetly on her knee,

But I'll remember thee, Glencairn,

And a' that thou hast done for me.'

"Has he not evidently taken it from this passage in Isaiah: "Can a woman forget her sucking child? Yea, they may forget, yet will I not forget thee." Even Milton himself sometimes borrowed from the classics; though I do not recollect that this line,

'Divided empire with Heaven's King I hold,

"has ever been remarked as borrowed from Virgil's epigram,

'Divisum imperium cum Jove Caesar habet.'

"As for Pope, he picked up pretty phrases and elegant thoughts, without compunction, wherever he could meet with them; witness, in his *Art of Criticism*, this line:

'For there's a happiness as well as care,'

"which he took from Davenant, who says that poetry should have

'Towards its excellence, as well a happiness as care.'

"The construction and idea of those so

much admired lines in his *Elegy* on an Unfortunate Young Lady, appear to be borrowed from Ovid. I will repeat both passages :

'By foreign hands thy dying eyes were closed,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs composed,
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,
By strangers honored, and by strangers mourn'd.'

*Et jacet Euxinis votis romanus in oris,
Romanorum vatem barbara terra teget :
Terra teget vatem teneros qui lusit amores,
Barbara cum gelidis aluit Ister aquis.'"*

"He might well copy Ovid's thoughts more than any other writer," remarked one of the company, "for he seems to have studied his style more. Ovid would have shone during the last century. He had all the point and false conceit which form the principal objections to the writings of that era. For instance, he says—

'*Consiliis, non curribus utere nostris ;*'

"which is a sort of pun ; at least the verb *utere* governs two substantives, so incongruous in their union, that the sentence has a ludicrous rather than a serious effect. Accordingly Pope has applied it more happily in his *Rape of the Lock* :—

'*Dost sometimes counsel take, and sometimes tea.*'

"Dryden's falsities of composition were not in this strain. He offended by the thought more than by the expression. When he says—

'*But ere a prince is to perfection brought,
He costs Omnipotence a second thought,*'—

"we are not alone shocked at the profanity of the sentiment, but we see there is a gross blunder in making that which is All-powerful, not powerful enough to accomplish the whole of its object at once."

"Here is a line in one of Dryden's tragedies," said the former speaker, "from which I think Sheridan borrowed an excellent hit in his *Rivals*. The line is accompanied with an anecdote, which may be worth relating. At the first representation of the tragedy, the Duke of Buckingham, an old enemy of Dryden's, was present : and as soon as the performer repeated this line,

'*My grief is great—because it is so small ;*
"the duke, from the stage box, cried out—

'*Then 'twould be greater, were it none at all :—*

"upon which the piece was instantly damned. Acres, in the *Rivals*, says :—'I tell you, the farther he is off, the cooler I shall take my aim.'—'Then,' replies Sir Lucius, 'I suppose you would aim at him best of all, if he was out of sight.'"

"That Hibernian failing—blunder, forms a very happy species of humour for our novels and plays," remarked a gentleman ; "and perhaps the Irish character is better adapted for theatrical effect than any other."

(To be continued.)

GHEENT IN 1819.

MR. EDITOR,

AS English travellers have, of late years, said but little concerning the Netherlands, perhaps the following brief remarks on Ghent, collected during a short residence in that city, may be deemed worthy of a place in your useful publication.

It is not my intention to enter into any description of the manners and customs of the people, at least so far as regards the higher classes of society, for these are things which cannot be learnt in a day. I shall therefore confine myself to such matters as came fully within the sphere of my own observation.

At first sight a stranger might almost conclude that there are no poor in Ghent. I had, however, anticipated the very contrary. From the accounts I had read of the distress of the labouring classes in manufacturing towns on the Continent, I expected, on alighting from the coach, to find myself assailed by a throng of hungry beggars ; but to my astonishment I did not see one. I soon learnt the means by which this happy transformation had been wrought, and how the generous charity of private individuals, seconded by the wise measures of the police, had succeeded in banishing a scourge which is the disgrace of modern society. I was delighted to find, that in a populous commercial city the problem respecting the extinction of mendicity had at length been solved ; the report of the magistracy on the subject is a perfect model for compositions of that class ; it presents, put into practice, all the measures which were formerly to be found only in the projects of philanthropists.

The day after my arrival I visited the church of St. Bavo's, which, in point

of decoration, is one of the most superb edifices I ever beheld. I admired the spaciousness of the nave, the magnificence of the choir and grand altar, the beauty of the pictures, the pomp of the ceremonies, and the devout attention of the numerous congregation. One might almost suppose that the whole population of Ghent assembled at St. Bavon on Sundays and holidays, and that there was no other parish church in the city; yet there are many others, all nearly as beautiful, as splendidly decorated, and as well filled.

It appears to me that the drama is not the ruling passion of the inhabitants of Ghent: I only once saw the theatre full. The boxes are more thinly attended than any other part of the house. Yet there are some excellent performers at the Ghent theatre. I was singularly astonished at this indifference in a people who zealously cultivate the fine arts, and are passionately fond of music in particular.

The coffee-houses, on the contrary, are rarely deserted. They are the continual resort of men of every rank. The visitants of these places have an air of independence, frankness, and cordiality, and every thing presents an appearance of perfect comfort. The company are provided with refreshments, card-tables, newspapers, commercial and literary journals, the *Petites Affiches*, new pamphlets, &c. It is usual to sup in the coffee-houses. I know not what becomes of the ladies all this time.

It will be understood that I here allude only to the better order of coffee-houses, those of an inferior description are extremely numerous; though they would not be styled coffee-houses in other countries. It not unfrequently happens that a stranger, deceived by the sign, is surprised, and very little edified by finding himself in a place very different from what he expected.

The Canter, in the centre of the city, is the rendezvous of fashionable promenaders. It presents a most brilliant spectacle on Sundays, after mass. I have scarcely ever seen a more numerous assemblage of beautiful and elegantly dressed women. One of the avenues of this promenade is, on Sundays, converted into a flower-market, where flowers are exhibited even during the winter season. Flora is the favourite goddess of the inhabitants of Ghent. Every female, from the highest to the lowest rank, pays homage to her: from

the drawing-room to the garret every window is adorned either with vases of baskets of flowers. The poorest householder has his garden, his exotic plants, his scarce flowers, and his precious shrubs. As to the botanical garden it is the finest in Europe.

I know of no promenade comparable to the *Coupure*. You must imagine an extensive canal, with several elegant bridges thrown across it, bordered on either side by long avenues of trees, where throngs of promenaders, young gentlemen on horseback, and ladies in open carriages, seem, on fine days, to hold a general rendezvous. Add to this, a combination of the most smiling and picturesque landscape scenery, with all the elegance and brilliancy of an opulent city, and you may be enabled to form some idea of this delightful promenade. The people of Ghent are celebrated for their taste for the fine arts; yet all that has been said on that subject is even below the truth. In Ghent there are architects, painters, sculptors, engravers, and musicians of the very first order; and they are liberally encouraged, for there are likewise amateurs and literary men capable of appreciating and enhancing the merit of their productions.

Numerous collections of paintings and engravings, cabinets of medals, rooms for the exhibition of works of art, distributions of prizes, (which are always public ceremonies,) and learned societies, tend to support the liberal dispositions of the people. Patriotism also has a share in promoting them, and emulation and improvement go hand in hand. During the year there are two flower exhibitions, one open in summer and the other in winter, to which the numerous members of the botanical society contribute. This institution is peculiar to Ghent, and has served as a model for several other towns in the Netherlands: every individual makes it a point of honour to send the two most remarkable plants or flowers in his garden, and prizes are awarded to those who exhibit the rarest or most beautiful specimens. No one dares to become a candidate. Flowers are even sent from the king's gardens, and such is the impartiality of the decisions of the society of botany, that a poor farmer often obtains the prize for which the most exalted individuals have competed. It would appear that this society is chiefly instrumental in maintaining that taste for

botany so remarkable in Ghent, where more flowers are preserved during the winter season than the sun-shine of spring produces in more genial climates.

I need scarcely mention the Agricultural Society; very little remains to be done by such an institution in the most cultivated country in the world. Yet its members are by no means inactive, and their memorials are admirably written.

With regard to education, it is impossible to conceive any thing more liberal, or more in unison with the notions of the present day, than the universities of the Netherlands. They present a combination of all that was good in former times, and all that is now still better. The university of Ghent, where almost all the professors are distinguished for important works on science and literature, already enjoys the highest reputation. Consequently, even in the second year after its establishment, the number of students was very considerable. No expence or labour has been spared by the founders of this magnificent institution. Cabinets of natural history, collections of instruments of philosophy, surgery, agriculture, and the mechanical arts, a laboratory for chemical experiments, an observatory, a library, a botanical garden (the one before mentioned) nothing is wanting to render the establishment complete. Every branch of human knowledge is pursued by the students; the lectures are given and listened to with enthusiasm. I attended one of the courses. They are all delivered in Latin, and I expected to understand but very little. On the contrary, however, I did not find this *college Latin* so barbarous as I had been led to suppose; nor does it appear that the students dislike it, for they all speak it with fluency. Certainly an Englishman might have wished to hear them in English, and it might probably have been more agreeable to a Frenchman had they been delivered in his native language; for it is undoubtedly easiest both to teach and to learn through the medium of one's mother tongue. But what language can be preferred to the Latin in a college, where the students are natives of England, Germany, Holland, France, &c. and to which no young man can be admitted as a student unless he understands Latin. It was necessary to adopt some universal language, and certainly none can be more convenient than that which has been chosen.

ON THE PRACTICABILITY OF EFFECTING A NORTH NORTH EAST, OR NORTH WEST PASSAGE INTO THE PACIFIC OCEAN, WITH OBSERVATIONS ON THE VOYAGE OF CAPTAIN ROSS AND LIBUT. PARRY.*

THE discovery of the mariner's compass is one of the most important events in the history of mankind. It removed the veil of obscurity which had previously shrouded the remote nations of the East and the West from the knowledge of Europeans. By means of this inestimable invention, aided by the researches into natural philosophy, which a spirit of acute observation, founded upon the unerring basis of actual experiment had prompted, the true configuration of the earth was discovered, and the fact of the rotundity of its form determined, by the successive voyages of Americus, Magellan, Vesputius, and Drake. The voyages of Vasco de Gama round the Cape of Good Hope to the East Indies, and the brilliant career of conquest pursued by the Portuguese in those remote regions, excited a spirit of enterprise and adventure which distinguished all the maritime nations of Europe. Difficulties the most formidable were then surmounted. The imminent perils which attended the navigation of unknown seas, the imperfect construction of the vessels employed in exploring them, and the melancholy results of some unfortunate voyages, only tended to enkindle the zeal, renew the fortitude, and exalt, to the highest degree of enthusiasm, that ardent desire of glory which glowed in the bosoms of these illustrious mariners.

Amidst the great and splendid variety of pursuits to which the minds of men at the close of the sixteenth, and at the beginning of the seventeenth century, were directed, a favourite speculation was the project of proceeding to the East Indies by a north-east or north-west passage. Amid a crowd of navigators who entered zealously into this scheme, the ablest, most fortunate, and persevering, were among our own countrymen. The coast of Greenland, from the 60° to the 20° parallel of north latitude were successively explored, the desolate region of Spitsbergen discovered.

* A Voyage of Discovery, made under the orders of the Admiralty, in his Majesty's ships *Isabella* and *Alexander*, for the purpose of exploring *Baffin's Bay*, and enquiring into the probability of a *North West Passage*. By John Ross, K. S. Captain R. N. Murray, 4to. pp. 495.

the straits which divide the island of Nova Zembla from the frozen continent of Tartary ascertained, and the navigation of the icy ocean, in that direction, completed into about the 70° of east longitude. Where the clue fell from the hands of these intrepid Argonauts of the North, it was taken up and pursued by the hardy Russians. In boats and other light vessels suited to those dangerous seas, they continued their eastward course until the hydrography of the northern coast of Asia was gradually developed; and where the progress of the mariner was arrested by innumerable obstacles, sledges were at hand to transport himself, and the slender materials of his bark, into a less obstructed channel. At length the contiguity of the continents of Asia and America was discovered by the celebrated Behring, whose name is justly bestowed upon the narrow straits which divide the eastern and western world. Thus it was finally determined, that no continuous passage, practicable for merchant vessels, exists along the northern shores of Europe and Asia, and therefore that scheme was relinquished. Whilst the discoveries were making towards the north-east, the genius of the age, impelled, with equal perseverance and courage on the part of the undertakers, a series of voyages to explore the north-west passage, Davis found the entrance of the great bay formed by West Greenland on the one side, and the eastern coast of America on the other. Forbisher discovered one of the numerous inlets which conduct into the Mediterranean sea of Hudson's Bay. Baffin explored the northern and eastern parts of the head of the gulph discovered by Davis, prosecuting his researches with a vigor, and recording the results with an accuracy, which justly entitle him to hold a pre-eminent rank among the most celebrated navigators. He met with an inlet in the western part of the gulph, in latitude 74° 30", which he denominated Lancaster Sound; but which he had not the leisure nor the means of navigating. Hudson, Jones, and Middleton, traced the western, southern and northern limits of Hudson's Bay; but could find neither strait nor opening which led from that great inland sea into the icy ocean. In after times, Hearne and Mackenzie, the former from the most north westerly establishment of the Hudson's Bay Company; the latter from those of the North West Company, discovered, or imagined that they

had discovered (for the fact is now questioned) the icy sea on different meridians of longitude; between the parallels of 69° and 71° north. In the year 1773, Commodore Phipps undertook his celebrated voyage to explore a passage to the North Pole, from the vicinity of Spitzbergen, but was arrested by a stupendous and impassable barrier of ice, extending for upwards of 20 degrees of longitude. Captains Cook and Clerk were equally unfortunate in their attempts to penetrate into the icy sea, through Behring's Straits; but although they failed in effecting the desired passage, their researches enlarged our knowledge of the north western coast of America; and those parts of that extended and interesting line which were not traced by Cook and Clerk, were successfully and completely explored by Vancouver, La Perouse, and other navigators; thus demonstrating that no passage exists, in that direction, across the Continent of North America into the icy sea.

Having proceeded so far in the review of the historical part of our subject, it remains to deduce those important conclusions which appear inevitably to result from the various and abortive schemes for sailing by a north east, or a north west passage into the Pacific Ocean; availing ourselves, in the progress of the enquiry, of the new and interesting light offered on this great question, by the narrative just published, of the voyage of Captain Ross and Lieut. Parry; as well as of the ascertained fact of the failure of the other Polar Expedition, which was designed to have proceeded from Spitzbergen across the North Pole into Behring's Straits. It will disembarass the discussion, if our inferences are stated separately, with respect to the practicability of effecting a north east and north west passage.

It has been argued that a very extraordinary disruption of ice has taken place on the coast of East Greenland; that several whalers have penetrated to very high degrees of northern latitude, namely, to 83° and 84°, and by some unauthenticated accounts, to 86°, 87°, and even 88°; that there is reason to conclude the sea to the northward of Spitzbergen to be at some period of the summer free from ice; and lastly, that, as it is highly probable there are no extensive tracts of land near the north pole, the climate will become less rigorous in proportion as we advance to the northward of Spitzbergen.

Upon this statement we remark:—

1. That the position and extent of the ice accumulated upon the arctic coast fluctuates in different seasons—that the degree to which it may accumulate in any one season depends chiefly upon the force and direction of the winds in the early part of the summer: thus in the parallel of Spitzbergen, an alternate succession of westerly and south-easterly winds, blowing from the coasts of Greenland, and the continent of Asia, must inevitably tend to increase the quantity of ice upon the shores of Spitzbergen; inasmuch as they would waft hither the fresh water ice formed upon the coasts, and set at liberty upon the departure of the winter, particularly from the shore of Siberia. That, notwithstanding the continual presence of the sun from May to August, in the latitude of Spitzbergen, and some occasional gleams of warmth, the mean temperature of the air in the summer is ascertained to be below that which we commonly enjoy in the month of February; they being often overcast with showers of hail and snow, added to the frequent occurrence of thick fogs, which are always accompanied with frost; so that it is impossible that the quantity of ice, generated in one winter, could be dissolved in the ensuing summer by any continual atmospherical influence ever observed, in that climate.—The occasional disruption, therefore, of any extraordinary quantity of ice from the coasts of Spitzbergen and East Greenland, must arise from some accidental cause, which, from the variety of the event cannot prospectively be relied on. It may be considered as not invalidating that great elemental law which connects the presence of continual cold, and the consequent obstructions to navigation, with the vicinity of eternal ice and gloomy skies, but merely as the result of the unusual prevalence of particular winds and currents, leaving the primary causes of the production and permanency of ice in high latitudes, in full and perpetual activity.

2. That the authorities upon which Mr. Barrington cites, in his pamphlet, the successful efforts of the masters of whalers to attain to very high latitudes, are neither so direct nor so satisfactory, as to allow us to yield to them that implicit faith to which they were considered to be entitled by their ingenious and indefatigable author. Some of the most remarkable of these instances appear to rest upon oral and traditionary testimony, or to have been communicated to

Mr. Barrington by the statements of third parties, without his having had access to the journals or log-books of the vessels themselves. But admitting even that such relations were, to a certain degree, authentic, they would only prove the possibility, under very peculiar circumstances, of approaching the north pole twice or thrice, perhaps, in the course of a century. They could not, however, afford a rational encouragement to other individuals to attempt a measure, against the success of which there is such a fearful array of chances, and this too, upon the allegations of Mr. Barrington himself.

3. There is no direct proof that any vessel ever did ascend higher than the latitude of 83 degrees north. That of the very small number of examples in which such a run has been performed, there is not, perhaps, one which could be adduced, wherein the sea was wholly free from ice. That the records of all voyages in high northern latitudes prove that there is nothing more uncertain than the sudden appearance of an open sea, after vessels have been beset and embayed with ice; and that a change of wind, or even the duration of the same wind, in some circumstances would again speedily so encompass them. The only testimony upon which, on such a supposition, reliance could be placed, namely, the increased temperature of the sea at its surface, and at various depths, is entirely wanting; and with respect to the reported warmth of the air in proceeding northwards, that variation from the general coldness of the climate is sometimes proved to occur in an extraordinary degree in Spitzbergen, whilst the navigation is interrupted by ice; besides, the insularity of Spitzbergen alone would render it probable that the cold although sufficient in its certain effects to impede the progress of vessels, would not equal the extreme rigour of the climate experienced in Nova Zembla and the North East Cape, or the coast of Siberia, or even in Labrador.

4. It is by no means proved that there are such extensive tracts of land near the North Pole. It has never yet, and probably never will be ascertained, how far the immense peninsula of Greenland lies towards the north. It is sufficient here to observe, that upon its eastern coast it is known to extend to the latitude of 80°, and the head of Baffin's Bay, which is the extremity of the western coast, yet explored, is 77° 30'. Land

has also been discovered to the north east of Spitzbergen, in latitude 82° ; but whether it is a continuation of Greenland, or a new land, is not determined. A new coast has been likewise described to the northward of Cape Suyaioi, in the Tartarian ocean, the extent of which is unknown. It is well ascertained that the frigorific influence of the winds depends much more upon the elevation and state of the land over which they proceed, than upon their direction from the north, or the collateral points of the east and west, so that to the northward of Spitzbergen, the south east and south westerly winds wafted from Greenland and Tartary, would probably be as cold, perhaps colder, than a direct north wind. The supposition, that the climate would be ameliorated in very high latitudes, beyond Spitzbergen, appears to us to involve a great absurdity.

5. Another obstacle as formidable as any which have yet been enumerated, arises from the difficulties, if not the absolute impossibility of steering a vessel when arrived at the North Pole, from the circumstance, that, at extreme points, every course must be necessarily due south; that there could be no *sea mark* to direct the navigator in a situation of such unexampled perplexity; that the benign influence of the polar star could be no longer felt; and, lastly, that it is impossible even to conjecture to what extent the variation of the needle (if indeed it did not wholly cease to act) might be carried.

6. It has been ascertained by repeated experiments of sea water, at various depths, made during the voyage of Captain Ross and Lieutenant Parry, that, at a great profundity, 700 or 800 fathoms, the thermometer was almost invariably below the freezing point in the midst of summer—if that season, in the arctic regions, be not miscalled. Thus, therefore, it appears, in contradiction to the popular theory with respect to the congelation of water exceeding instead of falling short of that of the superstratum process of freezing, would be, at the surface, in calm weather, rapid and uninterrupted.

Upon these grounds, then, we contend, that a voyage into the North Pacific Ocean, either across the north pole, or by attempting a north eastern passage, is either wholly impracticable, or if it should be even accidentally accomplished, would be found to have been attended with so many difficulties and dangers, that for all purposes of practical

utility, it might have remained unexplored.

The second branch of our subject relates to the probability of effecting a north west passage; and here it will not be necessary to recur to the arguments already adduced in discussing the question of a north eastern passage, drawn from the serenity of the climate, in which alone such a passage could be sought with the least hope of success; as those considerations are equally applicable in both cases. Neither shall we abstract the substance of the narratives of the different voyages undertaken with this forlorn hope. We shall take our stand upon the record of the voyage of Captain Ross and Lieutenant Parry, and we trust we shall succeed in shewing, that this important question, on which the attention of all Europe has been fixed for ages, has been at length (for every beneficial purpose) resolved in the negative; so far, at least, as regards the shores of Baffin's Bay, on which alone an opening, useful for commercial purposes, could be expected.

The instructions given to Captain Ross by the Admiralty appear to have been framed with professional skill and ability. He was directed to explore with the greatest caution every part of Baffin's Bay, particularly its western shores; to complete the hydrography of this great gulf, and carefully to examine every inlet; especially on the western side. Should he succeed in discovering a passage, he was then to sail with all possible expedition through the Strait into the Icy Sea, and, keeping a convenient distance from the American coast, he was to proceed to Behring's Straits, and pass the ensuing winter either at the Sandwich Islands or New Albion. If he considered such a measure to be safe, he was instructed as soon as the thaws would allow to retrace his course along the American northern shore, carefully observing the different bearings of the coast; and, if he found it absolutely necessary, to winter upon the coast. The vessels, especially secured against the collision of ice, were, in all other respects, equipped in the most complete manner for the arduous service in which they were to be employed. The sailors were selected with the utmost care from those who had had the greatest experience in the whale fisheries. In short, from the unexceptionable testimony of Captain Ross himself, no expedition of discovery that ever quitted the British shores was

better supplied with necessities of all descriptions.

It would be foreign to our purpose and unentertaining to our readers, were we to analyse the narrative of Captain Ross during the early part of the voyage. The grand enterprise could not be said fairly to have commenced until he had ascended the latitude of $74^{\circ} 30'$. We cannot here resist the temptation of presenting to our readers, in the words of Captain R. himself, an impressive view of the perils which attend navigation in this icy gulph:

As it appeared likely that our people would be at work throughout the night, an extra allowance of provisions was served out; their labours were incessant till half-past one, when, being almost worn out with exertion, I allowed them rest till five. At half-past six the ice began to move, and the wind increasing to a gale, the only chance left for us was to endeavour to force the ship through it to the north, where it partially opened; but the channel was so much obstructed by heavy pieces, that our utmost efforts were ineffectual; the floes closed in upon us, and, at noon, we felt their pressure most severely. A floe on one side of the *Isabella* appeared to be fixed, while another, with a circular motion, was passing rapidly along. The pressure continuing to increase, it became a trial of strength between the ship and the ice; every support threatened to give way; the beams in the hold began to bend; and the iron tanks settled together. At this critical moment, when it seemed impossible for the ship to sustain the accumulating pressure much longer, she rose several feet; while the ice, which was more than six feet thick, broke against her sides, curling back in itself. The great stress now fell upon her bow, and, after having been again lifted up, she was carried with great violence towards the *Alexander*, which ship had hitherto been in a great measure, defended by the *Isabella*. Every effort to avoid their getting foul of each other failed; the ice anchors and cables broke one after another, and the sterns of the two ships came so violently into contact, as to crush to pieces a boat that could not be removed in time. The collision was tremendous, the anchor and chain plates being broken, and nothing less expected than the loss of the masts; but at this eventful instant, by the interposition of Providence, the force of the ice seemed exhausted; the two fields suddenly receded, and we passed the *Alexander* with comparatively little damage. The last things that hooked each other were the two bower anchors, which being torn from the bows, remained suspended in a line between the two ships, until that of the *Alexander* gave way.

A clear channel soon after opened, and we ran into a pool, thus escaping the imme-

diate danger; but the fall of snow being very heavy, its extent could not be seen.

Neither the masters, the mates, nor those men who had been all their lives in the Greenland service, had ever experienced such imminent peril; and they declared that a common whaler must have been crushed to atoms. Our safety must indeed be attributed to the perfect and admirable manner in which the vessels had been strengthened when fitting for service.

But our troubles were not yet at an end; for as the gale increased, the ice began to move with greater velocity, while the continued thick fall of snow kept from our sight the further danger that awaited us, till it became more imminent; a large field of ice was soon discovered at a small distance, bearing fast down upon us from the west, and it thus became necessary to saw docks for refuge, in which service all hands were immediately employed; it was, however, found too thick for our nine feet saws, and no progress could be made. This circumstance proved fortunate, for it was soon after perceived that the field to which we were moored for this purpose, was drifting rapidly on a reef of icebergs, which lay aground: the topsails were therefore close reefed, in order that we might run between two bergs, or into any creek that might be found among them; when suddenly the field acquired a circular motion, so that every exertion was now necessary for the purpose of warping along the edge, that being the sole chance we had of escaping the danger of being crushed on an iceberg.

In a few minutes we observed that part of the field into which we had attempted to cut our docks came in contact with the berg, with such rapidity and violence, as to rise more than fifty feet up its precipitous side, where it suddenly broke, the elevated part falling back on the rest with a terrible crash, and overwhelming with its ruins the very spot we had previously chosen for our safety. Soon afterwards the ice appeared sufficiently open for us to pass the reef of bergs, and we once more found ourselves in a place of security.

The ships had made very little progress, when we were surprised by the appearance of several men upon the ice, who were hallooing, as we imagined, to the ships; the first impression was, that they were shipwrecked sailors, probably belonging to some vessel that had followed us, and had been crushed in the late gale; we therefore tacked, hoisted our colors, and stood in for shore. On approaching the ice, we discovered them to be natives, drawn on rudely fashioned sledges by dogs, which they continued to drive backwards and forwards with wonderful rapidity. When we arrived within hail, Sackhouse (the Eskimaux who accompanied the expedition) called out to them in his own language; some words were heard in return, to which a reply was

again made, but neither party appeared to be in the least degree intelligible to each other. For some time they continued to regard us in silence, but, on the ship's tacking, they set up a simultaneous shout, accompanied with many strange gesticulations, and went off in their sledges with amazing velocity towards the land. After they had attained the distance of a mile or more, they halted for about two hours: as soon as this was observed, the ship was tacked, and a boat sent to place an observation-stool, of four feet in height, on the ice, on which various presents, consisting of knives and articles of clothing, were left. Either, however, they did not see it, or it did not attract their attention, and a second boat was therefore sent, with directions to leave one of the Eskimaux dogs with some strings of blue beads round his neck, near the same place.

In the latitude of $75^{\circ} 30'$ Captain Ross discovered a secluded tribe of Eskimaux, differing only idiomatically in language from their brethren in the southern parts of Davis's Straits, but completely ignorant of the existence of any other tribe or nation. Shortly after his encounter with these harmless natives Captain Ross parted company with the last whaler, and here properly began his expedition. He proceeded verging along the coast of Greenland until he arrived at the head of Baffin's Bay, which is situated in $77^{\circ} 40'$: passing two or three inlets, the approaches to which were closed by an impassable barrier of ice, but around which a belt of lofty mountains covered with snow, extended. It is evident, from the chart which accompanies the Narrative, as well as from the Narrative itself, that Captain Ross was not enabled to approach very near to the coast which forms the northern boundary of the Bay; but the chain of mountains above mentioned was continued apparently without any fissure unto the western, or American side of the Bay. Captain Ross here gives it as his opinion, that if any passage whatever exists in the north eastern extremity of the Bay, it is so perpetually closed up with firm ice, as to be completely inaccessible to navigators. Nothing like an opening or strait was discovered in returning southward, down the western side of Baffin's Bay, until Captain Ross arrived at the entrance of Lancaster Sound, in latitude $74^{\circ} 30'$. This part of the voyage is peculiarly interesting, and we should do an injustice to the subject if we withheld Captain Ross's account of his proceedings in his own words, particularly as the public mind has been prejudiced by a rumour

that the north west passage had apparently been discovered by this sound, and that Captain R. himself determined upon abandoning the investigation at the moment when the officers of both vessels and their crews entertained the most sanguine hopes of success.

(August 29.) We shortened sail for the Alexander, after we had made out the land, and sounded in two hundred and ten fathoms. Between Cape Charlotte and the land, which bore south, a wide opening appeared; but the wind shifting to the west, I could not stand in to this opening to explore it, and therefore stood to the southward; but at ten P. M. the wind changed to the south, and I tacked and stood in the Bay. The swell continued from the S. S. E., and at midnight the weather was very thick and foggy.

Aug. 30. The weather being still thick and cloudy, we continued to steer so as to gain the middle of the opening, making about a south by west course; but the wind was light and variable, and not much progress made. About four we had a shower of rain, and soon afterwards the fog cleared away a little, and we saw two icebergs at a considerable distance; we then altered our course in the manner most likely to answer for getting to the westward, and carried all sail. About ten we saw the land, which forms the northern side of the opening, extending from west to north, in a chain of high mountains covered with snow. Soon afterwards the south side of this opening was discovered, extending from S. W. to S. E. forming also a chain of very high mountains. In the space between, between west and south west, there appeared a yellow sky, but no land was seen, nor was there any ice on the water, except a few icebergs; the opening, therefore, took the appearance of a channel, the entrance of which was judged to be forty-five miles: the land on the north side lying in an E. N. E. and W. S. W. direction, and the south side nearly east and west.

Having had good observations for time, and a meridian altitude of the sun, the latitude and longitude were accurately determined; and at the same time, the bearings of the land were taken and registered. Divine service was performed, and in the afternoon the wind having obliged us to stand to the south side, we had an excellent view of the most magnificent chain of mountains which I had ever beheld. These mountains, and the cape which terminates them, and forms the eastern extremity of the land on that side the channel, were named after Sir Byam Martin, in compliment to my most esteemed friend the commander of H. M. Navy; and the various capes and bays which were formed in this track of land were named after his amiable family and nearest relatives, as a mark of my respect and regard for them. These

mountains, which take their rise at the sea at Cape Byam Martin in the east, and from a low plain near Catherine's Bay in the west, terminate in sharp lofty peaks; and the rocks which form them being, on one side or the other, and often on every side, too perpendicular for the snow to rest upon, are distinctly seen above it, displaying the most remarkable as well as wonderful appearances. In one place, nearly between Cape Fanshawe and Elizabeth's Bay, two rocks, resembling human figures of a gigantic size, were seen in a sitting posture, on the very highest peak; and as it was considerably above the clouds, their appearance was both extraordinary and interesting.

The snow appeared deep in the vallies of the interior, but the ravines next the sea were only partly filled with it; and the precipices near the foot of the mountains were perfectly bare. The low and level tract of land which has already been described to form Catherine's Bay, was also perfectly clear of snow, and was, to all appearance, the most habitable situation on the coast. The rest of the day was spent in beating to the westward, all sail was carried, and every advantage taken of the changes in the directions and strength of the wind. As the evening closed the wind died away, the weather became mild and warm, the water much smoother, and the atmosphere clear and serene. The mountains on each side of the Strait, being clear of clouds, had beautiful tints of various colors. For the first time we discovered, that the land extended from the south, two-thirds across this apparent strait, but the fog which continually occupied that quarter obscured its real figure; in this position we had good observations for time, and the dip sector and Kater's altitude instrument were used; and the temperature of the water at four o'clock was $26\frac{1}{2}$ exactly in the centre of the mouth of the strait. The close of this evening was remarkable for the appearance of Capella, the first star we had seen for twelve weeks.

During this day much interest was excited on board by the appearance of this strait; the general opinion, however, was, that it was only an inlet. Captain Sabine, who produced Baffin's account, was of opinion, that we were off Lancaster Sound, and that there was no hopes of a passage until we should arrive at Cumberland Strait; to use his own words, there was "no indication of a passage,"—"no appearance of a current,"—"no drift-wood,"—and "no swell from the north west." On the contrary, the land was partially seen extending across, the yellow sky was perceptible; and as we advanced, the temperature of the water began to decrease. The mast head and crow's nest was crowded with those who were most anxious, but nothing was finally decided at the setting of the sun.

Soon after midnight the wind began to shift, and the ship came gradually up, enabling us to stand directly up the bay: I therefore made all sail, and let the Alexander considerably astern. At a little before four, A. M. the land was seen at the bottom of the inlet by the officers of the watch; but before I got upon deck, a space of about seven degrees of the compass was obscured by the fog. The land which I then saw was a high ridge of mountains, extending directly across the bottom of the inlet. This chain appeared extremely high in the centre, and those towards the north had, at times, the appearance of islands, being insulated by the fog at their bases. Although a passage in this direction appeared hopeless, I was determined completely to explore it, as the wind was favourable, and therefore continued all sail. At eight the wind fell a little, and the Alexander being far astern I sounded and found 674 fathoms, with a soft muddy bottom. There was, however, no current, and the temperature of the mud was $29\frac{1}{2}$. Soon after this the breeze freshened, and we carried all sail, leaving the Alexander, and steering directly up the bay. The weather was now variable, being cloudy and clear at intervals. Mr. Beverley, who was the most sanguine, went up to the crow's nest; and, at twelve, reported to me, that before it became thick, he had seen the land across the bay, except for a very short space. The land to the south east was very distinct, and I had an excellent transit; and bearing off Cape Byam Martin, and Cape Fanshawe, with the ship's head on the point of the change, for the purpose of determining the variation, should no azimuths be obtained, notice of which will be taken hereafter. Although all hopes were given up, even by the most sanguine, that a passage existed, and the weather continued thick, I determined to stand higher up, and put into any harbour I might discover, for the purpose of making magnetical observations. Here I felt the want of a consort which I could employ to explore a coast, or discover a harbour; but the Alexander sailed so badly, and was so leewardly, that she could not safely be employed on such a service. During this day we shortened sail several times, to prevent our losing sight of her altogether. As we stood up the bay two capes on the south side were discovered, one of which I named after the Earl of Liverpool; and the land was named Cape Hay, which formed the boundary on one side of Catherine's Bay before-mentioned. On the north side a remarkable conical rock, the only island on this part of the coast was discovered, and named Sir George Hope's Monument, after my lamented friend, one of the lords of the admiralty, who had recommended me for the command of this expedition, and whose signature of my orders, on his death-bed, was the last act of his valuable life. About one the Alexander being nearly out of sight

to the eastward, we hove to for half an hour, to let her come up a little; and at half-past one, she being within six or seven miles of us, we again made all sail. At half-past two (when I went off the deck to dinner) there were some hopes of its clearing, and I left orders to be called on the appearance of land or ice a-head. At three the officer of the watch, who was relieved to his dinner by Mr. Lewis, reported, on his coming into the cabin, that there was some appearance of its clearing at the bottom of the bay. I immediately therefore went on deck, and soon after it completely cleared for about ten minutes, and I distinctly saw the land, round the bottom of the bay, forming a connected chain of mountains with those which extended along the north and south sides. This land appeared to be at a distance of eight leagues; and Mr. Lewis the master, and James Haig, leading man, being sent for, they took its bearings, which were inserted in the log; the water on the surface was at temperature of 34°. At this moment I also saw a continuity of ice, at the distance of seven miles, extending from one side of the bay to the other, between the nearest cape to the north, which I named after Sir Geo. Warrender; and that to the south, which was named after Viscount Castlereagh. The mountains which occupied the centre, in a north and south direction were named Croker's Mountains, after the secretary to the Admiralty. The south west corner, which formed a spacious bay, completely occupied by ice, was named Barrow's Bay, and is bounded on the south by Cape Castlereagh, and on the north by Cape Rosamond, which is a headland that projects eastward from the high land in the centre. The north corner, which was the last I had made out, was a deep inlet; and as it answered exactly to the latitude given by Baffin of Lancaster Sound, I have no doubt that it was the same, and consider it a most remarkable instance of the accuracy of that able navigator. At a quarter past three, the weather became thick and unseel; and being now perfectly satisfied that there was no passage in this direction, nor any harbour into which I could enter for the purpose of making magnetical observations, I tacked to join the Alexander, which was at the distance of eight miles; and having joined her a little after four, we stood to the south eastward, but the swell was so great, and the wind so baffling, that the ship's head could not be kept against the sea; this swell was probably increased from our proximity to the margin of the ice, and it would have been imprudent to have stood nearer under such circumstances. About six it fell nearly calm for a short time, and we sounded with the deep sea clams, which brought up a quantity of mud, in which were five worms of a species that had not been seen before.

in sight, and we steered directly for it; but in approaching it we took up the whole forenoon, which was at intervals foggy. Towards noon preparations were made for landing in a small bay to the northward of Cape Byam Martin, into which the ship could just fetch, and the signal to prepare two boats for exploring was made to the Alexander, which had got pretty near us. When within two leagues of this bay it fell calm, and at one the boats were dispatched under the orders of Mr. Skene and Mr. Ross, to take possession of the country. Captain Lubine, who thought the weather too foggy for the dipping needle, went on shore with the surgeon and his assistant, to collect specimens of natural history, and I directed Lieut. Parry, as soon as he came on board, to follow, and take command of the whole party, and to obtain if possible, some observations for ascertaining the variation of the compass.

My orders "to stand well to the north," had already been fully obeyed, and no current had, and if a current of some force did exist, as from the "best authorities," we had reason to believe was the fact, it could be no where but to the southward of this latitude. As in my instructions I am also directed "to leave the ice about the 15th or 20th of September, or at latest the 1st of October," I had only one month left for my operations, in which month the nights are long, and, according to a fair calculation, not more than two days clear weather out of seven could be expected. It may, therefore, with propriety be stated, that I had only eight days remaining to explore Baffin's Bay, a distance of above four hundred miles. Of this space nearly two hundred miles had been examined, a range including the supposed space of the discontinuity of the continent; and that to which my attention had been particularly called, and where the imaginary current, which was to be my guide, was to be expected. It is, perhaps, unnecessary to add, that under these circumstances I was anxious to proceed to the spot where it must be evident I had the best chance of success. Yet my anxiety on the other hand to leave no part of the coast unexplored, even after all hopes of a passage were given up, determined me to persevere as I did, notwithstanding there was no current, a material decrease in the temperature of the sea, and no driftwood or other indication of a passage, until I actually saw the barrier of high mountains and the continuity of ice, which put the question at rest. That I did so persevere became afterwards a source of great satisfaction, as I was fortunate enough to succeed also in exploring every part of the coast to the southward, to which my attention was to be directed, and where I was led to expect that the current was to be found.

Sept. 1. At four, A.M. Cape Capella was

Pursuing his voyage to the south-

ward, Capt. Ross carefully explored the western coast from Lancaster Sound, without discovering the slightest vestige of a strait or opening, until he arrived opposite to Cumberland Straits, in latitude 63°, which he regrets he was unable, from the lateness of the season, to explore. Here, and here alone, does Capt. R. appear to entertain any hope of a north-west passage being discovered—we cite his own words:

Oct. 1. We stood off and on till daylight, when we made all sail for the land. At seven we made an island, which appeared to be at the distance of eight leagues from the land, which was seen to the westward of it. About noon it became very clear, the land we past last night was distinctly seen, and its bearings taken; at the same time the island bore due west, and its latitude answered to the Earl of Warwick's foreland. Between the land was seen to the westward of this, and that seen to the north, there was no land, and we had no doubt but that this was Cumberland Strait. As we approached the entrance of this we found a strong tide which, during the day, set round the compass, or in every direction. Several small islands were also seen to the north and south of the great entrance, which appeared to be between 80 and 40 miles wide. The land was also seen S. & W. In the morning the tide was observed to carry the ship to the westward, and after noon to the south-east, at the rate of two miles an hour. As the 1st of October was the latest period, which by my instructions I was allowed to continue on this service, I was not authorised to proceed up this Strait to explore it, which perhaps at the advanced season of the year might be too hazardous an attempt; the nights being now long, and the little daylight we had, generally obscured by fogs or snow, and the rigging of the ship covered with ice. I thought it, however, advisable to finish our operations for this season, by making Resolution Island, the exact situation of which had been laid down by Mr. Wales. I therefore determined on steering for the southernmost land in sight: we therefore crossed the entrance of Cumberland Strait, and, making an allowance for indraft, steered about S. & E. It will appear that in tracing the land from Cape Walsingham, no doubt could be entertained of its continuing until the place where we found Cumberland Strait, which is much further south than it was laid down from the latest authorities the Admiralty were in possession of; but it is very near the place where Davis placed it in his chart, which has been found since our return. From the circumstance of a current at the entrance of the Strait, there is, no doubt, a much better chance of a passage there than in any other place; and it was a subject of much regret to us, that we had not been able to reach its entrance sooner.

The remainder of the voyage was not accompanied by any remarkable event, and the vessels arrived safely in this country.

From this brief but impartial abstract of Capt. Ross's Narrative, which is written in a plain, concise and professional manner, without any pretensions to the graces and ornaments of composition, it is demonstrable that no passage can be found to the icy Sea through any opening in the shores of Davis' Straits or Baffin's Bay, excepting, perhaps, through Cumberland Straits. It is stated, elsewhere, that every part of Hudson's Bay (into which Cumberland Straits form the principal avenues,) was carefully explored by Middleton, Moore, Smith, Pickersgill, and Young, without discovering any opening. Our readers, however, will perceive, that of the two bays into which Cumberland Straits directly lead, and which form the northern boundary of Hudson's Bay, only one of them, namely, Repulse Bay, is completely defined in the maps. The shores of the other are yet imperfectly delineated; and it is, therefore, barely possible that a passage may exist through this last-mentioned bay, and that in peculiarly favorable seasons it may be traversed by ships specially equipped for the purpose; but the severity of the climate (the rudest of any yet known,) the shortness of the summer, the early approach of the winter, the incumbrance of enormous masses of ice, and the intricacy of the navigation, would render such an enterprise one of peculiar danger and difficulty: nor is it probable that any merchant vessel would be found above once in an age to pursue so hazardous, and, without unremitting circumspection and extraordinary skill, so certainly fatal a route.

At the present juncture we hear no tidings of the departure of any second expedition of discovery to the north or north-west. And as government have thought proper to propose in the Gazette a scale of remuneration to the crews of such vessels as may perform, either wholly or in part, the voyages intended to have been accomplished by the Isabella and Alexander, and the Dorothea and Trent, it may thence be inferred that all attempts at future expeditions in those quarters have been entirely relinquished to that hardy class of sailors the Greenland fishermen, who possibly, are alone, from their peculiar habits and local knowledge, enabled to undertake and prosecute so doubtful and hazardous a scheme with the least chance of success.

OBSERVATIONS ON A LATE EXHIBITION
OF DRAWINGS IN CHALKS.

WE have always been of opinion, that every artist who endeavours to outvie his contemporaries, by the efforts of his pencil, while he does justice to their merits, is advancing the interests of his art and contributing to its dignity. Such has been the commendable conduct of the president West through life, and such the conduct that elevated HILTON to the distinguished eminence which he holds in his profession. On the contrary, an artist who seeks to raise a false reputation, by writing and publishing puffs on himself, and disseminating false assertions to prejudice and lower his brother artists in the public opinion, degrades his profession and injures its best interests in proportion to the degree of credit which his impositions obtain. It is a public duty, therefore, to check such attempts, and to expose the false pretensions of men who seek to erect themselves upon the ruined reputation of their competitors. In a system of quackery, things, that are good in themselves, may be productive of evil, and much perverted talents may be shewn in the accomplishment of crooked and selfish projects.

We are led to these remarks by the extraordinary appearance of an artist's name in capitals, upon the gable ends of houses and the doors of public buildings, contending for mural celebrity with the posting bills of the *Sleur Polito*, Dr. Eady, &c. &c. The painter, who was the *manager* and proprietor of this exhibition, opened it, for his own benefit and the public good, at an auction room in St. James's street. After a fortnight, he removed it to a room in Pall Mall. The number of drawings, in the catalogue, were eight, of which six were tasteful and spirited copies from the cartoons of Raffaele by three very promising students, who were styled *pupils* of the professional manager of this show. The word "*pupils*" was calculated to impose a belief upon the public, that these deserving young men—because they are now receiving his instructions—have been *all* solely taught by the receiver of the exhibition money. Their drawings were executed in the British Gallery; and we are told in the catalogue, by their *present proprietor*—speaking indirectly for himself, in praising the works of his alleged pupils—that they there "*made a great and decided impression on all classes*,"—These copies certainly have much merit, and do great

credit to the young men, whose future interests are thus so wantonly and unwarrantably hazarded, by bringing their names before the public to support a system of empiricism, cabal, and error. Of the remaining two drawings we are also as *modestly* informed, in the catalogue, that "*These drawings of the Fates and of Ceres and Proserpine, are very beautiful; they were executed in public at the British Museum, and belong to W. Hamilton, esq. of the Foreign Office.*" We notice these facts to show, that as the usual end of all exhibitions is, in the first instance, the effect of publicity, these drawings had obtained that end most fully before this shameless farce was attempted. Indeed we are gravely told by advertisement, that they were *universally admired* before their present exhibition. We have now to add, that one shilling was fixed as the price of admission, and sixpence for a catalogue of those eight drawings. But of the receipts we cannot presume to say *much*, as there were only two visitors (the writer of this and his friend) in the exhibition room during our stay!

The Royal Academicians, the noblemen and gentlemen of the British Institution, and the Society of Painters in Water Colours, have been accustomed to submit the *original* works of the British artists, with a *silent* and *respectful deference* to public opinion, merely by marking the number of each picture, its subject, and the name of the painter, in the printed catalogue. Sir Joshua Reynolds, Gainsborough, Opie, and the early and present academicians, and associated artists; the Marquis of Stafford, Lord Grosvenor, and all the other noble directors of the institution, no doubt adopted this mode, from a consideration that it would be an insult to the community to anticipate their judgment; and, as it were, arrogantly to forbid their deciding on the merits or demerits of the works of art submitted to their inspection. Even the managers of the theatres, who possess, by right of custom, from time immemorial, the privilege of puffing, do not announce their new pieces by a decision on their merits. They often puff a bad play or an indifferent actor after the first night, but they do not begin to inflate the lungs of the organ until after the public have had an opportunity of forming an opinion. The fallen state of the *drama* has been, in a great degree, produced by this odious abuse of the press. Men go to the theatres, deceived by having

read pompous praises bestowed upon bad plays and bad actors; and they either applaud under false impressions, or they are afraid to condemn what has been paragraphed upon them as first-rate excellence. These facts are notorious; and we condemn this innovation in the manager's catalogue of these eight drawings, as being equally an insult to the public and an injury to the arts. The practice of thinking and judging for ourselves is the surest mode of acquiring a just taste and a power of correctly estimating the beauties of painting and sculpture. The great benefit of annually exhibiting the works of the British artists is two-fold, that of obtaining for the artists the advantage of a free and unbiassed expression of public opinion, and of advancing the public taste, by affording the visitors an opportunity of judging for themselves. But the receiver of the profits has thought proper to depart from this sound rule of practice; and, as a master who extols the works of his scholars is said to become *his own trumpeter*, so he undertook to perform that office for himself by deciding on the merits of those eight drawings, in a printed catalogue of eighteen pages, without waiting for the judgment of that portion of the public, to whom he professed to submit the performances of his alleged pupils.

We have now to notice another pernicious quackery in this business. Sir Joshua Reynolds, and all other sound authorities, are of opinion, that the habit of copying is injurious to invention. The art of making copies is a power of the eye and hand, independent of mind or genius; a purblind practice, which may be attained by men of ordinary faculties. Amidst the heap of absurdity, impertinence, and false principles, which is to be found in the catalogue, the writer himself, contemptuously, but justly, mentions—all copiers who can do *nothing but copy*, (p. 12). A person, without the acquisition of a single original idea, may copy for half a century, and, like one, who is transcribing the characters of an unknown language, may produce a *fac simile* without comprehending its meaning. On the contrary, as soon as a student can handle his chalk with tolerable facility, he ought to begin drawing from the antique and nature; from which every line of his chalk or pencil is an acquisition of science. He is obliged at each touch to invent, if we may use the term, a language to express on his paper or can-

vas, what he sees before him. We may confidently assert that every great artist, who possessed invention, began to exercise it early. *Raffaello* began to paint historical pictures for churches before he was eighteen. We have no copies by that divine master, although we have abundance of copies by the third and fourth rate Italian painters. The members of the Royal Academy, and the noblemen and gentlemen of the British Institution, aware that works of *original invention and execution*, alone, are worthy of public notice, entitled to public approbation, and calculated to advance the highest interests of painting and sculpture, have justly excluded copies from their prizes and public exhibitions.

Sir Joshua Reynolds justly observes, "I consider *general copying* as a delusive kind of industry; the student satisfies himself with the appearance of doing something; he falls into the *dangerous habit of imitating without selecting*, and of labouring without any determinate object; as it requires no effort of the mind, he sleeps over his work; and those powers of invention and composition which ought particularly to be called out and put in action, lie torpid, and lose their energy for want of exercise."—"How incapable those are of producing any thing of their own, who have spent much of their time in making finished copies, is well known to all who are conversant with our art."—(32, v. i.) The late president, elsewhere, says, "the mere *mechanical labour* of copying, may be employed, to *evade and shuffle off real labour*, the real labour of thinking." (78, v. ii.) "The great use in copying, if it be at all useful, should seem to be in learning to colour; yet *even colouring* will never be perfectly attained by servilely copying the model before you." (v. i. 33.) We feel it our duty, therefore, to expose this attempt, to give a false consequence to copies, and copyists, to mis-direct students, injure the British school, and impose upon the public a false estimate of the means for the end.

The propriety of copying to a certain extent, to obtain a practical facility in drawing with the chalks, is a first principle in all schools; and the good effected by the British Institution, in bringing the cartoons for this purpose under the constant contemplation of the students is incalculable. The private view of these drawings, to mark the improvement of the students is, also, a spur to emulation. But all these preparatory means of advancement require to be duly

appreciated and limited to their proper province. A custom of publicly exhibiting copies, which can only be of value as they lead to develop the powers of the mind in original invention, must be one of those fatal errors, which, by substituting the means for the end, and enabling men of no genius to obtain public reputation, at a cheap rate, must be pregnant with the worst consequences to the fine arts.

The eight drawings in this exhibition catalogue, are by William Bewick and Thomas and Charles Landseer, who, without any explanation or reserve, are therein termed by the manager, his pupils, how truly in the full sense of the word, the following statement of facts will show. Charles Landseer was admitted as a probationer in the *Royal Academy*, Jan. 10, 1816, and received as a student Aug. 9, in the same year. W. Bewick was admitted Jan. 7, 1817, and became a student on the 26th of March following. The Landseers are a family of talents. Thomas, a young artist of great hopes, was not a pupil of the Academy; but a third brother, Edwin, the celebrated animal painter, was admitted a probationer Jan. 10, 1816, and received as a student Aug. 9, in the same year.

A narrow, monopolizing spirit is, also, visible in this novel species of show. Only the eight drawings by three of the manager's present pupils are noticed in the catalogue, and *their names only* are inserted in it, although there were several excellent *original* drawings of the extremities of the human figure and anatomical studies, by Messrs. Webb. Chatfield, and (we believe) Hervey, exhibited in the room. So that, although the manager deemed these *original* drawings worthy of being exhibited, and that his exhibition derived a benefit from their being on public view, he excluded the drawings and the names of these students from their due right and place in the catalogue. There can exist no just ground whatever, *why* the names and drawings of these three students are thus excluded from all record and notice in the printed catalogue, while the eight drawings of the other three occupy the whole of a sixpenny tract of eighteen pages. If the detailed description was productive of a benefit to the public, or to the three students, whose eight drawings were so amply noticed, why was their due share of benefit withheld from the three students, whose drawings are wholly omitted, and why were the public

deprived of the benefit in this instance? The arbitrary caprice, which is so palpable in this partial and inconsistent conduct, must, if permitted to obtain a wider influence, prove highly injurious to the best interests of the British school. It is in vain to expect a good where principle is made to give way to the will and temporary passions of an individual.

This artist's great outcry against the academy began because the committee did not hang one of his pictures in the great room at Somerset House, in 1809; and yet, with all the wonderful good to be produced by this exhibition of drawings, we did not see the drawings of CHRISTMAS, one of his most advanced supposed pupils, hung up with the rest. A difference is stated, and a complaint of something like harshness and an unjustifiable stretch of authority, is abroad. Did a *personal feeling*, on either side, exclude or cause the absence of Christmas's drawings? There is no proof that they were excluded through resentment or narrow policy, or withheld by the student through considerations of prudence. But we may ask, was a fair and equal opportunity given to Mr. Christmas, by requesting him in January or February last to send in his drawings, or *when this catalogue and exhibition were planned*? This question does not relate to the request made to him many months, and nearly a year before, to part with, or sell his drawings. The charge of this manager, in 1809, against the royal academicians, did not amount to an exclusion of his painting from the exhibition at Somerset House, but to their having hung it up in the anti-chamber, instead of the Great Room. He, who made this so heavy a crime against himself, ought to stand clear of every thing like an exclusive spirit in his exhibition. Sometimes the railer against oppression is, himself, where he has power, the *greatest despot*, and can brook no growing rival near the throne. We cannot but remark, that it is with the most advanced of the supposed pupils, the manager has differed and separated. Christmas is the only one of them who has painted an *historical picture*; and while the receiver of the profits was affecting to bring forward Bewick and the Landseers' drawings (all copies but two) at his exhibition in St. James's street, he had the modesty and consistency to address an *unprecedented letter* to the Directors of the British Institution, interfering his opinions between them and Mr. Christmas's ORIGINAL HISTORI-

CAL picture of *Jeremiah prophesying to Baruch*, then exhibiting in the British Gallery! Who can bear this most extraordinary proceeding without entertaining a conviction that the vigilant eye of public impartiality, a constant investigation and watchfulness, are necessary to guard against misrepresentation, encroachment, and the growth of a pernicious system.

W. C.

NUGÆ LITERARIÆ.

No. V.

POPE.

IN the course of his translation of Homer, Pope has, in a great variety of instances, and sometimes not unhappily, availed himself of the opportunity of interweaving with his version, applicable passages from our best poets: perhaps in rendering the following line, Milton was his model—

Ἡ ποδὶ πτολίεθρον μέγα στομα πικρὸν ἔδωκεν.

Iliad, B. 10. l. 6.

Or bids the *brazen throat* of war to roll.

Pope.

But what he may have here gained in strength he has lost in accuracy: Homer says nothing about *brazen*. Milton has a line which appears to have tempted him to use this epithet—

The *brazen throat* of war had ceased to roar.

P. L. B. XI. l. 713.

In his translation of the following passage, also, Pope appears to have resorted to the same noble source for an improvement on his original:—

Ὡς ἐφάβ'· οἱ δ' ἄρα πάντες ἀκνὴν ἐβλήοντο σιωπῇ,
κλήψην δ' ἔσχεον τε κατὰ μέγαρα σκυῖοντα.

Odys. B. 13. l. 2.

He ceased; but left so pleasing on their ear
His voice, that list'ning still they seemed to hear.

A pause of silence hush'd the shady rooms.

Pope.

The angel ended: and in Adam's ear
So charming left his voice, that he awhile,
Thought him still speaking, still stood fixed
to hear. Milton, P. L. B. 8. l. 1.

It is singular enough that Pope who has expressed his admiration of the compound epithets which so frequently occur in Homer, should so entirely have disregarded them in his own compositions. He very aptly and elegantly observes, in the preface to his *Iliad*, that "as a metaphor is a short simile, so one of these epithets is a short description." They are indeed, what Aristotle has so beautifully and emphatically denominated them *living words*. In the new modeling the language of verse by Pope and his adherents, they have given it an

artificial gloss, a seductive and meretricious ornament, of which its primary purity had no need. Gray, in a letter to his friend West, very pertinently remarks, that "the language of the age is never the language of poetry," and what can be a more convincing proof of the truth of this affirmation than the language of Shakespear, which is certainly his greatest excellence, most of his epithets being in themselves pictures.

SUSCEPTIBILITY THE SOURCE OF OUR JOYS AS WELL AS OUR SORROWS.

Persons of refined understanding, though they have many griefs to contend with—griefs which appear more severe in proportion to the elevation of their souls—yet are they susceptible of many joys entirely distinct from, and superior to those which fall to the lot of common mortals. To such the *joys* of life may be said less to offend their tastes than the *surcets* delight it.

When sorrow wounds the feeling heart,
It seems as tho' its keenest dart

Inflicted there the pain;

But let us not enquire the cause—

Nor Him who gave all nature laws

Presumptuously arraign;—

For, by the self same rule, the soul,

Most open to its dark controul,

No tame, trite medium knows;

But when the sun of pleasure beams,

Like a vast shield takes all its gleams,

Till it as brightly glows!

ON THE UNGENEROUS STYLE OF CRITICISM WHICH PREVAILS AT THE PRESENT DAY.

It is a prevailing custom with certain critics of the day, in order to conciliate popularity, to expose genius to the malignant grin of envious folly, and by low and vulgar parody, to endeavour to throw contempt upon productions which they might strive in vain to emulate. It was once the custom to judge of poetry and the drama by rules drawn from nature; they are now not judged, but condemned in epigrams manufactured by art, and *impromptus* over which weeks have been expended; and the poet and actor are treated like a couple of whetstones, on which the periodical critic sharpens the edge of his wit. The ungenerous style of criticism here alluded to is now becoming so much the rage, that country gentlemen, and persons of confined understandings, are at a loss to know when the strictures are intended to be taken seriously, and when they are meant as jokes. That a very slender portion of talent will enable a man to establish a *firm* of his own, and review upon this principle, is sufficiently evident, and to

this circumstance may probably be ascribed the prevalence of a custom, which has of late gained so much ground in the literary world.

A man must serve his time to every trade,
Save censure, critics all are ready made.
Take hackneyed jokes from Miller got by role,

With just enough of learning to mis-quote;
A mind, well skill'd to find or forge a fault,
A turn for punning call it attic salt;
Fear not to be 'twill seem a lucky hit,
Shrink not from blasphemy, 'twill pass for wit;

*Care not for feeling, pass your proper jest,
And stand a critic, hated, yet caress'd.*

The Edinburgh Reviewers were the harbingers of this kind of warfare, and their ridicule of the first efforts of Lord Byron's muse gave rise to the animated satire from which the foregoing verses were extracted.

Many of the noblest passages in the poetry of the day are often undermined by the critic's contriving to raise vulgar and ridiculous notions in the mind of the reader; and though his words in recapitulating the subject may express the same idea, it is with this simple difference, that what in one excites feelings of sympathy and respect, will, on the other hand, produce no sentiment but contempt. To simplify what is here meant, melancholy may be wittily denominated the "sulks;" resentment, metamorphosed into "pet;" a steed, a "nag," a feast, a "junketing;" and sorrow and affliction, "whining and blubbering."—Such critics have, somewhere, been compared to a brow-beating pleader in a court of law, who, after he has indulged himself in agreeable irony on the profession, manner of life, look, dress, and even name of the witness he is examining—and when he has raised a contemptuous opinion of him in the minds of the court and jury—proceeds to draw answers from him capable of a ludicrous turn, and carves and garbles these so as to effect his purpose.

PLAGIARISM OF COWPER.

It is very remarkable, that Cowper, throughout the whole of his letters, should have neglected to mention Young—since the Task, and several of his serious pieces, afford a strong presumption of his having read attentively and admired the "Night Thoughts." Many coincidences are to be met in the writings of these two poets, some of which have the appearance of being accidental, whilst others bear the stamp of decided imitation. The resemblance in

the passage now quoted is too strong to have been the mere effect of chance:—

Comparison.

The lapse of time and rivers are the same:
Both speed their journey with a restless stream:

The silent pace with which they steal away,
No wealth can bribe, no prayer persuade to stay;

Alike irrevocable both when past,
And a wide ocean swallows both at last.

Cowper.

Life glides away, Lorenzo, like a brook,
For ever changing, unperceived the change;
In the same brook none ever bathed him twice:

To the same life none ever twice awoke.

We call the brook the same, the same we think

Our life, but much more rapid in its flow;
Nor mark the much irrevocably lapsed
And mingled. *Young.*

EPITAPHS.

Nothing is more barbarous than those mixtures of verse and prose, of Latin and English, of narration and commonplace morality, which appear in our churches and church-yards. A Gothic arch, supported by Corinthian pillars, or a statue with painted cheeks, and a hat and wig, could not be more absurd. I never heard of a Greek inscription at Rome, or a Latin one at Athens. Latin is, perhaps, more durable than English, and may therefore be used in those inscriptions which we place on the foundation stones of bridges, &c. for these it is presumed will not be read till a thousand years hence, when all our modern languages will probably be unintelligible. But I cannot but think that English epitaphial inscriptions, exposed to wind and weather, will be understood quite as long as they can be read. As to the species of composition best adapted for the purpose, Boileau says, that epitaphs "doivent être simples, courtes et familières." One of the most simple and pleasing specimens I have ever met with is the following, copied from a tomb-stone in the church-yard of Run-corn, in Cheshire:—

This stone was erected by Eneas Morrison, the husband of Janet Morrison, to designate the spot where her remains are deposited; that her infant children, when they shall have attained a more mature age, may approach it with reverential awe, and pledge their vows to Heaven to respect her memory by imitating her virtues.

There is a beautiful thought, coarsely and ungrammatically expressed upon a stone in Edgbaston church-yard, over the remains of an idiot girl; which has been thus versified:—

If the *innocent* are favorites of Heaven,—
And God but little asks where little's given,—

My Great Creator hath for me in store
Eternal joys! what wise man can have
more?

On a tablet in the garden of Newstead Abbey, the ancestral residence of the Byron family, are the well-known "Lines to the memory of a Newfoundland Dog," preceded by this singular inscription:—

Near this spot
Are deposited the remains of one,
Who possessed beauty without vanity,
Strength without insolence,
Courage without ferocity,

And all the virtues of man without his vices:—

This praise, which would be unmeaning flattery,

If inscribed over human ashes,

Is but a just tribute to the memory of

Boatswain, a DCG,

Who was born in Newfoundland, May, 1806,

And died in Newstead, Nov. 18, 1813.

JOHNSON'S PRAYERS

Undoubtedly possess much merit; but the best passages are taken from the "Book of Common Prayer," which is an inexhaustible fund. There is, however, in publishing one's own devotion and alms, something so very like "praying upon the house-top," that I can scarcely believe Johnson would have consented to it, till the want of health had somewhat impaired his faculties.—Many of the memoranda cannot be read without pain and pity; others are of a different character. To set down in a devotional diary—"N.B. I dined to-day upon a herring and potatoes," is a most extraordinary incongruity.

ILLUSTRATION OF AN ARABIAN PROVERB.

The Arabians have a proverb—"How cheap the camel would be if that cursed thing did not hang on its neck," which is said to have originated in the following circumstance:—An Arab, who had a vicious camel, swore, in a passion, that he would sell it for a dirhem, or his wife should ever be barren. He soon repented of his vow, yet to keep to the letter of it, he thought of this curious method of breaking it in spirit. He hung a cat round the camel's neck, and then had it cried, "The camel for a dirhem, the cat for 400, but both must be bought together." The passengers exclaimed—"How cheap the camel would be if that cursed thing were not hung round its neck." And this speech is since become a proverb, which is applied to things seemingly cheap, but which can only be acquired through great sacrifices.

MARLOW AND SHAKESPEAR.

Shakespear's Juliet says—

At lovers' perjuries

They say Jove laughs."

So Marlow, in his translation of Ovid's Art of Love—

For Jove himself sits in the azure skies,
And laughs below at lovers' perjuries.

In an old play, the title of which I have forgotten, I remember to have met with a beautiful antithesis to these passages:—

When lovers swear true faith, the listening
angels

Stand on the golden battlements of Heaven,
And waft their vows to the eternal THRONE.

HAMLET.

The character of Hamlet, though perfectly natural, is so very uncommon, that few, even of our critics, can enter into it. Sorrow, indignation, revenge, and the consciousness of his own irresolution tear his heart—the peculiarity of his circumstances often obliges him to counterfeit insanity, and the storms of passion within him, often drive him to the verge of real madness: this produces a situation so interesting, and a conduct so complicated, as none but Shakspeare could have the courage to describe, and few will ever be able to exhibit superior to Young, whose correct conception of this character may be looked upon as a master-piece in the present world of acting.

SINGULAR LITERARY MISTAKE.

In the History of France, by the Benedictines, there is a passage, in which they say that "they are ignorant where Gesner found that William the Conqueror wrote a treatise concerning the day of the last judgment." It is evident that this must have been a blunder arising from the title of the *Doomsday Book*; and must have originated from a careless inspection of Bale, whose catalogue of the works of William (if they may be so termed) commences with the words "*diem judicii*, lib. i." which are, however, connected with the preceding sentence, so as sufficiently to explain their meaning to any reader who takes the trouble of perusing the whole.

GRAY.

The extensive erudition of Gray, the various and distant sources from which he derived his allusions, and the felicity or dexterity with which he melted them down into a mingled and scarcely distinguishable mass with his own conceptions, entitle his poetry, perhaps above that of every other modern, to a *variorum* edition.

A very extraordinary coincidence occurs between a passage in the beautiful

"Elegy" of Gray, and a sentence in Bishop Hall's *Contemplations* :

Full many a gem, of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean
bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.
Gray.

There is many a rich stone laid up in the bowells of the earth, many a faire pearly in the bosom of the sea, that never was scene, nor ever shall be.

Bishop Hall's Contemplations, B. vi. f. 872.

The following, referred to the same lines of Gray, bear more decisive marks of imitation :—

How gay they smile! such blessings nature
pours,
O'erstocked mankind enjoy but half her
stores,
In distant wilds, by human eyes unseen,
She rears her flowers and spreads her velvet green;
Pure gurgling rills the lonely desert trace
And waste their sweetness on the savage
race.
Young, Sat. v.

THOMSON'S CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

The mock solemnity and antiquated air of the "Castle of Indolence" render it one of the happiest applications of the Spenserian stanza. Its principal attraction, excepting the poetical splendour of thought with which it abounds, is that humorous affectation of gravity and quaintness, which the author has so well succeeded in imitating from his great original; in whose style the grotesque and the sedate, the lofty and the mean, the humorous and the sad, are so harmoniously blended, that whether it is the nature of the verse itself, or a consequence of the prejudices connected with it, but certain it is, that nothing but the wild and remote, the allegorical and the romantic, appear in it with becoming effect. The "Castle of Indolence" has never been so popular as his "Seasons," doubtless on account of its allegory; but, as a poetical composition, it is as much superior to the other poems of Thomson, as "the School-mistress" of Shenstone is to the rest of his meagre and uninteresting performances.

COINCIDENCES BETWEEN COLLINS AND OTHER WRITERS.

First FEAR his hand its skill to try
Amid the chords bewildered laid,
And back recoiled, he knew not why,
E'en at the noise himself had made.

Collins.

Next him went FEAR, all armed from top
to toe,
Yet thought himself not safe enough
thereby;
But feared each shadow moving to and froe,
And his own arms when glittering he did
spy,
Or clashing heard, he fast away did fly.

Spenser.

Beloved! till life can charm no more,
And PITY's self be dead.

Collins.

And her eternal fame be read
When all but very VIRTUE's dead.

Lovelace.

The redbreast oft at evening hours
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moss and gathered flowers
To deck the ground where thou art laid.
Collins.

Covering with moss the dead's unclosed eye,
The little redbreast teacheth charity.

Drayton.

ANTICIPATION.

The anticipation of happiness to come often affords more pleasure than the absolute possession of it, and is at all times the most certain enjoyment; as we hope in *ideu* what we are not always doomed to experience in *reality*. The spring is therefore a pleasanter season than the summer: the first whets the appetite by promises, the latter dulls it by performance.

RELIGION.

It is surely impossible to understand the doctrines of our religion and not *wish*, at least, that they may be true; for they exhibit the most exhilarating views of God and his providence; they recommend the purest and most perfect morality; and they breathe nothing throughout but benevolence, equity, and peace; one may venture to affirm, that no man ever *wished* the Gospel true, who did not *find* it so.

HOPE

Predominates in youth, who are always less willing to indulge in unpleasing thoughts, than to contemplate their probable share of unhappiness in the period before them. The world to them appears enameled, like a distant prospect, whose beauties are so heightened by the reflection of a setting sun, that its inequalities are only to be discovered upon a much nearer inspection.

NOVEL PUNISHMENT.

The Emperor Claudius was so fond of backgammon, that Seneca says his punishment in hell will be to play continually with a bottomless dice box—*Ludere pertuso fretillo et fugientes tesseras semper querere.*

DR. JOHNSON.

In allusion to a passage in Johnson's Dictionary, which states that H seldom, perhaps never, begins any but the first syllable, Wilkes observed that the Doctor must be a man of quick apprehension and of a most comprehensive genius.

ON THE DECAY OF TIMBER, THE DESTRUCTIVE EFFECTS OF FLOATING TIMBER IN THE DOCKS, AND ON THE DRY ROT.

MR. EDITOR,

THE rapid decay of timber, particularly in structures that have been erected within the last century, has excited much attention. Various remedies have been proposed to stop the progress of a growing evil—an evil, which scarcely a householder in this metropolis can say he is perfectly secure against; and yet little has been effected either in preventing or removing it.

It appears the best and most rational method of proceeding, to inquire what is the cause, and the nature of this peculiar species of decay, commonly called the dry rot, and in what respects it differs from all other kinds of decay to which timber is subject.

It has, by some persons, been supposed to be a new disease, (if a disease it may be called) and that it was wholly unknown to our ancestors; but surely they must be much mistaken in this supposition; because timber, under the same circumstances, will always undergo the same changes. If it did not, there would be no advantage gained by chemical research. But the supposition is too erroneous to require a serious refutation; all that can be said is, that timber was not so frequently placed under the peculiar circumstances necessary to produce the dry rot, and therefore, being much seldomer wet with, it had been confounded with the natural decay of timber.

It is, no doubt, a subject that is difficult to investigate; indeed every species of decomposition is the same, whether it be vegetable or animal. But where chemists have failed in giving a complete development of the process of nature from the compound nature of the bodies concerned in it, they still have been so far successful that they have discovered the most striking peculiarities of their processes, and the particular ingredients and circumstances that are absolutely necessary to produce the phenomena.—Such discoveries are a considerable accession to science, because they bring

the object of inquiry within narrower limits, and consequently render it more easy for others to pursue the subject:—and, if a preventive be sought, it is much less difficult to ascertain what will answer the purpose.

The decomposition or decay of timber appears to originate from different causes, the operation of each being attended by phenomena peculiar to the species of decay. Like all other kinds of natural decomposition, it is a change produced by chemical affinity, which differs from the operations of the laboratory only in the time that is necessary to complete the change. A description of the changes produced in timber by exposing it in different ways to the action of water, alternate dryness and moisture, &c. &c. that is, a history of the progress of decomposition is much wanted; and could it be accurately detailed, it would certainly contribute materially to clear the subject of the mystery that now is apparently so difficult to remove.

It is certain that no compound of so complicated a nature as timber will remain perfectly the same in any state, whether wet or dry; for we find that when timber is kept perfectly dry it becomes brittle, and however long it may endure in a state of rest, it becomes unfit for other purposes.

Also when timber has been long exposed to the action of water, a certain portion of its soluble principles appears to be removed—as when it is dried, to use a workman's expression, "its nature is gone," and however durable it might be remaining immersed in water, when dried it is unfit for any purpose where strength or elasticity is required.

But when timber is exposed alternately to dryness and moisture, its decay is very much accelerated, and the principles which are not removed by solution and evaporation, are gradually converted into vegetable mould. That part of a frost which is near the surface of the ground may be cited as an example of this species of decay, and it is generally called the wet rot. It is easy to conceive that when the wood is in a moist state the water will dissolve its soluble parts, and that the gaseous portions of it will be removed by evaporation during its change to a dry state.

And it is more than probable that the alternate action of heat and moisture favours the solution, and renders those parts soluble which resist the continued action of water alone. It also may be remarked, that timber which has been

long immersed in water, and in some places it must have lain in that situation for many centuries, the temperature of the water has seldom exceeded 56 degrees of Fahrenheit, and at so low a temperature, there are few of the constituent parts of timber soluble.

Among the various and ingenious improvements of modern times, it is much to be regretted that immediate convenience is much more studied than permanent benefit. Were a person, to whom the convenience of bonding logs of timber in the docks was not known, to be shewn those immense repositories of foreign timber, what other notion could he form of them, than that they were intended to impregnate timber with the seeds of decay? He might even conclude, that it was a scheme of the timber-merchants to generate the destructive fungus which appears in the dry-rot for the benefit of trade; so well does the half immersion of the logs appear adapted for that purpose.* If such a practice be suffered to be continued, it will be in vain to seek for remedies for the decay of timber. It might in some degree be remedied by complete immersion to a considerable depth in the water; and it would be well if merchants would adopt this method of themselves; if not, the attention of government should be called to the subject, as it is certainly not one of minor importance.

Wood that is exposed, in a temperature between 40 and 70 degrees of Fahrenheit, to a continued dew-like moisture, soon begins to decompose; and its constituents, instead of being evaporated or removed by solution, enter into new combinations. A new substance is formed between the remaining fibres, which is of a spongy consistency, and has the appearance of the coat of a mushroom. Naturalists class it among the cryptogamia class of plants; those formed by the decomposition of different woods, appear to have different characters and undoubtedly differ in chemical composition. During the formation of this new substance, the woody fibres contract longitudinally, and present many deep cracks across the fibres, similar to a piece of wood scorched by the fire.—

* When timber has laid a considerable time in the docks, the fungi appear a little above the water line; it would be desirable to ascertain the species, as it is not improbable that it is identical with that observed in the dry-rot of the same kind of timber.—The naturalist might easily procure specimens from the docks to ascertain this fact.

NEW MONTHLY MAG.—No. 64.

This species of decomposition is called the *dry-rot*.

When all other circumstances are favourable, the dry-rot appears to go on most rapidly in situations where there is a considerable degree of warmth; hence it is often found in kitchens. The range of temperature within which it takes place has not been determined; but from a knowledge of the situations where it occurs, I have stated it to be between 40 and 70 degrees. A certain degree of moisture is absolutely necessary to produce it; and when the moisture is confined so that the heat does not evaporate, the change may take place at a much higher temperature.

There is a close resemblance between the state necessary to produce the dry-rot and that which produces fermentation or putrefaction; moisture is essential to each of these kinds of decomposition; they require nearly the same range of temperature, and as a ferment produces fermentation, so may both putrefaction and the dry-rot be propagated. I might advance a step further, and compare it to vegetation, which, as far as chemistry is concerned, is only a product of decomposing materials, and requires the presence of moisture, and the same range of temperature.

As the presence of moisture is essential to the production of the dry-rot, the most simple and obvious remedy is the removal of this cause. Vessels employed in carrying cargoes that absorb moisture, are seldom if ever affected with the dry-rot. On the other hand, brick-work readily absorbs an immense quantity of water, which is communicated to the wood-work near it. In the superior parts of houses, this may in a great measure be prevented by stuccoing the walls with a cement that does not permit water to pass through it. The Roman cement is of this kind. But in the lower parts of houses, the bricks draw the moisture from the ground, and must supply an almost perpetual vapour, drawn out by the warmth of the rooms into the space between the wood-work and the walls. This vapour is prevented from evaporating through the wood by several coats of paint, which of course facilitate the decay of the wood by retaining the moisture in its pores. It would be much more judicious to paint the part of the wood next the wall, and to leave the side next the room without paint than to follow the present practice.

When it is impossible to prevent the presence of moisture, every precaution

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should be adopted to prevent it remaining in contact with the wood. A free circulation of dry air should be encouraged, and free evaporation from the wood permitted. In addition to these precautions, charcoal, smith's ashes, and other substances which retard, if not check, the growth of fungi, should be used. Perhaps sulphur would be found of use in stopping the progress of a rot which had commenced.

Nothing has a greater tendency to produce dry-rot than the present rapid method of building; and yet it is utterly impossible to persuade a person that has determined to erect a house of the ill consequences that arise from it; indeed so impatient are most people to enjoy a new house, that scarcely any risk would induce them to defer it for even a single season. Yet one season would do much towards evaporating the moisture from the new walls. The walls, however, ought to be perfectly dry before either the inside be finished, or the outside stuccoed.

Houses rapidly built, must almost always be constructed of unseasoned timber, and the natural moisture is prevented from escaping by enclosing it with plaster and paint. The house thus put together, I had almost said for the express purpose of generating the dry-rot, is soon after inhabited; and then, as if it were to complete the preparations for destruction, it is heated to that temperature which is most favourable to the growth of the fungi. Unseasoned timber must be much more subject to the dry-rot than that which is seasoned, when placed in like situations; but no care in seasoning will prevent it when the timber is exposed to warmth and moisture. Some kinds of timber are more subject to dry-rot than others; and, as has been justly observed by a writer in the *Quarterly Review*, in trees of the same kind, the most sappy and rapidly promulgated trees are most subject to it. Trees from the close forests of Germany and America, being much more subject to dry-rot than trees grown in open and exposed situations.

I have now briefly considered the causes and most obvious means of preventing the dry-rot. The subject is of importance, and well worthy of the attention of chemists. It is only those who have paid particular attention to vegetable chemistry that can expect to investigate the phenomena with success; and the analysis of vegetable bodies is confessedly a difficult part of the science; but when

we consider the splendid discoveries that have marked the path of chemical inquiries, it is scarcely possible to say what cannot be accomplished by industry and talent.

T. TREDGOLD.

ON THE CHARACTER AND POETRY OF LORD BYRON.

MR. EDITOR,

I have been much gratified with many of the literary articles in some of the recent numbers of your publication, for the first time put into my hands. They breathe a purer style, and a more poetical taste, than are apparent, according to my belief, in its sister journals of the day; the matter is more instinct with spirit, and with the glow which genius spreads over all it touches. But I know not if I have been more pleased with any papers than those which have advocated the character and poetry of Lord Byron. Him I have ever regarded as a persecuted individual—visited with a singular share of popular opprobrium—an opprobrium wielded by men, whom his talents, rather than his failings, have made his enemies,—and who, in sounding the trumpet of imputed crime, have gratified less their own respect for virtue than the latent envy of their hearts.—Despite the calumnious rumours so industriously kept afloat by them, a calm observer may trace even in those pages which teem with the dark and terrible of crime, a lofty spirit, stirring with generous emotions, and with sensibility in every nerve; a spirit which, in his search for the beautiful, often draws, rather from the type of ideal harmony in his own fancy, than from forms simply existent;—proving that the spring of his thought is a pure passion after the visions of loveliness; and, that his mind, in its productive creations, rather colours things with hues at its choice, than is coloured by them. That Lord Byron has not depicted the purely good—the Gertrudes of poetry—but Laras and P arasinas, is therefore to be attributed more to his own caprice than his enemies are willing to allow. He might have done it—he might do it with imitable ease; but he, probably, thought it required greater skill and insight into the human mind, to unveil the grandeur of a misanthrope, and give attraction to a pirate. There are many persons who impute the aberrations of his fancy, if such they be, to the defects of his heart, and with singular resolve and inconsistency, shut the avenues of their understandings to the thousand tender and

beautiful touches which pervade his writings. I think, however, that a kindlier feeling begins to shew itself in the public mind towards this noble bard; his absence from his country—the certainty that he has suffered much—the spirit which has refused to bend to suffering—and the firmness which has supported him under unprovoked severity; sorrow—song—feeling—pride—genius—have tempered with pity the acrimony of the past. He who can read, with a cool heart and an unwept eye, many passages in the fourth Canto of *Childe Harold*,—his lingering love of country amidst the sunny waters of the Adriatic and the festivities of Venice—the mournful and melancholy remembrances of Roman glory in the ruined Coliseum—and the terrible yet pathetic apostrophe to the midnight Nemesis, wherein the fire and feelings of past emotions—the hopes of youth—the disappointments of manhood—regret, anguish, and injury are livingly concentrated—who can pass, Levite-like, unmoved, these wrestlings of grief with majesty, *his heart I envy not*, but pity as a thing unloving and unlovely.

Above all other writers Lord Byron speaks to the heart: it is this which he robes with the garment of his own emotion; there *his hope reveals—his anguish slings—his passion beats*: it is *his spirit* and not *Lara's* which dares us to forget. *His individuality* haunts our sympathy, and blends with our being. His words have alternately the tears and the sunshine, the thunder and the lightning of heaven: his thoughts are sensation, and his pictures materiality. His flowers, and streams, and mountains, have a sorrow—a beauty—a tenderness of their own; they are instinct with life, or charged, like Ossian's, with a music most unhappy. After reading *Childe Harold*, or the Corsair, one can do nothing; it absorbs and unnerves us. A lady once observed to me, "Moore's *Lalla Rookh* I can take up and lay down; I can take up a work of theology and read with equal attention; but I must have a night's sleep after reading *Lara* or the *Corsair*." Perfectly original and isolate in every thing, though he sometimes condescends to use the thoughts of others, and though he writes in the measure in which others have written, passing into his hands like certain chemical combinations, they form a new compound entirely unique. His verse is neither the verse of Pope, of Denham,

of Dryden, nor of Goldsmith, but a constellation of the strength and grace of all, with superadded harmony, and a more pervading impetuosity. Neither is his Spenserian stanza, the stanza of Spenser, of Thomson, or of Beattie; but fluctuating in a wider compass and variety of cadence, more loftily wielded, with an Olympic majesty, and magnificence, more abrupt but more sonorous, mellowed into a finer and a fuller flow of beautiful sounds and concords more deeply enamouring the ear, and touched to sweeter and to grander issues. His Alexandrine is not "the wounded snake," of Pope, but the mellifluous motion of an undulating river—the rapid rush of the "arrowy Rhine," or the dark swell of the stormy ocean. It is in them that the ripple breaks, or the booming billow bursts—that the expanded image concentrates into energy, and the purposed wisdom speaks morality to man. Successful, therefore, as he is in this, I cannot so well admire those instances in the Fourth Canto of *Childe Harold*, where the sentence does not close with the stanza, but is continued through three or four. In describing indeed the tortuous boilings and angry agitations of the veline cataract, the line may be permitted to labor and hang suspended for an instant, like the stone of Sisyphus, particularly as the recoil becomes thereby more jarring; but it is a daring originality, which in other cases, and in another than a master's hands, would be liable to censure. If, however, nothing new is attempted, nothing new will be gained. It is the privilege, if not the passion, of genius, to be eccentric, and in consideration of the innumerable shades which his eccentricity kindles into beauty, we may

"Here and there *forgive* a brave neglect."

For my own part, I cannot take up a work of genius without merging the critic in the reader. It is the spider which turns to venom the honey that it tastes. Let us rightly value the Sun of Song, whilst he is yet with us to illumine our spirit with his own warm tints—to shed around creation his paradise of light. A time will come when his glory must depart into shadow. Then the things who have been busy in heaping wrongs upon his head, who have sought to whiten by his side, without sharing in his sorrow, will affect to weep over his ashes, and pause when it is too late, in the career of contumely. The men who neglected to alleviate the misfortunes of

the *living* BURNS, are raising to the dead statues of stone. But we will build our statue whilst it is yet day: *Νῦν ἔσται.* For myself, I cannot refrain from avowing, that I consider it a glory in my life, that I live in the age of Lord Byron, and instead of darting the sting, like some prying insects of the day, "to probe a bosom too severely tried," I would soothe it with a tear, and drop over the victim of grief the mantle of Timanthes.

Woburn, Feb. 27. J. H. WIFFEN.

MR. EDITOR,

As the person referred to in the Letter from Geneva, prefixed to the Tale of the Vampyre, in your last Number, I beg leave to state, that your correspondent has been mistaken in attributing that tale, in its present form, to Lord Byron. The fact is, that though the ground-work is certainly Lord Byron's, its developement is mine, produced at the request of a lady, who denied the possibility of any thing being drawn from the materials which Lord Byron had said he intended to have employed in the formation of his Ghost story.

I am, &c. JOHN W. POLIDORI.

NATIONAL SERIES OF MEDALS.

MR. EDITOR,

The Series of Medals, engraving under the superintendence and at the expense of Mr. Mudie, is designed to record forty of the most memorable events of the late war, by sea and land, beginning with the hostilities against the French Republic, and ending with the battle of Algiers. In France, from very remote periods, the government has always been at the expense of striking medals on public events. Buonaparte was sensible of their moral and political influence on society, and paid a particular attention to the encouragement and improvement of this art. He spared no expense to bring it to the highest state of perfection. The Emperor Alexander, impressed with a similar conviction, has, lately, granted a considerable sum to a Russian nobleman, who is employing the best artists to engrave a series

of medals, to commemorate the expulsion of the French from Russia.

But, in England, we are accustomed to carry on many works of a public nature by the enterprising efforts of individuals: and thus the medalllic record of our national glories is the undertaking of a person in private life, who relies on the spirit of his fellow subjects, unsupported by the government in this very arduous and expensive project. The able manner in which many of the medals have been executed, and the patriotic object of the design will, I trust, ensure its ultimate success. But, if the lists of subscribers, which have reached me, be correct, that support is not as extensive as I think Mr. Mudie had reason to hope for. I am inclined to attribute this to his plan not being generally known; and I hope, by these remarks, to give it a greater publicity. Surely no work of art can be more deserving of general support than that which is designed to record the splendid victories of our fleets and armies, during the memorable period of the last twenty-five years. I confess that I am much surprised, on observing that scarcely any encouragement has been given to this national series by the individuals or the families of those whose actions are thus immortalized. The moral influence of painting is great indeed, and cannot be too highly appreciated, but pictures are perishable, and even statues are liable to accident and decay. On the contrary, the convenient size and materials of medals, combine to render them the most durable records of human glory. The last medal, which I have seen of Mr. Mudie's, is that on Lord Howe's victory of the 1st of June; and I think the spirit and beauty of the execution challenges competition with any medal of the famed Napoleon Series, though the name of the artist, Wm. Wynn, has not before appeared in the Series. I flatter myself that your tasteful readers will not deem this judgment too favorable, and will agree with me in opinion, that Mr. Mudie, and his patriotic object, and the spirit of his efforts, is amply entitled to public commendation and encouragement.

AN ANATEUR.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

STANZAS.

TO EMILY.

YEARS of anguish and gloom have gone by
Since I last drank the breath of thy sigh;
And,—compelled by hard fortune to sever—
We parted, in sadness—for ever!

What a host of remembrances rush
On my brain,—and my tears how they gush,
When, in solitude's hour, I dwell
On thy wild, but prophetic "FAREWELL."

Yes, "for ever," thou saidst,—tho' I deem'd
Fortune kinder perchance than she seem'd;
And, chiding thy fears with a kiss,
Bad thee dim not those moments of bliss.

Even then, death's dark web was around
Thee!—

The spells of the Spoiler had bound thee;—
And the Angel from heaven that brings
Fate's last fiat, was waving his wings.

We parted.—What pen may pourtray
The despair that o'ershadow'd that day?—
Yet e'en deeper our grief had been then,
Had we known we should meet not again.

We parted;—long years have now past
Since the hour that I gazed on thee last;
But, fresh in my memory, yet,
Bloom the flowers of most mournful regret.

'Tis said, that for Sorrow's worst sting
Time a swift-healing balm can bring;
That Earth's ills all must own his dominion,
And recede when they're touched by his
pinion:—

Could the power of oblivion controul
All the gloom that oppresses my soul;—
Could e'en TIME with his wing interpose,
And freeze Feeling's bright fount as it
flows;—

I would scorn the hard chain that must
chill,

In my bosom, Affection's fond thrill;
For the boon were ungrateful to me
If it banish'd one sweet dream of thee!

But this thought shall afford me relief
In my moments of passion and grief,—
That—what'er be the depth of my woes—
They can never disturb thy repose.

No;—the clouds that burst over me now,
Cannot ruffle thy beautiful brow;—
In its sorrows my soul may repine;
They can wake no wild echo in thine.

No;—the venom-dipt arrows of doom
Cannot pierce to thy heart thro' the tomb;
And, tho' bitter, 'tis balm to my breast
To know thou'rt for ever at rest!

Let the storms of adversity lower,
So that thou hast escaped from their
power;—

They may pour forth their wrath on my
head;—

They can break not the sleep of the dead.

Let the tongues of Detraction and Blame
Do their worst to shed blight on my name;—

Yet I joy that the *dark whispered lie*
Now, can kindle no flash in thine eye!
And the poison of ENVY and MALICE,
May still further embitter life's chalice;
But the cup, with a smile, shall be quaff'd,
Since thou liv'st not to share in the draught!

April, 1819. A. W.

STANZAS.

There is a feeling in the heart,
A feeling which it weeps in the night,
That will not ruin and depart,

But ever dwells and rankles there;
Nor music, mirth, nor rosy wine,
Nor love, nor woman's smiles divine,
Nor sanctity of prayer;—

Nor aught that holy men may say,
Can scare the ravening fiend away.

A sickness of the soul, the balm
Of Hope can neither soothe nor slake;—
A serpent that no spell can charm,
With eye, eternally awake;—

A glance of fire—a tongue of flame—
Which time can neither tire nor tame,
Nor music's voice disarm;—

A living sense of lasting woe
That poisons every bliss below.

It was not always thus!—He danced
The earlier hours of life away;

And snatched at joy where'er it chanced
To blossom on his lonely way:—

Then Hope was young, and bright and fair,
He knew nor woe, nor wasting care,
But innocently gay,

Deem'd—reckless of the debt it owed—
'Twould always flow, as thus it flowed.

As childhood opened into youth,
Those feelings fled:—he drank the
springs

Of knowledge, and the source of truth,
(What the sage writes the poet sings;)

And read in nature's changing forms,—
The shifting shades of sun and storms,—

Unutterable things;
And sought unweariedly to cull
All that was wild and wonderful!

But even then—at times—would roll—
Unbidden and profoundly deep—

An awful silence o'er his soul,
That hush'd all other sense to sleep;—

And then he saw—too near—the springs
And wild reality of things,

And only waked to weep
That man should be cut off from bliss,
And exiled to a world like this!

He loved—I will not say *how* true,—

The faithless tongue, perchance, might
lie:—

He did not love as others do;
Nor cringe, nor flatter, whine, nor sigh:

Look on his lowest heart, and trace
What time can deepen, not deface,

So strongly wrought the die,
That did her lovely image bear,
And warm and glowing stamp it there;

He loved.—And *does* he not? ah! now,
 Another worships at that shrine;
 And he prefers a heartless vow,
 Fond fool! where thou didst offer thine.
 Now, where thou knelt, another kneels,
 And from that holy altar steals
 The sacred bread and wine,
 Which thou hadst laboured to obtain
 To shrine thee from eternal pain.
 Then from himself he strove to hide
 The past, by mingling with mankind,
 And left the maid he deified
 Idols elsewhere to find;—
 But from that sanctuary hurl'd
 He roves—an outcast on the world—
 Nor evermore may bind—
 Rock of the past, his future stay—
 The bonds that have been wrench'd away.

He stands, as stands a ruined tower,
 Which time in triumph desolates;
 The ivy wreath that scorns his power,
 A melancholy gloom creates;
 What the' it shine in light while set
 The summer suns,—its fibres fret
 The stone it decorates;
 So, smiles upon his pallid brow,
 But wring the ruin'd heart below.

AZO.

TO IANTHE.

The Greeks, when o'er a buried friend
 They reared the monumental stone,
 Raised high one pillar which might lend
 Memorial of his virtues gone:
 And round the sculptur'd column, high
 They twined the sweetest summer flowers,
 To glad the conscious passer-by,
 And breathe of beauty in all hours.
 There flourish'd they in shade and light;
 Or if, oppress'd by tempests rude,
 The thunder storm their leaves might blight,
 The morrow saw those blooms renew'd:
 So in thy absence, dearest maid!
 Such monument of thee I build;
 And thus my soul, in sun and shade,
 Is with enchanting memories fill'd:

And on thine image, fair and kind,
 The sweetest flowers of thought I cast,
 Which breathe across the waste of mind
 The smile of social summers past,—
 In joy and grief—suspense—and pain,—
 When prouder things like recreants flee,
 In lonely fondness they remain—
 Not vainly—since they speak of thee!

'Tis true the tempest might descend
 And tear those flowers of life away;
 But tho' their blighted leaves it rend,
 The trophy could not all decay:—
 The memory of thy form and worth—
 That mightier column—could not die;—
 Unlike those pillars of the earth
 Which shake when earthquakes pass
 them by.

Through all the thunders of the soul,
 Wrath—Hate—Wrong—Jealousy and
 Pride,—
 'Twould stand unheeding as they roll,
 And proudly bid them be defied!

But shouldst THOU change! I dare not take
 One thought on what thou hadst been
 then;—
 The pile which ages could not shake,
 No human hands could rear again.
 But o'er the mournful ruins, yet
 I'd bid the weeping ivy twine;
 For tho' estranged, I could not set
 Oblivion's seal on aught of thine!
 Twined in the immortal cells of thought
 Her wizard ivy—grief must be.
 He only who had seen thee not,
 Could wear no aching heart for thee!
Woburn, Feb. 12, 1819. **VIDA.**

THE DEATH OF LEILA.

(Fragment from the Spanish.)

Yes oft I attended with pensive delight
 The couch where, in sickness, my Leila re-
 clin'd;
 And oft by the aid of the Lady of Night,
 In her beautiful eye,—still unflinching
 bright,—
 Marked each image that dwelt in her mind:
 There affection and sorrow, together were
 blended—
 The tears of regret, with the glances of
 love;
 Regret—that so soon she must leave unbe-
 friended,
 The lord of her bosom in sadness to rove.
 One eve, as she rested her head on my
 breast,—
 Can I cease to remember that moment? No,
 never!
 On my lips with wild fervor a kiss she im-
 prest,
 Then sunk to repose on my bosom for ever!
 For scarce had I tasted the sorrowful bliss
 When her heart ceased its throbbing, and
 dim grew her eye:—
 And I found that my lips had entomb'd her
 last sigh;—
 That her spirit had fled with the kiss!

ARION.

SONNET.

TO ***** WITH MANUSCRIPT POEMS.

Not that its flowers are marked with Fancy's
 hues,
 Lady! for thee did I this wreath entwine;
 But as a votive offering at the shrine
 Of mutual Friendship:—do not then refuse
 The tribute of an humble poet's song,
 Breathing each wish the tenderest breast
 can form;
 Tho' to his lyre no lofty tones belong
 Yet is his heart with truth and feeling
 warm.—
 And should his Muse, in future hours, obtain
 A brighter garland from the Aonian tree,
 With joy, to bind thy beautiful brows again,
 He'll cull the fairest of its blooms for thee;
 And so he gain but thy approving smile,
 Will be content tho' the world frown the
 while.

ARION.

SONNET TO AN ARTIST.

By A. BROOKE, Esq.

Painter ! whose curious hand could fix the hues
Of the soul's lineaments, and thus chain down,
On thy charmed tablet, the unconscious frown
Which Pain and Passion o'er the front diffuse,
Unlovely ;—tho' the meditative Muse
Perhaps, not wholly, may such look disown,
But pitying spare from her own verdant crown,
One sheltering leaf, fresh with Castalian dews !—
Painter ! perhaps thine art had here once found
Far other exercise ;—in earlier years,
Perhaps had traced a cheek all dimpled round
With rosy smiles, an eye undimm'd by tears
Or studious vigils,—and the joyous glow
Which Thoughtlessness flings over Youth's bright brow.

Jan. 1819.

To *****.

" Je ne change qu'en mourant."

Can I forget the hours of bliss
That fled with love and thee ?—
Can I forget the parting kiss
Thy fondness dealt to me ?—
Can I forget the tender ties
That bind our souls together—
Thy last sad looks—thy farewell sighs,
And prove my " faith a feather ?"
No, no, the dove its plume may change—
The summer rose, its bloom ;—
But mine's a heart that cannot range,
Nor cool—save in the tomb !
No, no, by all the pangs I've proved,
By joys, remembered ever !
I feel, tho' e'en no more beloved,
I could forget thee never.

1814.

ARION.

SONNET TO *****.

No, not because thy form is fair,
Art thou unto my soul so dear ;
For beauty oft hath met mine eye,
And I have coldly passed it by,
When unenlightened by the glow
Which feeling can alone bestow :—
For, oh ! that face is nought to me
Where beams no sensibility !
Then not because thy form is fair,
Art thou unto my soul so dear ;—

But that I know thy purer mind,
Fraught with each virtue—grace refin'd—
That is on earth to mortals given
To fit them for the sphere of Heaven !

1815.

ARION.

SONNET

TO THE MEMORY OF WALTER KERR, ESQ.
LATE OF THE GLENGARY FENCIBLES.

Peace to thy gallant heart !—we less had griev'd,
Hadst thou but fall'n before the battle brand ;—
But thus, beneath Consumption's mouldering hand,—
Thou whom the bolts of death so oft repriv'd ;—
Thus to descend into the silent tomb,
In the young morn and April of thy years,
Was surely hard—and may excuse the tears
With which we now deplore thy hapless doom.
Peace to thy gallant heart !—whilst valor's deed
Shall stand recorded on the rolls of Fame
Thou shalt be well remembered, and thy name,—
So long as Britons' generous bosoms bleed
For worth untimely snatch'd ;—serve as a spell
To bid our wandering thoughts on sun-bright glory dwell.

1816.

A. A. W.

SONNET

Composed on board L'Etoile Sloop, whilst beating about during the greater part of a dark and tempestuous night, in view of Dungeness Light House, without being able to enter Rye Harbour.

Yes, Desolation on her viewless wing,
E'en now, perchance, is speeding with the blast,
In deathful haste ;—with angry visiting
The surges sweep around us, and the mast—
Bereft of sail—waves, like a fragile reed,
Submissive to the storm :—but for yon light
I had begun to deem this dreary night
For us would have no morn. In greatest need—
When thro' Life's sea man's erring bark is driven—
Thus doth the beacon Hope, with friendly gleam,
Speak peace unto his soul ; and tho' its beam
Bring not immediate aid, it can create
Courage, to bear the buffetings of Fate
With patience, till he reach the wished for port of Heaven.

A. A. W.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF LADY CAROLINE LAMB.

(WITH A PORTRAIT.)

LADY CAROLINE LAMB, (whose Portrait we have the pleasure of giving in our present Number), is the third child and only daughter of the Rt. Hon. Fred. Ponsonby, Earl of Besborough, by Henrietta Frances Spencer, and second daughter of John, the first Earl of that name. — She was born November 13, 1785, and from her earliest infancy had the unspeakable advantage of receiving the instruction, and improving by the example of her venerable grandmother, the highly accomplished Countess Dowager Spencer, who died at the age of seventy eight, in 1814. — Biography would be well employed in delineating the character of that excellent woman, than whom it would be difficult to name one in modern times, of her station, equally worthy of such a distinction, and whose memoir would be so well calculated to edify the rising age. Her mind was richly stored with various reading, and what she acquired was applied to the best purposes! She had an extensive range of acquaintance, who regarded her conversation and correspondence as an inestimable treasure. In sprightliness of style, her letters would rival those of Sevigné or Montague; while, in solidity of thought and ethical purity, they might rank with the epistles of Carter. On the paternal side, she was of the ancient family of Poyntz, and her mother was daughter of the great Earl of Peterborough.

The Lady Besborough, who inherits all the excellencies of her venerable parents, took the greatest care that her own children should reflect honour upon that stock from whence they sprung; and she has had the satisfaction to see her pains well rewarded. Her maternal heart was so much wrung when her son, the gallant Colonel Ponsonby, was grievously wounded at the battle of Waterloo, that she immediately flew to Brussels, for the purpose of ministering to him under his sufferings. This was a touching scene; but in the midst of all its weight of woe there was a mixture of felicity in it which was consummated by the recovery of the darling object.

To be brought up under such relations was an advantage, the value of which surpasses all estimation. That it was duly appreciated, and gratefully returned, by an adequate improvement in all the sterling accomplishments of the mind, cannot be

doubted: and besides this, there was a rare conjunction of striking talents on every side of this noble family, of which, though one instance only, we may be allowed to mention the late Duchess of Devonshire, whose elegant taste and poetic fancy could hardly fail to stimulate the mental faculties of her niece, even if they had not been, as they fairly were, exactly similar to her own in fertility of genius and liveliness of imagination.

Certain it is that the education of the young lady was conducted on a very superior plan, and that her noble friends were rewarded for their attentions by the progress which she made in every useful and ornamental branch of knowledge.

Entering into life with a fine form, a highly cultivated understanding, and bright prospects, she could not be long without admirers. Accordingly, before she had attained the age of twenty, she became a wife, being married on the 3d of June, 1805, to the Hon. William Lamb, eldest son of the Viscount Melbourne, a gentleman of splendid talents, perfect integrity, and an active member of the House of Commons, where he has sat two parliaments for the city of Peterborough, of which see his great uncle, Dr. Robert Lamb, was formerly bishop. Three children have been the issue of this marriage, but one only is living, who was born Aug. 29, 1807, and at his baptism received the name of George Augustus Frederick, in honour of his Royal Highness the Prince Regent, who stood sponsor on the occasion.

Of this distinguished lady it is sufficient to say that, by the constancy of filial affection, conjugal attachment, and maternal tenderness, she has uniformly contributed to the happiness of those with whom she is connected. High-minded, without pride—vivacious, without levity, and generous, without extravagance, it is not surprising that she should gain admiration and secure friendship. In the liveliness of her discourse there is a charm which merits attention, and an attraction in her behaviour which commands esteem.

Of her ladyship's literary performances, it is not in our power to enter into detail; but those who are in the secret of her compositions, speak emphatically of their elegance and acknowledge her to possess intellectual powers

of the most brilliant description.—Some poetical pieces, ascribed to her ladyship, which we have seen, would incline us to designate the

fair authoress, in regard to her lyrical powers, and the mellifluous beauty of her versification, the BRITISH SAPHO.

CRITICAL REMARKS ON NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Specimens of the British Poets, with Biographical and Critical Notices, and an Essay on English Poetry. 7 vols. 8vo.

It has been said, and we are inclined to think with some degree of justice, that a good poet cannot fail of being a good critic. Gifted by nature with a more acute perception of beauty and deformity than that with which critics, generally speaking, are supposed to be imbued, the poet is better qualified to decide upon the merits of his brethren, and enters upon his task with a keener relish and satisfaction than the literary drudge, who (a mere Goth in matters of taste,) forms his estimate of genius by mathematical position, quarrels with what he has not feeling enough to understand, and pronounces unqualified condemnation on the opinions of his author, frequently for no other reason than because they happen to differ from his own. Poetical criticism, above all other, requires two sorts of independence, that of the head and of the heart. It is not enough that the censor be acquainted with those common rules for the discussion of his subject, which have been suggested by the ablest writers of antiquity; he must have a mind pervious to the force of the "thoughts that breathe and words that burn" of the poet upon whose productions he undertakes to comment—he must be alive to all those recondite excellencies which might escape the notice of an ordinary observer, and he must possess, withal, a certain sublime sense of perfection which common readers are strangers to; and which, while it enables him to detect worthlessness and deformity, affords him also equally the means of duly appreciating the beauty of loveliness. In this latter capacity, such a critic is indeed great, and like the diamond, which acquires a superior brilliancy from its contact with the gems it is employed to polish; so those scintillations of genius are elicited from him by his subject, which might not otherwise have been produced.

It is not too much to affirm, after an attentive perusal of the voluminous and important work, which has given rise to the present remarks, that Mr. Campbell

possesses all the requisites we could desire in a poetical censor, and that his "Specimens of the British Poets," contain some of the most delightful philology to be met with in the English language. We are sorry that the very limited space, to which we are obliged to confine ourselves in this department of our Magazine, will prevent our devoting that share of attention to his volumes, to which we feel assured they are so justly entitled: we must, therefore, content ourselves with briefly analysing their contents.

The first volume, which is prefatory to the rest, is divided into three sections, and comprises a chronological history of English poetry, from the Epoch of the Norman Conquest, that is, from the first dawn of metrical inspiration, until the perfect day of strength, harmony, elegance, and metaphor beamed upon an enlightened age in the numbers of Pope. The first section contains a dissertation upon the gradual evolution of the English language from the rude barbarity of its Saxon elements, until it was compacted into the idiom employed in the reign of Richard II. In exemplifying the slow progress of the amelioration of the language by its influence upon the meagre, quaint, and hyperbolical minstrelsy of the dark and superstitious ages of which Mr. Campbell treats, he subjoins specimens of the productions of the early poets; many of which are now unintelligible without a glossary, and when understood, do not repay, unless to a professed antiquarian, the time and labour which must be consumed in exploring them. In the first century, which succeeded the Norman Conquest, the sole remnants of the Saxon poetry existed in ballads, very few of the fragments of which have escaped the ravages of time. The Normans imported with them their own metrical romances, and as the Norman French was the language of the Court, and of all persons of distinction, the ancient ballads became speedily obsolete among the higher orders of the community, and were only traditionally remembered and recited by the common people. But the Norman victors were themselves too ignorant and ferocious,

and the civil commotions which prevailed in the 13th century were too frequent and sanguinary, to allow them leisure or inclination to attempt any other species of poetical composition than chivalrous romances. It was in the retirement, indolence, and security of monasteries that the embers of the vestal fire of genius were preserved from total extinction; accordingly we find that all the poetasters of this age were Monks, and their productions are partly chronicles in verse of the remarkable events of their own times, or satires upon the prevailing vices and foibles, particularly the corruptions of the Roman Church, a remarkable topic for animadversion to be selected by priests. Before we proceed in our analytical survey, let us offer the oblation of our gratitude to the monastic clergy, for the only permanent benefits they have ever conferred upon mankind, namely the preservation in their cells of the precious remains of antiquity; the histories they have written of the times in which they lived, and to which they immediately succeeded, and the works on various subjects, the composition of which diversified the monotony of spiritual inertion. The only specimen of the poetry of this inauspicious age, and which is worth transcribing is the following:—

For her love I cark and care,
For her love I droop and dare;
For her love my bliss is bare,
And all I wax wan.
For her love in sleep I slake,
For her love all night I wake,
For her love mourning I make,
More than any man.

From this period the English Muse appears to have soared to a greater elevation, although the atmosphere in which she moved was yet too opaque to enable her to emerge into perfect day. Metrical romances, works purely of imagination, succeeded to rhyming chronicles, and it may be observed, that a metrical romance bears some resemblance to an epic poem.

The first work of invention of any importance is an allegorical poem, entitled, "The Vision of William, concerning Piers Plowman." The account given of this singular effusion by Mr. Campbell, shews how faint and indistinct were, at that time, the rays of inspiration, and how widely and miserably they diverged from the true focus of poetical splendour and powerful fancy under the direction of a sound judgment, Chaucer,

however, the father of English poetry, is exempted from this censure; he was the morning star in the poetical horizon, not indeed of transcendent brightness, but to be hailed as the precursor of a pure and unclouded day.

The second section of the work begins with a detail of the causes which retarded the progress of poetry from the reign of Richard II. to that of Elizabeth: those principally enumerated are—the distractions of the times occasioned by the exterminating feuds between the houses of York and Lancaster, the violence of religious persecutions, and the want of a pure, refined, and classical taste. A striking confirmation of the rarity of poetical genius in that dark and dreary period which intervened between the times of Chaucer and Spenser, is, that amidst groupes of authors whose names are specified by Mr. Campbell, and who by that means are recalled for a few moments from the fathomless gulf of oblivion, there is only one from whose compositions a short extract can be hazarded.

If Chaucer be the morning star, Spenser is the rising sun of poetry. Of his excellencies Mr. Campbell gives a clear and elegant illustration; he also candidly acknowledges his imperfections. As the age in which Spenser flourished is that, in the latter part of which the English drama assumed a consistent form, Mr. C. introduces in this section a retrospective and compendious history of the origin and progress of dramatic poetry to the days of Shakspeare. Amidst a herd of obsolete drivellers in this department of poetry, some passages of a play by George Peele are selected, which not only contain several of the nobler beauties which embellish this species of composition—warmth, tenderness of feeling, glow of imagery and keeping,—but shew also how much had been effected in the Herculean task of expanding, strengthening, and harmonizing the English language. Mr. Campbell then takes a survey of the mighty pretensions of Shakspeare, but his view of his merits is a complete eulogy, deifying even his defects. We pass by a natural transition to the works of Ben Jonson, casting only a cursory glance at Drayton and Daniel, to each of whom Mr. Campbell deals out his due meed of praise. He quotes a beautiful song from the masque of "The Vision of Night," by Ben Jonson,

"Break phant'sie from thy cave of cloud,
And spread thy purple wings;
Now all thy figures are allowed,
And various shapes of things;
Create of airy forms a stream—
It must have blood, and nought of phlegm,
And tho' it be a waking dream,
Yet let it like an odor rise

To all the senses here,
And fall like sleep upon their eyes,
Or music in their ear."

The two first sections are, as we have observed, devoted to the infancy and youth of English poetry, engendered in ages of rapine, war, and ignorance, rocked in the cradle of adversity, fettered in the incipient vigor and grace of his movements by the swaddling clothes imposed by the rude hand of pedantry and a corrupted taste, until at length it assumed, in the seventeenth century, as described in the beginning of the third section, the strength, majesty, judgment, and independence of manhood. After a brief dissertation on the metaphysical poets, whose works, with the exception perhaps of Cowley's, have all of them entered into their "eternal rest" on the shelves of virtuosos and black letter hunters, Mr. C. proceeds to an enumeration of the dramatic works of Beaumont and Fletcher, Massinger and Shirley. On each of these authors he bestows, as they pass review before him, an appropriate share of praise and censure. The pretensions of Denham and Waller, are dismissed in a few lines. Upon Milton there is a long and judicious critique. Otway is treated with all the clemency which his superior talents, and the witchery with which he moves our tenderest feelings, deserves. Dryden follows, and upon his writings Mr. Campbell expatiates at considerable length; but in passing judgment upon this great and extraordinary man, whose genius was more universal and buoyant than even that of Pope, he appears to have censured his defects too severely. Finally; Pope himself, the soul of harmony and the life of description, succeeds, and upon his writings is pronounced sentence of unalloyed approbation. We extract part of the observations on Pope, in order to afford our readers some idea of the style in which the whole essay is written.

Pope gave our heroic couplet its strictest melody and tersest expression.

"D'un mot mis en sa place il enseigne le pouvoir."

If his cotemporaries forgot other poets in admiring, let him not be robbed of his just fame, on pretence that a part of it was superfluous. The public ear was long fa-

tigued with repetitions of his manner; but, if we place ourselves in the situation of those to whom his brilliancy, succinctness and animation were wholly new, we cannot wonder at their being captivated to the fondest admiration. In order to do justice to Pope we should forget his imitators, if that were possible; but it is easier to remember than to forget by an effort—to acquire associations than to shake them off. Every one may recollect how often the most beautiful air has palled upon his ear, and grown insipid from being played or sung by vulgar musicians. It is the same thing with regard to Pope's versification. That his peculiar rhythm and manner are the very best in the whole range of our poetry need not to be asserted. He has a gracefully peculiar manner, though it is not calculated to be an universal one; and where, indeed, shall we find the style of poetry that could be pronounced an exclusive model for every composer. His pauses have little variety, and his phrases are too much weighed in the balance of antithesis, and to the rapid precision of his thoughts, and we shall forgive him for being too anthetic and sententious.

Pope's works have been twice given to the world by editors who cannot be taxed with the slightest editorial partiality towards his fame. The last of these is the Rev. Mr. Bowles, in speaking of whom, I beg leave, most distinctly, to disclaim the slightest intention of undervaluing his acknowledged merit as a poet, however freely and fully I may dissent from his critical estimate of the genius of Pope. Mr. Bowles, in forming this estimate, lays great stress upon the argument, that Pope's images are drawn from art, more than from nature. That Pope was neither so insensible to the beauties of nature, nor so indistinct in describing them, as to forfeit the character of a genuine poet is what I mean to urge, without exaggerating his picturesqueness. But, before speaking of that quality in his writings, I would beg to observe, in the first place, that the faculty by which a poet luminously describes objects of art, is essentially the same faculty, which enables him to be a faithful describer of nature. In the second place, that nature and art are to a greater degree relative terms in poetical description than is generally recollected; and thirdly, that artificial objects and manners are of so much importance in fiction, as to make the exquisite description of them no less characteristic of genius than the description of simple physical appearances. The poet is "creation's heir." He deepens our social interest in existence; it is surely by the liveliness of the interest which he excites in existence, and not by the class of subjects which he chooses, that we must fairly appreciate the genius in the life of life which is in him. It is no reverence to the external charms of nature to say, that they are not more important to a poet's study than

the manners and affection of his species.—Nature is the poet's goddess; but by nature no one rightly understands her mere inanimate face—however charming it may be—or the simple landscape painting of trees, clouds, precipices, and flowers. Why then try Pope, or any other poet, exclusively by his powers of describing inanimate phenomena? Nature, in the wide and proper sense of the word, means life in all its circumstances—nature, moral as well as external. As the subject of inspired fiction, nature includes artificial forms and manners.—Richardson is no less a painter of nature than Homer. Homer himself is a minute describer of works of art; and Milton is full of imagery, derived from it. Satan's spear is compared to the pine, that makes the "mast of some great ammiral," and his shield is like the moon, artificially seen through the glass of the Tuscan artist. The "spirit-stirring drum; the ear-piercing fife, the royal banner, and all quality, pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war," are all artificial images.

Pope, while he is a great moral writer, though not elaborately picturesque, is by no means deficient as a painter of interesting external objects. No one will say that he peruses *Eloisa's Epistle*, without a solemn impression of the pomp of catholic superstition.

Many passages of the agreeable discussion in the 1st volume of these "*Specimens*," are genuine poetry, in its happiest mood of inspiration, faintly disguised in the loose attire of prose. On the subsequent portions of Mr. Campbell's work, we hope to offer some observations at a future opportunity.

Durovernum; with other Poems. By ARTHUR BROOKE. pp. 168.

In our number for October last we took occasion to offer a few remarks on a collection of wild but beautiful poetry from the pen of Mr. Brooke, and it is with no inconsiderable pleasure that we direct the attention of the public to the present volume, abounding as it does with so much to interest all lovers of true poetry. It is the peculiar privilege of genius to command sympathy—to impose upon others its own mood of mind—its fears, its hopes, its joys, and its sorrows; and in proportion to the powers of the bard, so will the interest he aims at creating for his own fate, be strengthened or diminished. We care for the man only inasmuch as he is a poet, and can present us with a vivid and forcible delineation of his feelings. The stranger, whose productions are taken up for the

first time, can have no claim upon the hearts of his readers, and if his verses are too feeble to compel respect, be they upon subjects ever so doleful, they will meet with nothing but contempt and ridicule. Not so, however, with the real poet; he has the means of kindling in the bosoms of individuals entirely unknown to him, the same glowing emotions which agitate his own soul; he can teach beings with whom he has never held personal communion, to lose the sense of their own separate existence in sympathy for his sorrows;—and this privilege the author of the pages before us possesses in an eminent degree. There is, in almost all his verses, an intensity of feeling and a loneliness of grief which is painfully engaging. He is like the Arabian bird, that builds her nest of odors, and is consumed by her own fires.

The principal poem in the volume, which has given rise to the present remarks, consists of a description of a night walk in and about Canterbury, the native city of the author; and gives a much stronger interest to the spot, than we should have supposed it possible to produce for those who have no particular associations connected with it. The common-place beauties of the poem, however, which fortunately occupy more than half, have the greatest attractions for us: we allude to those passages in which the "*Childe*" of the scene addresses the reader in person; where he depicts his own thoughts, fears, and feelings; his sensibility to pain, and his uncertainty of the future. A heart which has sought for truth and the fixedness of hope with the intensity described in the following stanzas, is deserving of all the consolations of pity and the solitudes of friendship:—

XXIX.

Thou dark and awful grave, whose mystery
Hath fed my musings, in the cloistered gloom
Where thousands sleep, have I not called to thee?
Have I not craved for tidings from the tomb,
Of life—or death—whate'er may be our doom?
Have I not prayed it? would I not forsake
All vainer wisdom, and no more relapse
My midnight taper, so I might partake
Of an immortal hope which this world could not shake?

XXX.

It hath not been accorded : the high light
From Heaven, which guides the wanderer on his way,
Shines not for me; all hopeless in the night
Of my bewildered spirit, still I stray,
And combat with my sufferings as I may.

We have not seen a more affecting appeal to the best sympathies of our nature than is contained in this fearful avowal. In the pages of revelation alone, can such a spirit look for repose. If he enters the temple as "a noble Berean," the immortal and unshaken hope which is solicited, cannot fail to be accorded: the oracles from this shrine are no cunningly devised fables—

"no voice nor hideous hum
Runs through *this* arched roof in words deceiving :"

but the voice of his Maker speaks audibly to man, and that voice is so mild, so merciful, and so benignant, tempered with so much pity, and wooing with so much love, that it seems impossible to resist its tones, and not feel the balsam which they impart. We doubt not that our author will soon see things through a lovelier medium—that his hopes will clothe themselves in a principle of purer vitality—fitted for the growth of an immortal world.

The present poem opens with a magnificent address to the sun, which is not excelled by any thing we recollect to have met with, excepting indeed, it be Lord Byron's sublime stanzas to the ocean, which conclude the fourth canto of *Childe Harold*.

Father of life and light! who from the birth

Of Time or Nature, with that glorious eye
Hast quickening, gazed upon the subject earth,

As through the boundless deserts of the sky
Thou mov'st in solitary majesty;
Soul of Creation! whose parental care
Doth, like a visible God, to all supply
The springs of their existence. Thou shalt share

With thy Creator's self, the wide world's ceaseless prayer!

All that thou see'st, O Sun, is thine; to thee

Earth and its habitants one voice shall raise

Of grateful adoration, and by me
Once too was hymned thy glory, power, and praise.

And if it seems that now I coldly gaze
Upon those beams which gladden all beside,

If in thy worship my dull heart delays,

It is not wilful blindness, scorn, nor pride,
But that the founts of love in me are parched and dried.

I have more loved to watch thee at thy fall

Behind the western mountains, and to view

The sable follower spread her gradual pall,
O'er the dim scene, till all things took the hue

Of my own spirit; and thus in me grew
A hatred of thy broad obtrusive ray,
Which brought no blessings unto me, but drew

My hush'd thoughts from their sanctuary away,
Into the hateful toils and duties of the day.

Night! let me be thy votary! and thou,
When I appear to thee in converse lone,
At thy deep noon, still hearken to my vow:

Since every dearer moment I have known,
Under the shadow of thy wing hath flown;
Thine was the welcome hour which set me free

From the world's vulgar drudgeries, thou hast shewn

Things which the light shut from me, and to thee

All that I am, O Night! I owe—whate'er that be.

Thou, when my days, like the neglected sands

Of a brief hour-glass, ebbed in hopeless haste,

Benignant gavest into my youthful hands
A chalice from the fount I hurned to taste;
But which I deemed fate had for ever placed

Far from my barren path: then, by thy aid,

If I might haply yet redeem the waste
Of my past years, I shrunk into thy shade,
And by the lonely lamp, my last, best, past-time made.

All hail, dear Muses! If I did not gain
In my sweet wanderings o'er your classic ground,

All that I sought, the search was not in vain.

If in the lore I loved there was not found
Aught that might heal the deep and fatal wound

Of a crushed heart; yet, if it dulled the sense

Of selfish suffering; if awhile it drowned
In streams of Castaly, thoughts too intense

For my weak brain, it was my study's recompense.

After dwelling upon the historical recollections to which the scene of his wanderings has given rise, Mr. Brooke thus beautifully describes Night:—

XIX.

My spirit hath been moved : and who
 could dwell
 With heart unruffled upon thoughts like
 these ?
 But let me gaze around on what might
 well
 The tumults of the stormiest soul appease.
 Nature alone is waking ;—the soft breeze
 Flits musically by ; how bright
 The moon-beams mingle with the dark
 green trees,
 Or glitter on the grass ; the brows of
 Night
 Are bound with myriad gems of tenderest,
 purest light.

Oh ! who that wanders at an hour like
 this,
 And looks upon the earth, the stars, and
 sky,
 But feels with a calm joy, one treasure
 his,
 Unbought by toils, and kept without a
 sigh ?
 Though man may to his fellow man deny
 His tinselled trash, Great Nature free to
 all
 Spreads forth her thousand stores unsparin-
 gly ;
 Her charms are pure, *her* beauties never
 pall ;
 She can unchanged remain, whate'er to man
 befall.

The following allusions to the King's
 School, Canterbury, where the author
 received his education, are forcible, and
 as they regard public seminaries in ge-
 neral, the sentiments are entirely con-
 sonant with our own :—

XLIV.

Farewell, ye scenes ! o'er which my youth-
 ful feet
 Once duly wandered, till the hour as-
 signed
 Called them scarce willing to the honored
 seat
 Where first Instruction on my opening
 mind
 Poured her delights ; but where my
 spirit pined,
 That dared not love too well the attractive
 page
 Which *envious* folly hated, nor could find
 Pleasure in acting on that petty stage
 Its part in the vile deeds which shame man's
 riper age.

There each young despot whom the fates
 had blest
 With brains of lead, and limbs of stur-
 dier mould
 Than his compeers, lifted his lordly crest,
 False as the serpent, as the tiger bold
 In acts of ill ; where from its virgin fold
 In the heart's-rosebud every innocent
 thought
 Was rudely torn ; and should a truth be
 told

Which some might hide, if in my soul
 be aught
 Of cruelty or crime, it then and there was
 taught.

Then in my breast was sown the deadly
 seed,
 Which after-suffering ripened, then I
 learned
 The slave's sole privilege to bear and bleed
 In silent hate, to hide the pang when
 spurned
 By brutal Ignorance, for honors earned
 In studious strife :—Not sorrowing I re-
 call
 The sense of early wrong, though first it
 turned
 The current of fresh feelings into gall,
 It fitted me to meet what I *hate* met through
 all.

We cannot resist the temptation of
 quoting the following exquisite verses to
 the River Stour :—

But now upon thy flower-fringed banks I
 stand,
 Fair Stour ! and gaze upon thy winding
 stream,
 Whose dimpled surface, by the soft breeze
 fanned,
 Shakes to dissolving silver the clear beam
 Of countless stars, whose bright reflec-
 tions seem
 As in a liquid mirror here to lave,
 With livelier lustre. Oh ! how sweet a
 dream
 Steals o'er the heart, while on this placid
 wave
 Heaven opens its wide breast, and claims us
 from the grave.

As if we stood upon the utmost verge
 Of that great gulph which keeps us from
 the blest,
 While far-off shapes of brightness o'er
 the surge
 Beckoned ; and pointed to the bow'rs of rest,
 Where, as a dove returning to her nest,
 The soul might soon forget its earth-born
 woes,
 Blissfully leaning on as dear a breast,
 As that which boyhood once, *once* only
 knows,
 When first affection's flowers all tremblingly
 unclosed.

Alas ! the love of our maturer years
 Is Custom — Instinct—Friendship—what
 you will ;
 Where then is the wild maze of hopes
 and fears,
 In which our senses wandered ? where
 the thrill,
 Whose flash electric shook the breast,
 until
 It sickened with delight ? Oh ! 'tis not so,
 Whate'er we deem, when once the
 heavy chill
 Of stern Experience—Love and Joy's
 worst foe,—
 Hath fall'n upon the fount from which those
 feelings flow.

Roll on, fair river! with a lovely pride,
Unmov'd by all save Nature's high decree;

How unremittingly thy waters glide
With silent lapse unto the boundless sea,
Like earthly years into Eternity!

Let mightier streams in loftier lays be
sung;

Enough, dear native Stour! enough for
thee,

If on thy banks one home-bred harp hath
rung,
And to thy name the Muse one votive gar-
land hung.

The heart must be cold indeed, and
sterile in all the delicate sensibilities of
our nature, which could refuse its tri-
bute of admiration to poetry beautiful
as this. In the concluding stanza of *Du-
rovernum* we notice a coincidence with
Milton which appears to have been en-
tirely accidental. Mr. Brooke says,
The rosy-finger'd hours, with circling flight,
Throng, eager to unbar the gates of day.

So Milton in his *Paradise Lost*—

The morn,
Waked by the circling hours with rosy hand
Unbarred the gates of light.

Of the minor pieces attached to *Duro-
vernum* we have only room for the fol-
lowing

BALLAD STANZAS.

When pain and hatred hemmed me round

In life's young years,

One faithful hand at least I found

To dry my tears;

One soothing voice, whose dulcet sound

Hushed my wild fears;

One heart to mine for ever bound

In life's young years.

But now I am alone indeed—

Hope disappears;

I smile—but there is none to heed;

I sigh—none hears!

I wither like the worthless weed,

But shed no tears,

For I feel I shall no solace need

In a few short years.

SONNET.

Written under a Print of Sappho.

Sappho! thou still art with us, and shalt be,
Whilst painter can conceive, or bard can
feel;

Thy spirit lives; for Love hath set his
seal

On thy immortal song; the savage sea
Closed over thee in vain; thy verse shall free

Thy memory from oblivion, and appeal

E'en to the sternest heart, till drops shall
steal

From eyes that had no tears—except for
thee!

Daughter of Passion! in whose glowing
frame,

As in its chosen temple, Genius dwelt,
Unhappy victim of a worthless flame!

By thee this truth was, ah! too deeply felt,
Whate'er the joys that envied gift may bring,
It lends Affliction's barb a tenfold sting.

SONNET TO THE MOON.

I looked at midnight on the silent sky,
And watched the Moon, as with majestic
pride

Up the empyreal arch she seemed to ride,
Unmatched, alone, in maiden dignity;

And though I viewed her with a lover's eye,

'Twas not as if she were an earthly bride;

But my affections raised and purified,
Worshipped her with a spiritual extacy.

Sweet Moon! I have not gazed upon a face

Since my first days of passion, with a
thought

So pure as then within my bosom
wrought,

Gazing on thine; where 'twas my joy to
trace

The lineaments of One who seemed to
have caught

From thee her placid smiles and tranquil
gaze.

But we must close our quotations:—
there are alternate passages of such
gloom and brightness, such smiles and
tears, in this interesting little volume,
that we are at a loss to know whether
the author was born under Saturn or
Venus; they must have been in con-
junction; but we sincerely desire that
the more cheerful and happy of the two
powers will rule in the ascendant.

*Travels in various Countries of Europe,
Asia, and Africa,* by EDWARD DA-
NIEL CLARKE, LL.D. Part III.—
Scandinavia.—Section the First. 4to.
pp. 764.

We have derived much satisfaction
from the perusal of this work, and can-
not justly apply to it the well-known
apothegm, that a "great book is a great
evil." The reputation of a diligent en-
quirer, acute observer, and on most oc-
casions an impartial narrator, which Dr.
Clarke has so deservedly obtained, will
not be diminished by the publication of
the present volume; which comprehends
a relation of his travels through Den-
mark, the whole of Sweden, the southern
parts of Lapland, and the northern pro-
vinces of Norway. Dr. C. describes mi-
nutely every production, either of na-
ture or art, which could be supposed to
engage the attention of an enlightened
traveller. The most interesting portion
of the work, and fortunately, the largest,
is that which is devoted to an account of
his tour in Sweden, Lapland and Nor-
way. His comments on the state of
agriculture, the progression of useful
and liberal arts, and the peculiarities of

the national manners in these regions, so rarely explained by modern travellers, afford much valuable and curious information. Unlike some other tourists the doctor's researches appear to have been judiciously directed, diligently pursued, and the results clearly determined. In describing the Swedish peasantry, he has sketched, not indeed with that brilliancy of conception, vivacity, force, and delicacy of expression, which is the incommunicable gift of genius, but plainly, and we doubt not, accurately, the habits of a nation, to whom the disadvantages of a sterile soil, and a frozen climate, are amply compensated by the substantial endowments of health, competency, simplicity, courage, probity, hospitality, perseverance, and ingenuity. In short, the doctor represents the northern parts of Sweden as an actual paradise, and the country itself, during the brief but enchanting season of summer, as affording a succession of landscapes, so happily blended in the harmonious but diversified features of its scenery, as to be unexcelled in sylvan charms even by Switzerland itself. Upon his arrival at Torneo, the last commercial town at the extremity of the Bothnian Gulph, the Doctor advanced into the immense wilderness of Lapland, and arrived amongst a people whose peculiarities would almost identify some of them with the gypsies of modern Europe; yet here a broad line of distinction is observed. The Laplanders are divided into two bodies, partaking indeed of the same origin, and distinguished by the same peculiar physiognomy, but differing widely in civilization, and totally in occupation. One class are stationary; have some knowledge of, and a disposition for, agriculture, and imitate their southern neighbours in those useful arts which distinguish a people redeemed from barbarism. The other class are ignorant, sensual, superstitious, and cowardly. Having no permanent abodes, they continually employ themselves in hunting, fishing, and tending their numerous herds of rein deer. Both classes are remarkably diminutive in stature, and hideously ugly.

In returning from Lapland Dr. Clarke visited Finland, then a part of the Swedish monarchy. To the Fins he is

not so partial as the Swedes, although he admits that in ingenuity and vivacity they surpass them. He then crossed the Bothnian Gulph, and proceeded over the Norwegian Alps to Trönyem, corruptly pronounced and spelt Drontheim. In this part of the work the sublime and magnificent scenery of the passes over that stupendous range of mountains is well described and illustrated, as, indeed, is the whole of the volumes, by a series of fine engravings. On entering Norway the Doctor was surprised to find so many traits of character which assimilate the gallant nation of the Norwegians to ourselves. Even their language resembles the English, and is acquired with great facility. Here, as in Sweden, the industry of the inhabitants, unfettered by arbitrary laws, and stimulated by the secure possession of the fruits of their labours, is continually and successfully striving to overcome the natural sterility of the soil. Hence, under the sixty-second degree, the traveller sees a succession of farms skilfully cultivated, rich in all the productions which can be brought to maturity in so high a latitude, surrounded by mountains which are at times concealed in the clouds, and supporting a hardy, brave, honest, and thriving population. The town of Trönyem is particularly mentioned; and what evinces the complete triumph of horticultural art in this country over the rudeness of the climate, is the singularity of finding plum, cherry, apple, and pear trees, which, in favourable seasons, yield a plentiful crop. The Norwegians are said to be impatient of a foreign yoke, hating the Swedes, despising the Danes, but exceedingly attached to the English.

Our limits will not admit of any extracts from this amusing volume, we shall therefore only observe, that the language is simple and correct, and that the author appears to be thoroughly acquainted with the literature and history of the countries through which he passed. He is indebted, as we have already premised to the printer and engraver, for the auxiliary interest which their labours have superadded to the work, though it needed no extraneous embellishment to procure for it the attention of the public.

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The plan and execution of this poem is respectable, though it contains passages of very unequal merit. The sentiments which pervade it are of the most amiable description; and though Mr. Toulmin is not entitled to a high rank in this age of poetry, he cannot but be considered as far above mediocrity. His minor pieces are dull and uninteresting;

"We start—for soul is wanting there."

The Priory of Berkinhead, a Tale of the Fourteenth Century. By Thomas Whitby. pp. 152.

This is rather a feeble performance, constructed upon the model of Goldsmith, but wanting his melody of versification and fidelity of description. It has some tolerable passages, but is, we are concerned to state, altogether a heavy and tedious production. We are sorry that this should be our opinion, because we feel confident, from the sentiments which are expressed in these pages, that their author's intentions were good, and that he is a person of amiable and generous feelings. Should he make another attempt, though we would not on any account be understood as advising the measure, we trust that it will be attended with more success.

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VARIETIES—LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

IT appears by the University Calendar for the present year, that the total number of members of this university, whose names are on the boards, is 3698, being 254 more than the preceding year, and an increase of *one thousand five hundred and seventy-six* since 1804, when the number was 2122.—In order to admit more members of the university at St. Mary's church, the pulpit has been removed, and is placed nearer the organ; alterations have also been made in some of the college chapels for the accommodation of a greater number of students.—*Cambridge Chronicle*.

As a spur to the exertions of the ships about to sail on a voyage of Arctic discovery, the privy council have announced a reward of 5,000*l.* for reaching *Hearn's* or *Copper Mine* river; 10,000*l.* for reaching the *Whale Island* of *Mac Kenzie*; 15,000*l.* for reaching 150° West longitude; and 20,000*l.* for reaching the *Pacific Ocean* by a N.W. passage. They also offer 10,000*l.* for reaching the latitude of 83°; 2,000*l.* for the latitude of 85°; 3,000*l.* for 87°; 4,000*l.* for 88°; and 5,000*l.* for 89° and upwards.

It appears by a letter from Wm. Bruce, esq., resident at *Bushire*, to Wm. Erskine, esq. of *Bombay*, that the cow-pox has been long known in *Persia* by the *Eliats*, or wandering tribes. Mr. Bruce made very particular inquiries among several different tribes who visit *Bushire* in the winter to sell the produce of their flocks, such as carpets, rugs, butter, cheese, &c. and every *Eliat*, of at least six or seven different tribes, uniformly told him, that the people who are employed to milk the cattle caught a disease, which, after once having had, they were perfectly safe from the small pox: that this disease was prevalent among the cows, and shewed itself particularly on the teats; but that it was more prevalent among, and more frequently caught from the sheep. A very respectable farmer, who lives about fourteen miles from *Bushire*, by name *Malilla*, confirmed every thing that the *Eliats* had told him, and further said, that the disease was

very common all over the country, and his own sheep often had it.

An establishment, called the *Imperial Gas Light Company*, is proposed, for more effectually lighting the metropolis with gas. It is proposed that a capital of 200,000*l.* shall be raised in shares of 50*l.* each, to be paid by instalments, as the progress of the works may require.

A new society is formed, consisting of the chief musical talents of the country, for the purpose of printing and editing their own works, and of other eminent composers, who may not belong to the society. They intend, also, printing the works of every celebrated composer deceased, which will be got up in the very best manner. The *Argyll* rooms are taken for the purpose of a music warehouse, where the concern will be carried on.

Accounts from the banks of the *Mississippi* state, that the *Mammoth* has actually been discovered in existence, in the western deserts of North America. According to the descriptions given of it, this colossus of the animal kingdom is not carnivorous; it lives on vegetables, but more particularly on a certain species of tree, of which it eats the leaves, the bark, and sometimes even the trunk. It never lies down, and sleeps, leaning for support, against a tree. It has rather the shape of a wild boar than of an elephant, and is fifteen feet high. His body is covered by a hairy skin, and he has no horn.—*Tillock's Journal*.

The governors of the *Royal Dispensary* for diseases of the Ear, have presented Mr. Curtis, the surgeon of that Institution, with a superb piece of plate, as a token of the estimation they entertain of his professional abilities, and for his great attention to the patients placed under his care at that useful charity.

The *Interrogative System of Education*, or the system of teaching by questions, or text books without answers, which has been so successfully introduced in England, has recently been adopted in France. A society

of 1,500 members, of the most enlightened men in Paris, have undertaken to compose and publish no less than seventy-two elementary books, on the plan of the several works so well known in the schools of the British empire.

A new vegetable acid, entitled (Sorbic Acid), has been discovered, to which the above name has been given, in consequence of its being found in the greatest abundance in the mountain ash, and, we presume, other varieties of sorbi. It differs very materially from the malic acid, but experiments have not yet sufficiently determined its peculiar properties.

We are happy to observe, that the patriotic president of the Board of Agriculture, had patronized the plan of our correspondent Mr. Doncaster, relative to finding employment for the present superfluous labour in the husbandry market, by the cultivation of commons by spade husbandry. We are now authorized by that gentleman to state, that however he may feel flattered by the approbation of so distinguished an agricultural character, yet Sir John's ideas of the extent of the improvements premeditated, fall far, very far short of the reality of his extensive views; which, far from being limited to bringing a few chain commons, peculiarly favoured by their situations for the obtaining of manure, into the desired state of high cultivation, indeed, go to nothing less than effecting, in due course of time, the improved fertilization of the general face of the country, equally including old pasture grounds, as well as arable lands and commons; and, at the same time, to provide an inexhaustible stock of profitable labour to themselves and the community at large for the agricultural poor to resort to, whenever they find themselves at leisure from the current operations incident to the various seasons of the year, for at least a century to come. Common prudence forbids his publishing the details of his plans until patents have been obtained, whereby he may be in the way of being remunerated for the years of study and thousands of pounds expence, his various labours have cost him, in bringing things to their present perfection.—But in his late endeavours to attain a pecuniary coadjutorship in them, through the medium of repeated advertisements inserted in the most popular London newspapers, he has uniformly been unsuccessful; for, whenever he came to lay his pearls before the cockney swine, who were respondents to them, they did nothing but grunt over them, without knowing what in the world to make of them.—He therefore requests us to state, that if any of our rural friends, whose habits in life lead them to know the difference between a turnip and a carrot, or a spade and a plough, are disposed to come forward to aid the great cause in hand, which, in all probability, is destined sooner or later to form a new era

in the natural history of our globe, being established throughout its various climates, originally from British example, he will be happy to treat with them upon the liberal terms the lucrative and extensive nature of the concerns will so well admit of. A line addressed to him at Peel's Coffee house, Fleet street, London, will meet with due attention. The sums required will be about 2,000l for one patent, and 1,000l. the other.

Mr. Lee, the Arabic Professor, at Cambridge, compared with the admirable Crichton.—The accounts of prodigies are always received with doubt by prudent men; but the case we are about to submit having the testimony of so respectable a witness as Mr. Archdeacon Corbett, we do not hesitate upon his authority to lay it before our readers, although the facts are unknown to ourselves.

And in order that no misrepresentation or colouring shall take place, we will give it in the Archdeacon's words: "Mr. Lee is a native of the parish wherein I was born, and wherein I continued to reside. The only education he received, was that of a village school, where nothing more than reading, writing, or arithmetic was taught. He quitted this school at twelve years of age to learn the trade of a capenter and builder, under his ingenious and respectable relative, Mr. Alderman Lee, of Shrewsbury; and it was not till years after this that he conceived the idea of acquiring foreign languages; and then it was with such singleness of heart that he pursued his object, that he neither sought nor accepted opportunities of communicating it; and it was not till after an interval of six years, and then by chance, that I found out that he had in that space taught himself to read and to write in Latin, in Greek, and in Hebrew. He had taught himself the Chaldee, the Syriac, and the Samaritan languages—and all this unaided by any instructor, uncheered by any literary companion, uninfluenced by the hope either of profit or of praise. And here let me pause at this very singular feature in the portrait I am endeavouring to delineate; for where shall we meet with a devotion to letters so solitary and so pure? I know, indeed, that instances are not unfrequent, where the mind has arisen superior to its original destination, or where eminence has been attained under circumstances adverse and unfavourable. But we more generally find, that a foundation has been laid, and that those who have distinguished themselves as scholars have gone through the regular routine of classical education, or been assisted by masters of superior abilities. Such was the case with Mr. James Crichton, of Clunie, in Scotland, better known by the name of "The Admirable Crichton," in the list of whose tutors we find the name even of Buchanan. And having introduced the mention of this extraordinary person, this "Phoenix of Literature," as he is designated

by one of his biographers, I would willingly run some parallel between him and Mr. Lee. Mr. Crichton, then, was the son of a gentleman of ancient family and hereditary fortune, and therefore we may presume that, in addition to the living assistance I have mentioned, he was amply supplied with the usual helps and incitements to learning, and that at an age when the mind is most ductile and open to such pursuits; whilst on the other hand, we find Mr. Lee oppressed with the cares and labours of life, without any living assistant whatsoever; without the stimulus either of hope or fear; seeking concealment rather than the smile of approbation, and very scantily supplied with the necessary materials; for Mr. Lee's earnings at this time were barely sufficient to the poorest maintenance, yet he spared from this pittance to purchase such grammars as could be met with upon the book-stalls of this town; and when he had read through a volume procured in a similar manner, he was forced to pay it away again, as part of the price of the next book he wished to purchase. Here then is a string of difficulties surmounted by Mr. Lee, which Mr. Crichton had not to combat. Again, it is said that Mr. Crichton's learning, however stupendous, was not acquired by the sacrifice of any of those pleasures in which youth usually indulges, or by the omission of any of those accomplishments in which it becomes a gentleman to excel. Now, so far as this marks out the interruptions given to Mr. Crichton's severer studies, we shall find those of Mr. Lee at least equally broken in upon, and that from causes much more imperative. Mr. Lee had not to balance between reading and relaxation; he had to pass from bodily fatigue to mental exertion—for he omitted, during the six years I have mentioned, none of the hours usually appropriated to manual labour; he retired regularly to rest at 10 o'clock at night: he suffered during this time from a complaint in his eyes; and of the inadequate leisure thus left him, part even of that was dedicated to what may be deemed accomplishment: so that it does not appear that Mr. Crichton either read or remembered with greater rapidity than Mr. Lee has done. And when Mr. Lee exchanged his trade for the superintendence of a charity-school, his hours were not much more at his own disposal. It was at this time that the well known and much respected Oriental scholar, Dr. Jonathan Scott, some time Persian Secretary to Mr. Hastings, in India, furnished Mr. Lee with an Arabic Grammar; and he had then, for the first time in his life, the pleasure of conversing upon the study in which he was engaged: and it is to this auspicious circumstance, improved as it was by the wonderful proficiency of Mr. Lee, on the one hand, (for in a few months he was capable of reading, writing, and composing in both Arabic and Persian,) and to the unremitting kindness of

Dr. Scott on the other, that we may attribute Mr. Lee's subsequent engagement with the Church Missionary Society, his admission at Queen's College, Cambridge, and his ordination as a Minister of the Established Church.

But in defence of what I have ventured to assert, I must endeavour to draw this parallel somewhat closer. One of the Admirable Crichton's historians asks, Whether it does not surpass comprehension, that in his 21st year he should be master of ten different languages, and perfectly well versed in philosophy, the mathematics, theology, the belles lettres, and other sciences. If Mr. Crichton began his grammar at six years of age, a supposition by no means improbable, considering the aptness of the scholar, his station in life, and the practice of the times, we shall then find that the high degree of knowledge we have stated was acquired in about 14 years; and it is now about 14 years since Mr. Lee first opened a Latin grammar, and he has in that time taught himself 17 different languages. It is further said that Mr. Crichton offered to dispute in the 12 following languages:—

1 Hebrew	7 French
2 Syriac	8 Italian
3 Arabic	9 English
4 Greek	10 Dutch
5 Latin	11 Flemish
6 Spanish	12 Slavonian.

Those Mr. Lee has taught himself are the following:—

1 Latin	10 French
2 Greek	11 German
3 Hebrew	12 Italian
4 Chaldee	13 Ethiopic
5 Syriac	14 Coptic
6 Samaritan	15 Malay
7 Arabic	16 Sanscrit
8 Persic	17 Bengalee.
9 Hindostanee	

and if we add the English, included in Mr. Crichton's list of 12, it makes 18, or an excess of one-third.

In mathematics we are told Mr. Crichton was perfectly "at home," and that he offered to dispute upon mathematical subjects. Of Mr. Lee, I have something much more definite to relate: when he entered at Cambridge, he was unacquainted with the mathematics; but in one fortnight he qualified himself to attend a class which had gone through several books in Euclid, and he soon after discovered an error, not indeed in Euclid, but in a treatise on Spherical Trigonometry, usually bound up with Simpson's Euclid, the 14th proposition of which Mr. Lee disproved. Now as Simpson's edition of Euclid may be looked upon as a text book at either university, as it is the one usually put in the hands of students, and to which the lectures of the tutors apply, it is most wonderful if a mistake should have been pointed out in such a work, and for the first

time as it should seem, by a student of not many weeks' standing in that science. And as the highest honours are given at Cambridge to mathematical learners, Mr. Lee must have anticipated a safe and easy road to those honours. But he considered this point, as he does all others, with that sobriety of mind with which he is so eminently gifted, and he contented himself with a competent knowledge of mathematics, lest further attention to that seducing science should interfere with those studies in which the highest interests of mankind were concerned, and this decision speaks volumes as to Mr. Lee's theological views. His exertions in this behalf are more than I can trust my memory with, but I have taken some pains to procure a note of them, (and which the Archdeacon then read as follows):—

1. The Syriac New Testament, edited by Mr. Lee, and published, is not a continuation of that begun by Dr. Buchanan, but an entire new work, for which Mr. Lee collated three ancient Syriac MSS. the Syrian Commentary of Syrius, and the texts of Ridley, Jones, and Welstein.

2. An edition of the Malay New Testament, from the Dutch edition of 1733; and the Old Testament is now in the press.

3. An enlarged and corrected edition of Mr. Martyn's Hindostanee Prayer Book, in conjunction with Mr. Corrie.

4. A Tract, translated into Persian and Arabic, and printed, entitled "The Way of Truth and Life," for the use of Mahometans.

5. A Malay Tract for the London Missionary Society; and some Tracts in Hindostanee, for the Society for Instructing the Lascars.

6. A Tract in Arabic, on the New System of Education, written by Dr. Bell, and first translated by Michael Sabag, for Baron de Sacy, oriental interpreter to the King of France.

7. Dr. Scott having translated the Service for Christmas-day from the Prayer Book of the Church of England into Persia, Mr. Lee has added to it the rest of the Liturgy.

8. Mr. Lee has under hand a new translation of the Old Testament into Persian, in conjunction with Mirza Khaleel.

9. Mr. Lee is printing an Hindostanee New Testament.

10. He is preparing for an Ethiopic Bible and other works.

11. Mr. Lee has moreover made a new fount of letter for Hindostanee and Persian printing; and a new fount for an edition of the Syriac Old Testament, and for which he has collated nine ancient MSS. and one ancient Commentary. As to music, Mr. Lee's powers are not problematical—he taught himself to play upon the flute from an accidental circumstance, with almost intuitive readiness; and when the Shrewsbury Volunteers were raised, he qualified himself with equal readiness to be one of their mili-

tary band. All this time he was a member of a Ringing Society, and gave private lectures in Gothic architecture. But if Mr. Lee is thus great in what he possesses, he is not less great in what he does not possess; If he appears inferior to no one in extent or variety of genius, he is without any of those eccentricities with which genius is so often concomitant.

The whole of Mr. Lee's life has been sober, moral, and consistent. He bears his faculties most meekly. The resources of his mind are unapparent till called forth. He sought not polished society, but he mingled in it when invited, without effort and without embarrassment; and without losing any of his humility, he sustains his place in it with ease and independence. Mr. Lee's learning is without any tincture of pedantry; and his religion is as far from enthusiasm on the one hand, as it is from lukewarmness on the other.

The Prince Regent, who has shewn upon all occasions the most laudable and anxious desire to promote the Fine Arts in this country, a few days ago directed that a letter should be written to the President of the Royal Academy, expressing his Royal Highness's gracious intention of placing in the academy a very fine set of casts of the Groupe of Niobe, which he lately received as a present from the Grand Duke of Tuscany.

It was supposed that the Royal Academy would this year commemorate its fiftieth Anniversary with a grand entertainment and other distinguishing ceremonies. We understand, however, that nothing is to be done except striking a medal on the occasion.

Roman Medals.—On the 1st of March, some Monks, of one of the Convents at Namur, working in a piece of ground belonging to the Convent, found, about a foot under ground, a vessel of baked earth, which contained about 2000 Roman medals or coins. Most of them are of bronze, and some of silver. Among these medals, which have not yet been well examined, there are some of Gallienus, of Gordian, Claudius, &c. They are in the possession of the Directors of the Convent, to whom the Monks delivered them. The vessel is broken into a multitude of small pieces. The place where they were found is about a quarter of a league from Namur. It is a small hillock above the calcareous rocks which border the left bank of the Meuse, directly above the Hermitage of St. Hubert, which is marked upon Ferrari's map.

The Russian Government is fitting out two expeditions for scientific researches in remote seas. Each will consist of two ships: one of them is designed to make discoveries towards the North Pole. The commanders are not yet appointed, but such an eagerness to partake in them prevails in the navy, that above 60 officers of the Imperial fleet have

applied to the Minister of Marine to be employed.

Prizes offered in France.—The Society for the encouragement of National Industry in France, have offered the following prizes:—Improved manufacture of sewing needles, 8000 francs—dressing of flax and hemp without soaking, 1500—new method of silvering the back of mirrors, 2,400—dyeing wool scarlet by madder, without cochineal, for artificial diamonds and precious stones, 1200 francs—preservation of alimentary substances, according to M. Appert's process, 2000 francs—best mode of salting provisions, 2000 francs—construction of a country windmill, 4000 francs—for planting the northern pine, 1000 francs—for planting the Scotch pine, 1000 francs. These have been offered before, and are not yet merited.

The following are other prizes:—For the completion and performance of the *miria*, (a machine for raising water), 1000 francs—for the construction of a new water-wheel, 3000 francs—a mill for cleaning Indian corn, 600 francs—for the establishment of wells for obtaining water by filtration, two prizes, 1800, and 3000 francs—preparation for materials adapted to the arts of engraving, 1500 francs—a substance that may be cast in a mould like plaster of Paris, and of greater durability, 2000 francs—manufacture of Russia leather, two prizes, 1500 and 3000 francs—to the maker of the hydraulic press that shall have been substituted for the common presses of oil and wine, 2000 francs.

Skin of the Rhinoceros.—It appears from some experiments made lately in India, that the skin of the Rhinoceros will resist a musket shot, though fired from a piece at a short distance only. These experiments were made on the body of an individual, which had been of great size, and very old. It was killed near Givalpara, on the borders of the Asam country. The number of them in those parts is immense. The Bourampoutes is sometimes so covered by them that though nearly a league across, the smallest vessel cannot find room to pass.

Ancient Town in Egypt.—An ancient city has been discovered in the mountains, about nine hours journey from the Red Sea, between 24° and 25° of latitude. There are still above 800 houses remaining, and among the ruins are found various temples. There are eleven statues, and the fragments of others. The French traveller who discovered this place, has also ascertained the ancient stations that were appointed on the route through the desert, going from the Red Sea to the Valley of the Nile.

Ancient Bridge.—A stone has been taken up lately in the Rhine, from one of the piles of an ancient bridge on the side of Cassel. It was four feet long, and two wide, having for an inscription, LEG. XXII. It is judged probable, therefore, that the bridge has been built by the 22d Roman Legion, which

is known to have come from Syria to Mentz, 69 years after the birth of Christ.

SWEDEN.

The Council of Mines at Stockholm, has lately published a report, of which the following is the substance:—

The mine of Great Hopperberg, near Fahlun, in Dalecarlia, is the oldest copper mine. Its privileges are dated from the thirteenth century, and were granted by Kings Waldemar and Magnus Ladislas. There are few mines of such extraordinary depth; but the excavations have been so badly managed, that several vaults have fallen in, and intercepted the passage to this immense cavern.

There are two great hollows in the form of tunnels, one at the great mine, and the other at the mine of Louisa Ulrica. That of the great mine is 53 fathoms high. There are four principal wells, bearing the names of King Frederick, Adolphus Frederick, Louisa Ulrica, and Count Wrede.

The geometician of the mine of Fahlun cannot make use of the compass in drawing plans of his works, owing to the great quantity of iron, which abounds in all the Swedish mines. Neither can ropes be employed in the caverns, for the abundance of vitriolic and coppery water would speedily rot them: iron chains are, therefore, adopted, but even these are destroyed in a short time. The use of buckets is strictly forbidden, and the workmen descend by steps made in the galleries.

The mechanism employed for clearing the mine and extracting the ore is admirable, as well for the magnitude of the works, as the skilful economy of power. The moveable force is given by two wheels, the largest of which measures about 24 ells in diameter; it is set in motion by the water of a lake behind the mountain, and with which there is a communication by means of an aqueduct. This wheel turns a cylinder, to which is attached a dented wheel of smaller size, and which turns in an opposite direction: two hooks are made to fasten into the cogs of this wheel; one or other of these hooks is lowered according to the direction in which it is found necessary to turn the wheel. The great wheel serves, at the same time, for moving the balances communicating with the pumps placed diagonally in the caverns for raising the water which might incommode the workmen. By an ingenious contrivance, the same water which has turned the great wheel, lower down, serves the same purpose a second time.

The number of workmen employed in one mine sometimes amounts to 1200. To prevent any deficiency of coal, the proprietors of the neighbouring estates are obliged to supply them with a certain quantity at a fixed price.

The mine of Fahlun is a hard kind of Pyrites, which is very difficult to work. The labourers advance only a few fathoms yearly, notwithstanding the aid of gunpowder. The

richest veins lie in the deepest parts of the mine, and branch out towards the west and north.

Silver may be extracted from the copper of Fahlun, though by a very difficult process. Of this silver a medal was cast in the year 1755, to commemorate the visit made by King Adolphus Frederick, the Queen, his consort, and Gustavus III. then Prince Royal, to the mine of Fahlun.

The rough copper, when taken from the furnaces of Fahlun, is conveyed to Avestadt, a town about four miles distant, on the banks of the Dal-Olven, to be refined. The process of refining copper was not introduced in Sweden till the year 1621.

The refining furnace is a simple wall, through which a hole is made to admit the muzzle of the bellows, which are moved by water. Before the wall is a ditch in which are deposited the masses of copper covered with coal. The metal is melted by the strength of the fire, and the scoria is removed by degrees; that which remains at the bottom is called *regulus*, and is expected to contain gold.

The copper which, during the process of refining, is volatilized with the smoke, collects in red powder on the edges of a frame which surrounds the chimney.

Whale Fishery.—The people inhabiting the coast of the Bay of Biscay were the first who attempted the whale fishery; and for a considerable period they alone supplied Europe with the oil of that great cetaceous fish. The Dutch, however, soon became their rivals, and the company which was established by the latter, about the year 1614, excited the jealousy of England, who wished to become mistress of this branch of commerce.* The Biscayeneers took a share in

* It appears from a set of queries proposed by an honest merchant in the year 1755, that we were at that period totally ignorant of the whale fishery, being obliged to send to Biskate for men skilled in the catching of the whale, and ordering of the oil,

the dispute, which was at length terminated by the contending parties dividing among themselves the coasts and bays where the whale fishery was carried on.

Harassed by these numerous enemies, the whale, whose instinct is to fly at the approach of danger, sought refuge among the ice of the northern regions; but nothing could save it from its pursuers, and consequently the species has sensibly diminished, and the fishery becomes more and more difficult.

Vessels of a peculiar construction are employed in the whale fishery. The whale is surrounded by boats, and the fishers harpoon the enormous animal at the risk of being overwhelmed by it. The fat and the horny laminæ of the jaws are the only parts of the whale which are fit for use; its flesh is not eatable, but the fat furnishes excellent lamp oil, and is besides employed in various manufactures.

The Biscayeneers were formerly accustomed to melt the fat on board the vessel, as soon as the animal was cut up, as by this means they obtained the oil perfectly fresh. The fear of accidents by fire has, however, induced the whale fishers to relinquish this method. The fat is now melted after it is brought ashore, and in consequence of being kept the oil acquires a disagreeable smell.

Whales were formerly caught measuring 200 feet in length, and they produced from 60 to 80 tons of oil. The largest whales that have been taken of late years do not measure above 80 feet.

In former times the whale seems never to have been taken on the English coasts except when it was accidentally flung ashore. It was then deemed a royal fish, as appears from the statute of Edward II. anno. 17mo. and the King and Queen divided the spoil; the King asserting his right to the head, and her majesty claiming the tail.*

and one cooper skilful to set up the staved cask. Hackluyt's Voyages.

* Blackstone's Com. I. c. 4.

FINE ARTS.

AFTER having displayed the works of the British Artists, and invited the country to patronise native genius in every department of art, in February and March, the Directors of the British Institution opened the British Gallery on Monday, April 19th, with a fine selection of pictures, by the old masters. The wisdom of this proceeding is too obvious to require comment, and indeed the motives of this persevering activity are beyond all praise. The public begin to second the efforts of this patriotic body with a warmth that is calculated to produce the happiest effects. The sales
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of modern pictures, under their auspices, this year, amounted to a large sum; and the advancing fame of the British school keeps pace with the progress of a sound taste and the judicious plans of the directors.

The exhibition of the Society of Painters in Oil and Water Colours opened at the Great Room, in Spring Gardens, on Monday the 19th April, with 350 paintings in oil and water colours; among which there are many of great excellence, and, as usual, in large collections, some of an inferior order. The limits to which we are prescribed, and

the lateness of the date, compel us to pass, at present, briefly over the whole, with a notice of a few of the most conspicuous in merit, by a mention of little more than their names. The principal landscape in oil, the *Burial of Saul*, by J. VARLEY, is a grand composition, and one of the very best performances of this able artist's pencil. Two of the men in front are, however, somewhat short. BARRET'S *Ulysses in Search of Eumenes*, is an expanded classical composition, with many features of beauty, and a commanding breadth in the scenery, which would admit of being worked up to a high order of effect; but the sky requires to be somewhat lower in tone, and some of the landscape forms are cramped, and might be treated with more freedom. CHRISTALL, always rich in *gems*, has several small ideal landscapes and figures in a pure taste, and high order of design. COPLEY FIELDING'S tinted Views have great excellence, and a fine sense of local beauty. PROUT'S *Shipping* are cleverly designed and coloured. ROBSON has many picturesque landscapes; but in some few instances is still too gay in his colouring, and rather inclined to mannerism in his touch. J. STEPHANOFF'S *Interior of Sir J. Leicester's Gallery*, and that of the *Court of Judicature in Ceylon*, are admirable drawings. F. P. STEPHANOFF'S *Royal Apartments*, and C. WILD'S *Interiors*, sustain their distinguished reputation. BUCKLER has some good architectural views. T. CHRISTMASS has a study of a dog, cleverly painted. STARCK'S landscapes in oil are pleasing, but somewhat less free and forcible than those which he recently exhibited at the British Gallery. LINNELL'S have a powerful effect and a deep feeling of nature; but would admit of more harmony and lightness of penciling. No. 50, by C. VARLEY, is cold, raw, and too slight for an exhibition picture. No. 113, his *Ruins of Troy* is well designed, but crude and deficient in union. ALLPORT'S *Tivoli*, evening, is an agreeable view, but wants freedom in the penciling, and mellowness of tone. Miss GOULDSMITH has several pleasing bits of landscape. Her views of Claremont are painted with much strength and taste, and in a low mellow tone. We are happy to learn, that she is about to publish prints from these very interesting pictures, and we hope that she will meet with that encouragement of which the merits of her paintings are deserving.

No. 89, the *Discovery*, by F. P. STE-

PHANOFF, is cleverly designed and painted with spirit, but with less force and delicacy than we sometimes see from this excellent artist's pencil. No. 80, by the same, has great merit, though, like the preceding, painted with less finishing than usual with him.—122, 337, 349, by W. TURNER, of Oxford, are painted with much force of colouring and vigour of effect.

No. 122, *Via Mala*, Canton of the Grisons, by this artist, is a landscape of much romantic grandeur, painted with a force and harmony of colour and power of effect, equal to the best style of the most celebrated landscape painters.

Falstaff acting the King, by H. RICHTER, is one of the most admirable dramatic representations we have seen.—We conceive however that the fat Knight is surpassed by the subordinates; but, in spirited design, force of colouring, depth of effect, and variety of character and expression, this performance possesses so large a fund of excellence, that we regret being obliged to limit our remarks to this brief notice. Mr. John Smith (known by the appellation of Claude Lorraine Smith) has three delicious prospects, in which he has delineated the day-light with exquisite simplicity and truth. We hope in our next, if allowed by our restricted space, to continue our observations on the works of art in this very interesting exhibition.

The gallery of Sir JOHN FLEMING LEICESTER has been regularly opened for the display of his splendid collection of paintings, by British artists, every Monday since the 15th of March. The sensation produced among the nobility and gentry, artists, amateurs, and men of letters, has been even still greater than last season. The additional pictures by Fuseli, Turner, Collins, and Hilton, have been duly appreciated. The *View on the Arno*, by WILSON, is considered by all the best judges one of the finest specimens of local colouring in the world. This picture will have a salutary effect, in checking a tendency to the brown and dingy manner, which prevails even in the works of some of our first-rate landscape painters. The people of this country want nothing more immediately for the advancement of taste than self-estimation in the Fine Arts, and the public eclat of this fine collection, under the spirited conduct of the munificent proprietor, has done more to excite a generous national pride than any other individual effort in our memory. The splendour of the Hill-street Gallery, and the impartial protec-

sive spirit with which its liberal owner looks to *native genius* in every class, have effectually checked the new Anti-British artifice, that claims a sort of privilege to debase and condemn the whole body of the British artists, while busily employed in bestowing an exaggerated and empirical applause on one. This pernicious practice of false praise, and slanderous contempt, has the worst effect in exciting an ill opinion of native genius at home and abroad, and therefore it requires vigilant watching.

Sir John's example has not only possessed an important influence, in exciting other persons of rank and fortune to collect the works of our native artists, but it has induced *Mr. Walter Fawkes, of Farnley Hall*, in Yorkshire, a gentleman whose name has long been among the first of his time and country, to open his superb suite of apartments, in Grosvenor Place, for the display of his matchless collection of drawings by Turner, the Royal Academician, and some other British Artists. The old British independence, strong mind, fine taste, and ample fortune of Mr. Fawkes, give him so large a range of influence on public opinion, that the exhibition of his works of art, may be considered another important victory obtained over the worst preju-

dices of bad taste and party spirit. The varieties of the great British master's genius, whose performances he has so judiciously selected, are seen in all their glory in his mansion. We are not insensible to the peculiarities and defects which form an occasional alloy in Turner's style; but we have no hesitation in stating our conviction, that in all the highest features of his art, he has not been surpassed by any ancient or modern landscape painter.

At Sir John Leicester's, the visitors are exempted from imposition, by express orders to the servants not to take money if offered, and by a written notice framed and hung up in the hall, enjoining visitors not to give any money to the domestics. We hope this rule will become general.

We have recently learned from Mr. BACKLER that the splendid embellishment of St. James's Church, by painting on one of the windows a copy of the celebrated transfiguration by Raffaele, will, in all probability, be shortly commenced. At his express request, we have examined his model, in Newman-street, where his preparations are nearly completed; and we shall take an early opportunity of calling the attention of our readers to his intended performance. W.C.

THE DRAMA.

The Italians.—The publication of six editions of this Drama has made known its plot so generally as to render much detailed notice of it here unnecessary; and the fact of its having been withdrawn from Drury-lane Theatre, by the *manager*, after the second night of representation, has, in a great degree, superseded the task of criticism. We fully agree with the majority of the periodical critics, that this play is superior to some of those, which have of late years succeeded. It contains many pleasing flights of fancy and descriptive beauties, with some noble sentiments of patriotism; but the passions are not painted with sufficient force, and the language, although often elegant and forcible, is occasionally obscure and feeble. The use of common-place terms, in three or four instances, excited disapprobation. The chief defect is in the construction of the plot. Mr. Bucke has injudiciously placed the provocations, or causes of action, wholly out of the drama, and, in some instances, so far back as altogether to weaken their connection with their

consequences, and impair their effect upon the mind. An opposition to Manfredi's schemes at court is assigned as the cause of his hatred of Fontano; but no instance of this thwarting is seen, and it is only casually adverted to as a general circumstance, antecedent to the time of representation. The rejection of Claudia's love by Fontano, and his complaint to the king of her son's dissolute conduct, have also occurred at some time prior to the commencement of the representation, but how long or how short a time before is not stated. The murder of Albano's wife, by Manfredi, had taken place twenty years before. Thus these circumstances, which have so large a share of influence on the catastrophe, are wholly extrinsic and anterior to the time of action. They are past events, and worn-out interests, of which we acquire an auricular knowledge only. On the contrary, the *cause* and *effect* of Othello's jealousy, and Desdemona's mournful death, are living circumstances which we see and hear in action, and which are imprinted in burning charac-

ters on the soul. Shakespear's main power is generally in the *present time*. We may dispense with the unities of place, but we can never dispense with that essential dramatic principle which is necessary to bring the greatest power of impression to bear upon the senses and passions of an audience. It is improbable that Albanio should have been twenty years an outlaw in arms against his country, and that he should not have confided the murder of his wife, his unjust sentence, and escape from prison to his faithful companions in danger long before. It is as improbable that his companions, having been so long in sight of Naples, which had been the scene of his misfortunes, should have remained in ignorance of his story. If Mr. Bucke had brought his events closer together, he would have thereby invigorated the interests of his fable, and given them a warmth and racy freshness; he would, also, have marked the motives and characters of his agents with more force, and brought his appeals more directly home to the heart. There are many touches of gentle feeling and beauty in the character of Scipio which do great credit to the author; and the love of country is expressed by Fontano with a spirit worthy of an ancient Roman. The scenery, as a back-ground, is grand, but the piece does not abound with situations which are productive of very striking effect. Having thus, with a due conviction of its merits, given our impartial sense of its general defects, we must also add our opinion, that the faults of this drama have arisen more from inattention and inexperience than a want of power, and that many of them can be easily corrected. We still recur to our original conviction that, considered as a whole, it possesses, to say the least of it, as strong claims upon the favour of an audience, as some of those which have succeeded in the London theatres within these few years; and we have very little, or rather no doubt (although it would probably never have become a stock-piece) but that it would have been successful, if the first promises made to the author, on its acceptance, had been faithfully fulfilled.

It has been ascertained, beyond a doubt, by the author's preface, that *The Italians* had been accepted, with approbation, by the managers of Drury-lane Theatre in November 1817, and that Mr. Bucke had a promise that it would be acted without delay. A notice was even inserted in the bills that it would

be performed immediately before *The Bride of Abydos*; and when the latter was represented, Mr. Bucke was assured that *The Italians* should be brought out the next in succession. The gross breach of this engagement, and the belief that the obstacle to the performance originated with a principal actor, excited a popular ferment on the publication of the drama, with the author's account of the treatment which he had experienced. The feeling of indignation in the first circles induced the managers of Drury-lane Theatre to bring out *The Italians*, on Thursday the 3d of April, after the author had withdrawn it wholly, in consequence of the shameful conduct upon the stage on the performance of Miss Porter's tragedy of *Switzerland*. Mr. Bucke was, by this proceeding of the managers, subjected to much hazard, and the success of his piece was rendered extremely doubtful. Instead of being supported by the whole force of the company on which he had relied, he was deprived of its main strength in Mr. Kean, as it was fixed to bring out *The Italians* during that actor's absence in Scotland. As the public and the managers are convinced that the success of tragedy on this stage depends on the great abilities of Mr. Kean, and that the theatre could not support itself without him, it is undeniable that they did not give Mr. Bucke's tragedy any thing like a fair trial in bringing it out deprived of that aid, which is their acknowledged effective support. On the contrary, it may be with truth asserted, that no new tragedy could stand any tolerable chance of success with the Drury-lane company, as it is constituted, in Mr. Kean's absence. The fact is, therefore, palpable that, by delaying to perform their promise to Mr. Bucke, while that admirable performer was in town, and by performing it in his absence, they deliberately exposed *The Italians* to an almost certain failure. But this was not all the danger to which the tragedy was exposed. Mr. Kean had, before his departure for Glasgow, most unwisely and reprehensively passed sentence of condemnation on the tragedy in a never-to-be-forgotten letter, which he published in the daily papers. The whole of this actor's friends were, therefore, enlisted against the author, and bent on condemning the play, to vindicate their favourite's prejudgment. We need not remind our readers that the attachment of a certain party of Mr. Kean's immediate associates, and their violent war upon

every person, whether a new actor or author, who is supposed to interfere with his popularity, have obtained for them the epithet of *Wolves*. As Mr. Bucke had to encounter the determined noise and uproar of these partisans; and as the company in Mr. Kean's absence was absolutely ineffective in tragedy, the fate of the *Italians* was decided before the curtain drew up. It is not necessary, therefore, to occupy our space with the painful particulars of a performance which marks a disgraceful era in the fallen state of Drury Lane Theatre. Even if they had used their utmost exertions, the majority of the performers were inadequate to their task, but it was evident that some did their best to murder the characters which they had undertaken. The indignant calls from all parts of the house, "*to play up,*" bore testimony to this shameful endeavour of particular actors. Mr. Rae, with the feelings and spirit of a gentleman, made an able and successful exertion in the part of *Albanio*, and he deserved and received much applause as an actor, and esteem as a man, by his performance: Mrs. West, also, successfully exerted herself.—The piece was acted amidst an uproar of approbation and opposition, and given out for a second trial on *Easter Monday*! a night not very fit for such a decision, as the festivities of the season usually fill the house with noisy holiday company. An unjustifiable hostility to Mr. Bucke was manifested behind the scenes, by refusing him an author's customary privilege of sending in a few friends on his own free orders. He was even informed, that he might have a place for himself in the *orchestra*—where he must have been exposed to all the painful contingencies of the night! Its repetition, therefore, was like the first performance—a struggle between fair applause and party hostility. On the falling of the curtain there was evidently a large majority for Mr. Kean's being called on to perform the part of *Albanio* after his return from Glasgow.

A gentleman complied with the general request, and hastily wrote on a large card—"When the *Italians* was accepted by the sub-committee of Drury Lane Theatre, Mr. Kean was pledged to perform a principal part in it; and the manager is now called on to engage his word, that Mr. Kean will perform a part in it on the first night after his return to London." After much effort and trouble, he succeeded in having this

card thrown upon the stage, to Mr. Stephen Kemble, at whose feet it lay for some minutes, while the howling of the *Wolves*, and the cries of "*No Kean!*"—"Kean in *Albanio!*"—and "*A third night for the Italians!*"—prevented the possibility of any address being heard. Mr. Kemble at length took up the card, read it, and withdrew. Shortly after, to the general astonishment, a board was advanced from behind the scenes, bearing an inscription, announcing that *The Italians* was withdrawn. There was a propriety in omitting the usual words, *at the request of the audience*, for it is an undoubted fact, that *The Italians* was withdrawn in opposition to the expressed wish of the audience.

We shall not detail the long confusion and uproar which ensued. Mr. Bucke, by his temperate and gentlemanly appeal to the press, has rendered a service to the literature of his country, for which we owe him our thanks. His cause has merged in the general interest, and we conceive that the friends of Mr. Kean and the managers of Drury Lane Theatre owe him the reparation of performing the piece with Kean in *Albanio*, the very first play-night after that eminent actor's return from Glasgow. This is no more than a debt of common justice to Mr. Bucke, and still more is it due to the character of Mr. Kean, the interests of the drama, the existence of that theatre, and the wounded feelings of the public.

We admire Mr. Kean as a tragedian of the very highest class, in characters of rough, impetuous passion; and we would do him the service of a wholesome admonition as a man. It is clear now, that, in Drury Lane Theatre, a system has prevailed in direct hostility to the true interests of the drama, and of the proprietors of the house. A writer, instead of being encouraged to lay his plot upon the broad ground floor of the world, and to draw his characters from nature at large, is compelled to narrow his views to the green room, and draw from nature's journeyman. He must paint from and for one performer only! whose consequence is to be supported by lopping, paring, and neutralizing all the other characters. They are to be shorn of the moral and essential properties of identity, to form by their insignificance and degradation, a foil to a theatrical despot. The actors and actresses, too, are to be chosen for the excess of their bodily and profes-

sional incapacity, not for their powers! We protest against this monstrous usurpation and debasement of the theatre; and, as members of society and lovers of the drama, we again express our debt of warm gratitude to Mr. Bucke

for the calm and firm spirit, with which he has resisted this tyranny, and brought the evil practice and its abettors, in all their full grown insolence and deformity, to the bar of the public. W. C.

NEW ACTS,

PASSED IN THE FIRST SESSION OF THE SIXTH PARLIAMENT OF THE UNITED KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND—59 GEO. III. (1819.)

CAP. I. An Act to provide for the care of His Majesty's Royal Person during the continuance of his Majesty's Illness.—Repeals 51 Geo. III. c. 1, 52 Geo. III. c. 8, 58 Geo. III. 90.—Care of his Majesty's person and household, &c. to be vested in the Duke of York.—Appointments in the Lord Chamberlain, &c. reserved.—Power of the officers of the household limited.—Council to assist the Duke of York.—Oath to be taken by the members of the Duke of York's council.—Council may examine physicians and others upon oath.—Council to meet and to declare the state of his Majesty's health to the privy council.—When it shall appear that his Majesty's health is restored, the same shall be notified to the privy council, and entered in their books.—After such entry, his Majesty may, by sign manual, require the privy council to assemble.—Powers of this act to cease on his Majesty's declaring, by proclamation, his resumption of the royal authority.—In case of the death of the Duke of York, the care of his Majesty's person shall be vested in the duke's council, until provision be made by Parliament.—The Regent to issue a proclamation for the meeting of parliament, in case the parliament be not sitting.—Regulations for calling the meeting of a new parliament if the event shall happen before the day appointed by writs of summons, or in cases where it shall happen upon or after the day appointed by writ of summons. Feb. 12.

CAP. II. An Act for reviving and further continuing, until the first day of May, 1819, an act made in the fifty-first year of his present Majesty, intituled, an Act to extend an Act made in the eighteenth year of his late Majesty, King George the Second, to explain and amend the Laws touching the Elections of the Knights of the Shire to serve in Parliament for England, respecting the Expenses of Hustings and Poll Clerks, so far as regards the City of Westminster. Feb. 12.

CAP. III. An Act for continuing to his Majesty certain Duties on Malt, Sugar, Tobacco, and Snuff, in Great Britain, and on Pensions, Offices, and Personal Estates in England, for the service of the year 1819. Feb. 18.

CAP. IV. An Act for raising a sum of Twenty Millions, by Exchequer Bills, for the service of the year 1819. March 23.

CAP. V. An Act to ascertain the Tonnage of Vessels propelled by Steam. March 23.

CAP. VI. An Act to enable his Majesty to direct the distribution of any reward awarded by the Commissioners of the Customs or Excise, to the Officers of the Army, Navy, and Marines, in such manner as his Majesty shall be pleased to appoint. March 23.

CAP. VII. An Act to regulate the Cutlery Trade in England, where articles are formed by the Hammer, the manufacturers to have the privilege of making them with the figure of a hammer.—Persons having manufactured articles in their possession empowered to mark the same with the figure of a hammer.—Unlawful for persons casting cutlery wares, requiring edges for cutting, to mark with the figure of a hammer.—Penalty on persons casting, marking, &c. any articles with the words "London," or "London made," except so made.—Persons having in their possession articles marked contrary hereto, before the passing of this act, to be excused from penalties.—Persons having in their possession articles marked contrary to the directions of this act, who shall, before any information be laid, prove the purchase without knowing that the articles were improperly marked, to be excused from the penalties. March 23.

CAP. VIII. An Act to continue, until 25th day of March, 1820, an Act of the last sessions of Parliament for preventing Aliens from becoming naturalized, or being made or becoming denizens, except in certain cases. March 23.

CAP. IX. An Act for punishing Mutiny and Desertion, and for the better Payment of the Army and their Quarters. March 23.

CAP. X. An Act for the regulating of his Majesty's Royal Marine Forces while on Shore. March 23.

CAP. XI. An Act to indemnify such persons in the United Kingdoms as have omitted to qualify themselves for Offices and Employments, and for extending the times limited for certain of those purposes respectively, until the 25th day of March, 1820, and to permit such persons in Great Britain, as have omitted to file affidavits of the Execution of Indentures of Clerks to Attornies and Solicitors, to make and file the same on or before the 1st day of Hilary Term, 1820, and to allow persons to make and file such affidavits, although the persons whom they served shall have neglected to take out their annual certificates. Mar. 23

USEFUL ARTS.

NEW PATENTS.

Specification of the Patent granted to **THOMAS HEPPENSTALL**, of Doncaster, machine-maker, for an improvement upon the Engine or Machine for cutting or reducing into what is called Chaff, different articles used as dry fodder for horses and cattle.—Dated March, 1818.

The invention consists in the application of a worm to turn wheels or rollers, which in their revolution are required to meet each other. This is performed by an axle on which the cutting knives are fixed; upon one end of which is a fly-wheel, and handle to turn it. On the same axle is a worm, which in its vibration turns the two wheels, fixed upon the ends of two rollers, which supply or feed the cutting-knives with the straw or other articles to be cut or reduced into what is called chaff. A box is placed, in which the straw or other article is placed to feed the rollers.

Specification of the Patent granted to **RICHARD ORMROD**, of Manchester. Iron-founder, for an Improvement in the Manufacturing of Copper, or other Metal Cylinders or Rollers for Calico Printing.—Dated July, 1818.

The cylinders are made in the usual way, they are generally formed of copper or brass, or copper and brass united, and are either cast or made from plates soldered together. This invention is equally applicable, whether the cylinders are formed in the one method or the other. First place the cylinder for about a quarter of an hour in a mixture of oil of vitriol and water, and afterwards scour it well until every part is free from scale and dirt. This method of cleaning the metal cylinders is not new, nor is it claimed as an invention. After the cylinder is well cleaned, place it on a mandrel of iron or steel (a mandrel of iron inlaid with steel is preferable,) adapted as closely as possible to the hollow of the cylinder; then pass the mandrel with the cylinder fixed upon it through a collar of iron or steel, (the former is preferred, on account of its cheapness,) the diameter of the collar is something smaller than that of the surface of the cylinder, the consequence of which is, that by the pressure resulting from this operation, the pores of the metal of which the cylinder is formed are closed, and the metal being made to press equally upon the mandrel, becomes throughout of one texture, and of great and uniform hardness and solidity.—The method of drawing the mandrel and cylinder through the collar may be variously contrived. It has been found convenient to fix a strong iron plate or standard in a vertical position, and to secure it firmly to a frame or table, constructed with great strength and solidity. The collar is fixed on a groove or bed formed in this plate or standard, on the

side opposite that upon which the power is applied, and an opening in the plate corresponds with that of the collar. In this plate collars with apertures of different diameters may be placed, the opening in the plate or standard being made at least equal to the opening of any of the collars. The collar is about five inches in thickness, and the opening is made a little tapering, the diameter being something larger on the side opposite that upon which the power is applied than upon the other, and that end of the cylinder which is first inserted in the collar is also made slightly to taper at the extremity. The mandrel, which is of course longer than the cylinder, and with the cylinder upon it is put into the collar on the side opposite to that upon which the power is applied, and by the tapering of the end of the cylinder, and of the opening of the collar as above described, the extremity of the cylinder will just pass through the collar, a chain is connected at one extremity with the moving power, and at the other with the mandrel by means of a hook and socket, the end of the mandrel placed in the socket, and a steel cottar or pin passes through both, and thus connected the hook fits into a link of the chain. The power being set in action, the mandrel with the cylinder upon it is drawn through the collar. The cylinder in this operation is prevented from being forced off the mandrel by a slit or cavity made in the end of the mandrel, into which a projection inside the cylinder at its extremity is made to fit. The operation is repeated through successive collars, whose diameters gradually diminish until the cylinder is brought to a proper state of smoothness and solidity. The number of operations must of course vary with the nature of the metal, the diameter of the cylinder and other circumstances, and no certain rule can be laid down upon the subject; but it must be left to the workmen to determine when the cylinder is brought to a proper and perfect state. In this there will be no difficulty. The power which is used for the above purpose is about a hundred horse power, estimated at the place where it acts upon the mandrel. The cylinders are usually about twenty-six inches, and thirty-six inches in length, before they are drawn through the collars, and the operation is generally repeated until they are extended to the length of about thirty-two and forty-two inches. The diameter of the first collar is about one eighty-fourth part of an inch less than that of the outward surface of the cylinder; and of the second collar about one eighty-fourth of an inch less than that of the first collar, and so in succession; but these proportions and the extent of the power may of course be

varied, and the machinery may be constructed and the power applied in different modes; the above being described merely as an example, and as a convenient method of giving effect to the invention. After the

cylinder has passed through the different collars, and is brought to a proper state of smoothness and solidity, place it in the usual way on a finishing mandrel to be turned and polished.

LITERARY REPORT.

We beg to remind our Correspondents that all Notices for this Department must be sent on or before the 15th of each month.]

A refutation will shortly be published of the Claims of the late Sir Philip Francis, K.B. to be considered the author of the Letters of Junius. By CHARLES M. CHALMERS, esq. A.M.

The Entomologist's Pocket Companion, containing an introduction to the knowledge of British Insects, with the modern method of arranging the classes crustacea, myriapoda, spiders, mites, and insects, according to their affinities and structure, after the system of Dr. Leach, and an explanation of the terms used in entomology. By GEORGE LAMUELLE, will shortly appear.

A Splendid Credo of Sebastian Bach, a M.S. never before printed, is preparing for press, under the superintendence of Mr. SAMUEL WESLEY.

Dr. Bushy has announced for publication, a General History of Music, from the earliest times to the present, in 2 vols. 8vo.

Mr. RICHARD TAYLOR, is preparing for publication, three Maps upon a new plan, of the Sites of all the Religious Houses, Colleges, Hospitals, &c. within the diocese of Norwich, previous to the dissolution of monasteries. They will be accompanied by a copious reference, and will contain arms of religious houses, and much additional information.

Mrs. HOFFLAND, intends publishing by Subscription, a work of which only fifty copies will be printed, entitled "A Descriptive Account of White Knights," a seat of his Grace the Duke of Marlborough, to be illustrated by twenty-two Engravings, from pictures and drawings by T. C. Hoffland. Atlas 4to.

The Translation of Paradise Lost into Welch, in the same metre as the originals, by W. OWEN PUGHE, will be published in the course of the ensuing month. The unparalleled copiousness of the ancient British language, enables the translator not only to keep verbally to the meaning of the author, but generally to preserve even his varied pauses and other ornaments, at the same time avoiding all literal elisions whatever.

Mr. PLAYFAIR, who, during his residence in France, wrote an answer to Lady Morgan's work, has prepared his MS. for press. It will appear in one or two 8vo. volumes.

Mr. WENTWORTH has nearly ready for publication, an elaborate work on the Colony of New South Wales

The following Works are nearly ready for publication.

The Mystery of the Abbey, or the Widow's Fireside.

Sermons preached in St. John's Chapel, Edinburgh. By DANIEL SANDEFORD, D.D.

A Critical Examination of that part of Mr. Bentham's Church of Englandism which relates to the Church Catechism. By the Rev. H. J. ROSE, A.B.

The Vestrisad, a mock heroic poem. By the Author of The Banquet, a poem; and The Desert, a poem. Embellished with four highly finished Engravings.

Thirty Views in Islington and Pontonville, engraved under the direction of Mr. Charles Pye, from original drawings by Augustus Pugin; accompanied with historical and descriptive sketches of each subject. By W. BRAYLEY, author of The History and Antiquities of Westminster Abbey.

Reports on the Weather and Diseases of London, from 1804 to 1816, inclusive, comprising practical remarks on their Causes and Treatment, and preceded by an historical view of the state of health and disease in the Metropolis in former times, on which the extraordinary improvement in point of salubrity which it has undergone, the changes in the character of the Seasons in this respect, and the causes of these are traced to the present time. By Dr. BATEMAN.

Life of Thomas Paine. By CLIO RICKMAN. Embellished with a Portrait.

Sunday School and other Anecdotes, Catechetical Exercises, &c. By GEORGE RUSSELL.

Earl Osric, a romance; from the pen of Mrs. ISAACS, authoress of Tales of To Day.

An Interesting Tale for Youth. By Mr. SULLIVAN, entitled the Recluse, or the Hermit of Windermere.

Researches into the Nature and Causes of Epilepsy, as connected with the Physiology of Animal Life and Muscular Motion, with Cases, illustrative of a new and successful method of Treatment. By Mr. J. G. MANSFORD.

In one vol. 4to. Kenilworth Illustrated, or the History of the Castle, Priory, and Church of Kenilworth; containing Sir William Dugdale's Account of those Edifices; with additions, and a description of their present state from minute investigation. London before the Great Fire. With a

Series of Engravings, with Historical and Topographical Descriptions.

Augustus and Adelina, or the Monk of St. Bernardine; a romance. By C. D. HAYNES. Cesario Rosalba, or the Oath of Vengeance; a romance. By ANN, of Swansea. 5 vols.

Iakander, or the Hero of Epirus, By A. SPENCER.

A Romance on the subject of Robin Hood.

Principles of Elocution; containing numerous Rules, Observations, and Exercises on pronunciation, pauses, inflections,

and emphasis; also copious extracts in prose and verse, calculated to assist the teacher and improve the pupil in reading and recitation. 12mo.

An Essay on the Holy Eucharist, or a refutation of the Hoadlyan System of it. By the Rev. HENRY CARD.

Mr. BAYNES, will publish early in May, A Catalogue of Old Books. Part I. including the Valuable Library of a Minister deceased, amongst which are many of rare occurrence, with a Collection of Original MSS. Sermons.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

A more favoured Spring, whether with respect to the crops, or the operations of husbandry, has never been witnessed. The wheats are in a remarkable state of forwardness; and could their progress be in proportion, harvest might be finished in the south during the month of July. The quantity of March dust which has flown has had the full of its proverbial good effect. All the spring crops which are above ground wear a luxuriant and promising appearance, with those occasional exceptions to be expected; and the latter seed season is likely to be favourable. All parts of the country are unusually early. The lambing, owing to the mildness of the weather, has in general been very successful. The fruit-trees also exhibit a blossom which encourages us to hope for the most abundant crops, should it not be checked by the cold winds, or by frost.

BANKRUPTS.

FROM MARCH 23, TO APRIL 23, 1819, INCLUSIVE.

Where the address of the Solicitor is not mentioned, he must be understood to reside at the same place as the Bankrupt. The Solicitors' names are between parentheses.

ANDERSON H. W. Cushion Court, Broad st. merchant (Collingridge, Secondaries Office, Coleman street.—Abram R. Liverpool, merchant (Ches-ter, Staple Inn.—Aslet A. Lambeth, victualler (Poplin, Dean street.

B.

Brumwell R. Newcastle upon Tyne, baker (Brooksbank, Gray's Inn Square.—Baker S. Brighton, linen draper (Lamberts and co., Gray's Inn Square.—Buckland T. Langley, Buckinghamshire, brickmaker (Bekeley, Lincoln's Inn.—Barton W. St. Saviour's Church yard, upholsterer, (Rogers and co., Manchester buildings, Westminster.—Brooke N. Duke street, Lincoln's Inn Field's (A-mory and co., Lothbury.—Barnett A. Berner's st., Oxford street, glass dealer, (Cuppige, Old Broad street.—Booth J. Chapel en-le Frith, Derbyshire common brewer (Milne and co., Temple.—Bush, H. Wick and Abson, Gloucester, dealers, (King, Serjeant's Inn, Fleet street.—Burmester J. W. and C. L. Vidal, New London street, merchants (Bar-rows and co., Basinghall street.—Barnes J. Port-sea, builder, (Alexander and co., New Inn.—Bigg J. and C. Hatfield, Hertfordshire, common brewers (Nicholson and co., Hertford.—Buchanan D., 8. M. Smith, and F. Ashley, Liverpool, merchants (Addington and co., Bedford row.—Bartlett J. Frome, Selwood, Somerset, clothier (Edmunds Lincoln's Inn.—Beasley C. Stroud, Gloucester, mercer, (Price and co., Lincoln's inn.—Bentley S. Horton, York, worsted manufacturer (Nettleford, Norfolk street, Strand.—Buckley H. Junction, York, ironkeeper (Milne and co., Temple.—Bendall G. H. Bristol, cornfactor (Bourdillon and co., Bread street, Cheapside.—Brammer C. Wood-house, Yorkshire, man mercer (Batty, Chancery

lane.—Burcher T. of Mitchel Deane, Gloucester, timber dealer (King, Serjeant's Inn.—Bentley S. Horton, Yorkshire, worsted manufacturer (Nettleford, Norfolk street, Strand.—Booth T. New-ark upon Trent and A. Booth, Nottingham, tal-low chandlers (Knowles New Inn.

C.

Chamberlain W. Bristol, corn factor (King, Serjeant's Inn, Fleet street.—Canstat N. Upper East Smithfield, chemist (Isaacs, Bury street, St. Mary Acre.—Cotterill E. M. and C. G. Vine st. Liquor Pond street, bacon merchants (Hind and co., Throgmorton street.—Carr C. Bridge street, Westminster, jeweller (Upsdell, Lambeth road.—Clancy W. Cornhill, provision merchant (Crosley, Great James street, Bedford row.—Cooper J. Scholes, York, slate merchant (Bigg, Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane.—Cruise T. Chat-ham, brewer, James, Bucklersbury.—Cope R. Worcester, victualler (Price and co., Lincoln's Inn.—Collinson E. Crooked lane, oil merchant, (Allin-son and co., Freeman's court.—Campbell J. White Lion court, Cornhill, merchant (Rivington Fen-church street Buildings.

D.

Dalgairns P. and E. Winslow, St. Mary at Hill, Ship and insurance brokers (Clarke and co., Sad-ler's hall, Cheapside.—Dampier F. Primrose street, Bishopsgate street without, seed crusher (Druce and co., Billiter square.—Dunnage H. Colchester, miller, (Williams, Curator street, Chancery lane.—Dickinson W. Scalby, Yorkshire, coal-merchant (Fisher and co., Holborn.—Dixon J. Ivybridge, Devonshire merchant (Darke and co., Princes st., Bedford row, London.—Davies G. Tenby, Pem-broke, merchant (Alexander and co., New Inn.—

NEW MONTHLY MAG.—No. 64.

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3 A

Dolphin E. Cheddle, Stafford, plumber (Barber, Fetter lane.—Douthat S. late of Liverpool, merchant (Blackstock and co., King's Bench Walk, Temple.—Dixon J. Wellington, Shropshire, mercer (Baxter and co. Gray's Inn Place.

E.

Elmer E. Mistley, Essex, merchant (Cocker, Nassau street, Soho.

F.

Fleming T. Limehouse, Middlesex, sugar refiner, (Paterson and co., Old Broad street.—Fisher W. Union Place, Lambeth, master masiner (Hayward, Took's court, carator street.—Fletcher R. B. Blackburn, Lancaster, manufacturer (Bennell and co., St. Swithin's lane.—Forbes A. R. Bristol, draper (Price and co., Lincoln's Inn Old Buildings.—Farmer W. Walsall, Stafford, innholder (Turner and co., Bloomsbury square.—Fletcher B. Burnley, Lancashire, plumber and glazier (Stocker and co., New Boswell court.—French J. Junr. Bristol, clothier (Williams, Red Lion square.

G.

Gronwain R. Broad street Buildings, merchant (Blunt and co., Broad street buildings.—Goddard M. Stranglands, Cheshire, tanner (Rosser and co., Bartlett's Buildings.—Gaunt, J. and T. Armley, Leeds, woollen manufacturers (Few and co., Henrietta street, Covent Garden.—Gompertz A. Lombard street, merchant (Elliott, Fenchurch street.—Gulpin W. Villiers street, Strand, army clothier (Foadale, Merchant Taylor's hall.—Gallimore W. Norbury, Derbyshire, tanner (Barber, Fetter lane Gowland M. J. Whitby, Yorkshire, porter merchant (Edmund's, Lincoln's Inn.—Griffiths M. J. and R. Bristol, masons (Edmund's, Lincoln's Inn.—Glover E. and E. Junr. Warrington, Lancaster, brewers (Chester, Staple Inn.—Guntton J. Pimlico, picture dealer (Turner, Percy street, Rathbone Place.

H.

Howard J. Liverpool, flour dealer (Smith, Holborn court, Gray's Inn.—Hunt J. Cheltenham, Gloucestershire, brandy merchant (Bridger, Angel court, Throgmorton street.—Harman, S. C. Wisbeach, Cambridge, linen draper (Sweet and co., Basinghall street.—Homander T. Halifax, Yorkshire, grocer (Baily, Chancery lane.—Hollisar T. and J. Hollisar, Bristol, merchants, (Lamberts and co., Gray's Inn.—Harding S. T., C. Oakes, and T. Willington, Tamworth, Warwickshire and Staffordshire, bankers (Hicks and co., Bartlett's buildings Hancock W. Bury St. Edmund's, Suffolk, cabinet maker (Amory and co., Lothbury.—Hawkins S. Milton, Portsea, Southampton, dealer (Langton, Ifare court, Temple.—Howard R. Junr. Woolwich, brewer (Wiltshire and co., Winchester house, Broad street.—Hurrell S. Minories, corn-dealer (Clutton and co., High street, Southwark.—Hoyland J. Knottingly, York, grocer (Blakelock, Sergeant's Inn.—Healey W. Bradford, Wiltshire, innkeeper (Dax and co., Doughty street.—Huill C. late of Moneyers street, ribbon manufacturer (Knight and co., Basinghall street.

I.

Isaac J. Fareham, Hampshire, currier (Dyso and co., Lincoln's Inn Fields.

J.

Johnson J. Sheffield, draper (Duncan, Gray's Inn.—Jones R. Cheapside, woollen-draper (Farien, Threadneedle street.—Jackson M. Bolton, Lancashire, cotton manufacturer (Meadowcroft, Gray's Inn Square. Jones C. E. Kentish Town, tanner (Carter, Lord Mayor's court office, Royal Exchange.—Jarvis W. J. Knightsbridge, paper hanger and paluter (Hudson, Winkworth place, City road.

K.

Kilby J. York, common brewer (Eyre, Gray's Inn Square.

L.

Lewis W. and J. A. Henderson, Little Tower street, wine merchants (Kearsey and co., Bishopsgate within.

M.

Moule H. St. Michael, Bath, baker (Adlington and co., Bedford row.—Miller R. Old Fish street, bookseller (Lane and co., Lawrence Pountney hill. Mac Donald R. Frant, Sussex, Shopkeeper (Rowland and co., Lincoln's Inn Fields.—Mousajoy, Hanwell Nursery, Ealing, Middlesex, seedsmen (Rooks and co., Armourer's Hall, Coleman street. Moore F. R. Denmark street, Strand, paper stainers (Alexander and co., New Inn, London.—Milnes R. of Mirfield, Yorkshire, coal merchant (Lake, Dowgate Hill.—Martin J. St. Phillip and Jacob, Gloucester, druggist (Poole and co., Gray's Inn Square.—Messent P. Quaker street, Spital Fields, silk weaver (Jamcs, Bucklersbury.

N.

Neyler B. Sykehouse, Fliakle, Yorkshire, tanner (King, Castle street, Holborn.

O.

Owen J. and H. D. Great St. Helen's, Bishopsgate street (Grosby, Great James street, Bedford row.

P.

Parkinson T. senr. Mill Place, Scawby, Lincolnshire, T. Parkinson, junr. Kingston upon Hull, and J. Lilly, Sculcoates, Yorkshire, raft merchants (Rosser and co., Bartlett's Buildings, Ho born.—Pearson J. Portsmouth, mercer (Alexander and co., New Inn, London.—Pickbourn J. North street, city road, drug grinder (Hutchinson, Crown court, Thradneedle street.—Pearse J. Plymouth dock, sadler (Austice and co., Inner Temple.—Panton S. Milton next Settingbourne, Kent, miller (Ebrace and co., Essex court, Temple.—Peake S. Pendleton, Lancaster, wine merchant (Meadowcroft, Gray's Inn Square.—Pritchard J. Bristol, grocer (Poole and co. Gray's Inn Square.—Pearson J. Leicester, commission agent (Beverley, Garden court, Temple.—Perkins, J. B. Carpenter's hall, London Wall, ironmonger (Clarke and co., Chancery lane.

R.

Rugg J. Bristol, victualler (Edmunds, Exchequer Office of Pleas, Lincoln's Inn.—Ralph W. Lewknor, Oxfordshire, farmer, (Rose and co., Gray's Inn.—Pegrom M. and J. Pegrom, Artillery street, Middlesex, dealers and chapmen (Walker, Lincoln's Inn Fields.—Rothwell J. now or late of Arnold, Nottingham, hosier (Sykes, New Inn.

S.

Stanley R. Horridge End, Hope, Derbyshire, meal dealer (Willis and co., Warnford court.—Stalker D. and A. D. Welch, Leadenhall Street, slopsellers (Kearsley and co., Bishopsgate street within.—Sybley J. Abchurch lane, dry salter (Bir-kett, Clock Lane.—Stubbs W. Lock, Staffordshire, innholder (Long and co., Holborn Court, Gray's Inn.—Simpson, Huddersfield, Woolstapler (Beckett, Noble street Foster lane.—Summers W. Newcastle upon Tyne, flour dealer (Bell and co. Bow Church Yard.—Saxby J. R. Hawkhurst, Kent, hop merchant (Gresgun and co., Angel court, Throgmorton street.—Swaiuston J. Kendal, Westmoreland, Morocco leather dresser (Hurd and co., Inner Temple.—Smith B. Birmingham, steel toy maker (Clarke and co., Chancery lane.—Spitt W. Davlish, Devon, house builder (Hore Junr. Hatton Garden.—Samuels E. I. Great Precot street,

Goodman's Fields, lapidary (Isaacs, Massfield street, Goodman's Fields.—Slade J. Frome, Somerset, clothier, (Williams, Red Lion Square.

T.

Tatum W. and E. Palmer, Fish street Hill, paper stainers (Hodgson, Old Jewry.—Turner W. London road, Southwark, stationer (Jones and co., Charles street, Covent Garden.—Thistlewood G. Muscovy court, Tower Hill, flour factor, (Druce and co., Billiter square.—Travers J. Stangate wharf, Lambeth, coal merchant (Brace and co., Sarry street, Strand.—Thornley S. Levenshulme, Lancashire, and J. Beckett, Manchester, manufacturers (Ellis, Chancery lane.—Turner W. Llanello, Denbighshire, and A. Comber, Manchester, cotton spinners (Ellis, Chancery lane.

W.

Wood S. Bolton, Lancashire, banker (Middowcroft, Gray's Inn.—Whitebrook J. Chester and

Stafford, shoemaker (Drew and co, Bermondsey street.—Wharton J. Liverpool, cattle dealer (Dale and co., Palegrave Place, Temple Bar.—Webb A. Hammersmith, coach proprietor (Goren, Orchard street, Portman square.—Watson C. late of Satter's hall court and Albany road, Cumberwell, merchant (Clarke and co., Little St. Thomas Apostle.—Wroath, D. Truro, Cornwall, smith (Price and co., Lincoln's Inn.—Wainwright W. Liverpool, merchant (Ellis, Chancery lane.—Watt J. J. Ratcliffe Highway, surgeon (Eicke and co., Aldermanbury.—Wood E. Bolton, Lancaster, brazier.—Whitton, J. Kingston upon Hull, merchant (Rossa and co., Bartlett's Buildings, Holborn.—Wood T. Nottingham, grocer (Hurd and co., Temple.

Y.

Young P. Junr. and R. Anderson, Wapping, sail makers (Blunt and co., Broad street, Buildings.

DIVIDENDS.

A.

ATMORE R. Foulsham, Norfolk, grocer and draper, Apr. 26—Adams T. & T. Messiter, Bristol, merchants, April 20, May 5—Allen A. S. Southtown, Suffolk, corn merchant, May 4.

B.

Binney J. Charles street, Southwark, baker, April 17—Barton W. Doncaster, Yorkshire, maltster, April 15—Boyle N. Upper Thames street, merch. April 20—Bright J. S., W. Bright, H. Bright, and M. Bright, Coventry, and Foster lane, London, ribbon manufacturers, April 17—Briggs, J. Sealcoates, Yorkshire, grocer, April 21, May 3—Baglemann J. John's Coffee House, Cornhill, broker, May 1—Bindy E. Charles square, Hoxton, factor, May 8—Boyes J. sen. Kingston upon Hull, sugar baker, April 24—Barton J. St. James's place, St. James's street, dress maker, April 24—Betes J. D. Hoaduras street, Old street, rectifying distiller, April 27—Bell J. & J. Snowdown, otherwise J. B. Snowdown, Leeds, haberdasher, April 27—Bond W. Dover, brewer, April 27—Burleigh J. Bristol, brass founder, April 27—Bernard J. & C. Manchester, linen drapers, May 1—Battersby J. Lower Shadwell, ship owner, May 8—Becher C. C. Lotburi, merchant, May 8—Barber S. J. Austin Friars, ship owner, May 8—Bryant J. sen. Hadley, innholder, May 8—Bruere J. late of Craven street, wine merchant, May 29.

C.

Cowan W. Liverpool, liquor merchant, April 17—Cutbush H. & W. Maidstone, carpenter, April 20—Coote C. T. Sutton, Cambridge, grocer, April 24—Clifford M. & J. Kingston upon Hull, merchants, April 24—Cook R. & H. Sutton, Barton upon Humber, corn factors, April 27—Cook W. Earith, Hants, victualler, April 28—Copestick C. Stafford, coal dealer, May 4.

D.

Dewar J. Stamford, Lincolnshire, upholsterer, April 27—Davies J. Poppin's court, Fleet street, stereotype founder, May 4—Dellow J. Milk yard, basket maker, May 29.

E.

Elswood A. Chard, Somerset, money scrivener, April 27—Elponwood J. Liverpool, spirit merchant, May 7—Elgar W. Maidstone, Kent, grocer, May 11

F.

Falmer M. & W. Birch, Manchester, stationers, April 8—French A. B. Old South Sea House, Broad street, merchant, April 3 & 10—Field W. London, merchant, April 27—Elica L. M. Bury court, merchant, May 15—Foster, T. & E. S. Yald-

ing, Kent, malsters, May 11—Forder H. Basingstoke, Hants, stage coach proprietor, May 11

G.

Green T. late of Upper Oudley, Staffordshire, farmer, April 21—George T. Leeds, merchant, April 28—Godfrey T. Salters' Hall court, merch. April 24—George J. & G. Bedford street, Strand, tin plate workers, May 1—Gore S. V. Bishopsgate street, haberdasher, May 11—Gerald S. C. Broad street buildings, merchant, May 1.

H.

Higson J. Frodham, Cheshire, beer brewer, May 1—Harvey W. G. Battle, Sussex, gunpowder manufacturer, April 20—Holland S. P. & P. Ball, hop merchants, April 28—Hughes J. & R. Challen, Storrington, Sussex, common brewers, April 24—Hodgson W. Playhouse yard, Whitecross street, paper stainer, April 27—Hall J. & T. Malkin, Compton, Derbyshire, coach makers, April 29—Hanly M. Nitte court, Fleet street, tavern keeper, May 1—Howe G. Ashford, Derby, flax dresser, May 4—Hendy A. Gower str. Bedford sq. builder, May 11—Hudson O. late of Gibraltar, merchant, May 29—Hardisty W. & J. Lodge, Netherwa, Yorkshire, merchants, May 29.

I.

Inglall J. Bawtry, York, grocer, May 7

J.

Jackson J. late of Middleton, Norfolk, merchant, April 26—Jameson J. Mabledon place, Tavistock square, mariner, April 24—James R. Bedwadeine, Worcestershire, miller, April 23.

K.

Kennell J. & J. P. Church street, Westminster, army and navy agents, April 24—Kerr W. Lloyd's Coffee House, merchant, April 27—Kernot J. Bear street, druggist, May 25.

L.

Leigh R. and D. Armstrong, Liverpool, merchants, April 25—Lane B. Birchin lane, insurer, April 27—Lucas N. and C. Betoke, Pancras lane, merchants, April 27—Leigh R. and D. Armstrong, Liverpool merchants, May 4—Lee J., J. S. Martineau, and J. Wilkinson, Broad street, factors, May 11—Lachlan J. of Great Alie street, ship broker, May 11.

M.

Mercer T. and M. la P. Qued street, Chespaide, warehousemen, April 17—Mugbridge, T. and E. King's Lynn, Norfolk, cork manufacturers, April 5—Moorsom O. Westloe, Durham, ship owner, April 14—Morgan J. Tannock, Somerset, linen draper, April 28—Morris W. Doncaster, weld dealer,

ler, May 7—Mayhew J. St. Osyth, Essex, miller
April 24—Mitchell A. of the Grange road Ber-
mondsey, tanner, May 22—Moorhouse G. Doncas-
ter, grocer, May 8th.

N.

Nash J. Haverfordwest, linen draper, May 6.

O.

Orme R. Chester, draper, April 30—Ormerod G.
Lanehead, Lancashire, innholder, April 23

P.

Polly J. New Bond street, furniture printer,
May 18—Parsons T. Duke street, St. James's,
Westminster, breeches maker, April 20—Preston J.
Manor Hill, Shropshire, miller, April 30—Proctor
G. and W. Birmingham, opticians, April 24—Phil-
lips E. Bristol, grocer, April 26—Peyton J. Christ
Church, Southampton, draper, April 27—Palk C.
East Teignmouth, Devon, linen draper, April 27—
Pratt A. Doncaster, dealer, May 25—Powell T.
Leominster, butcher, April 27—Pelsgrave T. Ben-
nett street, Blackfriars road, insurance broker,
May 8—Pratt J. of Brook's Place, Kennington,
Surgeon, May 11—Phillips P. King street, mer-
chant, May 11.

R.

Roure J. P. de and J. Hambrook, Angel court,
Throgmorton street, May 11—Rolland F. St. James'
street, Piccadilly, perfumer, April 20—Ray R.
late of Norwich, grocer, April 23—Robson J. Little
Britain, Aldersgate street, stable keeper, May 11
Reed W. Fleet street, Law bookseller, May 1—
Reid J. Newcastle upon Tyne, saddler, May 4—
Robson G. George Yard, merchant, May 11—Ran-
dall W. now or late of Leeds, merchant, May 11—
Reid J. Newcastle upon Tyne, saddler, May 11

S.

Sykes J. and G. Curriers Hall court, clothiers

and factors, April 27—Shoel J. Houndsditch, and
J. Hlead, Cateaton Street, merchants, May 4—
Souther R. Kingston upon Hull, and T. M. Payne,
Callum street, London, merchants, May 4—Smy-
thmac, J. B. Birmingham, cutler, May 6—Sissell
T. Jermyn street, Taylor, May 11—Souten E. Fox
and Knot yard, Snow hill, May 15—Sleyer S. P.
Maidstone, dealer and chapman, May 11.

T

Tucker J. Long Acre, linen draper, April 16—
Tuckett P. D. and W. grocers, April 21—Tennison
J. Kingston upon Hull, victualler, April 27—Tay-
lor S. of Oxendon street, merchant, May 11.

U.

Underhill J., J. Thompson, & J. M. Guest, Bir-
mingham, merchants, April 19.

W.

Wileman T. & S. West, Hovebley, Sussex, tan-
ners, April 27—Wilkinson J. W. Harnc, & J. Wil-
kinson, Friday street, warehouseman, April 17—
Wilkie C. & J. Redcross street, East Smithfield,
yeast merchants, April 10—Waddington S. Brig-
house, Yorkshire, cornfactor, April 15—Wilkinson
R. & S. Jeffries square, London, merchants, April
17—Worrall W. Liverpool, merchants, April 24—
Willson J. Rathbone place, Oxford street, book-
seller, April 27—Warrington J. and J. E. Grace-
church street, drapers, April 27—Welsh J. and T.
Carter, New Compton street, High Holborn, em-
bossers, May 1—White M. Lowdam, Nottingham,
bleacher, May 4—Webb R. Winslow, Hereford,
farmer, May 6—Walker C. W. Brighton, stationer,
April 30—Wilmot R. S. Bristol, brewer, May 13—
Warwick T. O. & J. Aldred, Rotherham, Yorkshire,
chemists, May 14.

DIGEST OF POLITICAL EVENTS.

GREAT BRITAIN.

WE feel much pleasure in laying be-
fore our readers the quarterly account
of the revenue, because, from its pro-
gressively improving state, the highest
confidence is inspired. The improve-
ment which has taken place even upon
the produce of the corresponding quar-
ter of last year, was of itself greater by
739,000*l.* than the April quarter of the
year preceding. The British revenue,
in the April quarter of the year 1817,
appears by the 11th report of the Fi-
nance Committee, to have produced
9,510,000*l.*, that of the quarter ending
April, 1818, 10,249,000*l.*, while the
quarter which expired 1819 has pro-
duced no less a sum than 10,482,000*l.*
We have, therefore, all the evidence
which an augmentation of the revenue
can give of the improving state of the
resources of the country; and we trust
that the secret committees of the two
houses of Parliament will produce a
plan, which will place the currency of
the country upon a footing not less fa-
vourable to the operations of trade, than
calculated to secure it against any appre-
hensions of a fluctuation of value. In

confirmation of our assertion we subjoin
an abstract of the net produce of the
revenue of Great Britain in the years
ended 5th April, 1818, and 5th April,
1819, together with the income and
charge of the Consolidated Fund.

The total consolidated fund for the
year, viz. 5th April, is 42,235,726*l.*

The fund for the year before was
only 39,598,192*l.*

Though on this last quarter, as com-
pared with the corresponding one last
year, there is a decrease of less than
100,000*l.*

In the annual dates to pay off bills,
the excess is from 18,466*l.* in the quar-
ter ending April, 1818, to 516,837*l.* in
the present quarter.

In the present quarter there are no
arrears of Property Tax; and the re-
ceipt of the arrears for the whole year
is not more than 227,000*l.*, whereas last
year it was above one million and a half.

In the Customs for the quarter there
is an increase of 115,686*l.*—in the Ex-
cise an increase of 226,075*l.*—in the
Post Office an increase of 19,000*l.*—in
the Stamps, Assessed Taxes, and Land
Taxes, a total decrease of 130,000*l.*

which, deducted from the increase, leaves an increase in the quarter of 232,709/. The increase in the year is 2,983,115/.

The charge on the Consolidated Fund for the corresponding quarter last year, was 8,827,741/. The charge on the present quarter is increased to 9,770,000/., leaving a deficiency of 148,300/. Had the charge remained the same this quarter as it was the corresponding one, the excess of income beyond the charge would have been above seven hundred and ninety thousand pounds.

If we transfer our attention from our

financial to our commercial situation, we shall find the same cause for satisfaction and congratulation. In the export of our produce and manufactures, the excess of the year ending 5th January, 1819, is above five millions beyond the year ending 5th January, 1818, and nearly six millions beyond the year ending 5th January, 1817!

The imports are above six millions higher than the year before, and above ten millions higher than during the year ending 5th January, 1817, as will be seen by the following accounts:

An Account of the total, real, or declared value of the Produce and Manufactures of the United Kingdom, exported from Great Britain during each of the three years ending 5th Jan. 1819:—

1817.	1818.	1819.
L.42,955,256	43,626,253	48,903,760

Total official value of Foreign and Commercial Merchandise exported from Great Britain to all Parts of the World.

1817.	1818.	1819.
L.14,545,964	11,534,616	12,287,274

An Account of the total value of all Articles imported into Great Britain during each of the three years ending the 5th January, 1819, as calculated at the official rates of valuation.

	1817.	1818.	1819.
Foreign and Colonial Merchandise	L.26,406,634	29,962,913	35,889,983
Produce of Ireland and the Isle of Man	3,698,931	4,002,318	4,276,651

Total Value of Imports L.30,105,565 33,965,231 40,157,634

If the mercantile world have been pausing for the last two months, during the important deliberations of the Bank Committee—if, with the prudence and caution of British merchants, they have been checking, for that period, their spirit of enterprise and adventure—we trust, after this statement, they will again go forth to their accustomed vocation of collecting from every quarter of the globe the treasures of each climate and country, in return for the manufactures and skill and industry of this great nation—as unrivalled in the arts of peace as in the brilliant achievements and glories of war.

The House of Commons was on the 1st occupied with a question of considerable importance. It was—Whether the summons of that House to a soldier supersedes the authority of his officer over him? The declared opinion of the House was in the affirmative. This involves so delicate a principle of constitutional power, that we will not venture an opinion upon it. It may perhaps be said, that the authority thus asserted by the House would, if pushed to the extreme, embrace the command of the army; but, on the other hand, it may also be urged, that if an officer

had the right to refuse permission to a soldier to attend, then the legislature would be subservient to the military authority. The attendance of a soldier, when summoned, might be secured, by making his officer responsible as well as himself. Perhaps this would be preferable to releasing the former from the authority of his commander.

On the 2d, Mr. Agar Ellis gave notice of a motion for an address to the Prince Regent, praying him to remove the Hon. Wyndham Quin from the office of Custos Rotulorum of the county of Limerick. The fate of this motion may be easily anticipated. The House having by a previous vote declared the hon. member had been guilty of no act which called for serious censure.

Lord A. Hamilton brought forward his motion respecting the burgh of Aberdeen. The noble lord denied, in the outset, that his object was to introduce parliamentary reform into Scotland, under the pretext of amending the existing system of royal burghs of Scotland. Lord Castlereagh, however, entertained a different, and, in our opinion, a more correct judgment with respect to the tendency, at least, of the motion, what-

ever may have been its motives. It was, he said, "nothing else than to introduce into Scotland a parliamentary reform which the other side of the House could not obtain for England. The disguise was somewhat too thin to cover the real purpose." Upon a division, the motion was rejected.

On the 3d an ineffectual attempt was made, by Mr. Lambton's presenting a petition from General Gourgaud, to establish a case of cruelty against the persons who conveyed him out of England, under the authority of a warrant from the home secretary. Gourgaud, like his late master, knows how to make the most of a little.

The plain facts of the case appeared to be, that a warrant was issued for his apprehension and removal, and he seemed to have taken a great antipathy to warrants, and, not liking to go, became refractory, which compelled the exercise of coercion on the part of the officers. All the grievances complained of by the General and his friends, were met by a flat denial from Mr. Clive and Lord Castlereagh, and we believe the petition to be, neither more nor less, than an impudent tissue of deliberate falsehoods.

The second report of the Committee of Secrecy was read in the house on the 5th, relating to the Bank restriction; and the house placing a just confidence in the judgment of that Committee, was induced to pass, without a division and without going through the usual formalities of proceeding, an act restricting the Cash payments of the Bank until a future day. With respect to the period at which it may be expedient to recommend the commencement of Cash payments, nothing has transpired which can at all justify a conjecture on the subject. On the 8th, the house adjourned for the holidays.

FRANCE.

If the existence of a genuine public opinion in France could any longer be doubted, it would suffice to compare the effects produced, in the interval of one

month, on private affairs and on general confidence, by the adoption of the Chamber of Peers, of the proposition of M. de Barthelemy, and by its rejection in that of the Deputies. Frenchmen understand ambiguous measures, and all classes of society foresaw, at the first view, the aim of this attempt, which was as unlimited in its effects as it was vague in its expression.

Among the petitions lately presented to the Chamber of Deputies, was one from a soldier, claiming the continuance of a pension which he had received for having saved the life of Buonaparte when first consul: it was referred to the Committee of expenditure. We cannot help thinking it a strange request to be preferred to the ministers of Louis XVIII; but it is yet more strange, that it called forth no expression of astonishment from any member of the Chamber.

AMERICA.

The Congress closed its sessions on the 3rd of last month, beyond which their constitutional term of service did not permit them to extend. The report of the senate upon the conduct of General Jackson and the Seminole war, we are free to acknowledge, is drawn up with great perspicuity and even elegance of style. It condemns the conduct of General Jackson with respect both to his engaging in the war at all, and his savage condemnation of Arbuthnot and Ambrister.

In the treaty lately entered into with Spain, the Americans have terminated the only existing controversy with any of the European powers. It rounds off their southern possessions, and for ever precludes foreign emissaries from stirring up Indians to war and Negroes to rebellion, whilst it gives to the southern country important outlets to the sea. It adjusts the vast western boundary, and acknowledges the sovereignty of the United States, under the hitherto contested Louisiana Treaty, over all the territory contended for.

INCIDENTS, PROMOTIONS, BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, DEATHS, &c. IN LONDON AND MIDDLESEX;

With Biographical Accounts of Distinguished Characters.

BULLETIN OF THE KING'S HEALTH.

Windsor Castle, April 8, 1819.

His Majesty has been generally cheerful during the last month; but his disorder has suffered no diminution. His Majesty's health continues good. (*Signed as usual.*)

Ecclesiastical Preferments.—The Rev. Daniel Guilford Wait, to the rectory of Blagdon, Somerset. — The Rev. Edmund Gardiner, to the rectory of Tenterac-Purva, in the diocese of Llandaff. — The Rev. Nath. Struth, to the rectory of St. Peter's, Bristol.

—The Rev. John Clarke, to be chaplain to the Sheriff of Somerset.—The Rev. W. Jones, A. M. of Swindon, Wilts, to be chaplain to the Earl Paulet.—The Rev. John Fisher, A. M. to the prebend of Farthington and Writhlington.—The Rev. Matthew Marsh, M. A. to the office of chancellor of Salisbury diocese.—The Rev. Joseph Cumming, jun. M. A. to the free and endowed grammar school of Chudleigh, Devon.—The Rev. W. S. Bradley, to the living of Chard, and to the prebendal stall of Timberscombe.—The Rev. Andrew Bell, D. D. to the place and dignity of a prebendary of the Collegiate Church of St. Peter, Westminster.—The Rev. John Stedman, B. A. to be head master of the free grammar school, Guilford, Surrey.—The Rev. Robert Clifton, A. M. to be domestic chaplain to Elizabeth, Dowager Lady Monson.—The Rev. R. Clifton, to the rectory of St. Nicholas, Worcester, and Matson, Gloucestershire.—The Rev. J. B. Syer, to the rectory of Little Wratting, Suffolk.—The Hon. and Rev. Geo. Pellew, to the vicarage of Nasing, Essex.—The Rev. J. P. Reynolds, to the rectory of Little Munden, Herts.—The Rev. T. T. Walmsley, B. D. to the rectory of St. Vedsat, Foster-lane, and Hanwell, Middlesex.—The Rev. H. S. Plumptre, to the rectory of Eastwood, Notts.—The Rev. James Croft, to the rectory of Saltwood and Chapel of Hythe, Kent.—The Rev. Charles Lacy, to the living of Tring and Wigginton, Herts.—The Rev. Henry Mears, to the vicarage of Harley Wintney, Hants.—The Rev. Thos. Spooner, to the rectory of Winkfield, Wilts.—E. Grove, esq. to be receiver-general for Staffordshire.—The Rev. John W. Bellamy, to be head master of Merchant Taylors' School.—The Rev. Phillip Fisher, D. D. to the office of precentor of Salisbury Cathedral.—The Rev. R. Knight jun. to the rectory of Newton Nottage, Glamorganshire.—The Rev. T. Thorpe, M. A. to the rectory of Widford, Nottinghamshire.—The Rev. Joseph Tweed, jun. to the rectory of Hintlesham, Suffolk.—The Rev. J. Jones, of Oakham, to the living of Burley on the Hill.—The Rev. Thomas Walker, jun. B. A. to the prebend of Featherstone.—The Rev. Rich. Odell, to be one of Lord Anson's domestic chaplains.—The Rev. E. Valpy, to the vicarage of South Walsham, St. Mary, Norfolk.—The Rev. E. Gray, to the rectory of Kirk Misperton.

Births.] The lady of Lieut.-general Sir Richard Jones, K. C. B. of a daughter.—At Laleham, the lady of Francis Hartwell, esq. of a daughter.—The lady of Captain Hillyar, of a son.—The lady of John Guisè, esq. of Upper Baker-street, of a son.—The lady of S. Cartwright, esq. of Bedford-place, of a daughter.—In Harleyford-place, the lady of James Cowan, esq. of a daughter.—In Arundel-street, the lady of W. Yatman, esq. of a son.—At Warfield House, the lady of the Hon. Lieut.-general Brodrick, of a

daughter.—In the Commercial-road, Lambeth, Mrs. T. Lett, of a son.—At Highgate, of a daughter, the lady of Captain Langslow, late of the Bengal Army, her fourth child; the eldest a native of Africa, the second of Asia, the third of America; and all born within the last four years and a half.—In Hanover-square, the lady of Sir Simon Clarke, bart. of a son.—In Albemarle-street, the lady of Robert Keate, esq. of a still-born daughter.—The lady of Mark Milbank, esq. M. P. of a son and heir.—The lady of Capt. Forrest, of Montague-place, Russel-square, of a son.—In Lower Grosvenor-street, the wife of Addison John Cresswell, esq. of a son and heir.

Married.] At St. Mary's, Islington, Thos. Clarke, esq. of Lincoln's-inn-fields, to Sophia, fifth daughter of the late Robert Stanton, esq. of Islington-green.—At St. Luke's Church, Wm. Henry West, esq. of the Island of Jamaica, to Barbara, second daughter of John Holham, esq. Borough.—At St. Mary's, Islington, Gustavus, son of G. A. Smith, esq. of Highbury Grove, to Jane, third daughter of Joseph Travers, esq.—At the New Church, Mary-le-bone, Ynyr Burgess, esq. to Anna Eliza, eldest daughter of Joseph Mee, esq. of Upper Berkeley-str. Portman-square.—At Mary-le-bone Church David Latimer St. Claire, esq. Capt. R. N. to Elizabeth Isabella, youngest daughter of the late John Farhill, esq.—At St. Mary's, Islington, Mr. Wm. Browning, of Goswell-street-road, to Miss Louisa, daughter of Mr. John Mansin, of Percival-street, Goswell-street.—At St. George's, Hanover-square, Sir Jacob Asley, bart. to Georgiana Caroline, youngest daughter of Sir Henry Dashwood, bart. of Kirtlington Park, Oxfordshire.—At St. Clement's, Mr. John Allen, brother to the Rev. Wm. Allen, of Peel, Lancashire, to Miss Ann Hutchinson, of London.—At Temple Church, Mr. Thomas Chorley, of Wellington, to Sarah, third daughter of Mr. Wm. Chorley, of Wivelscombe, Somerset.—At St. Paul's, Jonathan Henry Christie, esq. of Lincoln's Inn, to Mary, second daughter of Daniel Conner, esq. of the county of Cork, Ireland.—At St. George's, Hanover-square, Mr. George Francis, of Woodbridge, to Mary, second daughter of John Baggett, esq. Great Titchfield-street, Cavendish-square.—James Valance, esq. of Sittingbourne, Kent, to Catharine Margaret, eldest daughter of the Rev. J. D. Plestow, of Watlington Hall.—At St. George's, Hanover-square, Mr. Joseph Young, to Maria, second daughter of Mr. Thos. Addison, of Romford.—At St. James's Church, the Rev. J. W. Trevor, to Frances Alethea, eldest daughter of the Rev. Archdeacon Wollaston.—At St. Botolph's, Aldersgate-street, Mr. Charles Motram, of Conduit-street, to Eliza, youngest daughter of Samuel Moore, esq. of Suffolk House, St. Pancras.—Andrew Spottiswoode, esq. of Bedford-square, to Miss Longman, daugh-

ter of Thos. Longman, esq. of Mount Grove, Hampstead.—At St. Pancras, Wm. Robinson, esq. of Hamsterley Lodge, Durham, to Johanna, youngest daughter of the late Admiral Sir H. Christian, K. B.

FRANCIS WILLIAM BLAGDON.

Genius and industry, quickness of perception and constancy of application, are seldom combined. The life of Mr. Blagdon, however, presents an interesting example—the more interesting from its rareness—of genius and industry forcing their way from an humble station, and gradually raising their possessor to a more elevated rank in society. Left, at an early age, to carve out a subsistence for himself, it was fortunate that he possessed a lively, active spirit. He was constitutionally enterprising and sanguine; enterprise generally insures success; success as generally inspires new confidence; and thus a most salutary action and re-action are produced. When events of an adverse nature overpower these beneficent influences, they may be regarded as constituting the exception to a general rule.

The subject of this slight biographical sketch was a native of the metropolis: Francis William Blagdon, born on the 2nd of January, 1777, was the eldest son of Thomas Blagdon, a respectable tradesman in St. Paul's Church-yard, and of Mary, his wife, whose maiden name was Harrison. Of parental care and instruction it was his melancholy lot to be soon deprived: his mother died in the month of July, 1785; and his father, surviving her a little more than two years, died in October, 1787, leaving besides the eldest, two younger sons, William and Edward Harrison, at the respective ages of four and two years. The former died in the West Indies, in the year 1800. To the latter, now connected by marriage with Mr. McMillan, of Bow-street, Covent Garden, his eldest brother sustained, through life, the kind and tender office of a parent. He was, indeed, his father—brother—friend; and warmly and gratefully was his affection repaid.

The only education which Francis Blagdon received, previously to the death of his father, was at a day-school in Watling-street. At that period he was a lively, clever boy, for his age, and, allowing for the unfavourable circumstances of his situation, he was an excellent English scholar; and, in acquiring the rudiments of the Latin tongue, he had laid the foundation of future study.

Mr. Blagdon's pecuniary affairs at the time of his death not being in a prosperous state, his eldest son, Francis, was immediately taken from school; and, on the recommendation of Mr. Davis, one of the god-fathers of his brother Edward, he was placed with a solicitor, in Chiswell-street. With that gentleman he remained a twelve-

month; during which, his attachment to literary pursuits was strikingly apparent.

Fond of books, of a warm temperament and lively imagination, it is not surprising that he should be disgusted with the dull drudgery of an attorney's office. Acting from his own impulse, he quitted this situation, for one, as most persons would have considered, much less eligible. In 1788, when only eleven years of age, he answered an advertisement, which appeared in *The Oracle*, for a reading-boy in the office of Mr. McMillan. That gentleman, with whom he immediately engaged, soon saw, encouraged, and rewarded his abilities. In Mr. McMillan's office, where he remained till the year 1799, he made himself master of the printing business, which, it is probable, he would afterwards have followed, had not a regulation of the trade precluded from its advantages all but those who had established their right by the serving of a regular apprenticeship. His practical acquaintance, however, with what may almost be termed an intellectual art, proved extremely useful to him in almost every subsequent period of his life. Nor was this the only knowledge which he acquired whilst under the care of Mr. McMillan; in addition to perfecting himself in the Latin, he, from the peculiar circumstances under which he was placed, became a proficient in the French language. At the time here particularly referred to, Mr. McMillan was the printer of *The Sun*; a journal which, from its commencement to the present day, has been characterised by loyalty of principle, and determined opposition to the domestic enemies of Britain. The office of this paper was frequented by numbers of the French *litterati*, who had here found an asylum from the sanguinary proscriptions of their own distracted country. By many of these expatriated sufferers, the youthful subject of this memoir was noticed; with several of them he contracted habits of intimacy; and, as it may be easily conceived, it was frequently in his power to return their attentions by services of no contemptible nature. In this mutually advantageous intercourse, his critical acquaintance with the French tongue daily increased; and, so completely did he triumph over its difficulties, that ultimately, he was enabled to translate with accuracy and fidelity the most difficult scientific works. He is even known to have drawn up, in French, various documents, of both a public and private nature.

In the year 1796, twelve months before he left Mr. McMillan, he became acquainted with Mr. J. Kelly, now of Wimbledon, in Surrey; and, in return for teaching him French, Kelly instructed Blagdon in the principles of music. He soon displayed considerable talent in his performance on the piano-forte; some years afterwards, he occasionally amused himself

with the violin; and, amidst more serious avocations, his musical attainments were the solace of many a weary hour. Mr. Blagdon, though not, strictly speaking, a connoisseur, was an enthusiastic lover of all the fine arts; and some little productions of his pencil, which have been preserved, are sufficient to show, that, had painting been his profession, he would have ranked high amongst the artists of his day.

It was while he was with Mr. M'Millan, that Mr. Blagdon produced his first literary tract—"The Political Portfolio." What that publication was, we know not; but that it indicated genius, and a capability of excellence, there is no hazard in asserting, from the fact, that it attracted the notice of one of the ablest writers and soundest politicians of the age. When we thus mention the late Mr. John Gifford, who was at that time editor of the *The True Briton*, they who have had the happiness of knowing that gentleman will feel that we do not estimate his merit too highly.

Mr. Blagdon relinquished his situation at *The Sun* office, in the year 1797, continuing, however, on terms of friendship and intimacy with Mr. M'Millan, till 1810.

On leaving Mr. M'Millan, Mr. Blagdon devoted his services to the late Dr. Willich,* in the capacity of amanuensis; and it deserves to be known, that, whilst thus employed, he projected, and assisted in the execution of that useful work, *The Domestic Encyclopædia*, which is now nearly, if not quite, out of print. From its scarceness, Mr. Blagdon was desirous, in 1813, of compiling a new edition; but he was unable to meet with any bookseller disposed to embark in such an undertaking. Whilst with Dr. Willich, who, it will be recollected, was a native of Germany, Mr. Blagdon availed himself of the opportunity to acquire the elements of the German language.

In 1798, he quitted Dr. Willich, and engaged in a similar capacity with the late Mr. Nicholson, long known as the truly respectable editor of *The Philosophical Magazine*, and as the author and editor of many other valuable scientific works.† Under the auspices of this gentleman, of whom he ever expressed himself in terms of the highest respect, Mr. Blagdon obtained an insight of experimental chemistry, and materially increased his stock of general knowledge. He remained with him until the beginning of the year 1800.

* Author of *Lectures on Diet and Regimen*, &c.

† It will interest many of our readers to know, that Miss Nicholson, in conjunction with a daughter of a valued friend of her father's, has, some time, conducted a respectable seminary for young ladies, at Claydon, in the vicinity of Ipswich, Suffolk.

NEW MONTHLY MAG.—No. 64.

In 1801, from causes which it is unnecessary here to explain, Mr. Gifford, whom we have already mentioned, came into possession of *The Porcupine* newspaper, which had been then recently established. By the loyal, the patriotic, and the good, Cobbett, the original editor of *The Porcupine*, was, at that time, regarded as one of the ablest, firmest, and most incorruptible supporters of the Church and State, the King and Constitution. The Bible and Mitre were over his door; his motto was, *Fear God, and honour the King!*—he was visited and patronised by many of the best and wisest men of the nation. It is not therefore surprising, that Cobbett's name, at the head of the paper, should have been esteemed of some importance. For the sake of his name, and cordially respecting the moral, religious, and political principles, of which Cobbett was then the professor, it was the wish of Mr. Gifford that he should retain a share in the concern; that share was one-eighth. It is certain, however, that in the eyes of some, who imagined they could discover a lurking renegade behind a violent and imposing exterior, his name proved rather injurious than beneficial.

Although Cobbett was still the *ostensible* proprietor of *The Porcupine*, Mr. Gifford took upon himself its entire management and control; confiding its general conduct to Mr. Blagdon, as editor. This appointment, which, in its result, evinced Mr. Gifford's judgment in the estimation of character, excited surprise in the eyes of many, that a task so arduous should be entrusted to so very young a person. For this task, however, Mr. Blagdon was eminently qualified, by his perfect acquaintance with what may be termed the mechanism of a newspaper; by the extraordinary facility and rapidity with which he translated the foreign journals; and by his perfect knowledge of, and agreement with, the political tenets of his principal.

It was during the time that he held the editorship of *The Porcupine*, that Mr. Blagdon became acquainted with Cobbett, and with the late Henry Redhead Yorke. It was then, too, that his intercourse commenced with the humble individual, who, by sketching this faint memorial, is discharging one of the sad yet grateful duties of friendship.*

* Of that individual, it is necessary only to say, that he was introduced to Mr. Gifford by the late Dr. Bissett; that, for many years, his pen occasionally contributed to *The Anti-Jacobin Review*: that he was selected by Mr. Gifford to assist in what might be termed, more strictly, the literary and critical departments of *The Porcupine*; and that, till the period of his death, he had the honour of enjoying the friendship and confidence of that great and excellent man;

Perhaps the autumn of the year 1801 was the happiest period of Mr. Blagdon's life. His health was good; his spirits were buoyant, his prospects were fair, he was surrounded by friends; and, to crown the climax, he was then united to the woman whom he had long loved, with whom he fondly hoped to pass many a long year of happiness! In some respects, those fairy visions were realised; but, alas! his cup was embittered by many a nauseous draught.

Towards the close of this year, a change of ministry, the precursor of the peace of Amiens, took place; Mr. Gifford's politics were firm and unbending; and, finding that his exertions in *The Porcupine* could be no longer essentially serviceable to the cause which he had invariably supported, he made a transfer of the property. By the new proprietors of the paper, Mr. Blagdon's editorial assistance was retained; but the concern was not of a profitable nature, and, in a short time, its career was closed.

Soon afterwards, in the year 1802, he was engaged by Cobbett, to assist him in his *Political Register*, which was commenced about that period. The Register was not then, as it has been since, a libel upon every thing respectable and good. This connexion, however, as might have been expected, from the overbearing disposition of Cobbett, was but of short duration.

In the course of the same year, he was engaged as Editor of *The Observer*, a well known Sunday paper, which he conducted till 1808, with ample credit to himself, and advantage to its then very worthy and respectable proprietor.

A singular, extraordinary, and distressing event, in the life of Mr. Blagdon, now occurred. In the year 1803, at the time when the naval administration of Earl St. Vincent had excited a universal outcry amongst the political adversaries of that nobleman, Mr. Blagdon, under the signature of "Aristides," addressed a letter to his lordship. After the letter had been printed, but not published, its author was induced to submit it to the inspection of his friend, the proprietor of *The Observer*. That gentleman, in consequence of some favours which the noble earl had conferred upon one of his relatives, at that time in the naval service of his country, particularly urged Mr. Blagdon to suppress the pamphlet, and to allow him to present it to his lordship. To this proposition Mr. Blagdon assented. Strange as it may seem, no sooner had his friend paid the noble earl the compliment—or, more correctly speaking, rendered him the service alluded to, than his attention was rewarded by a prosecution for libel, commenced against him at the suit of his lordship! The author of the letter, with that

frankness and manliness of character which distinguished him though life, immediately avowed himself. The consequence of this was, that the original prosecution was dropped, and a new one was commenced against Mr. Blagdon. He was accordingly tried for the alleged libel in the Court of King's Bench, on the 1st of June, 1805, convicted, and, in the ensuing term, sentenced to six month's confinement in the prison of the court.

Upon this subject it is painful to dwell. During the period of his confinement, Mr. Blagdon wrote an account of his trial, and several political tracts; and prepared his *History of India*, a splendid work of illustration, for the press.

From the year 1803, till the beginning of 1808, when his preparations for *The Phoenix* newspaper were commenced, Mr. Blagdon was extensively engaged in translations and other works for the booksellers. Amongst these publications may be mentioned, translations of the *Voyages and Travels of Denon*, in Egypt; of Goldberry, in Africa; and of Pallas, in Russia; in eight volumes:—*Modern and Contemporary Voyages and Travels*, in ten volumes; *The Modern Geographer*, in five volumes; the *Life of Lord Nelson*, and that of *George Morland*, the painter, &c., amounting, in the whole, to nearly fifty volumes and tracts.*

At the commencement of the year 1808, as already stated, Mr. Blagdon began his preparations for *The Phoenix*, and, on the 14th of February, number I. of that journal appeared. For the first eight or nine months, its success was perhaps unparalleled in the annals of newspaper publication; but the tide of political events ran counter to his exertions; his laudable endeavours to stem that tide proved unavailing; and the fall of *The Phoenix* was more rapid even than its rise. This revulsion of public taste was generally attributed to Mr. Blagdon's truly liberal, generous, and independent defence of his Royal Highness the Duke of York, against the malignant

* The last number of Mr. Blagdon's *Political Register*, published on the 23d of January, 1811, contained a list of his publications up to that period. "If," says he, "in either a translation, a compilation, or an original piece—if, in any one part of all the numerous books there mentioned, a single jacobin or democratic article is introduced, or any piece, which can tend to bring religion into contempt, or to degrade the government or constitution of my country; but, on the contrary, it be not discovered, that I have forced in notes and observations, on every occasion, to excite a respect for loyalty, morality, and religion, then will I submit to be considered undeserving of literary honours and political estimation!!!"

a man whom he loved and respected, admired and honoured.

attacks of one of the most worthless, most contemptible of men. The whole of this memorable affair displayed a striking illustration of the truth, that the British people feel as correctly as they judge erroneously.

By sacrifices almost too serious to be contemplated! *The Phoenix* was kept afloat two years, and then it sunk—for ever!

Previously, however, to that distressing event, Mr. Blagdon, still true to the cause which he had espoused, had brought out (in October, 1809) his *Political Register*, in opposition to that of Cobbett. This, by various additional privations and sacrifices, was continued till the month of January, 1811, when it experienced the same fate as *The Phoenix*.

In attempting to establish these two papers, Mr. Blagdon expended the sum of nearly 3,500*l.*; besides which he was ultimately "stripped of his all—even his books and his household furniture."* "His ever active, ever-buoyant spirit rose superior to misfortune; but, notwithstanding his incessant and indefatigable exertions for the support of his family, and for the liquidation of pecuniary claims against him, the doors of a prison were closed upon his worn and harassed frame. From this severe and complicated ruin he never completely emerged. His personal liberty was indeed obtained; but his high sense of honour and integrity never again permitted him to feel himself free; and the remainder of his life presented only the melancholy display of a liberal mind struggling anxiously, but unavailingly, against the inroads of poverty and the attacks of disease."†

From the termination of *The Political Register*, till the spring of the year 1813, Mr. Blagdon was without any regular professional engagement. In this long and distressing interval, however, he was not idle. In the early part of 1812, he was presented with a copy of the French work of Montgallard, then just published, "On the Monied Situation of Great Britain, in 1811." This he immediately translated; but, unfortunately, instead of producing a remuneration for his labour, it served only to increase his embarrassment.

With the assistance of a merchant of considerable eminence, of high talent, and of extensive information, in the city, he next wrote an elaborate and complete refutation of Montgallard's book, which he sent to a nobleman, high in office, for his perusal. In this affair, also, he was unfortunate. Numerous were the applications which he made to that nobleman, to have the work returned, but without effect: he lost not

only the time and labour which he had devoted to the tract, but the tract itself.

In 1813, at the time before alluded to, one of his old and steady literary friends had the satisfaction, on quitting the metropolis, of resigning the editorship of two weekly papers in his favour. The salary, though not high, was acceptable; but, by the caprice of a new proprietor, he was deprived of this advantage, at the very moment when, by his successful exertions in promoting the interests of the concern, he was entitled, in moral justice, to an increase of stipend.

Before this event, however, he had commenced, in 1814 an engagement with Mr. Byrne, as a reporter of the debates of the House of Commons, for *The Morning Post*. During his connection with that generous and liberal a patron, he experienced, even to his last moments, innumerable kindnesses and attentions, which he was ever most anxious to acknowledge.

For many years Mr. Blagdon had laboured under a severe chronic asthma, attended, as was generally thought, by a phthisical affection of the lungs. The arduous nature of the employment, to which he had had recourse, as a parliamentary reporter; shut up, perhaps for many hours, in the heated gallery of the House of Commons, and then suddenly exposed to damps and chilling airs, at all seasons of the night—accelerated the progress of these complaints, which finally brought him, to the dreaded hour that is "appointed for all living." After a short confinement to his chamber, preceded by a long and wearisome stage of debility, he expired without a struggle or a groan, in the arms of his affectionate brother, and of his worthy friend, Mr. Kelly, on Thursday, the 24th of December, 1818. His remains were committed to the silent earth, in St. Margaret's church-yard, opposite the north door of Westminster Abbey, on Saturday, the 2d of January, 1819; on which day, had he lived, he would have completed his 49d year.

The maiden name of the lady whom Mr. Blagdon married, and by whom he has left four children—two girls and two boys, within the ages of nine and fourteen—was Edwards. She is a native of Oswestry in Shropshire.

In the "Appeal, &c." which was privately circulated after Mr. Blagdon's death, in the hope of obtaining some pecuniary aid for his bereaved widow and orphans,* it is remarked, that, "in the last number of his *Political Register*, he declared, that, had he the means, his literary labours against the united enemies of his country, should terminate only with the failure of his faculties. This patriotic sentiment was crowned with fruition, perhaps beyond his

* Vide "An Appeal to the loyal, the benevolent and the humane, in behalf of the family of the late Mr. Francis William Blagdon," referred to at page 186 of the present volume of *The New Monthly Magazine*.

† *Ibid*.

* Vide page 186 of the present volume before referred to.

hopes. His ruling passion was strong, even in death. The very last essay that he published, only three or four days before he resigned his submissive spirit to the Great Author of our being, was levelled against the mischievous declamations of one of the would-be demagogues of the day."—In the same paper, it is observed, that, "never indulging in personalities against his political opponents; never forgetting, even 'in the very torrent, tempest, and whirlwind of passion,' the self-respect of a gentleman and a scholar, Mr. Blagdon had not an enemy in the world. All who knew him loved him. With his pen, or with his purse, when it allowed him, he was ever prompt to relieve the distresses of others."—It was indeed the enviable fortune of the deceased—and it was equally honourable to him and to his friends—that his attachments were durable as they were warm.

"Joy follow thee; if joy can reach the dead,
And, or my mind misgives, it surely will;
For, when the miseries of life are fled,
How sweet the deep forgetfulness of ill!"

T. H.

AUGUSTUS VON KOTZEBUE.

AUGUSTUS VON KOTZEBUE was born March 3, 1761, at Weimar, where his father was Secretary of Legation, in the service of the Duke, and where his mother still lives. He was remarkable when quite a child for his vivacity and sensibility, and was not yet six years of age when he made his first attempts at poetry. His love of the dramatic art was early excited by the then very good company of players at Weimar, in which were the families of Seiler, Brandes, Boeckh, and Eckhof. At this period Kotzebue attended the Gymnasium, where Musæus, afterwards his uncle, obtained great influence over him by his instructions and example. He was not quite sixteen years old when he went to the university at Jena, where his love for the drama found new encouragement in a private theatre. From attachment to his sister, who married in Duisburg, he went for a time to the university there; whence he returned, in 1779, to Jena, studied jurisprudence, without however ceasing to live for the theatre, and to compose various pieces. He soon after passed his examination, and became an Advocate. He now enjoyed the entire friendship of the worthy Musæus, and attempted, as he had already done, with Wieland, Goethe, Hermes, and Brandes, to imitate Musæus, an example of which is his "*I, a History in Fragments*." At Leipzig he printed a volume of Tales, and went thence in 1781 to St. Petersburg, whither he was invited by Count Goerz, Prussian Ambassador at that court. He became secretary to the Governor-general Bawr; and the latter being charged with the direction of the German theatre, Kotzebue was again in his element. His first dramatic work, *Demetrius Ivanowitsch* (which is

very little if at all known,) was performed with great applause in the German theatre at St. Petersburg, in 1782. An article, dated St. Petersburg, in No. 120 of the *Hamburg newspaper* for 1782, says, "This play is not a masterpiece, but in several parts it is admirable, and promises us that the author, who is now but 22 years of age, will be one day a great acquisition to the theatre and the dramatic art." But Bawr died two years after. As he had recommended Kotzebue to the protection of the Empress, he was made Titular Counsellor; and in the year 1783, member of the High Court of Appeal at Revel. In 1785 he was made President of the Magistracy of the Province of Esthonia, and as such raised to the rank of nobility. It was at Revel that his talents were displayed in a series of works, which made him the favourite of the public. His "*Sufferings of the Ortenberg family*" (1785,) and "*The Collection of his smaller Essays*" (1787,) first shewed in a brilliant manner his agreeable and diversified style; but it was especially his two plays, "*Misanthropy and Repentance*," and "*The Indians in England*," which gained the poet the highest reputation in all Germany. His ill health obliged him, in 1790, to make a journey to Pyrmont, where his ill-famed "*Doctor Bahrdt with the Iron Forehead*," which he published under the name of Knigge, lost him a great part of the esteem which the public had conceived for him. After the death of his wife he went to Paris, and then for a time to Mentz. He then obtained his discharge, and retired, in 1795, to the country, where he built the little country seat of Friedenthal, eight leagues from Narva, in Esthonia. The "*Youngest Children of my Humour*," and above twenty plays, belong to this period. He was then invited to Vienna, as poet to the Court theatre. Here he published a great part of his "*New Plays*," which fill above twenty volumes. As various unpleasant circumstances disgusted him with his place at Vienna, he requested his discharge, after an interval of two years, and obtained it, with an annual pension of 1000 florins. He now went to live again at Weimar, but resolved to return to Russia, where his sons were educated in the Academy of Cadets, at St. Petersburg. Baron von Krudener, the Russian Ambassador at Berlin, gave him the necessary passport; but he was arrested on the Russian frontiers (April 1800,) and, without knowing for what reason, sent to Siberia.

A happy chance delivered him. A young Russian, of the name of Krasnopolski, had translated into the Russian language Kotzebue's little drama, "*The Body Coachman of Peter the Third*," which is an indirect eulogium of Paul I. The translation was shewn in MS. to the Emperor Paul, who was so delighted with the piece, that he immediately gave orders to fetch back the

author from his banishment, and distinguished him on his return with peculiar favour. Among other things he made him a present of the fine domain of the crown, of Worrokull, in Livonia; gave him the direction of the German theatre, and the title of Auric Counsellor. M. von Kotzebue has given a romantic account of his banishment, well known all over Europe under the title of "The most remarkable Year of my Life." After the death of Paul I. Kotzebue requested his discharge, and obtained it, with a higher title. He went to Weimar, where he lived a short time, and then to Jena. Various misunderstandings which he had with Goethe, vexed him so much, that he went in 1802 to Berlin, where he joined with Merkel to publish the Journal called *Der Freymuthige*. Kotzebue and Merkel wrote against Goethe and his adherents, Augustus, William Schlegel and Frederick Schlegel; and as M. Spazier, at that time editor of the "Journal for the Fashionable World," espoused the cause of the latter, there arose a very violent paper war. A more serious consequence of the misunderstandings between Kotzebue and Goethe was the removal of the Literary Journal of Jena to Halle, and the establishment of a new Literary Journal at Jena. In 1806 he went, for the purpose of writing the history of Prussia, to Königsberg, where he was allowed to make use of the archives. His work on the history of Prussia, published at Riga 1809, in four volumes, is certainly not an historical masterpiece, but deserves attention, particularly for the original documents printed in it. The year 1806, so unfortunate for the Prussian monarchy, obliged him to go to Russia, where he never ceased to combat the French and their Emperor with all the arms which a writer possessed of so much wit could command (particularly in his journal "*The Bee*"). The public in Germany were the more eager after his published works, as the French hardly permitted a free or bold expression to be uttered in Germany. As under these circumstances his political writings had excited a very high degree of attention, he appeared, on the great change in the political affairs of Europe in 1813, to be peculiarly qualified to maintain among the people their hatred of the French. Raised to the rank of Counsellor of State, he attended the Russian head-quarters, and published at Berlin a Journal, called "The Russian and German Journal for the People." In the year 1814, he went to Königsberg as Russian Consul-General in the Prussian dominions, where, besides several political pamphlets, comedies and little dramas, he wrote a history of the German Empire, which is said to be very partial. In 1816 he was placed as Counsellor of State in the Department of Foreign Affairs in St. Petersburg, and in 1817 received the commission to go to Germany, in order to send reports directly to the Em-

peror Alexander, *On the State of Literature and Public Opinion in Germany*. He settled, for this purpose, at Weimar, where he published at the same time a Literary Journal, in which he constituted himself judge of all writings in every branch of literature which he thought worthy of notice, and at the same time delivered his opinions on politics and on the spirit of the times in a manner which his opponents accuse of being in the extreme partial and illiberal. His Cossack-like tactics, say they, with which he made war on all liberal ideas, especially the wishes of the people for representative constitutions, freedom of the press, &c. in the name of sound reason, of which he fancied himself the representative, gained him great applause with a certain class of readers. But it drew upon him the indignation of no inconsiderable part of the nation, particularly the ardent minds of the German youth; and in this tendency of his latest literary labours, we must doubtless look for the chief cause of his violent and tragical death.

In the summer of 1818, M. von Kotzebue left Weimar, with his family, to recover his health in the baths of Pyrmont, passed on this journey through Francfort on the Maine, and chose afterwards Manheim for his place of residence. There he continued his literary and diplomatic labours, violently attacked, in his Literary Journal, the *Gymnastic Exercises, The Abuse of the Freedom of the Press, The Assemblies of the States, &c.* and incensed in a high degree the German students, by concluding his observations on the well known tumultuous scenes at Gottingen last year, with the following words: "Truly every father who casts an anxious look on his sons, would heartily thank that government which would set the example of banishing from its universities the *Licence of the Students*; for in this academical liberty, as it is called, more good heads and hearts are ruined than formed," &c.

Kotzebue possessed a very distinguished physiognomy. His person was of the middle size, and extremely well proportioned. His eye was sharp and penetrating, his countenance expressive; his whole manner shewed understanding, but also the consciousness of possessing. In him has perished a man remarkable for a versatility of talent which few have possessed in an equal degree. Whatever may have been the motives of his assassin, however the ardent mind of the youth may have been worked upon by fanaticism, the deed he has committed cannot be contemplated without the highest detestation.

GEORGE HENRY HARLOW.

This distinguished artist was born in St. James'-street, London, on the 10th June, 1787. His father, who had been many years in China, and ten a resident in Canton, in the exercise of commercial pursuits, died in

the month of February preceding; so that our Artist had the early misfortune to be a posthumous child. Thus upon his mother, a wife at the age of 15, and a widow at the age of 27, devolved the charge of six infants, of whom five were females, and the last a boy. It may easily be conceived how precious such a boy must have been to a parent so left to buffet with the world's business and cares. And it does appear, that the deepest anxiety for his future welfare, was ever one of the most governing passions of her life. With laudable foresight, and to induce habits of discipline and diligence in one without the control of a father, George was, when very young, sent to the school of Mr. Barrow, in St. John's Square. From thence he was removed to the academy of Mr. Roy, in Burlington-street, and in these two places received, we believe, all the scholastic education of which he was ever master. What literary improvement he afterwards made being entirely his own. While at Mr. Roy's that irresistible predilection for the art in which he became so distinguished, and which had evinced itself almost from the cradle, acquired an ascendancy so entirely engrossing his mind, as to lead him to despise or neglect other occupations. His mother, unhappy at the idea of her son devoting himself to a profession so exceedingly precarious as that of an artist, sought the advice of a Mr. Rush, a friend of the family. To this gentleman it was explained, that George, when only five years old, was never without the pencil in his hand; that when the rest of the family went to the theatre, or to other amusements, his sole delight was to be left at home with implements for drawing, and permission to use them; and that drawing, and nothing but drawing occupied his thoughts, and fired his soul; his pleasant toil by day, and his dream by night. Mr. Rush listened to the exposition, and gave at once the advice of a prudent man, and the aid of a true friend.

He was not misled by that scrawling propensity which is an imitative faculty, inherent in almost all children; but neither would he oppose a bent of genius apparently as natural as it was powerful, and as real as it was strong.

His counsel was, not to dissuade the boy from his favourite pursuit, but to afford him a fair trial, in order to ascertain if his love of the art was worth cultivating; or in other words, if instead of being a freak of immature judgment, it had its roots so deep as to defy every effort at removal. Of this experiment he took the expense upon himself, and George was (to his infinite satisfaction,) assigned as a student for one year, to the instruction of M. de Cort, a painter of landscapes, portraits, and occasionally, of animals. His pencil was minute, and his pictures generally laboured and hard, but his peculiar habits were far from being ill calculated for a beginner, who must be initiated

into all the toils of detail. Young Harlow's progress justified the anticipations of his friends. From De Cort, he went for twelve months to study under Mr. Drummond. During this period, so ardent was he in the search of knowledge—so anxious for improvement, that he absolutely resisted every effort to seduce him into the amusements generally so acceptable at his time of life. While with Drummond, the scholar, who had soon outstripped his master, became impressed with an enthusiastic admiration of Mr. (now Sir Thomas) Lawrence. The productions of that gentleman were the theme of his boundless panegyrics, and he longed to be like him, with all that intensity of desire which belongs to aspiring genius. In consequence of which an application was made to Mr. Lawrence, who consented to receive him as a pupil, by which phrase is meant, that he would, for the payment of a hundred guineas, annually, allow him free access to his house at nine o'clock in the morning and to copy his pictures till four in the afternoon, but give no instructions of any kind. Accordingly Harlow prosecuted this course for about 18 months, and worked with uncommon diligence, in adding the grace and flowing outline of his new master to the minute finish and broad manner of his two antecedent preceptors. So ardently did he thirst for fame that he has often been heard to say, "I do not want riches, I intend to paint for fame and glory." The whole life of this young man was of the same character, and we dwell upon it as a lesson to all who aspire to distinction in the arts, or indeed in any other pursuit. Mr. Harlow never studied at the Royal Academy: he used to say, that he could do more at home, where his attention was undivided, than even with all the advantages offered there, in the midst of so many others to distract it. About this time the house of Mr. Hamilton of Dean-street, was to let, and being every way fitted up for the accommodation of a painter, he secured it, and with his mother and family, removed into it, where she continued to reside until a short time before her death, which happened in the year 1809.

As it is our purpose rather to trace the artist, than the man, we will now briefly mention such matters as illustrate this subject. During his whole life, it was Mr. Harlow's custom to sketch at the moment every thought that occurred to him, and seemed deserving of being so embodied. He thus accumulated port folios of treasures, the materials for almost every emergency. A practice of collecting and, as it were, realizing ideas in this way, cannot be too much recommended, either to artists, or authors. His first Historical picture piece was Bolingbroke's entry into London, which was never exhibited. The first which was exhibited at the Royal Academy, (except the portrait of his mother) was the

Quarrel between Elizabeth and her favorite Essex, in which Majesty so far forgot itself as to strike a subject. We do not remember any other subject in the higher walks of art, between this, which was painted ten or twelve years ago, and the Hubert and Prince Arthur which was at the British Gallery about four years since. Indeed, we apprehend, from Mr. Harlow's not retaining the house in Dean-street, more than about seven years of this time, and other circumstances, that he was under some shade of pecuniary difficulties and eclipse. The picture, Hubert, which we have just mentioned, was painted for a Mr. Leader, at the price of only 100 guineas; and Mr. L. afterwards exchanged it with the Artist, for a subject of nearer domestic interest, the portraits of two of his daughters. The splendid picture of the Kemble family, in the characters of Katherine, King Henry, Wolsey, &c. was originally begun on a small scale, but the Artist became so enamoured of his theme as he proceeded, that he enlarged his plan, and produced the present admirable work, which he consigned to Mr. Welsh, the composer, for 100 guineas. The last great work exhibited by Mr. Harlow, was Christ healing the woman who had an issue of blood. It possessed great merit, though not on the whole so fine as some of his former efforts. Mr. H. obtained a well earned and high reputation by his unrivalled portraits upon a small scale. Those of Mr. West and Mr. Northcote will be long remembered as chef-d'œuvres. His talents seemed to be unbounded, and with the exception of landscape, we are not acquainted with any branch of the art in which he did not excel.

On the 22d of June, 1818, Mr. Harlow set out on a tour of improvement, to Italy; and re-landed at Dover the 13th of January 1819. This, but for its termination, was to him a fortunate and glorious journey. In Italy he made many friends, and received many honors from the various Academies. During this short interval of absence he made an entire copy of the Transfiguration, and executed a composition of fifteen figures of his own conception, which was at the request of the celebrated Canova publicly exhibited at his own house, and afterwards at the Academy of St. Luke's. These two pictures are shortly expected in England, and we congratulate the lovers of the Fine Arts on the treat awaiting them by their exhibition. Soon after Mr. Harlow's arrival in town he was seized with that malady which terminated his existence, which was the cynanche parotidea, or what is commonly called the mumps. At first it did not threaten any consequence more serious than a few days confinement at home, but perhaps from an anxiety to get rid of so unpleasant an external appearance, at an important period for active exertion, the disease was checked and thrown inward. It speedily assumed a

dangerous aspect, and at length ulcerated so as to preclude the possibility of administering nourishment of any kind, and even to prevent utterance. In this dreadful state he lay for several days, and expired on the 28th of January, 1819, in the 82d year of his age.

The remains of this distinguished Artist were buried in a vault of St. James' church, attended by his nearest relatives, and some of the eminent Artists of the present day. As a painter, we would rank Mr. H. in the very first place. To surprising variety of talent, he added the finest feeling for what was really captivating in the art. His taste was pure, and his genius great. Sometimes faulty in his drawing; his outline was free, flowing, and graceful; and his style of colouring rich and splendid. In composition the same innate feeling for what was delightful guided him, and in expression he fell short of no competitor. His faults when compared with his excellencies, were of the most trifling kind, and in a short time would all have been eradicated.

FRANCISCO MANUEL.

The celebrated Portuguese poet Francisco Manuel, died at Paris on the 23th ult. at the advanced age of 84. From his earliest youth he had successfully cultivated almost every branch of literature. Having profoundly studied the best Portuguese classical authors, his works were imbued with a portion of their beauties, and his literary productions helped to revive among his countrymen a taste for the noblest studies. His odes which are full of enthusiasm, are remarkable for bold traits and sublime flights of genius. In his translation of La Fontaine's Fables he overcame difficulties which were before thought insurmountable owing to his perfect knowledge of the French and Portuguese languages. Unfortunately, it is not with respect to talent only, that he may be compared to other celebrated poets; fame smiled more kindly on him than fortune. The Marquis de Marialva, the Portuguese ambassador to the French Court, whose kind patronage Manuel had long enjoyed, befriended him in his last illness, and afforded him all the assistance that might be expected from his benevolent disposition, and his love of literature and the fine arts.

Died.] In Baker street, Portman square, the Rt. Hon. Lady Elizabeth Drummond, widow of the late H. D., esq.—At his house, Maida Hill, J. D. Windeler, esq. 71.—In Beaumont street, St. Mary-le-bonne, J. Story, esq., formerly Lieut-colonel in the 21st Regt. of Foot.—At his house in Conduit street, Sir W. Farquhar, Bart., 81.—In Weymouth street, Anne Dowager Marchioness Townshend, relict of the most noble George, first Marquis Townshend, of Rainham hall, Norfolk.—In Euston square, John Horsley, esq. 77.—In Chancery lane, Frances, wife of Mr. G. Reynell.—In Russell place, Fitzroy sq., Matilda, fourth daughter

of E. Shaw esq.—In Green street, Grov-nor square, Mrs. Cook, 79—In great Ormond street, Anna Maria, fourth daughter of Sir Digby Mackworth, Bart., 17—In Cockspur street, Mr. R. Thompson, 65—In Tavistock street, Covent garden, Mr. R. Miles, 79—In Dean's Yard, Westminster, the Rev. W. Douglas, only son of the late

Dr. Douglas, Bishop of Salisbury, 51—E. Parratt, esq., clerk of the journals of the House of Peers, 71—Penelope, youngest and only surviving daughter of E. Were, esq., of Were's cot, Somerset, 20—On Ludgate Hill, Mr. R. Morgan, 29—At Brighton, W. Throckmorton, of Brook street, Grosvenor square.

PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES

IN THE COUNTIES OF ENGLAND, ARRANGED ALPHABETICALLY.

BEDFORDSHIRE.

Married.] At Bedford, Mr. Merry, printer, to Miss Jones.

Died.] Mrs. Higgins, widow of John H, esq. late of Turvey house.—At Bedford Mr J. Small, 60—At Milton house, near Bedford, E. Knight, esq.—At Ampthill, R. Johnson 93—Mrs. Jane Fossey, of Dunstable, 77.

BERKSHIRE.

Married.] At Kintbury, the Rev. F. W. Fowler, to Miss Emily Hallett, youngest daughter of W. H., esq. of Dentford house —W. Harbett, esq. of Chieveley, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Mr. Marson, of the same place.

Died.] At Kirtlington, Mr. Trafford, 79 —At Ildon, T. Browne, esq.—Mr. J. Clarke, of Rooknett, near Lambourne—At Reading Mr. Winkworth.

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

Died.] The Rev. N. Goldsborough, D. D., rector of Landerton.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

It appears by the University Calender for the present year, that the total number of members of this University, whose names are on the boards, is 3698, being 254 more than the preceding year, and an increase of 1,576 since 1804, when the number was, 2,122.

Births.] At Cambridge, the lady of C. P. Hodson, esq. of St. Peter's College of a son.

Married.] Mr. P. P. Bays, school-master of Cambridge, to Mary, eldest daughter of Mr. J. Jonson, of Chesterton—S. Jackson, esq. Captain in the 3rd Dragoons, to Frances, eldest daughter of the Rev. J. Cook, of Newton Hall, Northumberland—At Cambridge, J. Hayward esq. to Miss Aldred, of Yarmouth.

Died.] At Linton, the Rev. E. Fisher, rector of Duxford, St. Peter's, Cambridge, 90—Mr. J. Marshall, 50 years keeper of the Library Schools, &c. at Cambridge, 82 —At Long Stow Hall, Charlotte Ann, second daughter of the Rev. Dr. Thomas—Mr. R. Bishop of Cambridge—At Thrip-low, Ambrose Benning, esq. 93.

CORNWALL.

Several boats have already put to sea, and many more are fitting for the spring mackerel fishery in Mount's Bay. Eight hun-

dred, caught by one boat on Wednesday morning, sold at Penzance for three pence a piece. The Brixham boats, which convey these fish to the London market, have not yet made their appearance.

The landed interest of the sister counties of Devon and Cornwall have come to a resolution to erect an iron bridge across Hamoaze, similar to that at Sunderland in point of height, viz. 200 feet above the level of the sea, to admit the sons of Neptune passing under without striking their colours. In respect to arches, it will have the same number as the Southwark; the central one spanning the whole breadth of Hamoaze, the other two (under which the streets of Torpoint and New Passage will respectively pass) are for the sole purpose of obtaining a tolerably level road-way of 70 feet wide, including foot-ways of ten feet each. The name fixed on is "The Union Bridge," as the key-stone will unite the counties.

Births.] At Truro, Mrs. Moore of a daughter—At Pendavy house, the lady of J. Rennie, esq. of a daughter—At Falmouth, Mrs. J. Mitchell, of a daughter—At St. Colomb, Mrs. J. Truscott, of a daughter—At Trengwainton, the lady of Sir Rose Price, of a daughter—At Truro, the lady of Capt. Pengelly R. N., of a daughter—Mrs. Williams of a daughter—Mrs. T. Pierce of a son—Mrs. Lilly, of a son—Mrs. Hodgson, of a daughter—At Redruth, Mrs. Trevorah, of a son—At Camborne, the lady of the Rev. H. Rogers, of a daughter—At Bodmin, Mrs. Jenkins of a daughter.

Married.] At Myler, Mr. J. Hill, of Genans, to Miss Mary Goodfellow, of Rose Vale, in Myler—At Liskeard, M. Waller of Luton, to Miss Jane Ede—At Budick, T. H. C. Jones, esq. of Bangor, to Miss Nicholas—At Bodmin, M. J. Belling, to Miss Grace Fisher—At Falmouth, Mr. H. Brudford, to Mrs. Miller—R. S. Skues, of Helston, to Miss Noyl—At Stoke, the Rev. P. E. Trever, of Liskeard, to Miss Welch, of Plymouth Dock—At Creed, Mr. N. Oliver, of St. Germans, to Miss Henwood; of Truro—At St. Tudy, J. May, esq. of Luf-fenton, to Miss Hawke—At Redruth, Mr. R. Williams, to Miss Darket—At Falmouth, Mr. Eyre, to Miss Mayor.

Died.] At Lambizzo, near Truro, Jane, daughter of J. Wright, esq. 24—At Truro,

Mr. Sherale—At St. Mary's, Col. Geo. Vigoreux, Lieut. Governor of the Scilly Islands—At Musagun, Mr. R. Wilcot, 62—At Crowan, Miss Cardell, of St. Colomb, aged 19—At Redruth, Mr. Trevenna, 75—At Falmouth, Miss Michell—At Fowey, Jane, daughter of Mr. Whitford—At the same place, aged 17 years, esteemed and much lamented, Miss Puckey—At Padstow, Mr. J. Hodge, 68—At Copper House, Miss Vivian, 36—At Bodmin, Mr. Lewis Roscula, 75—At Penzance, Mrs. Eddy, 75—At Wakebridge, Mrs. Susan Brewer, 80—At Padstow, Mr. W. Courtenay, 84—At Launceston, John Bignell, esq. surgeon—At Topsham, Leonardus Aust, esq.

CUMBERLAND.

The shepherd of Mr. R. Robinson, of Helsington Laiths, near Kendal, went to view and count his master's flock. Finding one of the number to be wanting, and looking attentively for it, he at last heard a sheep bleat, when to his great surprise, he observed the poor animal at the top of an ash-tree covered with ivy, seven yards from the ground, from which elevated station it seemed to beg for immediate assistance. The shepherd being afraid to undertake the task himself, went home for the aid of his fellow servant, who, not giving credit to his account, at first refused to accompany him—but being at length prevailed upon to go, the sheep was brought in safely down from his perilous situation. *Carlisle Patriot.*

Henry Hall, esq. of Carlisle, on Easter Day, presented a very handsome service of Communion Plate to his native parish of Gilcrux.

Birth. At Keswick, the lady of Robert Southey, esq. poet laureate, of a son.

Married. At Carlisle, Mr. James Leighton, to Miss Jane Purvis—At Burgh, W. George Lawson, to Miss Lonsdale—At Kendal Mr. J. Wallas, to Miss Foxcroft—At Carlisle, Mr. W. Longhead, to Miss M. Burns—At Whitehaven, Mr. R. Wilson, to Miss Faulkener—At Kneadbright, Dr. Shard, to Mrs. Kennan—At Carlisle, Henry Tweddle, to Miss J. Richardson—At Lamplugh, Capt. J. Jenkinson, to Miss F. Jackson—At Carlisle, the Rev. W. Ponsonby, vicar of Urswick, near Ulverston, to Miss Ashburner.

Died. At Carlisle, Mr. Thomas Carrick, 91—At the same place, Mrs. Paley, relict of the Rev. Dr. Paley, 76—At Workington, Catherine, daughter of John Walker, esq. 20—At Greystoke, Mrs. Rudhouse, house-keeper of Greystoke Castle, 78—At Penrith, Mrs. Hogarth, 89—At Kirkland, Wm. Yates, esq.—At Whitehaven, Wm. Williamson, esq. 68—At Bridekirk, Mr. George Warton, 85—At Carlisle, Mrs. H. Nelson, 76.

CHESHIRE.

A decision was given lately at Alderley, by the Magistrates acting for this division, *NEW MONTHLY MAG.*—No. 64.

upon a question which is of considerable consequence to the lower classes of work-people in manufactories. It arose from a warrant having been obtained by Mr. Joseph Rowbotham, silk-manufacturer, of Sutton, against one of his work-people for absenting herself from her work, and leaving his service after having signed articles, such as are generally signed in different manufactories. The Magistrates wishing that all possible attention should be paid to the question, desired that Counsel's opinion might be taken as to the validity of such hirings; and they unanimously agreed with that opinion, that such hirings are valid, and that any persons having so hired themselves and afterwards absenting themselves from their work are liable, upon complaint being made by their masters, to be sent to the House of Correction.—*Macclesfield Courier.*

Chester Bridge.—No plan is yet definitively agreed to, with respect to the improvement of the present inconvenient and very dangerous structure. We see no necessity for so much time being lost, when all agree in the necessity of the undertaking.

Birha. At Harley Hall, the lady of the Rev. R. Egerton Warburton, of a son.—At Malpus, the lady of the Rev. P. Egerton, of a daughter—At Old Bank, the lady of Geo. Glanville, esq. of a daughter.

Married. At Malpus, Mr. John Done, of Larkton, to Miss Peers, of Barnhill—Mr. John Wheelton, to Mary, youngest daughter of the late Rev. James Winfield, of this county—Mr. Woodyen, of Grosvenor House, to Miss H. Pacey—At Chester, Mr. Samuel Jones, to Miss Briscoe—Mr. J. Venables, to Miss Hassel.

Died. At Congleton, Mrs. Harriet Watson—At Chester, Mrs. Henchman—R. Burton, esq. 74—At Nantwich, A. Clarkson, A. M. Chaplain to the Duke of Leeds—At Chester, Mr. Charles Tomlinson.

DERBYSHIRE.

Married. At Sutton on the Hill, Mr. George Eaton, of Castle Dorrington, to Miss Trussel.

DEVONSHIRE.

Several extensive improvements are said to be in contemplation at Plymouth. One of the most manifest utility to Plymouth, Stonehouse, and Dock, is the making the former an Assize town. A new street is planned from Nut-street to the Royal Hotel, with a square, in the centre of which a Monument to the memory of the late Princess Charlotte is designed to be erected.

The *Plymouth Telegraph* says—"The mania for emigration, we regret to state, still continues, and every vessel that quits the shores of England for the United States is overburthened with British passengers. There are several ships now in this port, thus freighted, which await only a favourable wind. On board one of them is a farmer, called Williams, of the parish of Botes Fleming, with his wife and ten children. It is really lamentable to view the

indifference with which Government regards the emigrations. If we have a redundant population, and there be no means of support for the surplus in towns or cities, would it not be wise in Ministers to *colonize* some of the desolate wastes which deform various parts of the united kingdom? There is room enough and to spare for such colonies, and we should thereby increase our national strength, and be enabled to keep our people at home, instead of seeing them enlist into the ranks of our enemies."

A handsome silver vase, weighing above 100 ounces, and manufactured by a London artist, has been presented to A. G. C. Tucker, esq. of Ashburton, by the Devon County Club. It bears the following inscription:—"Presented to Andrew G. C. Tucker, by the Devon County Club, in testimony of its grateful admiration of his splendid talents so happily exerted in the cause of civil and religious liberty, A.D. 1819."

A young man of the name of Woodward, a resident of Exeter, who was present at the execution of the two capital convicts in that city lately, was so shocked at the sight when the men were turned off, that he complained of a sudden pain at his heart, when he returned home immediately, and died a few hours after.

Birth.] At Plymouth, lady Williams of a daughter.

Married.] At Plymouth, W. Brush, esq. to Miss A. Ashplant—At Heanton, Thomas Dennis, esq. to Miss Leyloe—At Littleham, near Exmouth, W. Hickey, esq. to Miss F. J. Gilbert—Capt Leabett to Miss Evans.

Died.] At Ugbrook Park, the Hon. Charlotte Langdale, wife of the Hon. Charles Langdale, of Knighton, Yorkshire, 23—The Rev. Henry Brindley, vicar of Holcome Burnel—Henry Charles, only son of Wm. Butt, esq. of Melville Hall—At Eggesford House, Devon, the Hon. Frances Fellowes, wife of the Hon. Newton Fellowes—At Exeter, Thomas, third son of Mr. William Purdue, 25—At Lifton, Roger Wollacombe, esq. R. A—At Huxham, Miss Walround, 67—The Rev. R. Strode, of Newenham—At Exeter, Mrs. Roberts, 85—At Taunton, Mrs. M. L. Cogan—At Plymouth, Mrs. Bleacher—At Eaglesford House, the Hon. Frances Fellowes, wife of the Hon. Newton Fellowes—At Plymouth, G. Graham, 7th Dragoon Guards—At Southmolton, Mr. Thorne, 18—At Exmouth, G. Lloyde.

DORSETSHIRE.

As two labourers were digging in a field, for the purpose of planting potatoes, at Fontmel, Dorset, at the edge of one of the launchets, about a foot deep, they found an earthen pot, containing a large quantity of silver coins, of the reigns of Edward VI. James I. Charles I. and Elizabeth, with a few of older date, amounting together to several hundreds, which they sold to Mr.

Edward Barrett, silversmith, at Blandford. Many of the coins were in a high state of preservation, and afforded a rare treat to the admirers of antiquity in the neighbourhood.

Married.] At Wyke Regis, J. Winter, esq. to Miss Bruce.

Died.] At Broadway, Mary, the wife of J. Balston, esq. 60—At Stoke Abbots, the Rev. Maurice Uphill Hopkins, M.A., 37 years curate of that parish—At Marshalsea, Mr. J. King, 76.

DURHAM.

Births.] Mrs. Collinson, wife of the Rev. J. Collinson, of Gatehead, of a daughter—At Durham, the wife of Mr. T. White, of her thirteenth daughter.

Married.] At Darlington, Mr. Horner, to Miss Wilson, both of that place—At Stockton, Mr. Robert Burgess, to Miss M. A. Browne.

Died.] At Barnard Castle, Mrs. Windale, 90—At Chester-le-street, Mr. Robson, of Plawsworth Mill, to Miss Walton, of Chester Turnpike Gate.

ESSEX.

Birth.] The lady of John Jolliffe Tufnell, esq. of a son.

Married.] Mr. John Camp, jun. of Waltham Cross, Herts. to Ann, youngest daughter of Mr. G. Barnes, Waltham Abbey—At Layton, Mr. J. Hill, of Paradise-row-forest, to Miss Mary Ann Addinall, second daughter of Robert Addinall, esq. of Selby, Yorkshire—At Dovercourt, John Ambrose, esq. of Copford, to Miss Living.

Died.] At Dunmow, the Rev. T. Butterfield, vicar of Norton, 68—At Manningtree, Henry Nunn, esq. 77—Mr. Prance of the Horse and Groom, Bocking—At Rayne, Catherine Woodroffe, of Oakley, Surrey—At Finchfield, Mrs. Hall, 99.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

Spade Labour.—Mr. W. Crowther, of Somerville Aston, Gloucestershire, states in the last Number of *The Farmer's Journal*, that manual labour by the spade (which has been ridiculed by many as theoretical and visionary is not only practicable but profitable, and if more generally adopted, would be the means of finding employment for our accumulating population. As an evidence of the fact, he has this year 110 acres of ley wheat, for which the land was prepared by manual labour only, drilling excepted, and a slight harrowing to cover the seed. He has also thirty acres of land, which, four years ago, was old unproductive sward, and when labourers became so plentiful, he brought it into cultivation by manual labour only, and has so continued it ever since, without any beast of draught being employed upon it, except for cartage and to drill and harrow.

Birth.] At Withington, Mrs. Edwards, of a son and heir.

Married.] At Clifton, Cam Gyde Heaven, Esq. to Ann Knight, late of St.

John's, Newfoundland—Wm. Bowren, esq. to Grace Eliza Gourly, of Shirehampton—At Clifton, George Seddon, esq. of London, to Lydia, only daughter of I. Cooke, esq. of Bristol—At Alkmond's, Shrewsbury, Mr. Benjamin Bromley, of Hencott, to Mrs. Ann James, of the former place—At St. Chad's, Shrewsbury, Mr. T. Howell, to Miss Ramsbotham, both of that town; and the Rev. Marshal Claxton, to Miss Deason—Mr. Venables, to Mary, eldest daughter of Mr. Hassall, banker, of Whitechurch—The Rev. Charles Winnington, to Arabella Elizabeth, eldest daughter of R. Thornton Heysham, esq. of Stagenhoe Park, Herts—Mr. A. Harris, second son of G. Harris, esq. of Oatlands, to Mary, only daughter of John Beat, esq. of Kidderminster—At Gloucester, R. Hurd Lucas, esq. to Miss Small, of Clifton Hall, Bucks—T. Dennis, esq. of Barnstable, to Miss S. Taleo, youngest daughter of the late Wm. Taleo, esq. of Chalford—At Cheltenham, Capt. Thos. Alexander Cooper, to Charlotte, second daughter of D. Maidland, esq.

Died.] Robert, the infant son of R. Jenkins, esq. of Charlton-hill—At Shrewsbury, Mr. S. Scoltock, 81—Mr. Bryan, 70—Ceaser Colclough Armett, esq. Major in his Majesty's 25th regiment of foot—James Gilbert, esq. late of Lancille Hall, Herefordshire—Sarah Ruth, third daughter of T. Biston, esq. of Neach Hill, near Shiffnal—At Painswick, Sophia, wife of Mr. Wollen, surgeon—At North Nibley, Henry, youngest son of the late Mr. R. Barton—In St. Mary's-square, Gloucester, Mrs. Cheston, 80—At Gloucester, Mrs. Hannah Evans, 66—At Clifton, Elizabeth Francis, wife of Wm. Ogle Wallis Ogle, esq. of Causey Park, Northumberland—At Sion Hill, George Wales, esq.

HAMPSHIRE.

Married.] At Hamble, the Hon. Fred. Lumley, second brother to the Earl of Scarborough, to Jane, second daughter of the late Admiral Bradley.

Died.] At Upton Grey, Charlotte, youngest daughter of the late Stephen Cosser, esq. of Mill-street, Westminster, 19—At Portchester Frances Mary, eldest daughter of Wm. Singling, esq. of Southampton—At Lymington, Mr. J. George, of Romsey, 60.

HEREFORDSHIRE.

Married.] At Kington, John Morgan, esq. of Glasbury, Radnorshire, to Winifred, third daughter of J. Meredith, esq. of the former place—On Saturday last, at St. Paul's, Walden, Hertfordshire, the Rev. Charles Fox Winnington, to Arabella Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Rob. Thornton Heysham, esq. of Stagenhoe Park, Hertfordshire.

Died.] Mr. Edward Jones, of Hereford—At the same place, Mary Sophia, youngest daughter of Mr. Luke Edwards, 26—At St. Leonard's, Mrs. Jones—Mrs. Cheese, relict of Mr. Edmund Cheese, of Lyons-hall, 84.

HANTS.

At the Winchester Assizes, damages of 970*l.* were obtained against the proprietors of the Express Coach between Gosport and London, by the upsetting of which the plaintiff, Mr. Devereux, had two compound fractures of the leg.

Birth.] At Fawley, the lady of the Rev. Luke Gasker, of a daughter.

Died.] At Winchester, Mr. George Cape, clerk at the bank, Shaftesbury, 17; Mrs. Thomas, wife of Mr. Thomas, some years since Vicar of the Cathedral—At Winchester, Lady Drummond.

HUNTINGDONSHIRE.

Died.] At Voxley, Mr. John B. Hunt, 73—At Huntingdon, Mr. John Watson, father of Mr. Watson, surgeon, Twickenham, 85.

KENT.

A very considerable seizure was made lately by the Surveyors of Customs at Dover, upon the persons of two passengers who were just going to depart the kingdom in a French vessel. It consisted of belts or girdles, made in the shape of stays, in which were contained 3800 guineas!

Births.] The Viscountess Folkestone, of a daughter.

Married.] At Rochester, Lieut. Col. W. Pasley, to Miss M. M. Roberts—At Lydd, W. King, esq. of Brookland, to Maria Terry, of Lydd—At Dover, Mr. R. Baker, to Miss E. Richards—At Canterbury, Mr. R. Dyason, to Miss M. Mutton—At Staplehurst, Mr. Church, surgeon, to Miss Spring—At Chatham, Mr. Lutton, to Miss Horne, of the same place—At Sittingbourne, Jas. Vallance, esq. to Miss C. A. Plestow—At Folkestone, Mr. E. Laws, to Miss W. Fordred—At Faversham, Mr. W. Hart, to Miss Oliver—At Sittingbourne, Mr. J. Watson, to Miss Broadbridge—At Folkestone, Mr. J. Crugling Magir, to Miss F. Wrought.

Died.] At Ramsgate, John Fleming, esq. 52—At Rochester, Mr. T. Boucher, 23—At Stroud, Mrs. Monson, aged 94—At Maidstone, Mrs. Powell—At Lenham, Mrs. Munn, 84—At Arcliffe Fort, Dover, Miss M. A. France, 14—At Folkestone, Mr. J. Spicer, 74—At Canterbury, Mr. Solput—At Canterbury, Mrs. White—At Folkestone, Mr. G. Taylor, 25—At Canterbury, Miss Goldfinch—At Canterbury, G. Denne, esq.—At Tenterden, [Mr. W. Bishop—At Eltham, Mrs. Mary Fisher, 62—At Rye, J. Woollet, esq.—At Maidstone, Mrs. Dowling—At Margate, Miss Russell—At Canterbury, Mr. K. Skinner, 74.

LANCASHIRE.

Birth.] At Malpas, the Lady of the Rev. P. Egerton, of a daughter.

Married.] At St. Anne's Church, Liverpool, William Purser, eldest son of Thos. Frene, esq. to Ann Triphosa, only daughter of the late W. Doll, esq.—At Manchester, Miss Lawson, eldest daughter of Mr. Ro-

bert Lawson, of Chirnside.—Mr. J. Phoenix, to Miss Williams.—At Manchester, Mr. Webb, of Winslow, to Miss Anne Hodgson.—Mr. J. Stanley Balls, to Miss Caroline Andrews.—J. Gunner, esq. of Liverpool, to Miss Webster, of Grove Cottage.—At Liverpool, W. J. Buchanan, to Miss Margaret Smith.

Died.] At Prescott, Mr. Edward Roberts.—At Wigan, the Rev. Thomas Tate.—At Ashton Hall, near Lancaster, Mr. George Wormack, 58.—At Stockport, Mr. P. Wild.—At Liverpool, Elias Joseph, esq. 64.—At Manchester, Mrs. Walker.

LEICESTERSHIRE.

Births.] At Misterton House, the lady of Richard Gough, esq. of a daughter.

Married.] At Leicester, the Rev. Thos. Davies, of Atherstone, to Mrs. Nutt, of Granby-str. Leicester.—At Loughborough, Mr. Fosbrooke, jun. surgeon, to Miss Patchett.—At Belgrave, Sir Chas. Payne to Miss Fanny Richardson.—At the same place, Mr. C. Baldock to Miss Newly.

Died.] At Welford Mr. W. Smith, son of the late John Smith, 63.—At Leicester, J. Chamberlain, esq. 81.—At Great Wigston, Mrs. Earp, 74.

LINCOLNSHIRE.

A dreadful accident occurred at Sauce-
thorpe, near Spilsby, in this county, which
led to the death of a respectable woman, and
the consequent commitment of the son of an
opulent farmer to Lincoln Castle. Two
persons, named Grummitt and Ailsby, quar-
relled violently at the public-house in
Sauce-thorpe, and the former having seized
the fire poker to return a blow which he
had received from the latter, in the act of
furiously brandishing it over his head,
struck Mrs. Robinson, the landlady, just
above one eye, and the poker penetrating
her skull, caused her death before surgical
assistance could be obtained.

Lately, a farmer of North Willingham,
in this county, was attacked by a fierce bull,
who got him down, broke his right thigh in
two places, and his collar bone, and tore
out his bowels. The poor man survived
but a few hours.

Married.] At Stanton, Mr. Cartwright,
of Marchomley, to Miss Harris, of Stanton.
—At Spalding Mr. B. Barnby to Miss L. B.
Atkin.—At Lincoln, Mr. T. Cordukes to
Miss E. Burden.

Died.] At Botham, J. T. Bell, esq. 30
years town clerk of the corporation of Lin-
coln.

MONMOUTH.

Died.] At Wonaston, near Monmouth,
Mrs. Lidia Jones.—Mrs. Butler, of Caer-
leon, 79.

NORFOLK.

Married.] Mr. W. Haws, of Diss, to Eli-
zabeth, eldest daughter of Mr. Geo. Shaw,
of Tivershall, St. Mary.—At Aungay, Mr.

Cook to Miss Owles.—At Thetford, R. H.
Dee, esq. to Miss Otley.—At Swaffham, Mr.
J. Goodrich to Miss Gray.

Died.] Mr. John Adis, of St. George's,
Norwich, 68.—Miss Ann Cole, youngest
daughter of Pennel Cole, esq. surgeon.—At
Heacham, Mrs. M. Cobb, sister of F. Cobb,
esq. banker, of Margate.—Mary Annie An-
drews, 22.—Edw. Copping, esq. 88.—At
Ellingham, Mr. Lacey, 75.—At Swaffham,
Mr. S. Colls, 46.

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

Births.] At Guilshorrough Grange, the
lady of John Ward, esq. of a daughter.

Married.] Mr. H. F. Elm, of London, to
Miss Sarah Chapman, third daughter of
Mr. Wm. Chapman, of Orton Lodge.—At
Belgrave, Sir Chas. Payne, bart. to Fanny
Richardson.—At Daventry, the Rev. T. Bar-
naby, jud. M. A. of Misterton, Leicesters-
hire, to Sarah, youngest daughter of the
late Andrew Meires, esq. of the former place.

Died.] At Boltham, Jas. Thos. Bell, esq.
59.—At Northampton, Wm. Gates, gent. 76.
—At Blisworth, Mr. Cave, 86.—At Astrop,
Mrs. Goodwin, wife of Mr. Goodwin, sur-
geon, 74.—At Weekley, Mr. S. Potter, 37.
—At Daventry, Mr. Carpenter, 82.—At Pe-
terborough, the lady of Wm. Squire, esq.—
At Moulton, Mr. W. Chown, school-mas-
ter, 65.—At Holdenby, Mr. John Wright,
76.—At Cold Ashby, Mr. Sharpe, 82.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

Married.] At Hexham, Mr. Geo. Carr
to Mrs. Farrow, both of that place.—At
Rothbury, Lieut.-colonel Judgson, of Car-
terside House, to Miss Mary Anderson.

Died.] At Leazes, near Hexham, Mrs.
Sparke, relict of Isaac Sparke, esq. of Sun-
derland, 23.—At the Lee, Rothbury Forest,
Mr. John Cruthers, 75.—At Kingswood,
Mrs. Ann Liddell, 85.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.

On Saturday se'night, the first stone of
the new Church intended to be erected at
Rugeley, was laid. Viscountess Anson, at
the earnest request of the committee, per-
formed the ceremony. A numerous at-
tendance of the neighbouring gentry took
place, and the scene was witnessed by a large
concourse of spectators.

Births.] At Ossington, the lady of J.
Denison, esq. of a son.—At Cowper Farm,
near Blyth, the lady of A. Watts, esq. of a
daughter.

Married.] At Plumtree, the Rev. J. Burn-
side to Miss Thompson.—At Newark, the
Rev. J. Heckling to Mrs. Potts.—At Not-
tingham, Mr. Harrison to Miss Jeffreys.

Died.] At Nottingham, Mr. J. Lee, 23.
—Mrs. Radford.—At Nottingham, Mr.
Johnson.—Mrs. Mary Broadhurst.—At
Balderton, Mrs. Lock, 82.—At Nottingham,
Miss Kirk, 24.—At Highfield, near Not-
tingham, M. A. Lowe.—At Hexley Hall,
Mrs. Anna Greaves.

OXFORDSHIRE.

A more extraordinary instance of the fecundity of a cow, than the following, we believe is not on record:—She produced in July, 1815, five calves; in May, 1816, three ditto; in March, 1817, three ditto; in May, 1818, two ditto; and in April, 1819, three ditto; making together 16 in the space of four years. The skins of the first five are preserved; the three last are living, and considered by judges to be very fine ones. This prolific animal was bred by Mr. Michael Williams, of Old Shifford farm, near Bromton, in this county, and is now in his possession.—*Oxford Paper.*

Married.] Sir Jacob Asley, bart. of Melton Constable, Norfolk, to Georgiana Caroline, youngest daughter of Sir H. Dashwood, bart. of Kirlington Park.

Died.] At his lodgings, Balliol College, the Right Rev. John Parsons, D.D. Lord Bishop of Peterborough, 58.—Edward Good, esq. of Attington, 71.—At Woodstock, James, third son of Mr. Churchill, 80.—At Oxford, F. Townsend, esq.

RUTLANDSHIRE.

Died.] At Oakham, the Rev. H. Field.

SHROPSHIRE.

A Shropshire pig was lately slaughtered at Kirkby Lonsdale, fed by Mr. Lodge, chandler, which measured in length from the snout to the root of the tail, seven feet; its girth was seven feet eight inches; its weight, including the reidings, 65st. 5lbs. (14lbs. to the stone), and was sold for 23l.

Birth.] At Acton Burnell, the lady of Sir E. J. Smyth, of a son.

Married.] At Whittington, Mr. Robert Bowen, of Preschenley, 19, to Mrs. Ruth Morris, 65.—Mr. I. Verables, Shrewsbury, to Miss Hassal.

Died.] At Frankton, J. W. Burlton, esq.

SOMERSETSHIRE.

Ilchester Gaol.—As a proof of the admirable management and useful employment of the prisoners in this gaol, the assize courts at Taunton afforded the pleasing exhibition of two cloth covers for the counsel and attorneys' tables in each court, entirely manufactured by the prisoners in this gaol from the staple in the pack, through the different processes of picking, sorting, combing, carding, spinning, weaving, and dying, to the greatest perfection. The cloths are dark blue; and the centre of each bears the following inscription, worked in yellow silk: "Manufactured by the Prisoners in Ilchester Gaol, 1819."

Married.] At Wetham, James de Visme, esq. to Charlotte Chatfield, of Deptford.—At Bath, W. Bowrin, esq. to Miss G. E. Gourly, of Shirehampton.—At Bridgewater, M. R. Hodge to Miss Grabham.

Died.] At Bath, Eliza, eldest daughter of the Rev. F. Gardiner, A. M. rector of Combhay.—The Rev. Thomas How, rector of Huntspill, 61.—At Bath, S. Lott, esq. of Honiton.—At Wincanton, Mrs. Hawkins,

wife of the Rev. F. H. rector of Buckhorn Weston, Dorset.—At Wivelscombe, Mrs. Hancock.—At Bath, George Watts, esq.—The Rev. Anthony Pyne, rector of Pitney and Kingsweston.—At Bruton, Mr. Saunders, surgeon.—At Frome, Mr. John Ford.—Dulcibella, relict of the Rev. Chorley Manley, vicar of Bradford.—At Bruton, the Rev. R. Goldesbrough, D.D. rector of Sanderton, Bucks.—Mrs. M. L. Cogan, Taunton, 72.—Mr. Daniel May, 71.—On Sion Hill, Henry Pilot, esq. late major in the 31st regt. 79.—On St. James's Parade, Richard, son of Mr. Phillips, of the Customs of Bristol, 18.—At Bristol, Mrs. Ro'e, relict of the late J. C. R. esq.—Martha, relict of the late Capt. T. Williams, 64.—Mrs. M. Mills, 69.—At Mells, Anne, wife of Jos. Fussell, esq.—Jordin, sixth son of Mr. Arthur Palmer, of Park row, Bristol.

STAFFORDSHIRE.

Potters' Clay, &c.—Clay and other materials for the potter's use have been found on the Halkin mountains, particularly a porcelain clay, which the analysis of able chemists and the trials of some of the most eminent potters prove to be most valuable. There is an abundant supply of it; and in a very short time the Staffordshire potters will reap considerable advantages from its introduction: for, from its locality, it will be afforded to them at a cheaper rate than the materials for which it is to be substituted, though possessing superior qualities.—There is also a quarry of silicious rock abounding in organic impressions, from which several pair of mill-stones have been formed and worked for some few months, and are found to answer all the purposes of French Burrs.

Births.] At Greencroft, the wife of Capt. Alex. Innes, of a daughter.—At Newcastle, the wife of Capt. Bradshaw, of a daughter.

Married.] The Hon. F. Lumley, second brother to the Earl of Scarborough, to Jane, second daughter of the late Admiral Bradley.

Died.] At Yoxall Lodge, Francis, son of the Rev. Thomas Gisborne.—At Glasshouse Bridge, Capt. Ogle.—J. Dickenson, esq. coroner for the county of Staffordshire.—At Stafford, Mr. Hubbard, 96.

SUFFOLK.

Married.] James Purr, esq. of Old Newton, to Sophia Alice, daughter of the Rev. John Casborne, late vicar of Old Newton.—At Hadleigh, Mr. John Ellisden, to Miss Ann Williams, daughter of Mr. J. W.—At Lewis, Mr. Thomas Shewell, of Ipswich, to Maria, only daughter of W. Martin, esq. of the former place.

Died.] The Rev. Charles Steggall, rector of Wyverstone and Westhorpe.—At Needham, Mrs. Gurley, relict of Peter G. esq. of the island of St. Vincent.—At Halesworth, the Rev. Thomas Barker, curate of Gillingham and Rishangles.—At Bradfield, Mrs. F. Bruce, 95.

SURREY.

Birth.] At Wootton Rectory, the Hon. Mrs. Boecawen of a son.

Married.] At Little Bookham, J. Haviland, Esq. M. D. to Louisa, youngest daughter of the late Rev. G. Pollen, of Bookham—At Christ Church, Surry, J. H. Browning esq. of Paglesham Hall, to Miss Sarah Gould.

Died.] At West Horsley, the Rev. Weston Fullerton.—At Gilling, near Richmond, Mr. Mason—At Boleyn's, Miss Mawbey—At Newington, Mrs. Rachael Hooper.

SUSSEX.

The Earl of Abergavenny has generously granted to the Overseers of Chailey, Sussex, about 40 acres of waste land for cultivation, and to give employment to such of the poor of that Parish as are destitute of other work.

Singular Fact.—The lovers of natural history may find amusement in the following article:—Mr. Gray, of Tower-street, Chichester, has at this time in his possession a hawk and a pigeon, both of which, for some months past, have been together in a small garden. From docimiliary treatment, their natural antipathies are quite obliterated, and the pigeon is completely master of his companion, which he never fails to evince, if at any time the latter encroach on his demesne.

Married.] At Seddlescomb, Mr. T. Taylor, of Cranbrook to Miss Adee—At Chichester, J. Newman, esq. to Eliza Frances Middleton.

Died.] At Bognor, Robert Long, only son of Mr. R. Long, of the Black Boy, in the Soke, 28.—At Brighton, Wm. Throckmorton, esq. brother to Sir John Throckmorton, bart.—At Hastings, Col. Herries, of the Light Horse Volunteers, London, 74.—At Patcham, Mrs. M. Hamshaw, 65.—At Dartford, R. Wilkes, esq.

WARWICKSHIRE.

The inhabitants of Coventry have petitioned against the Bill for altering the Law of Settlement, on the ground that the alteration proposed will have the effect of burdening manufacturing places with a disproportionate number of poor. The city of Hereford is about to petition on the same subject.

Births.] At Warwick, the Lady of Peter F. Laurd, M. D. of a daughter.—Mrs. C. G. Wynne, of a son.—At Broomsgrove, the wife of J. Richardson, labourer, of four fine female children.

Married.] At Leamington, Mr. Potterton, of Boughton, to Mrs. Smith, of the 'Ormer place.—At Birmingham, George Braithwait Lloyd, Banker, to Mary, eldest daughter of the late John Petty Dearman.—At Edgbaston, Mr. Timmins, to Miss Fanny Huntingdon.—Mr. G. Perry of Birmingham, to Miss Jane Moreton, of Wolverhampton.

Died.] At Birmingham, Mr. M. Harold.—At Birmingham, Mr. J. Watson, surgeon, 66.—At Birmingham, Mr. J. Healy, 69.

WILTSHIRE.

That most useful undertaking, the North Wilts Canal, being completed, the Committee of Management proceeded on Friday the second instant, in their barge, to open the same for Navigation. During their progress, from its commencement at the Wilts and Berks Canal, near Swindon, to its termination in the Thames and Severn Canal, at Latton, near Cricklade, they inspected the various works, and were highly satisfied at the very able and substantial manner in which they had been constructed under the direction of Mr. Whitworth, the company's engineer. The fineness of the weather, added to the importance of the occasion, brought forth an immense concourse of spectators, who, by their repeated acclamations, seemed fully to appreciate the auspicious event. When we reflect on the great utility of competition in the supply of that article of prime necessity, fuel, we cannot too much applaud the spirited exertions of the projectors of this work, who have at length, succeeded against a strong and interested opposition, in establishing a regular and efficient communication, by which the abundant progress of the Gloucestershire mines may be conveyed to some of their most natural Markets, the vales of Wilts and Berks, and the populous districts on the banks of the Thames, in exchange for the grain and commercial articles brought from the Metropolis along that river.—We trust the final success in cutting this little canal is an earnest of that which will attend another important scheme, which, though it has for sometime been dormant, is by no means abandoned, and by which, if carried into effect, the two great cities of London and Bristol would no longer be dependent for the interchange of their commerce on the uncertain navigation of a river or the tedious and expensive conveyance on a turnpike road.

Births.] At Winslade, the Lady of the Rev. J. Orde, of a Son.—At East Knoyle, the Lady of Sir W. G. Parker, bart. of a daughter.—The Lady of the Rev. E. Vincent, of a son.

Married.] C. Streater, esq. of Headley, to Mrs. E. Lane, widow.—At Salisbury, R. Ricardo, esq. to Miss C. Lobb, of Southampton.

Died.] At his seat, Earle Stoke Park, Joshua Smith, esq. late Member for Devizes, 86.—At Salisbury, Mary, widow of George Yalden Fort, esq.—At West Harnham, John second son of Mr. Wm. Drew, of the Three Crowns, 25.—At Charlton, the Rev. Thos. Howell.—At Salisbury, Mr. H. Jeffrey, chemist, 52.—Mr. W. Beake, of Castle-Combe.—At Lacock, the Rev. H. Brindley, rector of Calloes.—The Rev. C. Tahourdin, rector of Stoke Charity.—The Lady of Dr. Makie, of Salisbury.—The Rev. A. Stumphausen.—At Salisbury, Ann, wife of the Rev. J. A. Good.—Mr. J. Maslin of Chisenbury.

WORCESTERSHIRE.

Amongst the petitions lately presented to the House of Commons, is one rather of a novel kind, viz. from the *Labourers in Husbandry*, of the county of Worcester, praying "that some means might be adopted to enable them to live by their labour, and thus prevent their deriving their bread from the alms of the parish."

Births.] At Upton Warren, the wife of Joseph Richardson, of four fine girls.

Married.] At Worcester, Archibald Cameron, esq. to Mary, youngest daughter of the late W. H. Roberts, D.D.—Adonijah Harris, to Miss Mary Best, only daughter of J. Best, esq. of Kidderminster—Jas. Bourne, esq. of Tansley Hall, to Mary Anne, third daughter of the late Rev. — Cartwright, vicar of Dudley—Thomas Turner Roberts, esq. of Horsham, to Jane, youngest daughter of the late Dr Cameron—At Blockley, the Rev. Elisha Smith—At Popple, R. Lucas, esq. to Miss Small—At Worcester, Mr. G. Sheffield, to Miss Anne Price.

Died.] At Worcester, the Rev. Samuel Oldnoll, A.M.—At Blyth Hall, Mrs. Dugdale, 85—Mr. William Coates, late organist of Stourport—At Bewdly, Elizabeth, daughter of the late T. Sheward, esq.—At Macclesfield, Mrs. Lomas—At Kenwick, near Worcester, Mrs. Storer, 38.

YORKSHIRE.

As Mr. Otley, steward to J. Wharton, esq. of Skelton Castle, was walking over part of the estate yesterday se'night, he was greatly surprised by seeing a covey of young partridges, which might, from appearances, have been hatched three or four days.

From all parts abroad we hear of markets being overstocked with English goods. Melancholy news from Leeds of the state of the woollen trade: the first Tuesday of the month is usually the great day of business there, and on which so many as 20,000 pieces have been sold—last Tuesday only seventy were disposed of! Numbers of workmen are idle, and the little masters equally distressed.

Emigration.—One of the largest factories in Yorkshire, situated at Leeds, erected by Messrs. Clayton and Gorside, at the expense of 80,000*l*. for the manufacture of flax, canvas, linen, &c. has been closed, and several hundreds of hands in consequence turned out of employment. It is said to be the intention of the late proprietor, Mr. Gorside, to remove to the United States, where, in the vicinity of New York, he intends carrying on similar manufactures, on an extensive scale.

Births.] At Heaslewood, Mrs. Pease, the lady of J. R. Pease, esq. of a son and heir—At York, Mrs. Milner, of a daughter.

Married.] At Ting, near Leeds, the Rev. P. Robinson, A.M. of Dudley, to Miss Harriet Maynard—At Hull, Mr. William Atkinson, to Miss Mary Denton—At Beverly, Mr.

B. Dalton, to Mrs. Shepherd—At Bingly, the Rev. A. Clarkson, to Miss E. C. Wilcock—At Rippon, Mr. J. Berry, to Christiana Theakstone.

Died.] At Leeds, Wm. Hey, esq. F.R.S. 82—At Towler Mill, Mr. Cuthbert Colling, 93—At Stokesley, Lieut. Thos. Dowell, R.N.—At Hull, Mr. T. Moss, 21—At Ferriby, Mr. J. Watson, 64—At Swanland, near Hull, Henry Sykes, esq. 19—At Great Grimsby, Mr. T. Burton—At Hull, Mr. J. Marshall—At Flamborough, Mr. Riley, 38—At Hull, the infant son of J. W. Henley, esq.—At Walton, W. H. the youngest son of Mr. Jackson—At Hull, Miss H. Bailey—At Would Newton, W. Coulson, esq.—At Selby, Mrs. Proctor, 97—At Hull, Mr. Oliver, 28—At Hull, Mrs. Skipworth.

WALES.

The gentlemen, clergy, and inhabitants of Ruthin have petitioned Parliament against the erection of a bridge at Conway, stating that the cost will be 200,000*l*.; and that one-tenth of that sum would complete a better communication by another route.

Births.] The lady of Thos. Jones, esq. of Plas Grona, near Wrexham, of a son—At Madrim vicarage, Carmarthenshire, the lady of the Rev. J. Jenkins, of a son.

Married.] At Builth, Mr. J. Palmer, to Margaret Ann, only daughter of Mr. J. Jones, of Builth—Lewis Jones, esq. of Ynis-y-borde, near Llandovery, to Miss Sarah Jones, of Llan-y-Crwys, Carmarthenshire—Mr. David Lewis, master of the ship George, to Ann, eldest daughter of the late Capt. T. Ellis, of Aberlavery—T. Lloyd, esq. of Coedmore, to Charlotte, youngest daughter of the late Capt. Langcroft, R.N.—Mr. T. H. Jones, fifth son of the late H. Jones, esq. of Llynnon, Anglesea, to Elizabeth, third daughter of the late T. Nicholas, esq. of Trenorth, Cornwall—At Wrexham, J. Willan, esq. to Miss Seraphina Jones—At Llanvigon, near Brecon, Mr. D. Lewis, of Penhow, Monmouthshire, to Sarah, only daughter of the Rev. Mr. Thomas, of Pantillefrith, Breconshire—At Llanthawdr, the Rev. G. Jones, to Miss S. Norris—H. Owen, esq. of Machynlleth, to Miss Davies, of Cemmaes, Montgomeryshire—At Wrexham, J. Willeen, esq. to Miss S. Jones.

Died.] At Glanwilly, Jeremiah Price, esq.—Mr. John Littlewood, of Alyn wire-works, near Wrexham, 76—Lewis Lloyd Williams, of Havodwyd, Caernarvonshire, 55—Mrs. A. Rogers, relict of L. Rogers, esq. late of Gelly, Cardiganshire—At Kidwelly, Carmarthenshire, J. Thomas, esq.—At Aberdovey, Merionethshire, Mrs. Morris—At Cam-yr-Alyn, Denbighshire, John Jones Golborne, esq. 44—At Haverfordwest, Capt. Edward Crun, R.N.—At Swansea, David Davies, esq.—At Cardiff, Margaret, widow of R. Hill, esq.—At Holywell, Mrs. Windle, widow of the Rev. T. Wintle, rector of Brightwell—At Wrexham, Mrs. Harrison.

SCOTLAND.

There have of late been several proposals for erecting a monument in the neighbourhood of Glasgow, to the memory of Sir William Wallace. A correspondent in *The Glasgow Chronicle* proposes that this monument shall be a colossal statue of the Scottish hero: the statue to be of cast iron; one hundred and twenty feet in height; the whole containing a surface of nine thousand square feet; weighing one hundred and twenty-five tons; and the expense, including stairs, balconies, ballustrades, flanches, screw-bolts, and cement, necessary to join the pieces together, being estimated at 3000*l*. As the legs would be nearly five feet in diameter inside, a spiral stair might be fixed in one of them, to lead to suits of tea or other rooms in the body, thighs, and arms of the figure. In some of these, the keeper and his family might reside; and his emoluments for showing the monument would perhaps amount to five or six hundred pounds a year. There might also be flats let out either as dwelling-houses or summer quarters. The other foot to contain a reservoir of water, or to serve as stabling for visitor's horses. The head, lighted with gas, might be an observatory, a small rotunda theatre, or concert and assembly room. A clock might be placed in a square corner of the figure; the hands on the warrior's target. His sword might serve as a thunder rod. Visitors might walk round his bonnet, as they do on the top of the monument in London.—This statue, if well painted and put together, and founded on a rock, might bid defiance to time, and outlive even the Pyramids.

We understand, that some benevolent persons in the Lowlands intend soon to establish libraries of religious books at Kiling, Aberfeldy, and other parts of the Highlands, which we hope will soon become general in other towns and villages.

Lately a goose (Chinese breed,) laid an egg at Dalbeth, about three miles from this city, which measured eleven inches by eight and weighed 8½ ounces English.

Births.] At Aberdeen, the lady of Capt. Machay, of a daughter.—At Inverness, Mrs.

Douglas, of a son.—At Arnage, Mrs. Rose of a son.—Mrs. Mowbray, of a son.—At Inverness the lady of Geo. Bele, esq. of a daughter.—At Muerbow, Hamilton, Mrs. Roxburgh, of a daughter.—At Canongate, Mrs. Robinson, of twin sons.—At Edinburgh, the lady of the Hon. Lord Cringletre, of a daughter.—The Hon. lady Gibson Carmichael, of a daughter.

Married.] At East Lothian, Henry Harvey, esq. of the Madras Army, to Lady de Lancy, widow of the late Sir William de Lancy, K.C.B.—At Dumfries, J. Allen, esq. to Miss Jane Allen.—Mr. Serjeant Copley, Chief Justice of Chester, to Mrs. Thomas, widow of Lieut. Col. Thomas.—At Edinburgh, Mr. John Morrison, writer, to Miss Jane Hay.—The Earl of Dondonald, to Miss Plowden.—At Glasgow, Mr. McGoun, of Greenock, to Mary, eldest daughter of R. Paith, esq.

Died.] At Kelso, Mr. Adam Weir.—At Hawick, Mr. Thomas Miller, writer.—At Elgin, Lady Dunbar, wife of Sir Archibald Dunbar, bart. of Northfield.—At Ladykirk Manse, in Berwickshire, the Rev. Geo. Todd.

IRELAND.

Births.] In Rutland-square, Dublin, her grace the Duchess of Leinster, of a son.—In Coordine's-place, Dublin, the lady of the Hon. and the Rev. Edward Taylor, of a son.—In Harcourt-street the lady of John Theophilus Boileau, esq. of a son and heir.—The lady of J. Gorgan, of a son.—In Waterford, the lady of J. M. Galway, esq. of a daughter.

Married.] At Ferns, Frederick Shaw, esq. of Bushby park, to Thomasine Emily, sixth daughter of the late Hon. George Jocelyn.—At Christ Church, Cork, Alex. Tovey, esq. to Ann, youngest daughter of the late Wm. Bolton, esq.—At Castlemanager, Cork, George Sackville Cotter, esq. to Jane, third daughter of the late Wm. Crofts, esq. of Mallow.

Died.] At Genevar, the Hon Montague Matthew.—In Wentworth place, Major P. Hamilton Cannon.—At Ruthmie Hall, Dublin, Maria, wife of Geo. P. Stretch, esq. 19.—In Cork, John Roberts, esq.

PRIZE ESSAY.

As a proof that no expense is spared in our endeavours to perpetuate the respectability and importance of our pages, by presenting to the Public communications of the very first order, we beg to announce our intention of giving this year a Premium of

ONE HUNDRED GUINEAS,

which will be paid by Mr. COLBURN, for the best ESSAY,

“ON ENGLISH LITERATURE DURING THE 18th AND 19th CENTURIES.”

We propose that the Work shall be written on a plan somewhat similar to that of the “Tableau de la Littérature Française pendant le Dix-Huitième Siècle;” and that the Candidates should deliver their Essays on or before the 30th of November next. The PRIZE to be adjudged by a Council, the constitution of which, with other particulars, will speedily be made known. In the mean time, we pledge ourselves it shall be so formed as to insure the strictest and most satisfactory impartiality.



Engraved by Henry Meyer after Sir Joshua Reynolds.

SIR JOHN FLEMING LEICESTER, BART

Colly. H. B. in Prince-Regents Reg. C. H. C.

Printed by Henry Colburn, Great Street

THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. 65.]

JUNE 1, 1819.

[Vol. XI.]

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

WHO WAS JUNIUS?

THERE is a disposition in most men to be extremely inquisitive about things over which art has cunningly contrived to throw a veil of obscurity. Were the objects of this curiosity completely and satisfactorily developed, they would cease to attract notice, and, in all probability, the interest which they at first occasion, would sink into utter contempt. What is mysterious generates wonder, and hence a consequence is attached to questions in themselves trifling and not worth the labour of enquiry. If the riddle remains long unsolved, the lapse of years serves but to increase its importance, and the ill fortune of former conjecturers only acts as a stimulant to spur other adventurers into the field. Thus, at length, the commonwealth of learning is disturbed by clamorous disputants, each claiming the merit of having, through his perseverance and sagacity alone, found out a secret that had hitherto eluded all research. To men of this spirit, it matters little, whether the subject which engages their thoughts be good or bad; they enter upon the pursuit only to have the glory of succeeding where others have failed, and if their own vanity be gratified, which is generally the case, the objections raised against their opinions shrink into nothing. All this, however, would be harmless enough, were it not that these busy triflers generally become partizans, and betray in their anxiousness for discovery the zeal of Apologists. Of the truth of this assertion, a stronger instance cannot be adduced, than what has occurred ever since the question was first started—“WHO WAS JUNIUS?”

This enquiry has subsisted, with more or less eagerness and impatience, for the space of half a century; nor is it likely to become suspended for half a century to come, unless some more lucky knight than any that has yet pricked forth in the chace, shall hunt down the boar of the forest, to use the language of Lord North, and carry off his head as a proof of his victory.

Instead of losing its interest, the subject seems to freshen with time, and almost every week brings forth a disquisition, in which either old claims are revived with additional arguments, or some new candidate is brought forward with strong

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pretensions, and, if we are to believe the writers, with such indubitable documents of evidence as must put the point at issue for ever at rest. And yet after all that has been hitherto adduced, it is plain the question remains undecided, and that the public mind is still unsatisfied as to the real author of the far famed letters, which for a considerable period disturbed the government and insulted the throne. That among the numerous persons whose names have been mentioned to identify JUNIUS, there are some whose talents qualified them for the composition of the letters, and who had ample means of gaining all the information necessary to the carrying on such an extensive system of hostility against public men, cannot be doubted. But this will apply equally to many persons, and even if one alone possessed the powers and opportunities requisite for the purpose, the conclusion would not be decisive that he must therefore have been JUNIUS, unless it can be shewn that no other man at that time had similar advantages. Neither is it sufficient to produce in addition to these points a comparison of hand writing and of style, since in regard to the former there cannot possibly be any certainty, and as to the latter, there is no such distinctive peculiarity in JUNIUS as to warrant the peremptory ascription of his letters to any one writer of that period more than another. These tests, therefore, are merely fallacious when taken by themselves, though, no doubt, they may have their subordinate weight of authority when other criteria of a more determinate character are tried and found to answer.

The first thing that strikes the dispassionate reader of JUNIUS, is the virulent malignity which runs through the whole of his correspondence. His attacks are conducted without the slightest regard to moral feeling, and when convicted of a falsehood, he shelters himself under a sophism and renews the assault with taunt and irony. From hence it is plain, that he was not a novice in popular writing, but one who had profited by the experience which he possessed, as a witness of the “great Walpolean wars,” to use his own remarkable phraseology. This fact will so far ascertain his age, as to set aside many of those who have been set up of late for the real JUNIUS; since to

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have had a remembrance of the political controversies in the Walpole administration, the writer must have been then considerably more than forty years old. In alluding to those wars, JUNIUS could have had no design of adding to his own obscurity, or of eluding suspicion; the observation being merely casual and intended only to shew his intimacy with times and parties. This assumption of credit for much previous knowledge in politics was natural, and there can be no doubt of its being perfectly just, which of course proves that the author of these letters was an observer of things, and especially of public men and measures, between the years 1730 and 1740, when the great Walpole was assailed by hosts of formidable enemies.

It is also evident, that JUNIUS was not only conversant with the political contentions of those days, but that he had either borne a part in them, or was habituated to writing upon public affairs in periodical papers. Nothing can be a more striking proof of this than the minute acquaintance with the forms and routine of a printing office, which appears in the correspondence of JUNIUS with his publisher Woodfall. The pen of the ready writer is not more obvious throughout the elaborate compositions of JUNIUS, than his mechanical habits are in the private letters which he wrote to his printer, whence it is fair to conclude, that no nobleman, or person in a high public situation, could have entered into such a familiarity. But whoever Junius was, he certainly must have been a person in perfectly independent circumstances, and the complete master of his own time. The activity of his mind is apparent;—his fondness for political discussion is equally clear;—and his means of information were beyond all question most minute, exact, and abundant. He must have had a very enlarged acquaintance, even among the first circles of society; yet upon the most scrutinizing examination of all his published and private correspondence, it does not seem that he had any particular connexions.

Like the Turkish spy, who is said to have lived at Paris unknown, and yet seeing every thing, for the space of forty years, this writer appears to have moved about the court and in the city, hearing himself daily praised or abused, without being at all suspected by those with whom he conversed, and who made his productions the subject of their general discourse. He that could so govern his temper and command his actions, under

such circumstances, must have been a man of no ordinary philosophy, taking that term in the sense in which it would have been applied by the ancient Stoics. But even allowing that many men might have possessed sufficient art and firmness to avoid suspicion in mixed companies, few could have so managed as to keep all vestiges of the secret from their families. This might, indeed, have been done in one or two cases, but hardly in so lengthened a course of writing; which, though it be no direct argument, is at least a fair presumption, that JUNIUS was an insulated individual, or a kind of recluse, as far as related to his mode of living, at the time when those letters made their appearance.

Another point still more remarkable in the character of this incendiary, for such undoubtedly he must be considered, is the address with which he contrived even while meddling with the minor politics of the city, to wear the appearance of lofty independence, and to avoid every symptom of being attached to any particular set of men. Yet nothing is more palpable throughout the letters, than that the author was a disappointed man; of which his rancorous abuse of the Duke of Grafton is a glaring instance. The inveterate enmity shewn towards that nobleman is indeed so extremely personal and distinct from mere political dislike, that it will be in vain to point out any individual as JUNIUS, unless at the same time it can be clearly shewn that he had a private quarrel with the DUKE OF GRAFTON.

But what is to be thought of this virulent libeller's scurrilous attack upon the sovereign, in which not only decorum but truth was set at utter defiance? Perhaps this is the main touchstone, after all, by which the pretensions to the letters of Junius are to be tried, because the instance being unique in the history of English libel must have had some extraordinary motive. It is clear that the private virtues of the king were nothing in the estimation of Junius, who treated even the royal piety with blasphemous scorn, which no man certainly would have done that was not a republican and a sceptic. That Junius was both is too obvious to be denied, for he has let no opportunity escape him of bringing monarchy into contempt, and of throwing a sneer upon religion. Now a man who had the interests of some party to promote, or who aimed at personal advancement in the state, would never have taken this course, since he must know that

discovery would be fatal to his object. But JUNIUS, as hath already been hinted, was leagued with no party, and, though soured by disappointment, his own prospects of preferment were terminated, otherwise he would not have taken the desperate resolution of insulting his king. Yet he must have had an object when he began this career, and that object certainly continued to animate him through the whole course of it, for his conduct was uniform, and his enmity remained unabated to the last. Still no one could divine what the ultimate design of this energetic writer was, nor indeed was it possible at that time to form any other idea of him than that he was one of those turbulent spirits who rise up in unquiet times to distract the measures of government by inflaming the public mind against them.

JUNIUS is better known by his enmities than his attachments; in the former he is open, bold, and unappeasable; in the latter he is cold, equivocal, and fluctuating. His supreme delight appears to have lain in creating confusion, weakening the bonds of society, and making the people dissatisfied, not merely with this or that administration, but with the entire regimen under which they lived. The object of JUNIUS, therefore, was a revolution, and upon no other principle can his conduct be accounted for; consequently all the distinguished writers, who have been imperitantly mentioned as the authors of these letters, must be exonerated from the charge; and as to the inferior fry, with whom folly and pedantry have associated the name of JUNIUS, it would be a waste of time to bestow one word upon their respective merits or demerits.

It is plain from the criteria here laid down, and others which may hereafter be adduced, that JUNIUS was a man of experience, hackneyed in the ways of the world, and passed the meridian of life: that he was skilled in political controversy; habituated to the periodical press; living at his ease without any professional occupation; possessing great self-command; unconnected with party; yet disappointed in some particular object which produced a deadly enmity to individuals; a staunch republican; one who was neither a member of the established church, nor a friend to revealed religion; and to conclude all, a person who sought, for some particular end, to effect a revolution in this country. By these tests alone can the question be satisfactorily solved,

WHO WAS JUNIUS?

THE MODERN STANDARD OF GENIUS.

MR. EDITOR,

AMONGST all the illuminations of the present enlightened period of the human race, after the attempts to settle the true standard of taste—the criteria of the moral sense—and the certain extent of philosophical truth—it has cost me no small effort, by observation and reflection, to fix the standard of literary genius: for this purpose, and in order to move as gravely as possible, in so active a vortex of rotatory vicissitude, I had recourse to a few writers whose definitions of the term might lead me to select a fixed principle, on which, like Archimedes, I might place one point of my compass, and turn with the other the whole of this moving sphere my own way; but here I have to confess my disappointment; for the definitions of philosophers and lexicographers, when I come to compare them with modern realities, were so widely apart from the facts, that I was compelled to conduct them back to their chambers of dusty lucubration, as unfit for modern service as any of the wisest precepts of divinity and morality. Beattie, full of genius and learning himself, and willing to give the question all the power of candour and moral truth that it could carry, enquires “What is genius? What but sound judgment, sensibility of heart, and a talent for accurate and extensive observation.” (p. 436 *Truth*.) Dr Johnson more reconditely defines it to be “the protecting and ruling power of men, places, or things, mental power or faculties, nature, disposition.” I strongly suspect that the latter may be found the most acute definition, though it does not arrive at the exact delineation of man at this day, in this the most refined metropolis of the world!

In order to seek for a more modern account of the matter I looked into the last Number of your New Monthly Magazine, where, as I had good cause to expect, I found in several ingenious papers, materials for helping me to a tolerable judgment of the question; although I found it necessary afterwards to go abroad into the world, and to examine “whether these things are so?” And upon the best combinations which could be formed upon these materials, I submit to your superior judgment the following hints, to serve for a standard of modern genius:—

To avoid the plodding and dull round of all moral reflection—all system that discovers connection between cause and

effect, reason and conclusion, to seek for and cultivate eccentricity of thought, abrupt expression, elevation of feeling, the softened sigh of sympathy, and the start of animated passion. To learn that genius cannot exist or emanate under the dominion or restraint of any moral principle, and especially of any command of religion, the influence of such are of so powerful and convincing a control, that they must be carefully shunned if they should ever obtrude. To awaken the reader's imagination, not by the worn out axiom of shewing a sound moral in every tale, but by the far more attractive stimulus of emotion, which shall so alarm the mind, and agitate every pulsation of the heart, that it may not have time to consider whether it is amended by what has been read or represented—to describe facts by terms not usually found in the combinations of literature, but by the use of words never intended to be joined in the same course of phraseology—to seek for Nature, not in her calmer and once deemed most engaging representations, the beauties and exhaustless providences of her vegetable, mineral, and fossil kingdoms, her planetary system, her changes of uninterrupted seasons, and the revolutions of unsparing bounty, thus "tracing nature up to nature's God." These are not sufficient for the radiance and effervescence of modern genius, and are now deserted for the periods, points, and tropes, that spring from the bursting pang of imaginary despair—from the chains and darkness of the sanguinary scaffold—from the satanic eruption of infidelity, and the vain glorious gallantry of seduction!—These are the modern sources of genius; here may be found the awful note of admiration—the sudden abruption—the short half-breathing pause—the vivid inspiration of the cold thrill—the accompaniments of glassy eyes and short phrases of secret and solemn denunciation—the midnight clang of chains—the glimmering torches of the cavern—and dexterously slow withdrawing bolts—the expiring lamp, and the unseen point of the silent assassin's dagger!—From these, when the half destroyed reader is suffered to escape, he is not to be allowed to seek for object, end, or circumstance, or moral of his dream; but is left by stars and dashes to wander "in bewildered mazes lost!"

Here, Sir, is the standard of modern genius—here when the curtain falls, the spectator and the reader in vain look for

the celebrated motto "*veluti in speculum*." The scene has not, would to God it had, represented one similitude to real life—one principle on which the world may act with safety—one emotion such as he would cherish at home—one enjoyment of present existence—or one hope of future!—Yet, alas! it is by such efforts of genius that the world are poisoned—it is for these that they leave the nobler studies of their capacity—and of these their conversation is absorbed, and their reflections possessed. Hence it is, that for such productions thousands of pounds are offered for copy-right—applications are made with solicitation to obtain the first reading—eagerness for the gratification and vanity of detailing the contents, and reciting to surrounding senators, divines, and all the crowded votaries of the concert and the drawing room, the passages of most prominent interest and pathos. Alas! Sir, it is for these transient emotions, that the wisest moralists, the most pathetic poets, the soundest divines of the Christian church, and the ablest writers on subjects the most important to our vital interests, as a nation, and as individuals, are suffered to languish as if they were devoid of truth and welfare, present and eternal.

A. H.

LORD BYRON'S TRAVELS IN GREECE.

TO the name of Lord Byron so much importance is attached, and his splendid abilities have rendered him so dear to his country, that the most trifling anecdote of his private life is sure to create public admiration. I had the good fortune to follow his footsteps through many of the Grecian islands, to Athens, and *Misitra*, the ancient Sparta, and from thence to *Port Mahon*, in the island of Minorca; in every place I found his Lordship's name well known, and universally respected, and so many anecdotes of his benevolence and eccentricities recorded, that I feel assured I should be doing injustice to my countrymen by withholding what I know of a wandering poet, who is an honour to the nation, and the FIRST BARD OF THE AGE, and in whose sufferings every one sympathises. It appears to us, that Lord Byron had come from Abydos to

TENEDOS,

where he remained until the arrival of his pleasure vessel from this island. He made frequent excursions to the Continent, and here, I have no doubt, he wrote *The Bride of*

Abydos. At the time I visited the island, every thing was in a deplorable state; the Russians had ravaged the place, the vineyards were destroyed, and all was desolation. The house in which Lord Byron resided was razed to the ground; it stood facing the *Hellespont*, and had a full view of the entrance to the sea of *Marmora*, the castles and shores of the *Dardanelles*: but I could not discover any trace of the wandering poet; all was lost in the devastation occasioned by war. The felucca of Lord Byron had arrived, and on a sudden he embarked and sailed for

THE ISLAND OF SCIO.

At Scio, the landing of his Lordship was hailed with joy by the natives, as he had been there before, and was well known; the felucca was brought to anchor under the high hill of *Delgath*, and Lord Byron proceeded up the island on the high mountain of *Sopriano*, which overlooks every other on the island, and from the summits of which, the eye commands a most enchanting prospect of nearly 50 small islands, the distant continent and a placid ocean. Here stands the ruins of a Temple, believed to have been dedicated to *Apollo*; there are twelve massy pillars, about forty feet in height, supporting a roof, through which the light is visible in many parts. I am no architect, nor have I a genius which tends that way; but I certainly have some general knowledge of the different orders, or I should have travelled with a brainless head and a blinded eye, over scenes calculated to awaken every generous feeling of the heart, and which only insanity could look upon with indifference. I therefore give it as my opinion, that the Temple of which I am now speaking is not of Grecian Architecture.

In the reign of *Ptolemy Philadelphus*, Scio was conquered and ravaged by a fleet from Egypt, under the command of *Johannes Sextus*; his account of the island was so favourable, that he was sent back with perhaps four hundred men, women, and children to colonise it, and cultivate the manufacture of silk and cotton, for which it is now so celebrated. These Egyptians, I have no doubt, reared the Temple of *Apollo*, but to a very different divinity; I should think to *Osiris*, from the embellishments still remaining upon the pilasters, and the resemblance the cornices bear to those upon the Temple of *Apis*, in Upper Egypt. However, my purpose is not to

give historical disquisitions, and I have done.

All around this ruined Temple, tall trees wave majestically in the breeze, and upon the left a gentle cascade descends in murmurs to the valley below, and a small lake studded with little verdant islands, the daily resort of fishermen, receives its waters. The prospect is pleasing, though not grand, calculated to inspire the mind with tranquillity and peace:—

Within the ruin heedless of the dead,
The shelter-seeking peasant builds his
shed,
And wondering man could want the larger
pile,
Exulting owns his cottage with a smile.

Beneath the stately ruins of the Temple of *Apollo*, on the hill of *Sopriano*, in the island of *Scio*, is reared a small cottage, by materials torn from the stately ruins which surround it; in this cottage there are only four apartments, and these very small; in two of them Lord Byron took up his abode, with his fair companion. 'Tis a singular fact that his Lordship never visited the capital once during a three months' residence upon the island; nor can I even guess at his reasons for not doing so, as the town is an interesting object to every one versed in the lore of Greece. He rambled round the island to every classical scene, and very frequently slept at the peasant's cottages, where he was sure to be well received. There is a something about the manner and appearance of Lord Byron, that bespeaks sympathy; the melancholy tinge that he bears upon his cheek—the faded lustre of his eye, and his affable address always find him friends; which his liberality is sure to fix in his favour. His Lordship was very partial to water excursions; and here he bought a boat with one sail, and in which he often went fishing, taking an old man with him to conduct the sail and steer the boat; his favoured fair *Berinthia*, always accompanied him, and was very expert at fishing. In various rambles round the island, they diffused their bounty to many; to one, a farmer, who had lost a horse and cart in crossing the stream of *Carrerio*, they gave ten zechines or five guineas, and to a woman that had afforded *Berinthia* assistance in an hour of danger, Lord Byron gave three moldores, that is four pounds and one shilling.

An aged Greek woman, residing at a place called Epheseus, and where she occupied a small vineyard and two fields, had been distrained for rent. The Turkish collector (Albana) had no mercy; he seized her goods and put them up for sale. Lord Byron bought them, and restored them to the widow, to the utter astonishment of the Turks, who cannot comprehend an act of generosity, unconnected with self interest.

The school erected for Grecian scholars at Scio, Lord Byron refused to visit; but a deputation of the master and scholars he received politely. To the scholars he gave twenty *praas* (or a shilling each), to the master *fifty pounds* for the use of the school, and a robe for himself of velvet and satin.—In the Grecian isles, and every part beneath the Turkish power, the present of a robe is the highest compliment which can be paid to any individual.

The departure of Lord Byron from Scio was marked by an act of benevolence. His lordship presented the boat which he had purchased to the fisherman who had accompanied him in his nautical excursions, and also gave him *ten pounds*. Berinthia also gave his niece, a girl of fourteen years of age, a handsome present, as she had attended her since her arrival upon the island.

Lord Byron had, during his residence upon the island, explored every creek and corner it contained. The cave, entitled Homer's School, he visited. Scio, Mitylene, and Valparos, all claim the honour of giving birth to Homer, and affect to shew caves, which they call his school. Now, although Homer was a poet and a wandering minstrel, history gives us no authority for supposing he ever kept a school: nevertheless, in Scio, Lord Byron gave to the keeper of the cave a Greek Testament and some money; but this does not establish any opinion of his lordship as to the actual residence of Homer in Scio. The departure of Lord Byron from Scio was marked by much regret on the part of the Grecians, to whom he had been a sincere friend; and even the Turks seemed to lament his departure. His felucca arrived at Point Sombro, and Captain Hutchison attended him with his friend on board. The Turks, by an extraordinary exertion of gallantry, fired a salute of four guns from the castle, which Lord Byron returned by *eight*, as he left the harbour of Scio, and made a visit to the island of Mitylene.

The day was calm, but the atmosphere

soon took a lowering aspect, and some danger accompanied the voyage of my lord. Berinthia sickened; but the tender care of his lordship restored her to health. The gale abated: the vessel anchored in Sanchez Bay; and in a few hours they landed upon the isle of Mitylene. This island was a favourite of Lord Byron from his early travelling days.

How far peace and happiness extended to Lord Byron, upon the favourite island, I leave the world to judge. The wearied mind seldom finds repose any where, and even upon a female breast, indulges in sad melancholy, in place of rapturous love. Joy and grief travel hand in hand—they are concomitants; and, I fear, we must consider them as inseparable companions in our journey through life.

One morning Lord Byron arranged matters to go fishing, and in a large boat he sailed for the purpose, accompanied by his fair friend, who was very fond of the sport. After fishing for three hours off the point Gobriano, a severe gale of wind came on, direct upon the land; the nets were abandoned, and the sails hoisted, it was found impossible to weather the cape; no alternative remained, but to bear up and run into the long bleak bay of Alicarno, where there is no anchorage for shipping, and no safety for boats, except in the north east corner. The sea rose in heaps; and in endeavouring to luff into the cove, a most dreadful surge broke over: the boat did not overturn, but reeled upon her broadside, and, melancholy to relate, a boy was swept from the prow, and Berinthia from the stern of the boat. The sails were lowered, the boat almost instantly righted, and his lordship, plunging into the waves, seized his fair friend by the hair, as she was sinking, and swam with her to the boat, where she very soon recovered. By a fortunate change of wind the boat got into the cove, and they landed in safety, to the great joy of the inhabitants, who had witnessed their danger from the cliffs, and never expected to see them again alive. After this, his lordship never adventured on the stormy deep in an open boat, from the island of Mitylene—not, I am sure, from any personal fear, but as Berinthia would not accompany him, he preferred the pleasure of her company on shore. It is impossible to conceive a sweeter scene for rambling, than through the vine-covered hills of this delightful island.

The imagination may picture scenes upon the tablet of fancy, and embody them so that they cannot be shaken off the mind; but in Mitylene there is no reason to resort to the power of fancy, for all is life and magic around; the wood-covered hill, the descending valley, perfumed by every flower that blows, and the stream rolling in tranquillity around the temples erected in distant ages, and lashing the shores immortalized by Homer—these create a very great attraction, and rivet the soul to a classical scene.

From every information I could acquire Lord Byron appears to have been extremely attached to the island of Mitylene, but the death of an infant founded his determination to depart from it. He has been said to have shed tears upon the occasion. I am inclined to think he did, for I know his heart is good, and very tender. The proofs of his humanity are great. His lordship visited no island upon which he did not leave some marks of his goodness. To the Greek church at Mitylene he gave forty pounds British; to the hospital he gave sixty pounds; and in private charity, I am told, distributed more than three hundred zechines. I am no advocate for the name, or character of Lord Byron; his fame or his dishonour can be of no importance to me, any further than in a national point of view. I consider him a distinguished ornament in the annals of literature; and as he has been much depreciated, and very unjustly, I wish to add my humble mite of praise to that character which no Briton can view in its proper light without esteeming.

The sun shone sweetly over the Egean main, and all nature smiled around when Lord Byron left Mitylene. The soft eastern breeze soon wafted him to cos.

Upon this small island there was no shelter, the cottages were not fit to hold their inhabitants, and not sufficiently capacious to give admittance to a stranger; but there was a friendly propensity in the natives worthy of attending to, and his lordship availed himself of it. There are not many trees in the island of Cos, but many extended and beautiful vineyards, and the highest tree upon it is that which bears figs. On the top of the hill called Junonia are the ruins of a small temple, three pillars alone are standing, and all the remainder is a wreck. Over the sweet scenery of the island his lordship and Berinthis ran with pleasure.

The character of Lord Byron, in the island of Cos, was, as usual, very benevolent; and if I detailed the many circumstances I know of him, it would occupy me many pages to expatiate upon. The name of Lord Byron requires no praise, and wherever the footsteps of his lordship have passed, he has left an impression never to be effaced. Lord Byron slept always on board of his yacht, no convenient place being to be had upon the island. To those who have visited Greece the commanding prospect from Villa de Torneo must be very desirable; but at Corso Point, to which Lord Byron removed his pleasure vessel, his lordship was attacked by a painful disorder, and obliged to be landed, and the air did not very much contribute to his health. By the attention of his fair friend, he gradually recovered; and after dispensing his usual bounties, much more than the natives merited, his lordship departed, and arrived in safety at

ATHENS.

The attention, I was told, of his lordship at Athens, was chiefly directed to literary subjects; and in this celebrated spot Lord Byron took up his abode, and there spent much of his time in writing, and never walked out until the sun was down, nor returned home until near midnight.—Here, no doubt, he traced many of the scenes in "*Childe Harold*," destined to render his name immortal. From the account I heard, his lordship seems at this place to have been impressed with deep melancholy. "*Polycarp*," at whose house he resided, related many circumstances of him, but which I do not feel warranted in repeating. "*As cunning as a Greek*," is a very old and true saying, and from our eager anxiety I feared he meant to impose upon us, but I have since had reason to alter my opinion. As a coffee-house-keeper he bears an exemplary character, and it is generally no small recommendation to his good name, that the unfortunate Tweddell chose him for his guide through Athens. He shewed us a book, upon the leaves of which were inscribed numerous names, succeeded with recommendations of him and his house to future travellers. This book I did not see until a second visit to Athens. Amongst the names I observed Lord ELGIN, Mr. SALT, Mr. TWEDDELL, Lord BYRON, Count MONVELIO, Monsieur TALLIEN, &c. &c.

The accounts were interesting at the end of each name, particularly that of

Tweddell, who says, "He is an honest man, and an intelligent guide—I shall never live to do him a service, but I recommend him to my countrymen who may arrive at this much-neglected spot."

Lord Byron's name has simply prefixed to it—"POLYCARP is an honest man," which I conceive the strongest recommendation borne on his book.—The name of "TALLIEN," so notorious, appears odd to be affixed in such a place, but I can account for its appearance in a manner not very generally understood.

Buonaparte, from jealousy of his talents, or his natural turbulent disposition, sent him to France from Egypt in disgrace. The vessel "La Narcisse," in which he embarked, was chased and driven on shore upon the island of Gozo near Candia (the ancient Crete) by the Briton sloop of war. From thence Tallien found his way to Athens, and overland to France.

It may be worth mentioning, in order to gratify natural curiosity, that this man, who once figured at the head of the French Government, is now reduced to such an abject state, that he holds the situation of French Consul at the Spanish port of Corunna.

Lord Byron took many sketches of the ruins at Athens and its environs, and I understand expressed his opinion that the "Elgin Marbles" were of a modern date. In this I coincide with his lordship, and believe that, like the "Tuscan Vases" of Sir William Hamilton, many of them were engraved, or inscribed by foreigners, to take in Milord Angliais. The English frigate "Frederickstein," commanded by Captain Bedford, a name not unknown in the walks of science, arrived, and anchored near Athens. Lord Byron, by one of those eccentricities which accompany genius, declined an interview with Captain Bedford, and embarking his whole suite in his felucca, sailed to the island of Salamis.

J. M.

REMARKABLE PROPHECY OF THE APPEARANCE AND CAREER OF MARTIN LUTHER.

JOHN HILTON, the Franciscan monk, who acquired as high a reputation for piety and virtue, as he gained celebrity by his extraordinary prophecies, was a native of the principality of Fulda, and is said by some writers to have been one of Luther's preceptors at the school of the Franciscans at Eisenach. Walcha* cites

a variety of authors who have mentioned this circumstance: amongst these he refers his reader to Schuhmach,* whose testimony on most occasions is entitled to the fullest confidence: in the present instance however, they have all been mistaken: for at the very moment when Luther first came to study at Eisenach, (that is to say, in the year 1498,) Hilton was languishing in a prison, from which the hand of death alone released him.

From his earliest youth Hilton distinguished himself by active prosecution of his studies and diligent meditation on the Holy Scriptures, as well as the works of the Fathers of the Church, and as some report, the writings of the Waldenses.† By means of his deep reading and sedulous application, the advantages of which could scarcely be lost on his discerning and reflecting mind, his eyes were opened to the errors of the Romish doctrines. He opposed, and then denounced them; nor could any personal considerations deter him from vehemently arraigning the abuses of the monastic life. It was in the nature of things that so powerful an assailant should become an object of bitter hatred to his brotherhood, who attacked him with the greatest fury, and not only threw him into prison in the year 1496, but threatened to bury him alive unless he recanted. Having fallen sick during his confinement, he besought the Father Guardian to visit him; but all that the Holy Father administered to him was contumely, upbraiding, and invective. Roused to indignation by this inhuman treatment, Hilton uttered the prophetic warning contained in these memorable words:—"Anno. MDXVII. exsurget Heros, quivos monachos adoriatur acriter; contra quem ne hiscere quidem audibetis." He did not live to witness the subsequent, plenary accomplishment of this remarkable prophecy; for he died in the year 1502.

Christina, the widow of John Ernest, Duke of Eisenach, erected a cenotaph to his memory, in St. George's Church, at Eisenach; it stands at no great distance from the spot where his last remains were deposited, and is of common sand-stone, slightly ornamented with gilding, eight feet high, four feet nine inches broad, and consists of two pieces of stone. The outer projection of this monument bears the following inscription:—"Johanni

* Vide his "14th Collection illustrative of the His. of Saxony, and particularly of Eisenach," p. 29.

† Toppii Hist. Eisenach, p. 29.

* Luther's Schriften, (writings,) part xxiv. p. 67.

Hiltenio, monacho Franciscano, propter confessionem Evangelicam et refutationem Pontificie Religionis a fratribus, Anno MCCCCVI, in carcerem coniecto in eoque vita defuncto. Non cultus sed memoria causa F.F.V.W. antiq. stud." The let-

ters V.W. allude to Valentine Weinrich, rector of Eisenach, and the author of the elegiac verses which distinguish the centre of the monument, and of which the following is a transcript :—

CENOTAPHIUM.

HILTENII PATRIS MONACHI, SIMUL ATQUE PROPHETAE,
NON PROCLU HOC RECUBANT OSSA SEPULTA LOCO,
QUI CUM VOCE DEI FRATRUM TAXARAT ABUSUS,
PECTORA CONTENDENS VIVERE JUSTA FIDE;
CARCERIS ENECTUS TANDEM SQUALORE PAMEQUE,
MOESTA PROPHETARUM PREMIA MORE TULIT.
SED PRIUS APPELLANS AD CHRISTI VOCE TRIBUNAL,
CUM PERAGENDA DEO JUDICE CAUSSA FORET,
TEMPORA PRINCIPII CECINIT TVNC PLANA LVTHERI,
SIGNAQUE SUPREMUM DANS PRAEITURA DIEM,
ITALAE REGNA STATIM VICTORI ET TEVTONA TVRCA,
SVCCVBIT VRA, PIS, VATICINATVS, ALT.
PRIMA QUOD EVENIT PRAEDICTIO VERA FATERIS,
ALTERA NE FIAT VERA, PRECARE DEUM.

Underneath these verses, we read, "*Renovatum Av. clv. CLXIX. Sum-tibus J. M.*" And quite at the top, above them, "*Duo vaticinia Johannis Hiltenii. Unum. Anno Domini MDXVII. en-surgat Heros, qui vos monachos ad-rietur acriter, contra quem ne hiscere quidem audebitis. Alterum. Anno MDC. mundus verberabitur gladio mahometico vehementer.*" It is desirable that some speedy repairs should be bestowed on this monument, for it has great need of them.

This same Hilten used frequently to say, "*Sub Leone exoriatur Eremita, qui reformabit sedem Romanam*;" which Luther interprets by observing, that he began to write against indulgences under Leo the Tenth, and that in Italy the Augustine monks were known by the name of "Eremitæ."* Tenzel has recorded two other prophecies made by Hilten, and current in Rome; besides which, he is said to have prognosticated that the monastery of the Cordeliers in Weimar, (at present a granary,) should be converted into a store-house, and that of the Franciscans at Eisenach into a garden.† He is also said, to have fore-told the end of the world.‡

Leaving these prophecies to their peaceful slumber, we have further to observe, that Luther himself, has ad-verted to them, and confirmed the ac-count we have just given of their prop-ounder:—"Thirty years ago," he says, "there lived in the city of Eisenach, a

bare-footed monk, by name *Johannes Hilten*, who was cast into a dungeon by his brethren, because he had attacked some of the notorious abuses of the monastic life. We have ourselves seen some of his writings, from which it appears abundantly manifest, that he preached Christianly, and in conformity with the Holy Scriptures. And those, who knew him, report to this day, that he was a devout and peaceful tem-pered old man, and upright as well as respectable in all his walks and ways. This person prophesied many things re-lating to these days, and foretold what has already happened: together with some events, which are hereafter to come to pass; but we shall not relate these things in this place, lest any may imagine that we have brought them forward either through malignity, or with intent to please any soul alive. Old age accom-ppanied the ruin to his health, brought about by his imprisonment; at last he fell sick, prayed the guardian to come to him, complained to him of his weak state; and when the guardian, stirred up by pharisaical malice and bitterness of heart, assailed him with hard words, because such preaching as his was unsavoury, profitless flavour, he gave over bewailing his bodily infirmity, drew a deep sigh, and said with a sorrowful mien, 'that he was ready to submit to and endure such injustice for Christ's sake; although he had neither written nor taught any thing which could be hurtful to the Monkish Order; but had simply attacked crying abuses.' And he finished by observing, 'a man shall come, when MDXVI comes round, who will overthrow you monks; and he will be the undoing of you, and ye shall not be able to withstand him.' This ident-

* Toppii, Hist. Eisenach. p. 29.

† Ibid. Lib. c. p. 29. It has so hap-pened that both these prophecies have been literally fulfilled.

‡ Ibid. p. 30.

tial prophecy," continues Luther, "of the overthrow of the Monkish Order, and the mention of the same year of its occurrence, was afterwards found in several writings of his, and particularly in his Commentaries on Daniel. As to the interpretation which should be given to this man's saying, we leave every one to judge for himself.*" S.

CONSIDERATIONS ON THE POOR LAWS.

MR. EDITOR.

THE present prevailing sentiments of most of our political economists, and even of our legislators,† with regard to the nature and tendency of our poor laws, must, I think, be acknowledged by every unprejudiced person, to be extremely inconsistent and absurd. While they confess that charity is the most indispensable duty of man, they at the same time assert that it immediately becomes noxious when subjected to just and equitable regulations. Bishop Burnet was, I imagine, the first who advanced this opinion, in which he has been followed by Smith and Malthus. Encouraged by these respectable names, and by several fallacious facts and arguments, such a revolutionary spirit has of late sprung up amongst us, that there is some reason to fear that our whole system of parochial charity will very soon be rapidly overturned. It is proper, however, to observe, that this innovating disposition is more frequently found among speculative overseers of the poor

than among actual overseers. In order to form just opinions on this subject it requires an intimate acquaintance with common life, which profound philosophers seldom have opportunities of acquiring. Although, undoubtedly, (speaking from my own experience more instructive than any other science) it must be allowed to be also of a painful and repulsive nature, on account of the misery and destitution which continually present themselves. From the knowledge which a long course of actual observation has enabled me to acquire of the character and circumstances of the lower orders, I am led to conclude that our poor laws, with all their imperfections, are on the whole well calculated to supply their wants; and are the noblest monument of humanity that ever was reared among men. When I reflect on the great sums raised by them; on the unceasing labours and anxious cares exercised by the most respectable persons throughout the country, in their just distribution; and on the immense variety of humane services by which they continually soften the misery of the destitute, the diseased, and the aged; England appears more elevated in my imagination than by all the great actions of a Nelson and a Wellington. Many ignorant and savage nations have rendered themselves conspicuous by military honours; but how few have been ambitious to shine by acts of pity; or, indeed, have thought of mingling with their political institutions the least tincture of moral feeling. The interests and grandeur of the state have been almost the sole study of the most civilized nations, either of ancient or modern times. It is the peculiar glory of England, that the helpless poor have at last become prominent in the national picture, and an object of important consideration in its councils.

The usual arguments against the poor laws are very forcibly and ably stated in the 58th Number of the Edinburgh Review, and in the contemporary number of the Quarterly;* but I think with a degree of intemperate zeal and confidence unsuitable to a subject so compli-

* *Apologia Confessionis* rendered into German by Jones, Anno XXX, in the 3d part of the Althernburgh edition, p. 142. Compare also what Luther says in his book, *De Conciliis*, in Opp. Altenb. T. 7, p. 278. The treatment which Hilten received from the bare-footed monks of Eisenach, is related in the *Apologia*.

Heumaun maintains in his treatise, "*Immortalis Isenaci gloria*," that the real commencement of the Reformation should be dated from the time of John Hilten. Vide Köhler l. c. p. 10. He may at least be called the fore-runner of Luther. The works, which treat on his prophecies, are cited in Fabricii "*Centifol Luther*," p. 345.

Hilten's Commentary on Daniel and the Revelation of St. John, may be cited as fine specimens of his erudition.

† A late Committee of the House of Commons seemed to be of opinion, that it would, on the whole, be advantageous altogether to abolish the poor laws: while that of the House of Lords, more cautious, thought that it would be dangerous, at once, to tear from the foundation an evil so deep-rooted.

* The writers of these celebrated publications here cordially agree in the business of censure when unconnected with politics; but were the subject only a little changed, and the propriety of encouraging and supporting the system of imperial and royal pauperism, usual in our continental wars, discussed, their sentiments, it is likely, would be found to differ.

cated, and susceptible of such various and opposite bearings. The Edinburgh Reviewers, in particular, are transported into a kind of frenzy at the view of the supposed baneful effects of systematic alms-giving. Words are wanting to describe all its vast and various horrors. It is a contagion—a deadly mischief—a sore evil—a tremendous system, which has brought us to the very brink of destruction. It is awful—alarming—appalling—dreadful, &c. I am unwilling to swell your pages unnecessarily, but the following passage is so extraordinary that it cannot fail to amuse your readers: the mind of the writer must, surely, one would think, have been somewhat discomposed by the fumes of enthusiasm. “It is the result of a natural process, that what a man earns is his own; and when legislation offers to tamper with this great arrangement of Nature, as is the case in the English poor laws, violated Nature could not inflict a more signal and instructive chastisement, than that the whole territory where this system exists be made to droop and wither under it, as if struck by a judgment from heaven; till, at last, the earth, out of which the rich draw all their wealth, and the poor all their subsistence, refuses to nourish the children who have abandoned her, and both parties are involved in the wreck of one common overwhelming visitation.”—p. 235. These sublime ravings remind me of the insane philosophy of Godwin and Condorcet; and appear more “alarming” and “appalling” than even the French republican theory of the rights of man. Legislation, as every one knows, tampers with a man’s earnings, and very properly too, for much less important purposes than those of alleviating human misery. Compulsory charity is farther stigmatised as “an attempt to wrest from the hands of Nature the management of a case, for which, by certain principles implanted in the constitution of man, she has already provided.” Were we to admit this kind of argument, and suffer human conduct to be regulated by instinctive feelings of right and wrong, we would soon get rid of all laws. Nature has provided a certain principle called conscience, yet we need laws against theft. To leave any part of human conduct “wholly to the mechanism of Nature” to “free unshackled Nature,” is wild and inconsiderate advice. There is no subject either in morals or physics, under our control, but is susceptible, in some degree, of being improved, corrected, or regulated:

and that an extensive, deliberate, and just administration of charity, is, in all respects, preferable to the transient, unequal, and accidental ebullition of individual goodness, can hardly be denied by any who suffer themselves to be guided by the dictates of common sense rather than the far-fetched theories of philosophy.

Although the reviewers exhaust the whole powers of language in describing the supposed evils that flow from our poor laws, yet they make not the least attempt to bring them to the test of proof. It is asserted, that by the great and general encouragement given to pauperism the manners and virtues of the people are debased. It is obvious, on the contrary, that they are more calculated to support their virtues; for, by their interference, the relief of the unfortunate, becoming a matter of right, they are protected from the abject submission of being obliged to beg from their equals a morsel of bread. This last hypothesis is justified by facts: the common people of England are noted throughout Europe, not only for their bravery in the field, but for the spirit and dignity of their general behaviour. It is thought, that by perpetually taking from the rich and giving to the poor they tend to equalise property. Far from observing any symptoms of such consequences, it may justly be remarked, that in no age or country have there occurred so many instances of enormous fortunes acquired by individuals as of late years in England. Our poor laws possess still greater powers of mischief—that of reducing all ranks to absolute poverty. It is truly surprising that both the Quarterly and Edinburgh Reviewers unite in the ridiculous assertion, that “they have brought us to the very brink of ruin.” The increase of charity, whether public or private, always present to my mind cheering reflections; and I consider it as the surest test of progressive wealth, civilization, and knowledge. Instead of ruin during these last thirty years, when the poor rates were at the highest, England has accumulated more than double the wealth she had ever formerly done during the same period. Querulous and narrow-minded politicians will tell us of the national debt; but they ought to reflect that the money of which it consists was had chiefly of British subjects, therefore will remain in the country, and actually constitutes a great part of its riches. It is, indeed, a positive proof of our amazing prosperity: a century ago so large a

sum as five hundred millions could hardly have been borrowed from the superfluous wealth of all Europe in the space of twenty years; which, as is well known, lately occurred in England alone. Much unnecessary zeal and profusion of dis-course is expended by the Edinburgh Reviewers, if attempting to prove that assessed charity has a tendency "to enfeeble, if not wholly to suppress, the operation of the humane principle." A notion altogether crude and theoretical, and also completely at variance with fact. In England, where assessed charity is carried to the greatest extent, the humane principle flourishes with greater vigour than among any people; and, indeed, has increased with the increase of the poor rates.

But the chief argument which our reviewers, and indeed all who have treated the subject, urge against parochial charity, is, that it relaxes the natural incitements to industry and foresight. Trusting to this resource, the common people are supposed to dissipate their income in luxuries; reflecting, that as the parish is bound to support them, they may eat, drink, and be merry, and banish from their minds the gloomy ideas of disease, want, and old age. Although this argument sounds well, yet when fairly examined it will be found completely contradictory to the most obvious predominant principles in human nature, and also to an actual observation of human actions. Very little reasoning, of any kind, about distant affairs takes place among the vulgar, but none surely were ever found filled with such a degree of speculative anxiety as to hesitate about gratifying their appetites before first settling whether themselves or the parish were to supply their future wants. When they indulge in excesses the unpleasant idea of future want is never suffered, in any shape, to intrude itself; their minds are wholly occupied by the desire of present enjoyments. As mankind are not accustomed, nor, indeed, are capable of drawing their common maxims of life from distant speculations, so also it ought in justice to be remarked, that, of all subjects, those about becoming an object of charity are least the wish of their hearts. Such an idea is most uncongenial to human nature; and we need not hesitate in asserting, that no man ever squandered his money in the consolatory expectation of one day becoming a pauper. In the days of health, of youth, and of manhood, such a thought, instead of being cherished as

a principle of action, is spurned at with contempt; to the meanest person it presents no charms; and, assuredly, it never entered into the future plans of any man as his destined fortune and inheritance. It is only when too late, when industrious habits cannot be acquired, that this humiliating idea forces itself on the mind already buffeted and tamed by adversity. To every one capable of reflection the prospect of receiving public alms, instead of being an encouragement must rather operate as a check to extravagance.

The English mode of parish relief appears indeed to me, to possess peculiar advantages; for, while on the one hand it does not subject the unfortunate supplicant to such a degree of debasement as that of creeping and trembling before the capricious inclinations of a friend or neighbour; on the other hand, its notori-ousness is calculated to make a deeper impression on the mind when viewed in prospect. The dismal well-known sounds of Overseers, Workhouses, and formal public applications present more terrific images than the mere general idea of poverty; and, instead of relaxing, is, I have no doubt, a spur to industrious exertions. This opinion, novel as it may seem, receives considerable countenance from facts. In England small sums are oftener accumulated by the working classes, saving banks, and benefit societies more eagerly sought after, as a protection against pauperism, than even in Scotland, the inhabitants of which are so much noted for their provident care.*

That paupery is never a matter of previous deliberate choice, as insinuated by the Reviewers, but almost of necessity, will be more apparent from a review of the real history of the paupers. According to the best of my observation, the half consists of forlorn females, whose provision was always very small and precarious, and of unfortunate married persons and their destitute offspring, whose weekly income was under twenty shillings; all of whom instead of being able to lay in store for the day of adversity, could never well procure the bare necessities of life. A fourth were both

* The chief cause of the remarkable infrequency of pauperism among the Scotch is their extremely plain manner of living; on which account, a very little exertion on the part of the feeble or the aged, or a trifling assistance from their friends, will suffice for their support. But shameful instances of neglected destitution are often seen among them; several of which I myself have witnessed.

able and willing to provide for their future wants, but by *unavoidable* misfortunes were reduced to a state of destitution. The remaining fourth are equally excusable; they consist of weak, inconsiderate persons, whose misfortunes have originated from natural incapacity. Thus it is clear that the proposed abolition of the Poor Laws could not possibly diminish the number of the destitute; but certainly would increase the number of the miserable.

It has often been asserted that the common people of England have in several respects suffered much from deterioration under the malign influence of the Poor Laws. The condition of the lower classes, struggling hard for an indifferent living, is at all times a painful spectacle; but I have reason to think that at the present time, they are on the whole more comfortable than at any former period. The following statement of the progressive decrease of deaths in Great Britain demonstrates the salutary

effects of our extensive and seasonable attentions to the aged, diseased, and destitute poor, and ought for ever to silence our clamours about the magnitude of the poor rates.

From 1785 to 1789	died 1 in 436.
— 1790 to 1794	— 1 in 447.
— 1795 to 1799	— 1 in 465.
— 1800 to 1804	— 1 in 474.

I cannot well conceive the reason why our increased charitable expenditure should excite more surprise and alarm than our proportionate increased private and public expenditure, and the equal advance in the price of provisions and every article of consumption. The following calculations, extracted from a pamphlet lately published by Mr. J. Barton, does not much accord with those loud and despairing lamentations of the great and alarming increase of the poor rates, which of late years has constantly assailed our ears. The last year exhibits even a decrease of our burthens on account of the poor:

Annual Expenses of the Poor, computed with reference to the Price of Corn.

	Average Price of Wheat.	Expended on the Poor.	Charge per head on the whole Population.
From 1772 to 1776	48s. 2d.	£1,556,804	44 pints of wheat.
1780 to 1785	49 : 2	2,004,233	53
1799 to 1802	84 : 8	4,267,965	54½
1811 to 1815	93 : 2	5,072,028	50

If, then, the magnitude and increase of the poor rates does not originate, according to the common opinion; in political disease, but is the natural effect of the present state of things, we may safely despise those gloomy forebodings of their continued rise until at last they terminate in our ruin, and more reasonably conclude, that as the same causes occasioned the universal rise, the whole will now remain stationary—perhaps, in some degree, retrograde. At any rate, we need not be very much afraid, that the annual expense of five millions to the poor, will prove, as we are threatened, a gulf to swallow the whole of our property, when we recollect, that lately, even in time of war, we could spare four times that sum as extra taxes, without hearing any more than the usual discontent at taxes which we heard before and since. Indeed, when I reflect, that of our population there are perhaps nine millions actually poor, toiling for the day that passes over their heads, and continually tottering on the brink of want, instead of affecting to wonder at our lavish expenditure, I am rather disposed to admire that penurious prudence,

which, with such means, can protect from utter destruction so vast a multitude.

But a more effectual way than all our reasonings to obviate objections against the poor laws, would be, to render the rates more just and equal; I mean, that every man should be rated according to his ability. All the petty inconveniences attending this plan ought to be disregarded; and surely deserve not the least consideration, when compared not only with the partiality, but the real injustice of our present practice. Instead of encroaching on your valuable space by explaining, in different points of view, the nature of this injustice, I shall only mention one short instance, as it is extremely common. A gentleman, worth seven thousand a-year, is known, in no other place or way, to pay more to the poor than what his house is rated at; while his next neighbour, a clergyman's widow, who keeps a lodging house, the whole of whose property hardly amounts to 100l. pays exactly the same: and, were I to tell what I suspect to be true, might add, that in order to make the payment good, is obliged at times,

with her children, to forego some of the necessities of life. The income tax, to which the plan I recommend would be similar,* was loudly condemned as inquisitorial and vexatious;—better so, than unjust and oppressive. But whatever was pretended, its real vexation was the taking of our money. No man can have any grounds for concealing the state of his property, except the ridiculous desire of imposing on his neighbours by false appearances of grandeur, or that of deceiving his creditors.

The perpetual disputes in determining the settlement of paupers, the great expense and infinite vexation to all parties which they occasion, have long been the subject of complaint, and various remedies have been proposed. The complete, the safe, and the easy cure would be, in all cases to assist poor, where misfortune befalls them, without any inquiry about their original. It is true, that a parish may sometimes suffer by the sudden appearance of a pauper; but has it not an equal chance of benefiting by the contrary? It might, however, be feared, that the poor would all crowd into an opulent parish from the neighbouring poorer ones. To this I reply, that if they did, it would only be promoting the general ends of justice. But of such intrusive visits I do not think that the rich parish need be in much terror. The poor man struggling with adversity, is very little prone to busy himself with foreign schemes. He, too, is attached to his humble habitation, and is both unwilling and unable to emigrate. Little temptation, indeed, could he have to put himself to so much inconvenience; for, though one parish may be more opulent than another, they all distribute their favours with the same parsimonious hand.

It is reasonably to be hoped, that our various exertions to diffuse education, and promote moral and religious instruction, will ultimately communicate such elevation to the character and understanding of the poor, as to render them both more prudent in the management of their pecuniary concerns, and also more disdainful of all kinds of eleemosynary advan-

* I have seen this method of raising the poor money practised with the utmost success. Three or four respectable sworn assessors were selected, in different quarters of the town, by which means the state of every individual's income was in some degree familiarly known; and the rate, which, according to this just distribution, never being very oppressive, was fixed with very little explanation or complaint.

tages. The pains taken by government in the establishment of saving banks is also highly laudable. That relief which the poor themselves provide is on every account best; not only as it is the most just, but also because it invigorates industry, and nourishes those feelings of independence which tend farther to remove them from the ideas and dispositions of paupers. Benefit societies, which, in some respects, are preferable to saving banks, also stand in need of farther attention from government. Englishmen appear to entertain a great predilection for them; yet it is lamentable to reflect, that notwithstanding the general desire of the lower orders, by such means to escape the disgrace and misery of parish relief, that they should be so much frustrated in their laudable wishes. From injudicious management, and perhaps, also, unfair practices in some of their founders and conductors—from impositions in profligate members pretending sickness—but chiefly from their schemes being too flattering, promising more than they can perform, not one in ten of these societies, at least in the metropolis, last so long as to be of service to the members in old age, when most needed. Effectually to remedy their defects, I would recommend: 1. That one fair and equitable scheme be proposed by government, which alone could be protected by law. 2. That in every parish a society be established, called the Parochial Benefit Society, managed by the parish, and its benefits guaranteed by it. 3. That none be entered on the lists of sick, before they have been inspected by the medical gentleman belonging to the parish. And 4. That the benefits vary considerably from 5s. to 30s. per week, that the poorest persons, women, as well as men, may have it in their power to become members. The consequences of such regulations could not fail to be beneficial to the poor, with very little trouble, and without any hazard or expense either to government or the parishes.

Notwithstanding the extreme fervor of their opposition to the poor laws, neither the Edinburgh nor the Quarterly Reviewers notice the celebrated argument of Mr. Mathus against them, in regard to their supposed pernicious influence on population; which, in the opinion of that eminent philosopher and others, is sufficient of itself to justify their total abolition. In my next I shall trouble you with the offer of a few observations on this subject. W. N.

Bedford Row, May 7, 1819.

**CURIOUS PARTICULARS OF SIR ROBERT
MAXWELL OF ORCHARDSTON.**

MR. EDITOR,

THE following authentic particulars of the life of a Scotch gentleman of title, of the last century, so strongly reminds me of some of the adventures of the hero of a late deservedly popular novel, that I cannot resist communicating them to the public through the channel of your excellent publication:—The presumed author of *Guy Mannering* is an antiquarian, and a North Briton, and has, therefore, probably heard the tale which I am about to relate to you from some of those old chroniclers who have furnished him with such rich and valuable materials in other instances, and as these sort of adventures are in Scotland generally preserved by tradition only, it is highly probable, that he himself might have but an imperfect recollection of the source whence he derived the original idea:—

Sir Robert Maxwell, of Orchardston, in the county of Galloway, was the descendant of an ancient Roman catholic family of the south of Scotland. He was the only child of a religious and bigoted recluse, who sent him, while yet very young, to a college of Jesuits, in Flanders, for education, the paternal estate being, in the mean time, wholly managed by the boy's uncle, the brother of the devotee, to whom he resigned the guardianship of the property, in order that he might employ the remainder of his days exclusively in acts of devotion. In the family of Orchardston, as, indeed, in most great families of that day, the younger branches were but ill provided for, and looked to the inheritor of the family estate alone for the means of supporting their rank in society; the liberal professions, and the employments of trade, were still considered somewhat dishonourable; and the unfortunate junior, nursed with inflated ideas of his consequence and rank, was doomed in after life to exercise the servility, and experience the mortification of a humble dependant. In this case the culpable negligence of the father had transferred the entire management of a large estate to his younger brother, who was so delighted in the possession that he resolved to retain it to the exclusion of his nephew, the rightful heir at law. He consequently circulated a report that the boy was dead, and on the death of the old baronet, which took place about this period, he laid claim to the title and estate. In the mean time our young hero was suffering (but very reluctantly)

the severe discipline of the Jesuit's college, his expenses being defrayed by occasional supplies sent him by his uncle, which were to him represented as the bounties of the college, a story which he could not discredit, as he had been placed there at an age too young to know distinctly either who he was, or whence he came: he was intelligent and docile, and was deemed of sufficient capacity to become hereafter one of their own learned body, with which view he was educated. When at the age of sixteen, he found the discipline and austerities of a monastic life so ill suited to his inclination, that on a trivial dispute with the superior of his college he ran away and enlisted himself in a French marching regiment. In this situation he sustained all the hardships of hunger, long marches, and incessant alarms, and as it was in the hottest part of the war between France and England, about the year 1743, it may easily be imagined that his situation was by no means enviable. He fought as a foot-soldier at the battle of Dettingen; he was also at the battle of Fontenoy; and landed as an ensign in the French troops at Murray Frith during the rebellion of forty-five. He joined the rebels a little before the battle of Falkirk, marched with them to Derby, and retreated with them into Scotland. He was wounded at the battle of Culloden, and fled with a few friends to the woods of Lochaber, where he remained the greatest part of the summer of 1746, living upon the roots of trees, goats' milk, and the oat-meal and water of such peasants as he durst confide in. Knowing, however, that it would be impossible to continue this course of life in the winter, he began to devise means of effecting his return to France, perfectly unconscious that in the country where he was suffering the miseries of an outcast criminal he was entitled to the possession of an ample estate and a title. His scheme was to gain the coast of Galloway, where he hoped to get on board some smuggling vessel to the Isle of Man, and from thence to France. The hardships which he suffered in the prosecution of this plan would require a volume in their description. He crept through bye ways by night, and was forced to lie concealed among rocks and woods during the day; he was reduced almost to a state of nudity, and his food was obtained from the charity of the poorest peasants, in whom only he could confide. Of this scanty subsistence he was sometimes for days deprived; and to complete his misfor-

tunes, he was, after having walked barefooted over rocks, briars, and unfrequented places, at length discovered, seized, and taken before a magistrate near Dumfries. As his name was Maxwell, which he did not attempt to conceal, he would have suffered as a rebel, had not his commission as a French officer been found in the lining of his tattered coat, which entitled him to the treatment of a prisoner of war. This privilege, however, only extended to the preservation of his life; he was confined in a paved stone dungeon so long, that he had amused himself by giving names to each stone which composed the pavement, and which in after life he took great pleasure in repeating and pointing out to his friends. An old woman, who had been his nurse in childhood, was at this time living in Dumfries, where he was a prisoner, and having accidentally seen him, and becoming acquainted with his name, his age, &c. felt an assurance that he was the rightful Sir Robert Maxwell. The indissoluble attachment of the lower orders in Scotland to their chiefs is well known; and impelled by this feeling, this old and faithful domestic attended him with the most maternal affection, administering liberally to his distresses. After an interview of some weeks she made him acquainted with her suspicion, and begged leave to examine a mark which she remembered on his body. This proof also concurring, she became outrageous with joy, and ran about the streets, proclaiming the discovery she had made! This rumour reaching the ears of the magistrates, enquiry was made, the proofs were examined, and it soon became the general opinion that he was the son of the old baronet of Orchardston. The estate lay but a few miles from Dumfries, and the unlawful possessor being a man of considerable power and of a most vindictive disposition, most people, whatever might be their private opinion, were cautious in espousing the cause of this disinherited and distressed orphan. One gentleman, however, was found, who, to his eternal honour, took him by the hand. A Mr. Goudy procured his release from prison, took him to his own house, clothed him agreeably to his rank, and enabled him to commence an action against his uncle. The latter was not inactive in the defence of his crime, and took every pains to prove his nephew to be an impostor. Chagrin and a consciousness of guilt however put an end to his existence before the cause came to a

hearing, and Sir Robert was at length put into the peaceable possession of an estate worth upwards of two thousand pounds a year. He now began to display those qualities and abilities which had been but faintly perceptible in his former station: he discovered a generous mind, an intellect at once vigorous and refined, and manners the most elegant and polished; his society was courted by all the neighbouring gentry, and in the course of time he married a Miss Maclellan, a relation of the family of Lord Kirkcudbright: with this lady he lived in the most perfect happiness for many years. He joined in the prevalent practice of farming his own estate, and built a very elegant house on an eminence overlooking the Frith. An imprudent speculation in the bank of Ayr, however, compelled him once more to abandon the seat of his ancestors. He had reserved a small pittance, on which he and his lady lived the latter part of their days. This calamity he bore as became a man familiar with misfortune, and he continued the same worthy open-hearted character that he had ever been. The reduction of his fortune served only to redouble the kindness and cordiality of his friends. He died suddenly in September 1786, whilst on the road to visit one of them—the Earl of Selkirk. He left behind him no issue, but his name is still remembered with ardent attachment.

In the confident hope that this statement will not prove entirely uninteresting to your readers, I remain, &c.

May 4, 1819.

S. N.

ON THE POETRY OF WALTER SCOTT. MR. EDITOR.

I shall make no apology for troubling you with some observations which the communication of X, in your number of January, has suggested, and which I am inclined to believe, have presented themselves to the minds of most of those who dislike the too common usage of the times in literary as in other matters, of raising one man's merits on the defects of his competitor.

Lord Byron has, I dare say, a mind equally lofty to dictate the nervous and impassioned stanza, and to shrink from the unworthy honor with which the strictures of X would emblazon him at the expence of Walter Scott. His Lordship's merit is, I believe, as incontestable as the meed of public fame which has been awarded to his productions is notorious. I will not stay to discuss the

point of how much more pleasure he would have given us in painting the delightful points of human character, than in presenting us with the acme of human depravity and consummately noble villains, or argue on the malicious suspicion that the darker passions must be predominately felt by the poet, in whose works their terribly faithful portraits are drawn in horrid variety in every page, but will proceed to ask, since when has "the wild slogans of border feuds sunk," as X informs us, into disrepute? Or who imagines that Lord Byron will fall into oblivion? Who has proclaimed the idea or substantiated the proof, of Mr. Scott having abused us with counterfeit coin of the mint of Apollo? and who, but as wishing immortality to the works of Lord Byron, would not imagine, that in wishing him equal posthumous fame with the bard of Ettrick, he said enough to fill the measure of a poet's ambition? But X tells us, that "Lord Byron is all strength, condensation, and grandeur, whilst Mr. Scott possesses little energy, and few, if any, of those recondite excellencies so peculiar to the writings of his noble cotemporary."—Excellent!—not to mention the new idea of a recondite poet, I should humbly conceive, that transplanting these energetic touches of the noble poet to the pages of Walter Scott, would be to transfer the dark markings of the sublime and horrible Spagnoletto to the canvas glowing with the grace, nature, and sunshine of Correggio. The denial of energy to Mr. Scott, of the quality of the energy of Lord Byron is just; and fortunate for the enjoyment of those who delight in the poet of nature, and the exquisite delusion by which the "Last Minstrel" makes us parties to the actions he describes, and rapt admirers of the scenes he delineates. Let the censure of X be admitted that he paints minutely, but it is such painting as mocks reality, and we hang on the detail without satiety, which confirms the truth of the proportion, and graces the larger portions of his picture with ornaments happily remembered to heighten the illusion.—But Mr. Scott "knows nothing of the anatomy of the soul!"—Exquisite! Perhaps his "readiness of composition and terseness of expression" might excuse this nobler faculty of diving into the incomprehensible workings of the soul; and I should imagine, that any poet, or meaner mortal, would be most ready to sacrifice a leaf of laurel to be excused looking into such souls as seem

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to have strained his Lordship's powers, with cataloguing their murky qualities and atrocious sublimity.

But I will not compare, as X has done, these reigning stars of our poetical sphere; for I cannot believe, until I hear it officially notified from the north, that Mr. Scott's has either set, or been found counterfeit in its radiance. Our simple and honest belief in the south is, that both Mr. Scott and Lord Byron are two very extraordinary poets, and we doubt not both entitled to as much immortality as they can desire; but we cannot help observing, that the library of every one, who has twenty books, beside the bible and common-prayer book, contains the works of Walter Scott; but the volumes of the noble Lord are by no means so universal, and are carefully kept out of the way of young persons, hypochondriacs, or pregnant women, who are observed to shudder at what they do understand of him, and to guess darkly horrible things on those parts which the energy of the noble bard has wrapped in darkness, or shadowed with the ghastly uncertainty of Fuseli's demons; but we notice, on the contrary, that (owing, we believe, to the facility of description, and minute painting censured by X) all descriptions of readers peruse Scott with pleasure, and strange to say of a poet of little energy, and unskilled in the anatomy of the soul, look on nature and on life with higher relish of the beauties of the one, and with heightened interest on the scenes of the other, after such perusal than before; nay, are so perverse as to quote his descriptions on every proper occasion with almost as much pleasure as I suppose they do in Scotland.

The part of X's observations which refer to the issue formerly tried between the noble poet and the Edinburgh reviewers I have nothing to remark on. The opinion of the public on that point is long since fixed—X has given us some beautiful flowers from the juvenile poems at the end of his communication, but selections from Scott being difficult, and his works on every shelf, and what is more, daily read in Scotland, England, Ireland, and the town of Berwick-upon-Tweed, you will excuse my following the example. I will only remark, by the way, that the poems quoted have less of the morbid anatomy of the soul than most of the "Childe's" later productions.

I am, &c.

A SOUTHRON.

VOL. XI.

3 F

JOURNAL OF A TOUR IN ENGLAND, IN 1815-16, FROM MS. NOTES OF THE ARCHDUKES JOHN AND LEWIS OF AUSTRIA.

(Continued from p. 301, Vol. XI.)

SCOTLAND has four universities. In the schools established for all classes, they do not blindly follow one single method, but every where choose the best. The number of charitable institutions and hospitals is considerable; there are many offices for insurance against fire, &c. The first and most considerable cotton manufactories, and the greatest founderies, were established in Scotland; and here too the first steam-boats were seen. Watt, the builder of steam-boats, is a Scotchman. The British writers, who have the most distinguished themselves in science and literature, Hume, Robertson, Watson,* &c. were Scotchmen. We have already, when speaking of the university of Edinburgh, mentioned several of its present professors: besides these, we had occasion to become acquainted with many other well informed men. In general, this country deserves to be appreciated by impartial observers, in order to appear in its true light: its neighbours have not always done it justice.

We owe it to the good letters of recommendation which we carried to Glasgow, and to the obliging politeness of several persons in Edinburgh, that we were able to see much in a short time. The Lord Provost, the Lord Advocate, Messrs. Dundas, Hope, &c. shewed us every possible attention: we are also obliged to them for the possession of the chief literary productions of the country. To our great regret, the celebrated poet, Walter Scott, as well as Mr. Dugald Stewart, were absent at the time of our visit. We passed the three evenings in a most agreeable manner, in a select company of the most distinguished inhabitants of the city; and, for me,† Edinburgh would be one of the most agreeable places to reside in with which I am acquainted. I must not forget to add, that we visited the collection of Mr. Allan, which appeared to us remarkable both for the choice of the specimens and for their admirable arrangement. It contains a complete series of British mineral productions, in

select specimens of uncommon beauty. Mr. Allan appears to be deeply versed in this branch of science.

It was rather difficult for us to go through the streets, as we were always followed by a crowd of curious persons: they did not remember ever to have seen a prince of the royal family, or foreign prince, and the obliging curiosity of which we were the object, was expressed with a degree of impetuosity.

The very great number of *whisky* shops must be considered as a real scourge to the country, which has an equally fatal influence on the morals and the health of the lower classes of the people. Much has been written on this subject. The only means to check the evil, would be a very high duty on the retail sale, which would render it difficult for the poor to purchase: this means has not been adopted, because the sale of spirits brings in large sums to the state, and the morals of the people are rather risked than the interest of the revenue.

There are very handsome country seats in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh. A chalybeate spring, called St. Bernard's Well, is much frequented in the summer: it is in a little valley where the river Leith has its source.

We left Edinburgh on the 7th of October, by the London road. Musselburgh is the first place you arrive at. It lies on the sea-coast, and, on account of the salubrity of the air, is called the Montpellier of Scotland. There are sea-baths here. The place is much frequented in the fine season, and company of all ranks find convenient accommodation. Not far from Musselburgh the coal-mines begin, which are extremely abundant in the eastern part of the Lothians. Scotland possesses inexhaustible riches in coals. It is calculated, that in the country between Glasgow and Edinburgh alone, there are 600,000 acres of coals, of which not above 200 are annually consumed. The name of Musselburgh is derived from a great bank of *mussels*, which is in the neighbouring sea, and is very advantageous to the poor, who gather *mussels* in it.

A great many families of fishermen live in this market-town: when their vessels enter the harbour too late to take the fish to Edinburgh in time for dinner, they are conveyed thither with much speed by women, who relieve each other, who have not above one hundred yards to go, and carry their fish in

* We do not know who is meant here.

—Ed.

† We are also here at a loss to know which of their Imperial Highnesses is the writer.—Ed.

baskets: in this manner the fish reach Edinburgh, which is five English miles and a half distant, in three quarters of an hour. Three of these women make the journey from Dunbar to Edinburgh (which is six-and-twenty English miles) in five hours, with a burthen of 200 pound of herrings; sometimes they carry as much as 280 pounds.

Musselburgh is what is called a *borough of regality*, a place which acknowledges as its head, not the king, but a particular person. Formerly these market towns possessed an extensive jurisdiction, and royal prerogatives, which made their possessors in some measure independent of the sovereign. Its magistracy consists of eighteen members, and the market town possesses all the privileges of the royal burghs, except that it chooses no members of Parliament, and sends no deputy to the assembly of the burghs.

Haddington, where you first change horses, is sixteen miles from Edinburgh. From this place the road passes through a well cultivated country, in which there are considerable farms, most of which have a windmill for the purpose of threshing and grinding the corn.

The east part of Scotland, in the counties of Edinburgh, Haddington, and Berwick, is one of the best cultivated districts in the kingdom. In the neighbourhood of the capital no precise alternation of crops is observed, probably on account of the ample supply of manure, which may always be obtained from a great city. The most usual change is, however, the following: — 1. Fallow without manure, or potatoes with manure, when the soil is light and porous; 2. Wheat; 3. Beans, in a manured soil; 4. Barley; 5. Clover and rye-grass; 6. Oats; 7. Fallow, or potatoes with manure. There are farms where pasture alternates with tillage, but this is only at a greater distance from the capital.

The corn is reaped with a sickle. The Highlanders come from the most northern parts of Scotland, to get employed as reapers. The machine for reaping, invented by Smith, which was judged to be the best of three proposed, has been known too short a time to be generally employed.

Here, as in all the rest of Scotland, the farms are let at a rack-rent, that is to say, to the highest bidder; it is only when the offers made are equal, that the old farmer and his family have the preference. Leases are made in general for nineteen years, and it is only in par-

ticular cases that they are prolonged. No lease can be made for a longer time than thirty-two years.

Fruit trees very seldom thrive in the north of Scotland, on account of the frosts in spring and the cold east winds.

The sheep, which are chiefly kept on the southern mountains of Haddingtonshire, and in very extensive pastures, are covered all over, after being sheared, with a mixture of tar and butter, or oil, by which they are protected from the tick, and kept warm in winter; the growth of the wool also, is said to be promoted by this process.

In the lower grounds, the snow does not lie long, and even on the mountains it seldom lies longer than three weeks: at this time fodder is given to the sheep. The soil of the plain country of Haddingtonshire is clayey. The general alternation of crops is the following:—1. Fallow; 2. Wheat; 3. Beans or peas; 4. Barley; 5. Grass; 6. Oats. At the foot of the mountains, on the contrary, 1. Turnips; 2. Oats or barley; 3. Clover; 4. Oats. Turnips are said to thrive better here than in England.

In Scotland there are three different classes of labourers: the hind, the cottager, and the ploughman: the last is unmarried. The first place belongs to the hind. Besides his usual business with the horses, he has to attend to the sowing in spring, and to the corn-mills in autumn; he and the cottager are married servants. A dwelling is allotted to the hind, for which he furnishes a reaper in autumn; he has also a little garden, for which he furnishes from two to four heaps of manure, according to the size of it. His wages consist of nine bolls of oats, three bolls of barley, as many of peas, and food for a cow, the dung of which belongs to his master, who provides the necessary fuel. His whole wages may be worth about twenty pounds sterling per annum.

The sole business of the cottager is ploughing; he receives a dwelling and garden, which he pays for in the same manner as the hind; in order to encourage him to a careful preparation of manure, it is customary, in some places, to give him the first crop of a field for which he has supplied the manure. The entire amount of his wages may be about the same as those of the hind.

The ploughman, or unmarried labourer, has his meals mostly in the house of his master, and sleeps in the stable. His wages consist of eight pounds sterling, and two pair of shoes; half a peck

of flax is sowed for him. When he marries, he receives the most important articles of household furniture as a present.

The farms in Berwickshire are, for the most part, very considerable. The annual rent is from 30 to 1200 pounds sterling. If the rent is below 30 pounds, it is not called a farm, but a possession.

The usual kinds of manure are lime, dung, hard and soft marl, and sea-weed (*fucus palmatus*).

Our road lay by the sea-side. Dunbar, eleven English miles from Haddington, is a town containing four thousand inhabitants. The air is said to be very healthy, and there are sea-baths here. The castle is very old; it is said to have existed so far back as the year 859.

The coast consists of basalt rocks, which run to the north, and form, near Berwick, a conical mountain, and in the sea a high rock, which is very remarkable. The sea-shore has a melancholy appearance; the road runs along it for nearly eleven miles, and then it begins to rise. The hills are unfruitful and covered with heath. When you have passed the Press, the land improves; at least we were assured of this, for as we travelled by night we could not judge of it ourselves.

After passing Berwick, you come through a hilly country, and see to the westward still higher mountains, which divide Scotland from Northumberland. The mode of agriculture appeared to me to be the same, and the cultivation is good. There are large farms that have windmills with five sails, which turn themselves in the proper direction.

Near Alnwick the country becomes more pleasant; a pretty long valley, inclosed by mountains, extends eastwards towards the sea. This whole valley, together with the mountains, belongs to the park of the Duke of Northumberland. On the highest mountain there is an obelisk in the middle of a wood of firs, surrounded with meadows and groups of trees. In the middle of the valley you see a little town covered with the smoke of coals; and farm houses surround the park. Opposite to the town, upon a low green hill, lies the old Castle, the appearance of which certainly announces high antiquity; the walls are furnished with little towers. But as soon as you enter the castle yard the illusion vanishes. The building is in the Gothic style, but the architecture is modern, except of the tower and the gate. Little figures of armed warriors,

which look down from the roof, deform the whole. We were assured that the interior arrangement is magnificent.

On the 9th, we arrived at Newcastle, where our first business was to visit one of the greatest coal mines.

Thence we went to the town of North Shields, two English miles distant, which is almost entirely inhabited by sailors employed in the coal trade. This place has a very handsome square, surrounded with houses, which affords a remarkable prospect. You here see where the Tyne empties itself into the sea, and the town of Tyne-mouth, with its fort upon an eminence. The entrance into the Tyne is dangerous, and it is necessary to keep the left shore. On the right, the entrance is stopped by a barrier erected for the purpose, and in the middle, marks are put to warn vessels of the rocks in the channel. On account of this dangerous entrance, a light-house is erected on the heights of Shields, and another, a little farther below, serves as a guide to vessels by night.

Shields may be considered as the port of Newcastle. The largest merchantmen, of 800 or 900 tons burthen, can come up here. We were assured that 200 vessels very often sail from Shields in one day.

We hastened to view, before night, which had almost overtaken us, the ships and the life-boat. Among the vessels in the harbour were two brigs.

The life-boat has the form of a common boat. The inside is entirely of cork, to make the vessel as light as possible. It is ten feet in breadth and thirty feet in length, and is made for ten rowers. The pilot sits in a hollow, so that he cannot easily fall. We were assured that, according to numerous experiments, the boat could not possibly upset, and when it is full of water it does not sink. Since it was invented, it has been the means of saving the lives of several hundred persons. Two days before our arrival, a man had owed his deliverance to it, who was the only individual left of the crew of a sloop that had been wrecked in a violent storm. We were told that the sight of this boat, during a storm, which frequently stands on end almost perpendicular in the open sea, and yet never upsets, is extremely singular.

We returned to Newcastle after dark. Many heaps of coals burning on the road-side gave us light, and had a pleasing appearance.

The first excursion which we made at Newcastle was to visit the coal-mines. As you go to Shields, you see on the right and left a number of open shafts which lead to the subterraneous galleries. They are distinguishable by the smoke rising from the steam-engines, and which issues from their chimneys. Here is found one of the most considerable strata of coal in Europe: for in the country between the Blyth and the Tyne, and between the Tyne and the Wear, the last layer is of pure coal. In several sections there are seen as many as six different superpositions; the upper stratum of the mine is of sandstone, of aluminous schistus, and often of common argillaceous iron ore. The kind of coal found here is pitch-coal: there is but little cannel coal.

These mines belong partly to individuals, partly to companies.

The miners employed in these works dwell in long houses, built purposely for them, near the shafts, which makes each of these mines resemble a little village.

One of the inspectors who conducted us, shewed us on the left side of the road a work which was inundated, or drowned, as they call it, some time ago. Seventy-four persons lost their lives. An extent of eight hundred English acres was covered by the water. In spite of every exertion, it has not been possible to reduce it more than eleven feet.

We passed by a mine, near which a great heap of coal was burning: our conductor explained to us, that it was the refuse of the coal which is heaped up and burnt, without deriving any advantage from it. It is so abundant, that after supplying all the steam-engines employed in the mines, and after the poor of the country have taken as much as they please, there still remains a large quantity, of which no use is made. As the duties are the same upon the small coal (or dust) as on the large, and the latter being more in request, it is not worth while (as we were told) to offer the small for sale, so that it is burned when the quantity becomes so large as to be in the way. An attempt was made to send this small coal to London, for the use of the poor, but the heavy duty caused it to be given up, and thousands of quintals of the best coal are annually burnt, which might however be turned to better account. This, for example, is the kind of coal the best adapted for the production of gas-light, and many towns in England might be lighted with

the refuse of the coal-mines of Newcastle. As these coals are changed by combustion into glassy scorizæ, and produce no ashes, neither manure nor pot-ash can be obtained from them.

We visited one of the shafts of the mine of which our guide was inspector; it belongs to a company of six persons.

At a small distance from this mine is a great heap of sand; it is sand from the Thames, which the Newcastle colliers are obliged to take on their return as ballast, when the river is cleansed.

The mine into which we descended has three entrances near to each other. One is for the entrance of the miners, the other for drawing up the coal, and the third for pumping out the water. The coal is raised from the mine by means of a steam-engine, on the ancient principle of Watt.* * *

As it was Saturday, we saw the miners come out; eight or nine of them suspend themselves to a chain fastened to the end of the rope, and ascend in this manner. The children get into the baskets in which the coal is drawn up, and three or four are seen in the same basket. The occupation of these children partly consists in driving the horses, which bring the coal to the shaft of the mine, which is done upon iron rail-roads. Thus the horses remain under ground for years together. In the mine which we visited there were sixty employed in this subterranean labour. The shaft is eight hundred feet deep. The mine extends a mile under ground. Two little iron sledges, each drawn by one horse, bring the coal to the shaft; while two full baskets ascend, two empty ones descend again, and are carried back upon the sledges to an esplanade, where they are loaded. From almost each of these esplanades (which are very numerous) an iron rail road leads to an open space, where all the roads join with two, which are also iron rail-roads. These roads, of which there is a great number about Newcastle, are of two kinds: the *flat roads*, which have only a plate of iron, and the *edge-railed roads*, which form a certain projection. Experience has shewn these last to be the best. The wheels of the carts are of cast iron, and they have a projection which obliges the cart to remain in the track: each of these carts, when loaded, weighs 153 cwt. In the middle of the cart is a wooden lever, by means of which, the man who is behind is able, by merely pressing it, to check the cart when going

down hill. Formerly there were also wooden rail-roads, but they disappear by degrees.

The rail-roads have surmounted all the difficulties of carriage, which is performed in this manner with the greatest facility and rapidity, and at the least expense. We must add to this the steam-waggons; they go on the edge-rail roads, or on a particular kind of road. They are of three different kinds: I saw them at Newcastle, and subsequently at Leeds, where the inventor, Mr. Blackinshop, has introduced them. They have all the three kinds at Newcastle, but we saw only one; it has three wheels, and goes on the flat-roads.* * * * This machine has narrow wheels; it draws after it even carts carrying together from 24 to 50 tons of coals. When the road ascends, or the machine meets with an obstacle, it stops, and then it is necessary to increase the power of the steam, by adding to the fire. If the machine did not exist, each of the carts would be drawn by one horse, and would cost 50 pounds sterling per annum. They go from seven to nine miles in an hour, when the road is even. The expense of making the rail-roads is 1200*l.* per mile.

A steam-engine by Watt acts at the shaft by which the coal is drawn out, and puts in motion, at the same time, the pumps which draw the water from the third shaft. The necessary steam is produced by five cylindrical boilers. This steam-engine is very large; its cylinder is 63 inches in diameter, and its power is equal to that of a hundred and forty horses.* * * * The machine is very simple; it raises 400 gallons of water every minute. The shaft is 800 feet in depth down to the lower reservoir, which it exhausts. At some distance from the shaft there is a grate, under which fire is made to dry the baskets.

We next went to the place where the coals are loaded in the vessels: it is pretty near to the shaft; two iron rail-roads lead to it. At the beginning of the road, one or two carts are drawn by one horse; afterwards, where it begins to descend, the horses are taken off, and the cart proceeds of itself to the loading-place, which is a kind of stage over the river, and covered in. Two large troughs, strongly lined with tin, descend obliquely. The vessels come under this stage; when the cart arrives, a hook is unfastened, the bottom opens, and the coals descend by the troughs into the vessel. The cart is drawn back

to make room for another, for this purpose the two roads converge towards the stage; so that the carts may avoid each other, the cart is made to pass from one track to the other by means of a wooden lever, cased with iron. The most important condition for the sale is, that the coals arrive very dry at London. They are not readily bought wet; they are therefore loaded as quickly as possible in the transports, and there protected from the rain. In places where the river is not so near the mine as in that which we visited, large covered magazines have been erected.

(To be continued.)

NOTICES OF THE HUNGARIAN GIPSIES.

No. II.

NOBODY can examine whether every one possesses such a treasure; but you may see that almost every one has a horse of his own. One would fancy that the race of the renowned *Rozinante* of the noble knight of *La Mancha* had been multiplied, *ad infinitum*, to furnish every Nomade with his hack. If any person has an old unserviceable horse to sell, however bad it may be, he is sure of finding a purchaser among the Nomades. Here the life of the beast is prolonged, for it is generally unemployed, and food grows under its feet. When the Nomade wants to remove to another place, he packs his tent and his other effects together, lays them upon his horse, hangs across a pair of saddle-bags with a couple of little children, which are seldom wanting, and leads it by the bridle, the wife and the bigger children following. This, however, is not the only case in which he wants his horse; at fairs, which nobody more assiduously frequents, every one seeks to dispose of his horse, either to exchange it for a better, or if for a worse, to get some money into the bargain. The unfortunate animal is to be pitied when the merciless Nomade rides it. Cunning and cruel, he knows how to make his poor beast start and rear. In some remote corner he beats it severely till the animal trembles and palpitates. If a purchaser mounts it for a trial, and but threatens to strike, the creature springs and runs as long as it has breath. If it is lame of one fore foot, the seller remedies this by laming it of the other; then the poor beast spares both fore-feet as much as possible, and rears. Many a man has been so deceived, thinking to buy a spirited though ill fed horse, but discovered the cheat the next day, and

instead of mounting it was obliged to wait till it could be cured. The Nomade thinks such a trick quite fair. It is the purchaser's business to open his eyes, and make sure of what he buys; besides the gipsy never sells dear.

None but a Nomade who is in particularly good circumstances keeps two horses, for which he gets a waggon of the cheapest kind. Such a one has effects sufficient to load his waggon in his wanderings, but very few are so well off.

Next to the horse, the Nomade values, above all living creatures, the animal proscribed by the Mosaic law. When he assists the farmer in his labours during the harvest, he generally bargains, besides some provisions, for a young pig, as the reward of his labour. He feeds it with the refuse of his table, with food which he begs, or obtains otherwise; and a considerable part of the charge falls upon the ground about his tent. His grunting companion lives like one of the family, thrives and grows fat, and is sold in the winter. The rest of the Nomade's property consists of his household effects. The catalogue is not long. A pot, a dish, a kettle, a frying-pan, and other indispensable articles, mostly in the singular number. Whoever should think of beds, bedsteads, chairs, and such luxuries, must have forgotten the patriarchal simplicity which our Nomade, a cynic from his birth, inviolably observes. Some tools will be mentioned below.

The reader involuntarily asks: "How then do these children of nature support life?" The golden age has long since disappeared from Dacia. Even the Nomades are no more uncultivated enough to be content with the gifts of the Hamadryads, or of mother earth alone. They are as able and willing to eat as others; but to obtain their support from the earth by the sweat of their brow, is, in their opinion, far too troublesome. Even their roving way of life shews that they do not till the ground, for which indeed the very elements of their constitutional temperament do not at all qualify them. For repose and ease are their idols. Hunger alone, the great tyrant of animal nature can rouse them from their delightful indolence. Give the easily satisfied Nomade enough to eat and drink, and you may have the pleasure of seeing him pass day after day in the "*dolce far niente*." These simple means of existence he can procure in many different ways. The chief is the almost universal propensity to the labours of the forge. As the genuine descendants of Tubal Cain, even boys know how to use the

hammer. The father communicates the art to his children—an imperfect art, it is true, but more than we should be entitled to expect from their tools. A pair of bellows, rather larger than the common hand bellows, a pair of tongs, a hammer, a file; these are all the tools which the greater part of these natural smiths want to do their work, for which a regular smith requires an extensive apparatus. They burn charcoal for their own use, and often for sale also. In the middle of the tent, or of the winter cave, they make, instead of the usual fire, a fire of charcoal; a little parapet of clay is raised round it, in which the bellows are fixed. A hard stone often supplies the place of an anvil. The wife, or a child, sets the bellows in motion; the charcoal glows; the father, often with the upper part of his body bare, wields with nervous arm the tongs and hammer, and forges the work. These scanty implements, to which even the few who are better off make no great addition, shew that the Nomade smith employs himself only in manufacturing smaller articles; Jews' harps, chains, nails, fire-steels, fire-shovels, and such iron articles, he makes new. They understand how to mend pots and kettles, and now and then contrive, cunningly enough, to procure themselves work. If the Nomade smith happens to see in a house a damaged kettle, which they have no mind to give him to mend, he examines and peels the damaged part, till he makes a great hole in it; and if he is scolded, offers to repair the unserviceable utensil. It would be too much to require durability or particular excellence in his work; it is enough that he does his business tolerably, and is satisfied with moderate payment. If he has finished a piece of his own work, he carries it to the nearest market, and hawks it from house to house. It is very seldom that he shews any thing like economy in disposing of his bargains. I have seen many a one, when he had sold his goods, buy first only a small quantity of iron, to be able to go on working: with the rest he went to the public house, which he did not leave till he had not a farthing remaining; then, but not before, he went, with light heart and empty pocket, to his own home.

Many, who do no smith's work, manufacture articles of wood. They make troughs, spoons, distaffs, and the like, which they barter in the villages, if they can, for provisions. Others assist the farmer, in the summer, in his agricultural labours; though they greatly prefer work

which can be done in the shade, to such as exposes them to bear the heat of the sun. This antipathy to the heat of the sun they have in common with all oriental nations; it shews itself even in animals of Asiatic origin, which are brought to the colder countries of the West; which is probably to be ascribed to the greater difference between the summer and winter temperature, rather than to the absolutely higher degree of summer heat in our western climates. A great part of the Nomades leave their support, particularly in winter, to the care of heaven and the charity of their fellow creatures, whose pity they have various methods of exciting. To beg is, in their opinion, no disgrace. If this does not produce sufficient, we must not much wonder if the hungry or the naked takes, what is either not offered, or is refused him. It is by no means a principle with him to take the property of others; but urgent necessity, or a momentary impulse, or, lastly, the too great attachment to the *dolce far niente*, as observed above, sometimes tempts him to this violation of the rights of property.

From the preceding description it is evident, that our Nomade gipsy cannot be very squeamish either in eating and drinking, or in the wants of the animal half of himself. Whatever is eatable, though it be an Apocryphon in the canon of the Parisian Gastronomia, pleases his palate. His repast is temperate as the table of the noble Cincinnatus. He loves meat, but knows also how to do without, even when the regulations of the Greek church, to which most of them nominally conform, do not exactly happen to prescribe a fast day. At the same fire, where the husband forges his iron, the wife can prepare her dinner. When it is ready, they all place themselves around it, each provided with a good appetite. Spoons are generally the only implements; what will not go into the spoon, is divided, as instinct teaches, with the fingers. Of their drinking vessels I shall speak hereafter: but here I must mention another favorite enjoyment of the Nomades. To smoke tobacco is, with most of them, become by habit a matter of necessity; and, in a country where that article is so very cheap, this indulgence cannot be called extravagance—particularly as they are content with any thing that only looks or smells like tobacco. That as little as possible of the precious herb may go unenjoyed, they have tobacco pipes no longer than a finger, that the rising smoke

may tickle their nose. The other sex also share this luxury with the men; and the wife, at her cooking, smokes in company with the man at his forge, which, to us, does not appear very graceful. They do not only smoke tobacco, but chew it as sailors do. I never saw an instance of their taking snuff. As old, long-used pipes, have imbibed a great deal of the juice, they are fond of such pipes to chew: these are the pliable pipes used in Germany, Turkey, &c. In general, a traveller can make the Nomades no more valuable present than a handful of tobacco, or an old pipe. I attribute to this constant use of tobacco, and to the unfrequency of warm food, the sound ivory teeth of the Nomades.

The Gipsies who have permanent abodes.

By far the greater part of the Hungarian and Transylvanian Gypsies, have long since accustomed themselves to a settled mode of life, and fixed their abode in the suburbs of the towns, or in villages. Of their dwellings, therefore, the same may be said in general as of others, only that most of them have a much more confined and mean appearance, than ordinary peasants' houses. Sometimes, however, Gypsies are found in good decent houses, very neat both within and without. In the suburbs and villages, they have their particular quarters, where they were at first compelled to reside exclusively; but now crowd together voluntarily, not to separate from each other. In such a quarter, they live quite close together, because they generally make their houses or huts, very small, and want no extensive dependencies, like the peasant, for cattle, and the produce of the soil. A sitting-room, a chamber, a workshop; these are generally sufficient for the Gipsy, his family, and his effects.

In dress, as with the rest of mankind, there is a great diversity. He who is able, wears handsome and rich clothes; he who is not, dresses himself as he can. A passion for dress is not uncommon among them. Like their Nomade brethren, they have a remarkable fondness for gaudy colours. Red or blue, nay, sometimes even bi-coloured breeches, lavishly trimmed with gold or silver, yellow Hungarian boots, with spurs, are, in the opinion of some, the the no-plus-ultra of elegance. They are particularly fond of the Hungarian national dress, which certainly is very becoming on a well-made person. Many a Gipsy struts about like a Hungarian nobleman,

and fondly flatters himself with being, perhaps, taken for one by strangers; but he is generally betrayed to an experienced eye by his complexion, his internal satisfaction with his own person, and by his endeavours to make himself and his cloathes noticed.

The sources of gain, by which they are enabled to live and dress better than the Nomades, are more abundant. The propensity to the labours of the forge, which we have spoken of in treating of the Nomades, is a chief mean of support to the settled gipsies; but in this art, as in every thing else, they are more advanced than the others. There are, in fact, many gipsy farriers, blacksmiths, whitesmiths, and cutlers, whose work is nearly as good as can be desired. The boys, when only in their twelfth year, can assist their parents in supporting them, by nail-making, while their fathers perform the heavier work. Many need but to see an article once to imitate it without difficulty. These gipsies are, for the most part, the smiths in the villages. They make well whatever the farmer wants, and as he wants it. Nay even in the towns, we often see in very good houses the iron work of the windows, and similar articles, of gipsy manufacture. I do not, however, mean to deny, that among them, as every where else, the majority are bunglers; but it is certain that if this natural talent were regularly cultivated, we should see gipsy smiths who would equal the most skilful artists in their profession. From what I have said of their work, it may be justly presumed that their tools are more or less perfect. Many forgers are provided like those of regular bred smiths, others work in wood. In the brick-kilns too there are many gipsies; some are their own property, but, for the most part, they are under the superintendence of another proprietor. Many gain a livelihood by making shoes, others by working as day-labourers. In many places too the dishonourable professions, as they are called, are a monopoly of the gipsies.

The almost universal talent for music, and the practice of that art, which procures them a great part of their subsistence, is of very great importance. It is indeed a remarkable phenomenon, that a sense of music appears to me to be peculiar to the gipsies, above all nations with which I am acquainted. The boy, by the time he is seven years old, attempts, without the slightest theoretical introduction, some instrument or other, and merely by the ear, and, by practice,

frequently attains incredible facility and precision. Upon all musical instruments, except the harpsichord, but principally on the violin, there are gipsy virtuosi, many of whom play with a purity and fullness of expression which the most celebrated artists can hardly equal. It is evident that, as they learn a piece solely by the ear, they never perform great compositions; but in smaller ones, especially dances, they are, after all that I have heard of this kind, incomparable. In the music of their dances there breathes a lively spirit which irresistibly impels the hearer to joy; powerful and tender accords flow into each with the most expressive harmony, and the profoundest feeling pervades their whole performance. This is confirmed by the inhabitants of Clausenburg, who are extremely sensible to the charms of music. At the balls there, they have always a particular band of gipsies, and competent judges affirm that it is much easier to dance to the music of the gipsies than to that of regular musicians. Of course this is not to be understood of all gipsy performers, which would be impossible, their number being so large. In the above-mentioned town of Clausenburg alone, there may be one hundred, of whom the half are certainly but bunglers, or mere imitators of the manner of skilful masters, but there are not a few among them who in playing the violin, the violoncello, the French horn, the flute, the clarinet, and the oboe, combine great execution with delicate expression. The principal, whose sole occupation is music, are divided into bands of twelve men, and are distinguished by a uniform and elegant dress, and can appear with external propriety in any elegant company. Wherever music is wanted for a ball, where a festival or entertainment is to be improved by the charms of Polyhymnia, where a lover wishes to give a serenade to his mistress, they are ready to offer their talents. They place themselves in bodies in the streets, and with a "Sir, can we wait upon you?" offer music to those who pass by. In every public house that is at all well frequented, the sounds of cheerful music invite the guests to drinking or dancing; and at every corner of the town, and at all times, except on the days when the ordinances of the church forbid it, harmonious accords salute the ear. The dances which they play are partly of their own composition, others they learn by listening to musicians who play from notes, and sometimes they

pay such a one to play them something new. When the gipsy has once heard the piece, he has it by heart; he first tries it himself, and when he can perform it, communicates to his comrades, and the band makes the music complete without difficulty. The triumph of gipsy music is the Hungarian national dance, mostly of their own composition, quite in the energetic ardent spirit of the generous nation, executed with its peculiarly manly expressive accent, so that the mere pupil of art willingly gives up the contest, and resigns the palm to the pupil of Nature.

There is no gypsy settlement, however small, in which there are not one or more, who, besides other employments, sometimes practise music. At the weddings of the country people they reap a harvest without much exertion. Laden with the substantial gains of his art, which never fail to be considerable from the country people, whom pleasure disposes to be liberal, the gipsy, as soon as the days of the feast are over, returns to his hut and enjoys the fruits of the entertainment with his expecting family. An Orpheus of this description, returning home, once met with a singular adventure. He was going home, quite alone, with his violin, in a severe winter from a wedding; as he was passing through a wood, a hungry wolf, of which there are many in that country, rushed towards him; our gipsy, in his fright, seeing no other resource, leaped into a ditch and the wolf after him. To appease the animal, he threw him the provision, the remains of the feast. The wolf devours them greedily—the provision bag is empty: every moment becomes more critical, and threatens the trembling musician with a horrid death. That he may at least not descend to his fathers unsung, he takes, for the last time, his violin, the faithful companion of his life, and begins, with great earnestness, his favourite air. But scarcely had he commenced when the blood-thirsty wolf, seized with dread of the anger of Apollo, runs away, and our virtuoso, like a second Orpheus, escaped from the jaws of Cerberus; with an empty wallet indeed, and lamenting that he had not taken his fiddle at the first, he proceeds on his way home.

The settled gypsies very frequently carry on a trade with cattle. Though the Nomades, as we have seen, do it on a small scale, this is by no means to be compared with the extensive transactions of many of the settled gypsies. I

know gypsies who often have in their trade some hundred, nay, even some thousand horses, and swine; and, what is scarcely credible, without being able to write a figure or a letter, accurately make and remember the calculation of the purchase and sale of every individual animal. This is a splendid proof of the energy of the uncorrupted memory, not reduced to mere mechanism by the secrets of mnemonics!

The goldwashers, as they are called, are a peculiar but small class of the settled gypsies. Their number is mostly fixed, and entered on the register of the royal inspectors. In the summer they live in barracks, near the rivers which bring down gold-sand; the most celebrated of which in Transylvania is the Aranyos (Goldriver). The Maros, and other rivers in Hungary, also furnish gold in larger or smaller quantities. The washers receive, for a certain weight of gold grains which they deliver, a suitable recompence, which however is not considerable in proportion to the time and trouble they employ. This occupation, besides, lasts only during the summer, as long as the water is not too cold; for they stand in the water while they are at work, flch up the sand from the bottom with a board made for the purpose, wash away the worthless part by pouring water on it, and seek out in the rest, with admirable quickness of sight, the little grains of gold. Often, in spite of all their looking, not a grain is to be found, and their time and trouble have been expended in vain. As soon as winter approaches, this employment ceases, the goldwashers return to their dwellings, and generally seek a livelihood by working in wood. The vanity of these poor people is singular enough; they transfer the value of the precious metal to themselves, and fancy that they are some degrees superior to the other gipsies.

(To be continued.)

SOME ACCOUNT OF THOMAS BROWN, THE ELDER.

Τὸ πατὴρ εἰς τὸ παῖδιον.

WE are told that a man is known by his associates, and certainly there can be no doubt that he who delights in the conversation of the vicious, forfeits thereby, the confidence of the good. This observation may be extended to literary taste, and when we find a person fond of ribald authors, there can be no injustice in setting him down as one of a

depraved intellect: I was led to these remarks by casually perusing some satirical publications of recent date, bearing the signature of "Thomas Brown, the younger:" a name which no writer who had any regard for his moral character, could have assumed, since, in so doing, he necessarily incurs the charge of being an admirer and imitator of Thomas Brown the elder.

Whether the present claimant of this honourable name be a "true chip of the old block" or not, they can best tell who are acquainted with his private habits. But as he takes a great pleasure in abusing personages of the first distinction, with a virulence of language as coarse as that used by Tom Brown, of facetious memory, who is said to have had the pernicious quality of rather losing his friend than his joke, it is but fair to take a view of the history of the one, in order to form some estimate of the moral properties of the other.

Thomas Brown, the elder, was the son of an honest yeoman at Shiffnal, in Shropshire, who impoverished himself to bestow a liberal education upon a profligate son, sending him first to the free school of Newport, in his native county, and next to Christ Church, Oxford; where the youth was soon distinguished by his uncommon attainments in literature. He had great quickness of apprehension, and to a solid stock of classical knowledge, added, by his study and application, an intimacy with the French, Italian, and Spanish languages. These qualifications might have rendered him an ornament to society, had he made a proper use of them; instead of which, he despised authority, broke through all the rules of academic discipline, and led such a dissipated life, that, after many attempts had been made to reclaim him in vain, the heads of his college were under the necessity of proceeding to the sentence of expulsion. Even this disgrace had not the effect of correcting his manners, and instead of returning, like the prodigal, to his afflicted father, he plunged at once into the follies and corruptions of the Metropolis. For some time he lived merrily; but when his finances were exhausted, those who had laughed at his jests, and made him the companion of their revelries, abandoned him in his necessities, and left him to starve. In this exigency, Tom became an usher in a school at Kingston, a situation for which he was ill-fitted by his manners, whatever might have been his capacity for teaching. Accordingly, his stay at Kingston

was but short, and he revisited London, where for a support he became an author by profession. It may easily be conceived that a man of this turn of mind, was not very scrupulous in regard to the employment of his pen. He had a very lively imagination, and delighted much in scenes of low humour. The times in which he lived were favorable to libels and pieces of scurrility; of which Tom did not fail to take advantage, and thus he contrived not only to provide for his necessities, but to gratify his love of sensual pleasure, by publishing various performances that excited risibility at the expence of decency. The dialogues, letters, and poems of Tom Brown, were read by high and low, on account of the wit that gave them a zest, though the author was considered as a sort of Merry Andrew, whose vulgarity was endured on account of his drollery. They who laughed in the perusal of his works, laid them down afterwards with disgust, and shrunk from an acquaintance with the author, whom they justly despised, on account of the depravity of his morals. The booksellers, however, knew his value, and he was contented with their patronage. His companions were libertines like himself, who acknowledged no law but their appetite, and placed all happiness in sensual indulgence. The principal female acquaintance of Tom Brown was the noted Astrea Behn, of meretricious celebrity, who prostituted both her person and her talents indiscriminately. As these two worthies were inseparable in their lives, so in death they were united; their remains being deposited close to each other in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey; the very church which Brown had profaned, by affixing a blasphemous paper upon the doors of it, one Sunday morning. There is, however, reason to hope that even this man, who so universally perverted very superior talents, natural and acquired, did at last find mercy. For though he treated all religion with scorn in his life, his heart failed him on the bed of death, and he expressed deep concern for the errors which he had committed. Dr. Johnson says, "Brown was not a man deficient in literature, nor destitute of fancy; but he seems to have thought it the pinnacle of excellence to be 'a merry fellow'; and, therefore, laid out his powers on small jests or gross buffoonery, so that his performances have little intrinsic value, and were read only while they were recommended by the novelty and the event that occasioned them. What sense or

knowledge his works contain is disgraced by the garb in which it is exhibited."

Thus far, perhaps, the elder and the younger Brown may tally pretty well in respect of general resemblance, both as men and writers; but still there will unavoidably be some points of dissimilitude, for where is the parallel that can be said to run upon all fours? I cannot find for instance, in all my researches, that old Tom Brown ever held a sinecure place, and then abused the Government under which he enjoyed it: nor does it appear that in all the wantonness of his wit, he endeavoured to ruin his country, by bringing the Sovereign into public contempt. The faults of the senior humourist were numerous and heavy enough, it is true, but indecorous as his writings are, there is little in them to inflame the passions of youth; he does not delight in libidinous descriptions and allusions by which the innocent mind becomes contaminated without suspecting any danger; nor does he, in his licentious pictures, manifest a direct hostile intention against the principles of morality. That he was a gross voluptuary is evident, but he does not, in any of his works, attempt to represent sensual pleasure as the sum of human enjoyment. In all these flights, therefore, Thomas Brown the younger, must be allowed to have far outstripped his archetype, and if he has not succeeded in destroying the temple of chastity among men, it has not been for the want of genius or inclination.

Of Brown the elder it may be said, by way of excuse, that the man wrote for bread; and that, probably, he could not have gained a maintenance any other way, under his circumstances. This is an apology which, bad as it is, cannot be made by the younger branch of the family, whose condition lays upon him an obligation to improve, and not to injure society. When filthy ideas go abroad, in coarse and vulgar language, they carry their antidote with them, and can do little harm; but when they are bodied in a graceful form, and set forth with all the charms and graces of poetry, they insinuate into the mind, seize upon the imagination, and completely poison the well-springs of life.

The elder Brown appears to have been contented with a moderate income, and to have cared little about any provision for the future; in which he certainly has not been followed by the person ambitious of his name, whose cupidity of gain seems only to be equalled by his indiffer-

ence as to the mode of employing his talents in the attainment of it.

Much more might be said, but for the present, I shall only remark, that whatever amusement individuals may have derived from the performances of both these lively writers, the world would have sustained no loss if Thomas Brown the elder, or Thomas Brown the younger had never been born.

SHAW TONKIN.

Mevagizze, April 3, 1819.

VOYAGE TO THE SHETLAND ISLANDS.

BY M. BIOT.

AMIDST the important political discussions by which Europe is agitated, it is gratifying to observe, that science continues her progress, slowly it is true, but with a degree of perseverance which nothing can impede or overcome. It is now nearly two centuries since the attention of learned societies was directed towards ascertaining the magnitude and form of the earth, and the power of gravity at its surface. The first measure of a degree of the terrestrial meridian was made in France, in 1670. When it was deemed necessary to measure at once two arcs of the meridian, one near the equator and the other near the pole, Bouguer and Condamine were sent to America, and Maupertuis and Lemonnier proceeded to the north. Their observations proved the flatness of the earth towards the poles, but its measure remained undetermined.

Fifty years later, astronomical instruments having been brought to a higher degree of perfection, the Royal Society of London and the Academy of Paris, determined to employ every means of obtaining an exact solution of the problem. The latter, with the view of adding an object of higher importance to their labours, proposed that the magnitude of the earth should become the basis of a system of common measures. Amidst the convulsions which agitated France, and the terrible war which bathed Europe in blood, two French astronomers, M. M. Delambre and Méchain, measured the arc of the meridian which crosses France from Perpignan to Dunkirk. This arc was afterwards prolonged to the Balearic Isles by MM. Biot and Arago.

Colonel Mudge had measured several degrees of the terrestrial meridian, from the south of England to the north of Scotland, and it was desirable that this operation should be combined with the one made in France, in order to give a

great arc, extending from the Balearic Isles to the extremities of Iceland. Such was the object of a voyage to the Shetland Islands, undertaken by M. Biot, the successful result of which was made known by a memorial which he recently read to the Academy of Sciences at Paris. It is not our intention to follow M. Biot through his scientific operations; but the following extracts from his work, in which the wild beauties of the Shetland Islands are described with equal eloquence and truth, cannot fail to interest our readers:—

“On the 18th of July,” he says, “we landed, not far from the austral point of these islands, where the tides of the Atlantic mingling with those of the Norwegian Sea, occasion a continually tempestuous agitation. The desolate aspect of the soil corresponds with the difficulty of approaching it. On ascending the sides of the rocks, which are broken by the waves, the eye rests on nothing but a humid desert, covered with stone and moss, and rugged hills, rent by the inclemency of heaven. There is not a tree nor a bush to soften this wild landscape, only here and there a few scattered huts, from the mossy roofs of which the smoke ascends and mingles with the external fog.”

After having described the benevolent, susceptible, and virtuous beings who inhabit these regions of rain, wind, and storm, the eloquent author adds:

“What attaches them to their home is, the peace, the profound, unalterable peace which they enjoy there. For the last twenty-five years, during which Europe has been destroying herself, the sound of a drum has not been heard at Unst, and scarcely at Lerwick. For twenty-five years the door of the house which I inhabited had remained open night and day. The numerous rocks which surround the islands, and render them accessible only in favorable weather, serve as a fleet to defend them against attacks in time of war; and what would privateers, or cruisers of any description, seek in these barren regions? Here the news of Europe is listened to with the interest with which one would read the history of the past century; it revives no recollections of personal misfortune, and awakens no animosity. . . . If there were trees and sun in Shetland, no country could be more charming; but if there were trees and sun, it would be visited by the people of other nations, and then peace would be banished.”

We regret that our limits will not per-

mit us to quote M. Biot's description of the hospitable manners, the social virtues, and the brotherly union of the Shetland Islanders. But we cannot forbear transcribing the following passage, in which he portrays the perils they encounter in fishing, which is their chief occupation:—

“They enter upon it with inconceivable boldness. Six men, who are good rowers, agree to occupy one boat, which is a slight canoe, entirely open: they take with them a supply of water and oatmeal-cake and a compass, and in this frail skiff they sail out of sight of all land, to the distance of fifteen or twenty leagues. They usually spend a day and night in fishing. In fine weather, they sometimes gain about nine or ten shillings by one of these voyages; if the sky be cloudy and the sea rough, they contend against its fury in their open boat, until they recover their lines, the loss of which would prove the ruin of them and their families. They then sail back in the direction of the shore, amidst stupendous waves which rise like ridges of hills around them. The most experienced of the fishermen seats himself at the helm, and calculating on the direction of each wave, endeavours to avoid its shock, which would be sufficient to sink the boat. He at the same time directs the manœuvring of the sail, which is lowered when the boat rises on a wave, in order to moderate its descent, and hoisted when the boat descends, so that the wind may carry it along on the surface of the succeeding wave. Sometimes, enveloped in darkness, the unfortunate fishers see nothing but the mountain of water which they seek to avoid, and of the approach of which they are only warned by the roaring of the waves.

“Meanwhile, their wives and children are stationed on the coast, imploring heaven for their safety; sometimes catching a glimpse of the boat which bears all their hopes, or fancying they see it overwhelmed by the waves—preparing to assist their husbands and fathers whenever they come near enough to the shore, or calling in frantic shrieks on those who can hear them no more. But this is not always their fate. By dint of address, labour, and courage, they often return triumphantly from the terrible conflict; the well known sound of the horn is heard: at length the boat reaches the shore; tears are succeeded by embraces, and the joy of meeting is increased by the recital of the dangers which the fishermen have escaped.”

ON THE EXPEDIENCY AND PRACTICABILITY OF THE RESUMPTION OF CASH PAYMENTS BY THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

MR. EDITOR,

As the state of the circulating medium of the kingdom is, at the present time, a topic so deeply interesting, you will, I trust, not think the following suggestions unreasonable or altogether unimportant.

The discussions which have taken place in the House of Commons on the report of the bullion committee, are, to every reflecting mind, very momentous.

The house, evidently, have been much divided in opinion as to fixing the precise period at which the bank should resume its payments in specie, but unanimous in their determination to lose no time in the arrangement and adoption of measures, calculated to achieve, with all practicable expedition, that important object. It is much to be feared, that the minds of the minister, and of a majority in parliament, are not yet awake to the magnitude of the evil which will arise from any longer delaying the adoption of such measures. But whatever may be the result of the deliberations of parliament, and however unfavourable opinions may be as to the state of the national currency and credit, I am far from supposing that that state of things will make the lover of his country at all despair of its ultimate safety and welfare.

At the same time, I am free to confess, it appears to me, that if the bank do not, in a very moderate time, renew its payments in cash, the national credit will be lowered, and an extreme depreciation of the value of the public funds may be fully expected to be the consequence. Most formidable difficulties, no doubt, stand opposed to a renewal of a mixed circulation of cash and paper.

The question is not, whether they are great, but whether they can and ought to be met. Although there are many difficulties, there are, also, important facilities in favour of this renewal. Much money is evidently hoarded in the kingdom, which judicious measures would again put into motion, and there is much superfluous gold and silver plate, a very considerable portion of which, could, by degrees, be brought into the mint, by the influence of patriotic examples amongst our leading men.

Greatly diminished as our export trade at this time is, still it is superior to that of any other country on the globe. Our merchants and our bankers are distin-

guished for habits of punctuality and the principle of honor. Individual confidence is here a plant of common growth. No other country, in proportion to its population, has so large a surplus of valuable commodities, or such extensive means of transport, and, therefore, it has in its power to procure the precious metals abroad in any quantities. To bring forward a sufficient quantity of gold and silver coin, and keep it freely circulating throughout the kingdom, are not changes which can be effected by slight and temporising measures. They will not be effected, unless great sacrifices are made, and means powerful and combined shall be employed and persevered in. Such means have not, I believe, ever yet been communicated to the public. Of this most important but intricate subject, both writers and politicians have, in general, taken but a narrow view. Had not the Bank of England issued from time to time in payments to bankers and in fractional parts of dividends, large quantities of gold coin, the reputation and value of their notes would have been still more affected than they have been.

As soon as the order restricting the payments of coin at the bank had been issued, in consequence of a long course of improvidence on the part of government, and irresolute conduct on the part of the bank directors, measures should have been taken to remedy the evil and to avert those serious consequences to which it naturally led. Instead of which, year after year has been suffered to elapse without exertion, and without a return to the councils of prudence; the concurring measures of the bank, the legislature, and the minister, might have restored cash to our circulation and confidence to the public mind. The issues of gold, which I have before spoken of, amounting to a sum perhaps not less than between ten and eleven millions, have been permitted to trickle guinea by guinea into the channels of circulation, so as to produce, notwithstanding the magnitude of the sum, only a temporary, and indeed, scarcely a perceptible effect. How different would have been the result, had these issues of specie been simultaneous and the channels previously cleared of the superabundant paper, so as to make money, of any material, scarce, and almost entitled to a premium. The country bankers would then have been compelled to withdraw many of their notes from circulation, and much of the gold which had vanished from the sight, would have re-appeared, and by

the return of specie, a powerful impression on the sentiments of the public would have been made, and the metallic sterility in the state of our currency might have been corrected, without any very great exertions or very painful sacrifices.

But the period has gone by, and this has become the age of paper; a bank note is no longer what it was; they are now substitutes for coin, instead of being pledges for payment. A species of paper is to be kept afloat and increasing, which does not perform its promises, and neither pays interest nor is convertible into cash.

Although, in the outset, the restrictions on the part of the bank were considered only as the necessary result of war, yet a peace has long been concluded with all the belligerent powers, without any attempt on the part of the legislature to enforce, or of the bank to renew, her payments in cash. I am not one of those who sit down and say, that because the wisdom of parliament has not suggested any sort of remedy for this crying evil that it is past remedy—no! There are fundamental errors in the established system which must be obviated before any good can be expected. The magnitude of the sum which, in the present reign, has been coined in gold, when compared with the very small amount which has, on the average, been kept in circulation, is truly wonderful.

Having pointed out the defects in our present system, I shall suggest one or two practicable remedies.

1. A very material, but gradual, diminution of the discounts afforded to merchants, which may be extended again when cash shall have become abundant.

2. A very great but gradual reduction in the number of notes issued by the bank.

3. The issue by government of a considerable amount of Exchequer bills paying 5 per cent interest, required at a future time to be repaid, and made incapable of being purchased by the bank. This is intended to relieve the present wants of merchants and manufacturers who have been accustomed to receive discount from the bank.

4. The appointment of a committee to enquire into the profits received by the bank and the bank proprietors in consequence of the restriction of cash payments; and if it appears too much and the sacrifice must fall somewhere, whether or not as the evil originated there, it ought not to be borne by them, as it

never was intended that the bank of England should become a paper mint, and that the company should be made rich at the expence of the nation.

5. The raising of a loan and the imposition of new taxes to enable government to repay the old debt due to the bank.

6. The parliamentary grant of a small bounty to private persons who shall, within certain periods, import gold and silver, bullion, or foreign coin.

7. The imposition, during a certain period, of high duties amounting almost to prohibition upon certain articles, except from our own colonies.

8. The adoption of parliamentary measures to prevent any foreign vessels from being employed in our commerce, as far as such measures shall be at all compatible with the extension of our export trade and our supply of foreign articles of an *indispensible nature*, as very heavy sums are usually paid for freight of such vessels and mostly in the precious metals.

9. The alteration of the mint prices of the gold and silver coin of the realm, so as to establish nearly the exact proportion, which is not maintained by the present price; and the imposition of a duty on coinage which will have a tendency, like the price for fashion in gold and silver plate, to prevent the coin from being exported or melted.

10. The limitation of the issue of £1, 2, and 5/ notes.

I would not, Mr. Editor, wish it to be supposed, that I am sanguine in the success of the measures that I have suggested, or that it would be practicable to adopt all or even any of them. But still, I believe, that by making them public, it may be the means of eliciting a spirit of enquiry upon so important a subject amongst your learned contributors, some of whom may, perhaps, be led either to enlarge upon the hints already advanced, or to overthrow the system altogether, and substitute one that may be more likely to benefit society. I am, &c.

GEORGE SMITH.

PORTRAIT OF ASPASIA.

BY MADAME DE STAEL.

IN delineating the characters of the women of antiquity, and particularly of Greece, a kind of painful embarrassment is experienced; we are charmed by their talent, and shocked at their moral conduct. At that period of civilization, celebrated women rarely merited both admiration and esteem, and, among the

numberless benefits of the Christian religion, we may reckon the introduction of those social and pure manners which enable women to appear in society without degradation, and to express their thoughts without injuring their reputation. Aspasia was born at Miletus, in Ionia; she was the daughter of Axiochus. It has been supposed that the women of Asia Minor were more beautiful than those of Athens. There is something marvellous in every thing connected with Asia, which presents itself in a thousand various forms. Thargelia, another Ionian beauty, was previously to Aspasia, a singular example of the union of political and literary talent with all the graces of her sex. It would seem that Aspasia adopted Thargelia as her model, though she did not like the latter render her powers of fascination the means of procuring partizans to the King of Persia. Foreign women were, in some measure, proscribed by the laws of Athens; for their children, though born in marriage, were not considered legitimate. Perhaps this contributed to rank Aspasia in the class of courtezans; for when social order is unjust, those who are oppressed break through all laws, in their irritation at not being protected by them. Under monarchical governments, a sort of prejudice is entertained against women who take part in public affairs; they are looked upon as encroaching on the dominion of the other sex: but in republics, politics being the first interest of all men, they cannot sincerely become the companions of women who do not share that interest. Aspasia, therefore, assiduously devoted her attention to the art of governing, and to the study of eloquence, that most powerful weapon of free states. Plato, in his *Dialogue of Menexenus*, quotes a very beautiful speech delivered by Aspasia, in honour of the Athenians who perished at Lechæum. He observes, that she taught Pericles the art of oratory. The elegiac poet Hermesianax, describes Socrates as in love with Aspasia:—"Venus," he says, "punished his austere philosophy, by kindling within his breast a passion for Aspasia; his profound mind was occupied solely by the frivolous anxieties of love. He was continually inventing some new pretence for visiting the object of his admiration, and he who had drawn wisdom from the most artful sophisms, could not unravel the windings of his own heart." Aspasia herself addressed verses to Socrates, to console him for his unfor-

tunate passion, though it may be presumed that she was not a little vain of a power, from which, however, Socrates could always free himself at pleasure.

But the glory of Aspasia's life was the sincere and lasting sentiment which she inspired in Pericles, that great man in whom were combined the two-fold character of citizen and king of a republic. He was surnamed the Olympian Jupiter, and Aspasia was called Juno. But Pericles wished that closer bonds should unite them, and he repudiated his wife, in order to marry Aspasia. Plutarch says, he entertained the most perfect conjugal affection for her: could a depraved woman have inspired such sentiments? Aspasia has been accused of having stirred up two wars; one between the Athenian and the Samians, on account of Miletus, her native country, and one between the Athenians and the Lacedæmonians, respecting the city of Megara. But Plutarch entirely clears her of this charge; and Thucydides, in detailing the causes of the long Peloponnesian war, does not even mention her name. Aristophanes alone accuses her of having occasioned these contests; but Aristophanes attacked every individual of celebrity in Athens, for the success of his comedies was owing no less to the boldness of his character than to the brilliancy of his wit. Besides, whenever a woman acquires influence over the heads of a government, every reverse that may befall, either public or private affairs, is attributed to her. She is supposed to exercise a secret power, the extent of which cannot be calculated, and the unfortunate are always ready to ascribe their sufferings to a cause with which they are unacquainted.

The people of Athens, irritated against Pericles, instituted a prosecution against Anaxagoras, Phidias, and Aspasia, on the score of impiety. Not daring to avenge themselves on Pericles himself, they attacked the objects of his affection. Pericles could not save Anaxagoras and Phidias from exile. He shed tears whilst he pleaded in favour of Aspasia in the Areopagus, and the sentiment naturally excited, on witnessing a noble mind overpowered by such an emotion, drew forth the mercy of the judges.

Pericles died in the third year of the Peloponnesian war, and it is said that Aspasia, the friend of Socrates, the companion of Pericles, and the object of the ardent homage of Alcibiades, became connected with a man of obscure character, named *Lysicles*. She soon how-

ever, inspired him with her energy of mind, and he acquired considerable power in Athens. Several comic poets of the age have accused Aspasia of holding a school of immorality, of which, it is said, she herself gave at once the example and the precept. Perhaps these imputations were excited by jealousy of her singular talents. At Paris, we have witnessed several examples of this kind, in women who collected round them the most distinguished literary characters, and without whom men of talent could not have enjoyed the pleasure of communicating with each other. But the ascendancy of Aspasia was of a different kind; she was admired as an orator, whilst in France, speaking is merely a light and easy amusement. Aspasia possessed an influence over the nation at large, and she could, as it were, communicate with the whole of it; for the number of the citizens who composed the political state of Athens was extremely limited. The Fine Arts flourished in Greece under every form; not merely eloquence, but even the science of government was inspired by a kind of artist-like spirit, created by the manners and religion of the Athenians. This universal power of the imagination afforded great sway to Aspasia, for she was intimately acquainted with its secrets. To enjoy life was in some measure a religious duty of the Athenians—to renounce the world and its vanities is the virtue of the moderns: it is therefore impossible to judge, on the same principles, two such different epochs in the history of human sentiments. A German poet has given the name of *Saint Aspasia* to a celebrated woman. It would, indeed, be charming to combine all the magic of the poetic worship of the Greeks, with that rigid morality which fortifies the soul, and from which alone it can derive gravity and profoundness. Cyrus gave the name of Aspasia to his mistress, Milto, to express his admiration of her graces and charms. Aspasia signified the most fascinating of women, as did Alexander the greatest of heroes. To call a woman Aspasia, was to compare her to some fabulous divinity; for in Greece, celebrated mortals were soon confounded with the inhabitants of Olympus, who so nearly approached the earth.

SIR H. DAVY ON UNROLLING THE HERCULANEUM MSS.

SEVERAL important papers relative
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to the *Herculaneum MSS.* having appeared in our former numbers* we feel much pleasure in laying before our readers a letter on the subject, from that eminent chemist, Sir Humphry Davy, extracted from the *Quarterly Journal of the Arts and Sciences.*

Having witnessed Dr. Sickler's attempts to unroll some of the *Herculaneum MSS.*, it occurred to me that a chemical examination of the nature of the MSS., and of the changes that they had undergone, might offer some data as to the best methods to be attempted for separating the leaves from each other, and rendering the characters legible.

My experiments soon convinced me that the nature of these MSS. had been generally misunderstood; that they had not, as is usually supposed, been carbonized by the operation of fire, and that they were in a state analogous to peat, or Bovey coal, the leaves being generally cemented into one mass by a peculiar substance which had formed during the fermentation and chemical change of the vegetable matter composing them, in a long course of ages. The nature of this substance being known, the destruction of it became a subject of obvious chemical investigation; and I was fortunate enough to find means of accomplishing this without injuring the characters or destroying the texture of the MSS.

After the chemical operation, the leaves of most of the fragments perfectly separated from each other, and the Greek characters were in a high degree distinct; but two fragments were found in peculiar states; the leaves of one easily separated, but the characters were found wholly defaced on the exterior folds, and partially defaced on the interior. In the other, the characters were legible on such leaves as separated, but an earthy matter, or a species of tufa, prevented the separation in some of the parts; and both these circumstances were clearly the results of agencies to which the MSS. had been exposed, during or after the volcanic eruption by which they had been covered.

It appeared probable from these facts, that different MSS. might be in other states, and that one process might not apply to all of them; but even a partial success was a step gained; and my results made me anxious to examine in detail the numerous specimens preserved in the museum at Naples. [Having ob-

* November, 1817; January, March, May, 1818.

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tained facilities for this purpose, the result is thus stated.]

In this report I shall first consider the circumstances under which the MSS. have been buried, and the agencies to which they have been exposed; from which it will be easy to account for the state in which they are found. This state I shall next describe, and consider the means which have hitherto been employed for unrolling them, and the assistance which chemical processes seem to afford to the undertaking; and I shall, lastly, offer some suggestions as to the nature of the works which may be expected to be found amongst these imperfect and mutilated remains of ancient literature.

An examination of the excavations that still remain open at Herculaneum immediately confirmed the opinion which I entertained, that the MSS. had not been acted on by fire. These excavations are in a loose tufa, composed of volcanic ashes, sand, and fragments of lava, imperfectly cemented by ferruginous and calcareous matter. The theatre, and the buildings in the neighbourhood, are encased in this tufa, and, from the manner in which it is deposited in the galleries of the houses, there can be little doubt that it was the result of torrents laden with sand and volcanic matter, and descending at the same time with showers of ashes and stone still more copious than those that covered Pompeii. The excavation in the house in which the MSS. were found, as I was informed by Monsig. Rosini, has been filled up; but a building, which is said by the guides to be this house, and which, as is evident from the engraved plan, must have been close to it, and part of the same chain of buildings, offered me the most decided proofs that the parts nearest the surface, and, *à fortiori*, those more remote, had never been exposed to any considerable degree of heat. I found a small fragment of the ceiling of one of the rooms, containing lines of gold leaf and vermillion in an unaltered state; which could not have happened if they had been acted upon by any temperature sufficient to convert vegetable matter into charcoal.

The state of the MSS. exactly coincides with this view; they were probably on shelves of wood, which were broken down when the roofs of the houses yielded to the weight of the superincumbent mass; hence many of them were crushed and folded in a moist state, and the leaves of some pressed together in a perpendicular direction, and all of them mixed in

two confused heaps; in these heaps the exterior MSS. and the exterior parts of the MSS. must have been acted on by water; and as the ancient ink was composed of finely-divided charcoal suspended in a solution of glue or gum, wherever the water percolated continuously, the characters were more or less erased.

Moisture, by its action upon vegetable matter, produces decomposition, which may be seen in peat bogs in all its different stages; when air and water act conjointly on leaves or small vegetable fibres, they soon become brown, then black, and by long continued operation of air, even at common temperatures, the charcoal itself is destroyed, and nothing remains but the earths which entered into the constitution of the vegetable substance. When vegetable matter is not exposed to moisture or air, its decay is much slower; but in the course of ages its elements gradually re-act on each other, the volatile principles separate, and the carbonaceous matter remains.

Of the MSS. the greater number, those which probably were least exposed to moisture or air, (for till the tufa consolidated air must have penetrated through it) are brown, and still contain some of their volatile substance, or extractive matter, which occasions the coherence of the leaves; others are almost entirely converted into charcoal, and in these, when their form is adapted to the purpose, the layers may be readily separated from each other by mechanical means. Of a few, particularly the superficial parts, and which probably were most exposed to air and water, little remains except the earthy basis, the charcoal of the characters, and some of that of the vegetable matter, being destroyed, and they are in a condition approaching to that of the MSS. found at Pompeii, where the air, constantly penetrating through the loose ashes, there being no barrier against it as in the consolidated tufa of Herculaneum, has entirely destroyed all the carbonaceous parts of the Papyrus, and left nothing but earthy matter. Four or five specimens that I examined were heavy and dense, like the fragment to which I referred in the introduction to this report, a considerable quantity of foreign earthy matter being found between the leaves and amongst the pores of the carbonaceous substance of the MSS., evidently deposited during the operation of the cause which consolidated the tufa.

The number of MSS., and of frag-

ments originally brought to the museum, as I was informed by M. Ant. Scotti, amounted to 1,696; of these 88 have been unrolled, and found in a legible state; 319 more have been operated upon, and, more or less, unrolled, and found not to be legible; 24 have been presented to foreign potentates.

Amongst the 1,265 that remain, and which I have examined with attention, by far the greatest number consists of small fragments, or of mutilated or crushed MSS., in which the folds are so irregular as to offer little hopes of separating them so as to form connected leaves; from 80 to 120 are in a state which present a great probability of success, and of these the greater number are of the kind in which some volatile vegetable matter remains, and to which the chemical process, referred to in the beginning of this report, may be applied with the greatest hopes of useful results.

One method only has been adopted in the museum at Naples for unrolling the MSS., that invented in the middle of the last century; it is extremely simple, and consists in attaching small pieces of gold-beater's skin to the exterior of the MSS., by means of a solution of isinglass, suffering the solution to dry, and then raising, by means of thread moved by wooden screws, the gold-beater's skin, and the layer adhering to it from the body of the MS.; this method of unrolling has the advantage of being extremely safe—but it is, likewise, very slow, three or four days being required to develop a single column of a MS. It applies, likewise, only to such MSS. as have no adhesive matter between the leaves; and it has almost entirely failed in its application to the class of MSS. which are found to have Roman characters, and where the texture of the leaf is much thicker. It requires, likewise, a certain regularity of surface in the MSS.

The persons charged with the business of unrolling the MSS. in the museum, informed me that many chemical experiments had been performed upon the MSS. at different times, which assisted the separation of the leaves, but always destroyed the characters. To prove that this was not the case with my method, I made two experiments before them, one on a brown fragment of a Greek MS., and the other on a similar fragment of a Latin MS., in which the leaves were closely adherent; in both instances the separation of the layers was complete, and the characters ap-

peared to the persons who examined them more perfect than before.

I did not think it proper to communicate the details of my method to the operators in the museum; for though it possesses great simplicity, yet it must be performed with care, and is a gradual process, and might be injurious in unskilful hands, and ought to be executed by an accurate manipulator, and one acquainted with the science of chemistry. My only motive for deferring the publication of it has been the hope of rendering it subservient in a secure way, and upon an extensive scale, to an undertaking which, without some such method, seemed a bequest to posterity or to future ages.

I brought with me to Rome some fragments of Greek MSS., and one of a Latin MS.; and experiments that I have made upon them induces me to hope that a modification of the process just referred to will considerably assist the separation of the leaves, even when they are not adherent; and that another modification of it will apply to those specimens containing earthy matter, where the letters are not destroyed.

Every thing I have seen or done confirms my opinion, that the resources of chemistry are applicable, in a variety of instances, to this labour; but it must be always recollected, that after the separation of the leaves, there must be great care, great nicety of mechanical operation, and great expenditure of time, in preserving them, in attaching them to a proper basis, in reading and copying them; for, in their most perfect state, they become mere broken layers of carbonaceous matter, upon which the charcoal of the characters is distinguished only by its difference in lustre or in shade of colour.

Hitherto there have been no systematic attempts to examine in detail all the MSS. which contain characters, so as to know what is really worth the labour of unrolling and preserving; but this clearly is the plan which it would be most profitable and useful to pursue. The name of the author has generally been found in the last leaf unrolled; but two or three of the first columns would enable a scholar to judge of the nature of the work, and by unrolling a single fold, it might be ascertained whether it was prose or verse, or historical, or physical, or ethical. By employing, according to this view, an enlightened Greek scholar to direct the undertaking, one person to

superintend the chemical part of the operation, and from fifteen to twenty persons for the purpose of performing the mechanical labour of unrolling and copying, there is every reason to believe that in less than twelve months, and at an expense not exceeding 2,500*l.* or 3,000*l.* every thing worth preserving in the collection would be known, and the extent of the expectations that ought to be formed, fully ascertained.

It cannot be doubted, that the 407 papyri, which have been more or less unrolled, were selected as the best fitted for attempts, and were, probably, the most perfect; so that, amongst the 100, or 120, which remain in a fit state for trials, even allowing a superiority of method, it is not reasonable to expect that a much larger proportion will be legible. Of the 88 MSS. containing characters, with the exception of a few fragments, in which some lines of Latin poetry have been found, the great body consists of works of Greek philosophers or sophists; nine are of Epicurus, thirty-two bear the name of Philodenus, three of Demetrius, and one of each of these authors, Colotes, Polystratus, Caruiades, and Chrysippus; and the subjects of these works, and the works of which the names of the authors are unknown, are either natural or moral philosophy, medicine, criticism, and general observations on the arts, life, and manners.

It is possible that some of the celebrated long-lost works of antiquity may still be buried in this collection; but the probability is, that it consists entirely of the works of the Greek sophists and of Roman poets, who were their admirers. When it is recollected, however, that Lucretius was an epicurean, a hope must arise with regard to the Latin works; but, unfortunately, the wretched and mutilated appearance which they exhibit (they are in a much worse condition than the Greek works) renders this hope extremely feeble: for no powers of chemistry can supply lost characters, or restore what is mechanically destroyed.

The Essay concludes with a speculation on the works likely to be unfolded, and a just tribute to the Prince Regent, under whose munificent patronage what has been done *has been done*.

THE ELOQUENCE OF SILENCE.

HOW eloquent is silence! Acquiescence, contradiction, deference, disdain, embarrassment, and awe, may all be expressed by saying nothing. It may be necessary to illustrate this apparent pa-

radox by a few examples. Do you seek an assurance of your mistress' affection? The fair one, whose timidity shrinks from an avowal of her tender sentiments, confirms her lover's fondest hopes by a complacent and assenting silence. Should you hear an assertion, which you may deem false, made by some one, of whose veracity politeness may withhold you from openly declaring your doubt? You denote a difference of opinion by remaining silent. Are you receiving a reprimand from a superior? You mark your respect by an attentive and submissive silence. Are you compelled to listen to the frivolous conversation of a coxcomb? You signify your despicable opinion of him by treating his loquacity with contemptuous silence. Are you, in the course of any negotiation, about to enter on a discussion painful to your own feelings, and to those who are concerned in it? The subject is almost invariably prefaced by an awkward silence. Are you witness to some miraculous display of supernatural power, the dread and astonishment with which you are impressed imposes an involuntary silence. Silence has also its utility and advantages. And, 1stly, What an incalculable portion of domestic strife and dissension might have been prevented; how often might the quarrel, which, by mutual aggravation, has perhaps terminated in bloodshed, have been checked in its commencement by a well-timed and judicious silence; those persons only who have experienced are aware of the beneficial effects of that forbearance, which, to the exasperating threat, the malicious sneer, or the unjustly imputed culpability, shall answer never a word. 2dly. There are not wanting instances where the reputation, the fortune, the happiness, nay the life of a fellow-creature, might be preserved by a charitable silence, either by the suppression of some condemning circumstance, or by refusing to unite in the defamatory allegation. 3dly. To any one who is anxious to pass for a person of deep reflection and superior understanding, I would recommend to say but little; silence being considered by many people as a certain indication of wisdom; and I must myself confess, that I should prefer the man who thinks much without speaking, to him who speaks much without thinking. Not that I would be supposed to be an advocate for habitual taciturnity. No one can better appreciate the delight derived from intellectual intercourse. Notwithstanding which, I see

daily cause to admire the truth and justice of that apophthegm, which says, "Of much speaking cometh repentance, but in silence is safety."

A. R.

THE EVILS ATTENDING EXQUISITE SENSIBILITY, AND THE SUGGESTION OF A REMEDY.

A STUPID dulness and exquisite sensitiveness of feeling are extremes equally distressing: like the torpor which is induced in those climates much below the animal temperature; or the burning fever shot from the malignant rays of a vertical sun, they are diseases the treatment of which is somewhat analogous to that of the physical ones mentioned. All men must be conscious of the influence of one or the other of these diseases in some degree; and fortunate it is, when, from the strength and prompt operation of our noblest faculty, the influence is of short duration; since, then, it serves the best end, by giving man a brief but powerful lesson of his frailty, amidst the triumphs of his reason, and all the gaiety of excited sensations. The state of the one is negative—a secondary death, from the bare idea of which we at once recoil with horror; yet it is not the source of much uneasiness to those who are witnesses of its influence in others, on account of the freedom from pain in such a state. Not so on the other; here all is passion or suffering, made up, perchance, of the liveliest pleasures, but oftener of the acutest pains, which never fail to communicate a portion of their influence to those who behold them. Patients under this malady are continually experiencing disappointment—imagination is powerful—and the bliss they pictured is a phantom, which,

Like the circle bounding earth and skies,
Allures from far, and, as they follow, flies.

It is frequently the case, too, that such persons enter company with the greatest desire to contribute and receive their share of entertainment—when, alas! something indescribable shakes their resolution, blasts their hopes; and, after a few hours of purgatory, they leave, with the tormenting assurance of having been miserable themselves, and of having made others so. Now, since this disease is so formidable, and since many of the wisest and best of mankind are exposed to it, it demands

the greatest endeavours and trial of skill to cure: before attempting which, however, it may be most prudent and rational to inquire into its primary cause, which will lead to the consideration of the impressions received by the mind from external objects; and thence the sympathy of that subtle fluid, which may be called the thermometer of feeling. That the mind assumes (if we may so speak) the hue of the images presented to it, is beyond doubt; a succession of gay or gloomy images will consequently produce corresponding impressions; hence, (so nobly refined the mechanism,) the subtle nervous fluid flows with a sluggish or rapid movement, giving like vibrations to the nerves, which is the *thinking substance—the source of feeling*, and of its external indications. The action then of the medium of sensations has been attempted to be explained, from which it will appear, that if the nervous fluid be kept in due motion, which is most likely to be effected by a representation of images moderately pleasing, the spirits will be equable and more permanent. Thus, solitude, which is excess of retirement, is unfavorable to the regular flow of the spirits: this is allowed by universal consent. The total absence of agreeable images will be followed by the same consequences as the presence of unpleasant ones. The mind will contract a sort of hebetude, or form most horrid associations—or, perchance, will dream of delight which can exist no where but in the elysiums of fancy; and thus be continually the victim of disappointment. This is very likely to be the case with persons of studious habits, who form a partiality for sentiments imbibed from books, or formed from reflection in their closets; but which, alas! when they mix with men they find turn to little or no account—a coin too valuable to answer the various and minute demands of every day. A mixture, then, of society and retirement seems man's natural state, and the best regulator of the spirits. Books and refined speculations alone may for a time charm and improve the mind, but it involuntarily recurs to society to unlock its treasures, to partake of its sympathies; and, if it find none to welcome it, to soothe its fatigues by the smiles of love and the freedom of converse, it will either sink into gloom, or vent itself in irritability.

J. C. PRATTEN.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SPRING, A POEM.

(From the German, of E. C. Von Kleist.)
TRANSLATED BY H. E. LLOYD, ESQ.

YE bow'ring shades! within whose cool
domain,
Unbroken silence holds her sacred reign,
Receive my steps; and teach my voice to
sing (Spring.
The charms of Nature's face renew'd by
And you, ye flow'ry vales, and meadows gay,
Where sparkling rills in endless wand'rings
stray;
The western gale that wantons where ye
bloom, (perfume.
Shall soothe my senses, with your sweet
Where yonder misty hills to heav'n aspire,
The rural Muse shall tune her golden lyre:
The new-born beauties of the smiling plain,
Shall give fresh vigour to her rapturous
strain; (song,
From east to west shall sound the cheerful
And answering Echo shall the note prolong.

Enthron'd 'mid crimson clouds, and crown'd
with flow'rs,
Attended by the ever-smiling hours,
Daughter of Heav'n, young Spring her
form reveals,
And nature all her genial influence feels.
From the high mountain rolls the wintry
snow;
Above their banks the swelling rivers flow;
The clouds o'ercharg'd, descend in pouring
rain,
And the brown deluge covers all the plain.
With deep dismay the peasant views the
scene;
But soon the western gale, with breath serene,
The gloom dispels; the waters quit the mead,
Within their mossy banks the streams re-
cede.

Yet when returning night involves the plain,
Still-lingering Winter oft resumes his reign;
Reluctantly retreating, angry flings
Keen frost and vapour from his heavy wings.
From Norway's pole he calls the loosen'd
storms; (deforms:
With thundering rage that nature's face
The storms obey. Prone fall the groaning
trees, (seas.
And to high mountains swell the troubled
But soon their force is spent; prolific gales
Warm the soft air, and animate the vales.
Woven with flow'rs and shrubs, and freshest
green, (scene,
Thrown with wild boldness o'er the lovely
A brilliant carpet, of unnumber'd dyes,
With sweet variety enchants the eyes.
Thick are the trees with leaves: in every
grove, (to love.
The feather'd minstrels tune their throats
Bright Phœbus' ray salutes the sparkling
streams, (teems;
With sweet perfumes the glowing æther

The shepherd's pipe is heard along the
plain,
And slumbering echo wakens at the strain.

Ye feeling souls enwrap in wintry gloom,
Whom no kind rays of cheering joy illumine,
No more let painful doubts awake your eyes,
Nor fruitless sorrow swell your weeping eyes.
Leave dark revenge, pale envy, lowering
pride,

Themselves to torture and with grief abide.
The frowns of care, and sorrow's furrow'd
line, (shine.

Disgrace the face where youth and virtue
Come, taste the bliss that breathes in ev'ry
gale, (vale!

Blooms in each grove, and sports in every
And ye, Spring's charming image, blooming
fair,

Fatal to beauty, shun the poisonous air,
That taints the gilded roof and crowded
street, (greet;

And come where Echo longs your voice to
Where Zephyr loves among your locks to
play,

Whether you dance amid the valleys gay,
Or near some cooling stream inclin'd to rest,
With fragrant nosegays deck your spotless
breast.

Here, on this hanging rock, whose gloomy
brow, (below;

With its broad shade obscures the stream
Here will I, stretch'd beneath this waving
pine,

On the soft moss in careless ease recline.

Oh, what a smile of joy the prospect cheers!
What pure delight in all the scene appears!

The grazing herds, the hills, the tufted grove
And scatter'd hamlets; seats of peace and
love.

When every part such various beauty shews,
On which shall first my wandering eyes
repose?—

Here, when the rising gifts that Ceres yields,
In youthful beauty deck the lessening fields,

And intermix'd with flow'rs of various hue,
In long perspective fade before the view?

Or where the sweet wild rose, and snowy
thorn,

The mossy slope of yonder bank adorn?
First let them on the airy distance rest,

Where mighty Baltic spreads his spacious
breast,

Which as it trembles in the golden light,
Dazzles with sparkling stars the aching
sight,

While like huge giants, tumbling o'er and
o'er, (shore.

The waves beat high against the sounding

Now Muse behold, on yonder wide stretch'd
plain,

The generous horses, loosen'd from the rein,
Stretch their proud necks, and joyful stamp
the ground, (resound.

While their loud neighings thro' the woods

Led by the sober bull, the speckled cows,
Wade thro' the rushy stream that rippling
flows

By the farm house; to which a narrow way,
Skirted by trembling aspens and willows grey,
Meand'ring leads: behind, a mountain high,
Planted with fruitful vines, attracts the eye:
Part veil'd in rising mist eludes the sight,
The other part is cloth'd in purest light,
Which as it gradual spreads its cheering
rays, (plays.

To the charmed eye the prospect wide dis-
Borne o'er the smiling plain on soaring
wings,

The early lark in rapturous warblings sings;
Her joyful notes the lab'ring peasant cheer,
Who turns, well pleas'd, to Heav'n his
listening ear;

Then bending, ploughs in dark-brown waves
the ground, (around.

While crows and magpies hov'ring fly
With measur'd step the sower treads the
plain,

And liberal show'rs around the golden grain.

Oh, might the humble swain, who tills the
soil,

Reap for himself the produce of his toil!
Might he whose labour trains the fruitful
vine, (wine!

Enjoy, in well-earn'd peace, the generous
And might the trees his hands laborious tend,
With fruit for him their loaded branches
bend!

But all-devouring War, with poisonous
breath, (death;

Whose look is ruin, and whose voice is
Dark rage, and sickly famine in his train,
Blasts the fair prospects of the hapless
swain.

Like driving hail, by raging tempests borne,
Sweeps from the groaning earth the rising
corn; (entwine,

Roots up the tap'ring poles, round which
The pliant tendrils of the amorous vine;
Levels the woods, involves the towns in fire,
Nor e'en the humble cots escape its ire.

And all to please. But whence those
loud alarms? (arms;

Lo! every mountain gleams with glistening
From iron mouths thick fiery clouds arise,
And pealing thunders rend the vaulted skies;
Torn mangled limbs are heap'd on ev'ry side,
And giant slaughter swells the sanguine
tide;

The eye of Heav'n involv'd in gloomy night,
Turns from the impious scene its angry
sight.

Behold yon bleeding youth! behold him rest
His head on some lov'd comrade's faithful
breast:

To stay life's ebbing tide he strives in vain,
And for awhile his fleeing soul detain.
In hopes once more to view the lovely fair
For whom alone he feels the pangs of care;
From her lov'd lips to catch the cheering
breath, death;
Whose power can soothe the bitter pains of

Gaze on those eyes, that beam with tender
fire,

And happy in her circling arms expire!

Ye to whom generous nations, free and
brave,

With willing voice the rod of empire gave,
Oh, cease to turn, ungrateful and unjust,
Against themselves the weapons they entrust
Hear me, ye Princes! as your God ye fear!
Give to the ploughman back his patient
steer:

Restore the sickle to the injur'd swain,
And seek for riches on the briny main.

In distant commerce court the sav'ring gales,
Let either India view your peaceful sails.

Those chosen few to well-earn'd honours
raise, (blaze

Whose midnight lamp with its resistless
Illumes the earth. Search out the calm
retreat

Far from th' intrusive bustle of the great,
Where, by the beams of native genius fir'd,
Some sage obscure, in silence lives retir'd.
Place him conspicuous in fair justice' court,
The people's guardian, and the throne's
support, (hear,

The proud shall tremble as his voice they
And weeping innocence his name revere.

Ah! whither does my grief my footsteps
lead? (cede!

Far from my soul ye gloomy thoughts re-
Come Muse, and let us view upon the plain,
The cheerful household of the industrious
swain.

No columns here in Parian pomp arise,
No sculptur'd warriors strike the wond'ring
eyes:

By art's resistless magic hither led,
No stream reluctant leaves its distant bed.

A lofty tree, that o'er his fathers' head,
For ages back its sacred boughs has spread,
Shades the neat house, which covering vines
adorn, (thorn.

Fenc'd by a well-cut hedge of flow'ring
In the court-yard extends a fish-pond clear,
On whose bright surface other skies appear,
A boundless space; in whose expansive
blank

The eye is lost.—Upon the sloping bank,
The hen, with ruffled plumes, and mournful
tone, (own;

Calls the young brood she falsely thinks her
Anxious the little heedless things to save,
From all the terrors of the fatal wave.

By instinct led, her voice they disobey,
And in the rippling pool delighted play.

The long-neck'd geese, fierce bullying hiss
around, (hound.

And from their young ones drive the curious

A pretty, little, busy, bustling maid,
With her neat basket on her arm display'd,
To give her father'd care their daily food
Runs thro' the yard, by all the train pursu'd.
She stops: and waving now her empty hand,
Eights to tantalize the greedy band;

Now as at once the show'ring grain she
 sheds, (heads)
 They peck, and scramble o'er each others'
 In his dark hole the snow-white rabbit lies,
 And watchful rolls around his fiery eyes.
 The cooing pigeon leaves his woody nest,
 Adjusts with crimson foot his changing
 breast;
 Where all the rainbow's various colours
 bloom, (plume:
 And smooths with stroking bill each ruffled
 Then seeks his mate upon the topmost roof,
 While she, in jealous anger keeps aloof.
 But soon he hears the soft relenting fair,
 Who fondly calls him; then the happy pair,
 Together spread their airy wings on high,
 And o'er the blooming garden hov'ring fly.
 Let me, ye tender doves! with eager sight
 Thro' the fair scene pursue your wand'ring
 flight. (air!
 How sweet the garden! and how fresh the
 The gold-hair'd Zephyr loves to wander
 there.
 Sportive he flies to Heav'n with clouds of
 flow'rs, (show'rs.
 Then throws them back to earth in glitt'ring
 Byseamen here from distant climes convey'd,
 No wild exotics spread their barren shade;
 No foreign weeds obscure the darken'd pane,
 But useful beauty satisfies the swain.
 This shady walk, of fruitful nuts compos'd,
 Above my head in arching verdure clos'd,
 Shews thro' its long alcove the azure sky
 Thro' which the clouds in shapes fantastic
 fly, (o'erspread,
 The fields, the sea, the vales with shrubs
 And far beyond, the tow'ring mountain's
 head.
 O'er the wide scene once more I cast my eye,
 To call it back where nearer beauties lie.
 Who thus, O tulip! thy gay-painted breast
 In all the colours of the sun has drest?
 Well could I call thee, in thy gaudy pride,
 The Queen of flow'rs; but blooming by thy
 side (adorn,
 Her thousand leaves that beams of love
 Her throne surrounded by protecting thorn,
 And smell eternal, form a juster claim,
 Which gives the heaven-born rose the lofty
 name,
 Who having slept throughout the wintry
 storm, (smiling form.
 Now through the op'ning buds displays her
 Between the leaves the silver white-thorn
 shews
 Its dewy blossoms, pure as mountain snows.
 Here, the blue hyacinth's nectareous cell,
 To my charm'd senses gives its cooling
 smell.
 In lowly beds the purple violets bloom,
 And lib'ral show'r around their rich perfume.
 Unlike vain boasters, insolent and loud,
 The truly great thus shun the admiring
 crowd;
 Content in peace to cherish virtue's flame,
 For virtue's sake, and not in hopes of fame.
 See, how the peacock stalks yon beds beside,
 Where ray'd in sparkling dust, and velvet
 pride,

Like brilliant stars, arrang'd in splendid rows,
 The proud auriculas their lustre skew.
 The jealous bird now shews his swelling
 breast,
 His many-coloured neck and lofty crest;
 Then all at once his dazzling tail displays,
 On whose broad circle, thousand rainbows
 blaze.

The wanton butterflies, with fickle wing,
 Flutter round every flow'r that decks the
 Spring.

Then on their painted pinions eager haste,
 The luscious cherry's crimson blood to taste,
 Which skilful industry had bid to grow,
 On the rude stem of an unfruitful slope,
 Which wond'ring at a race till now unknown,
 Adopts with joy, and nurses as her own.
 The image of content and easy grace,
 See the blest mistress of the lovely place,
 Sitting at work in yonder viny bow'r,
 Forms on the snow-white lawn the mimic
 flow'r.

With fond endearment there a cherub boy,
 The grace's darling, and his mother's joy,
 Sweet interrupts her work with infant
 charms, (arms,
 And round her hangs with little clasping
 The while his sister, some regard to claim,
 Climbs on her knee, and, smiling, laps her
 name.

Thrice happy race! whom no dark cares
 oppress,

No envy or ambitious thoughts distress
 Obscure and silent fly your peaceful hours,
 Like murmuring streams that glide through
 beds of flow'rs.

Let others, of such vain distinctions proud,
 A sight of wonder for the pointing crowd,
 In the all-dazzling car of triumph ride,
 Drawn by huge elephants in Indian pride;
 Let others see their living statues rise,
 Ador'd by kneeling slaves with timid eyes:
 He only boasts of Heav'n's peculiar care,
 Who lives from human strife, and folly far;
 Who by the stream in gentle slumber lies,
 Cheerful awakes, and singing, greets the
 skies.

For him Aurora spreads her rosy veil,
 For him the meads their soft perfumes ex-
 hale;

For him at eve, in sadly pleasing strains,
 The softly pensive nightingale complains.
 No pangs of conscious guilt his bosom rend,
 Whether thro' waving corn his steps he bend,
 Or in the valley view his flocks at play,
 Or in the vineyard pass the hours away,
 With labour sweeten'd is his homely food,
 Light as the ether, his untainted blood,
 His peaceful sleep is softly chas'd away.
 By early zephyrs at the dawn of day.

Oh, in these scenes by peace and virtue drest,
 Might I at length in calm retirement rest!
 Exempt from vain desires, and pure my
 mind,
 And all my sorrows scatter'd to the wind!
 My grief-worn soul might heavenly Dooms
 cheer, (tear!
 And from my cheek soft wipe the trickling

Might friendship there her balmy influence
shed, (dead,
And from the tombs where sleep the awful
The voice of Wisdom from her throne sub-
lime, (of time,
Burst through the cloud and rend the veil
Then to proud India's Lord, I'd glad resign
The sands of Indus, or Golconda's mine.

Oh Heaven! thou source of joy, and bliss,
and love, (prove?
Say, shall I ne'er thy cheering influence
As choking weeds obscure the flow'ret's
bloom,
Say, shall eternal woes my life consume?
No: thou hast bless'd thy work; hope's
gentle strain (pain.

Consoles my heart and soothes the sense of
The gloom disperses; beams of light prevail,
And dark futurity withdraws her veil.
Visions of bliss! Before my wond'ring eyes,
Far other scenes, and unknown plains arise!
From rosy bow'rs in never-fading charms,
My long-lost Doris comes to bless my
arms.

With such a step majestic Virtue treads,
Such radiant smiles divine Contentment
sheds.

As to the lyre she tunes her tender lay,
Thro' the thick clouds bright Phœbus darts
his ray. (sound,
The storms are hush'd, Olympus hears the
And zephyr wafts the mellowing tones
around.

Behold my GLEIM to Hæmus' top aspire,
And wake to notes of joy the Teian lyre.
Lo! Heav'n's eternal portals open wide;
And borne on golden clouds in dazzling pride
Low and the Graces, and the Cyprian queen,
Despond to animate the smiling scene:
And, as in notes divine they cheerful sing,
Thro' Heav'n's high vaults the rapturous
echoes ring!

O pair beloved, whence all my comforts
flow,
By Heaven bestow'd to sooth a life of woe,
Come! with your presence cheer your long-
ing friend,
In your fair train let Joy and Peace attend.
The flow'rs to greet you sweeter incense
fling, (Spring!
And brighter beauties crown the radiant

Was it a dream? or vision of the sky,
Whose magic power deceiv'd my waking
eye?

Yes, they are fled; the heav'nly prospects
fade; (invade.
And gloomy cares my heaving breast
Yes; 'tis too much, I cry, to ask from fate,
In the dark wand'rings of this mortal state.
Is expectation only, man enjoys;
He nurses hopes which sober truth destroys;
And soon he learns this transient life to
know,

A scene of fancied bliss, and real woe.
Away ye fruitless cares! why strive to pry,
Into the secrets of futurity?

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Let me enjoy the good that Heav'n has sent,
Nor vex my soul, on future ills intent.

Let me retire to some sweet-scented grove,
Where happy peasants whisper tales of
love, (trees,

Where nightingales complain among the
Or falling waters echo in the breeze.

Woven by nature's hand, ye solemn shades,
Ye lonely bow'rs which no rude step invades,
Ye mazy paths, where contemplation reigns,
And heavenly rapture swells the glowing
veins, (vail,

Where tranquil joy, and musing peace pre-
inspiring scenes! your lov'd retreats I hail!
In you what tender feelings fill the soul!
What sweetly pensive thoughts the mind
controul!

Soft glides the breeze the playful boughs
between, (green.

That charm the eye with their cool, waving
And where the grove less thick its branches
weaves,

The sun with liquid gold adorns the leaves.
Here on the gliding zephyr's dewy wings,
Each blossom'd sweet its nectar'd fragrance
brings.

In the deep hollow of the silent glade,
Where thicker shrubs the gentle slope o'er-
shade,

Seated on beds of flowers the shepherd
avain (the strain

Tunes his sweet pipe; then stops to hear
Sound thro' the grove, then tremble o'er
the glade, (fade.

Till faint, and fainter still the dying echoes
His goats along the walls of rugged stone,
By yellow moss, and bitter thorns o'er-
grown,

Advent'rous climb, nor sense of danger feel,
As on the edge they pick their scanty meal.

The spotted deer, and stags with antlers
crown'd, (bound;

Rush thro' the yielding shrubs with rapid
And as they scud o'er streams, and groves,
and plains, (mains,

Of their light footsteps not a trace re-
Now Spring's resistless voice that love in-
spires,

Wakes in the generous horse its ardent fires.
The secret influence swells his beating veins;

With madd'ning speed he flies across the
plains,

His loose dishevell'd mane and streaming
tail,

In wild disorder float upon the gale.
The trembling earth resounds beneath his
feet, (heat;

His swelling nostrils foam with generous
From the high bank into the rapid flood

Furious he leaps to cool his raging blood;
Flies up the rock that overlooks the vale,

Loud neighs with out-stretch'd neck and
snuffs the gale,

The heavy bulls with fires unusual burn,
Against the earth their furious horns they
turn.

Hid by the dust they raise, they madly roar,
And fiery clouds from their huge nostrils
pour.

Vol. XI.

Some mournful low, concealed in gloomy
caves, (ing waves.
Some climb the rock, some seek the cool-
From the deep cavern in the mountain's side,
The impetuous torrent pours its roaring
tide
Into the vale below ; with mighty force
Tears up the banks and trees that check its
course ;
Rends the bared roots, which on its surface
tost
Now rise, and now in hills of foam are lost.
The shady grottoes tremble all around,
Echo the woods, the hollow caves resound.
The hare affrighted, flies with rapid pace,
The warbling birds disturbed forsake the
place
That drowns their song ; and seek some
quiet grove, (love,
Where to deserve their beauteous partner's
The rival males the beechen shades among,
In sweet contention pour their eager song.
Now while I listen to the amorous lay
Cease thro' the grove thou western breeze
to play,
Flow soft thou hickering stream along the
plain,
Let no rude sound disturb the tender strain !
In chorus full, ye feather'd warblers join
My soul to ravish with your notes divine !
Hark ! they begin ! to the symphonious
sound, (sound.
The shadowing oak, and lofty beech re-
soft floats the strain along the silent glade,
And well-pleased Echo lends her willing aid.
The piping bullfinch, and the linnet grey,
Pour from the alder top their varied lay.
The painted goldfinches delight to sport,
Hopping from shrub to shrub ; and oft
resort
Where in the hedge the downy thistle
blooms : (plumes.
Light flows their song and varied as their
Concealed in shades obscure, in mournful
strains,
The siskin of his cruel mate complains.
Perched on the lofty elm, with powerful
throat, (note.
The deep-toned blackbird tunes his cheerful
Far off retired in some sequester'd dell,
Where chill despair, and pining sorrow
dwell,
Where veil'd in thicker shade night shudder-
ing fled,
When fair Aurora raised her dewy head,
The little nightingale, whose pride disdains
The unworthy contest, pours her rapturous
strains.
Oft where beside the ozier'd pool's dark
bed, (ing head,
The mournful willow hangs its droop-
When in the wind the waving branches play
To call her mate she tunes her tender lay.
In thousand various tones, now soft and low,
Mildly she bids the gentle numbers flow.
Now, as his skill some wise musician tries,
In rapid wild transition bids them rise,
Till loud and deep, tho' full of sweetness still
The silent vale, and listening grove they fill ;

But should her careless mate of nought
aware,
Fall in the bird-catcher's deceitful snare,
Who in the linden shade himself conceals,
Nor pity for his hopeless captive feels,
Ah ! then no more in cheerful tones she
sings,
But trembling flies around on anxious wings,
Thro' vale, and field, and grove, low mur-
muring cries,
And sighs of anguish from her bosom rise.
Then with fatigue and hopeless grief half
dead, (ing head-
Into the hedge she falls, and drops her sink-
The bloody image of her murder'd mate,
Then how'ring round her wails his hapless
fate.
In weaker tones her plaintive accents die,
And her poor heart half bursts at every
sigh :
The neighbouring mountain and the shrubby
vale,
With pity moved repeat the mournful tale.
What sound was that, that from this snoul-
dering oak, (broke?
Stript of its branching honours, murmuring
Was it some bird that makes its dwelling
here ?
Or did illusive fancy cheat my ear ?
No, 'twas not fancy ; see where fluttering
now,
A varied ring-dove from that hollow bough,
Skims o'er the plain, and looks with search-
ing eye, (lie,
Where on the ground the wither'd branches
Selects, and takes with careful bill the best,
And back returns to build his woody nest.
Who thus the tenants of the wood has
taught, (thought,
To build their nests with such prophetic
Hid in the deep recesses of the grove ?
What secret influence fills their souls with
love ?
From THEE, dread ruler of this world be-
low, (flow !
Father in Heaven supreme, all blessings
With equal glory is thy hand display'd,
In the small bird that hops amid the shade,
As where in Heav'n thy awful pow'r before,
The wond'ring angels tremble and adore !
As much to praise Thee grovelling worms
conspire,
As dazzling seraphs borne on wings of fire !
A vast and boundless sea ! whence all things
came ;
Thou ! only thou ! for ever art the same !
The stars o'er Heav'n's eternal champaign
strewn,
Beams of the glory blazing round thy throne !
Thou bid'st the storms be still : the storms
obey : (away !
Thou smit'st the hills ; and lo ! they melt
The restless sea, that with impetuous roar
Bursts thro' the rock and sweeps the sandy
shore,
Thy glory speaks : the angry storms tha
roll (pole.
With flaming lightnings winged from pole to

While guilty mortals tremble as they gaze,
In deep-mouth'd thunders sound their
author's praise!

Trembling with awe, the echoing groves de-
clare

Thy mighty pow'r: along the fields of air,
The blazing stars, that move in endless
round, (sound!

In Heavenly tones thy wondrous name re-
Father of Heav'n and Earth! what mortal
Man, (scan?

Thy works shall number, or thy wisdom
On wings of wind let finite spirits soar,
Pursue the lightning's flash, the thunder's
roar;

Explore the secrets of the flaming deep,
Or o'er ten thousand thousand ages leap;
As little shall they know the mighty plan,
As the first moment that their search began.
Cease then, my muse! thy trembling voice
to raise, (praise!—

Let more appropriate silence meditate his
A stream of rich perfume, which zephyr
brings,

From yonder blooming mead on airy wings,
Calls me to turn my eager footsteps there,
And in deep draughts inhale the scented
air.

SPALDING and HIRZEL! ye to wisdom dear,
Whose presence winter's gloomy frown
can cheer;

From whose lov'd lips soft streams of joy
distil,

That with unknown delight my bosom fill:
Come to my side, and make the lonely dell,
A place where angels might delight to dwell.
Come! let us Flora's smiling offspring
view,

Observe their loves and richly varied hue:
Let us, with flow'ry garlands crown'd, de-
ride,

Tho' ray'd in Tyrian dye, the sons of pride.
Sing virtue's charms, and let your numbers
flow,

Soft as the gales thro' rosy bow'rs that blow.
Here the mild graces sport upon the green,
And calm contentment loves the artless
scene.

Here by the sparkling stream, bright rap-
ture roves:

Here the gay blossoms deck the shady groves.
A thousand various habitants adorn
The beautiful scene. On long bare legs
high borne,

The eager stork deep wades into the flood,
To seek among the weeds his fishy food.
Before the idle boy, with piercing cries,
To draw him from her nest, the lapwing
flies.

Now to deceive him, see her lameness feign
And flit with drooping wing along the plain,
Till having led him from her young ones far,
She soars aloft, and joyful cleaves the air.

The speckled bees soft murmur thro' the air,
Explore the flowers and shrubs, with nicest
care;

And as they suck the nectar hang below,
Like drops of dew, that in the moon-light
glow:

Then to their wicker dwelling eager haste,
In the warm corner of the garden placed.
So virtuous sages leave their native home,
In search of truth, thro' distant climes to
roam;

Then back return with wisdom's precious
spoil,

And give to us the produce of their toil.
In the bright stream that flows along the
mead,

A lovely island rears its verdant head;
The trees and shrubs, with intermingled
charms, (arms.

In sweet confusion twine their meeting
Bright shines the hip, in glowing stars
array'd,

Beneath the elder's or the quince's shade:
The scented juniper, its head displays,
Close by the spreading palm, or victor
bays.

Around the branches of the briar rose,
Its clasping arms the luscious woodbine
throws;

And as in close embrace their blooms they
wreath,

In kisses sweet the mingling odours breathe.
The snowy thorn o'erhangs the crystal tide,
And views with secret joy her blooming
pride.

Ye lovely scenes! that purest joys impart,
That calm the soul, and soothe the fainting
heart,

Oh, may the heat that yet uncool'd by rain,
Since winter fled, has parch'd your thirsty
plain,

Which now, for want of genial moisture
sighs,

Be quickly temper'd by the fav'ring skies!
Ere in its unabating rage it spoil,
Your smiling charms, and mock the peasant's
toil.

Thou, gracious Heav'n! withhold thy gifts
no more, (pour!

And on the earth thy fresh'ning influence
It comes! it comes! the clouds are swelled
with rain, (plain.

And soon the genial flood shall bless the
Its welcome harbinger, the western breeze,
Soft murmur'ing plays, among the whispering
trees;

Along the vale with rustling pinion flies,
And bends the waving corn. Dark mists
arise,

And hide the bright hair'd sun; a solemn
veil

Extends its thickening shade o'er hill and
dale.

The silver circles on the water's plane,
In waves distinct announce the viewless
rain,

And quicker as the copious drops descend,
Like net-work, now, the crossing eddies
blend.

Scarce can the thickness of the alder wood
Afford me cover from the impetuous flood.
The birds that fill'd the place with songs of
love,

Are now conceal'd within the silent grove.

In thronging circles press'd, the woolly
 sheep,
 Beneath the linden shade for shelter creep.
 Air, plains, and hills are all deserted quite,
 Save where the twittering swallows wing
 their flight,
 And rapid skim the surface of the lake,
 With eager bill their insect prey to take.
 The mist which late o'er all the scenes re-
 posed,
 As if fair nature's eye in night were closed,
 Is now dispers'd : amid the sparkling skies,
 The falling waters greet the dazzled eyes
 In shining drops, before the solar ray
 That gradual melt, then vanish quite away.
 Bright shines the plain adorn'd with sweeter
 flow'rs, (how'rs.
 As Heav'n had raised once more fair Eden's
 Again at eve the veiling clouds are spread,
 And o'er the fields their liberal tribute shed.
 All nature now in softest charms is drest,
 The sinking sun, that hastens to the west,
 Where the green hills their fruitful heads
 display,
 Adorns their summits with his golden ray.
 The mighty rainbow, Heav'n's eternal sign,
 With stride majestic lifts its forms divine ;
 Its giant limbs o'er earth and ocean rise,
 And its proud head high tow'rs above the
 skies.
 Oh, thou ! whose powerful Muse's heavenly
 strains, (dom reigns,
 Resound on Aar's sweet banks, where free-
 Whose songs have made the Alps that prop
 the skies,
 Immortal trophies to thy honour rise ;
 Oh, with thy tints divine, the scene adorn,
 In all the splendor of the rising morn !

Behold how lovely shine the gems of rain,
 Like sparkling diamonds on the glittering
 plain ;
 How hanging on the flowering shrubs they
 blaze, (rays,
 And dart beneath the leaves their silver
 The plants refresh'd, their flow'rs to Heav'n
 disclose,
 As grateful for the good its hand bestows.
 Hail ! ye lov'd scenes once more ! still let
 mankind,
 In your retreats content and pleasure find.
 When driv'n by malice and oppressive
 pride, (guide,
 From courts and towns, to you my steps I
 Still may the flow'ry mead, and shady grove,
 The friends of innocence and virtue prove.
 May the soft gales amid your bow'rs that
 blow,
 Oft bid my heart with tender joy o'erflow !
 Oh ! may the great Creator, whose command
 Sheds countless blessings on the smiling
 land, (warm,
 Who bids the rain descend, the sun-beam
 Still let me celebrate your soothing charm !
 Inspired with holy awe, his praise prolong,
 While rolling spheres re-echo to the song !
 And when at length my years approach their
 end, (ascend,
 When to the grave my hast'ning steps de-
 Then may I see in you, my sorrows cease,
 And close, at length, my stormy life in
 peace !
 [It was our intention to have prefaced this
 beautiful poem with a *Memoir of the Author*,
 but we must defer it till our next, for want of
 room, it being thought most desirable to
 give the poem entire in the present Number.]

MEMOIRS OF SIR JOHN LEICESTER, BART.

(WITH A PORTRAIT.)

WE have not, in this instance, to excite the attention of our readers, by the march of armies and the pompous description of battles and sieges, but with scenes of a milder character. The gentleman, who is the subject of these memoirs, has been long an object of public distinction on account of his zealous endeavours to promote the Arts, which mark the highest refinement of a civilised people, and constitute the noblest embellishments of peace. Sir John was born at the hereditary seat of Tabley House, within two miles of Knutsford, in Cheshire, and he is the son of the late Sir Peter Leicester, Bart. of Tabley, and great grandson of the celebrated antiquarian of the same name. His second christian name is derived from the ancient family of the *Fleerings*. At Rydell, in Westmoreland, to whom he is related by the maternal line. He is paternally descended from the old Irish family of the *Burnes*, who were Barons in the Sister

Kingdom; and, a distinguished branch, the *Burnes of Cabintery*, is possessed of large estates, in the vicinity of Dublin.

After a due course of school education he was received as a student in Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took his degree of Master of Arts. He early manifested a talent for drawing, and received the instructions of several teachers. Of these, a person named Marras, was succeeded by Thomas Vivares, a son of Francis Vivares, the celebrated landscape engraver, and afterwards by *Paul Sandby*. Under their instructions he acquired some practical facility, but formed a free and tasteful manner of drawing landscapes, with a pen and ink and a broad wash of Indian ink or bistre, by studying from nature.

When of age, he passed some time in travelling on the continent, and visited the most remarkable parts of France, Flanders, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, and Spain. Like other young men of rank

and fortune, he mingled in the gaieties of the first circles, and took his full share of the reigning amusements; but he found leisure to obtain a competent acquaintance with the manners and customs of the different countries; and to examine the natural and artificial curiosities, public buildings, and most celebrated productions of painting and sculpture. He made drawings of the most romantic views, in a slight, bold, and painter-like manner, retaining the character of the scenery with much spirit and success. His facility and sense of the picturesque and beautiful, tempted him to a frequent use of the pencil; and his folios were gradually filled with views of those places where he had passed some of the most delightful hours on his travels. At Naples, Florence, Rome, and Venice, by his attention to the Opera he acquired a delicate taste for all the refinements of Italian music. But his natural good ear and sensibility enabled him to discriminate between that impassioned expression, which is the finer sense of all the imitative arts, and the mere artifices of composition, the rapid dexterity of finger, or compass of voice, which are the technical means or instruments. The mastery of difficulties in execution without that enthusiastic feeling, which gives the composer and performer a command over the sympathies of an audience, is as a lifeless body, separated from the spirit.

The ear is but the *portal to the heart*,
Where Art, divorced from Nature, knocks
in vain.

The utmost power of bravura alone, only commands our admiration; it expires in the ear, like an envoy, who dies in the porch of a palace, without delivering his message to the inhabitant within. Sir John's taste in music is divested of pedantry, pure and refined; founded on the nature of the science and directed by his heart.

But while the Baronet cultivated his taste and strengthened his passion for the Fine Arts, by a comparison of the works and styles of the great Painters and Schools, he was not so hurried away and blinded by an enthusiasm for celebrated names and ancient excellence as to conceive a prejudice against the Artists of his own time and country. At Rome he had the good fortune to meet among other English Gentlemen with Sir Richard Colt Hoare, Bart., and their mutual love of the Arts led to an acquaintance, which strengthened into a friendship for life. They visited the eminent painters and sculptors, the Vatican, St. Peter's,

and other most beautiful public buildings, the collections of the Cardinals and Nobility; and drew from the ruins and fine prospects in the neighbourhood of the city, together. The pleasure and advantages of such an intercourse, on classic ground, may be fairly appreciated; and the two Baronets travelled together for some time.

With a fine taste improved by a due examination of the best works of art on the Continent, and with all the temptations and opportunities of purchasing ancient coins, medals, gems, pictures, statues, and every species of real or pretended antiques, Sir John returned to England, without a collection. But he brought with him that high polish, which distinguishes an English gentleman, who travels without prejudice, moves in the highest society, and sees much to admire in the manners and customs of other countries, without abating his affection and reverence for his own. His love of travelling induced him to revisit the Continent more than once afterwards; and, in these tours, he spent some years before his entrance into public life at home.

Sir John was courted in the world of fashion, on account of his various accomplishments, his happy flow of spirits, his disposition to be pleased, and his talents in pleasing. He excelled in field sports, and, after his trial of skill with Colonel Richardson of the Guards, and with the Duke of Richmond, in the presence of the Prince of Wales, he was acknowledged to be the first shot of the day. His taste for the Fine Arts, the splendor of his equipages, the beauty of his stud, and his high style of life, were leading topics of conversation, and of notice in the public journals. His rank and elegant demeanor introduced him to the brilliant circle of the Prince, and his lively conversation, the fund of anecdotes gleaned on his travels, and his unclouded temper, rendered him a favorite. He was a member of the Harmonic Society with his Royal Highness, hunted with him, and was his frequent visitor at Kempsot.

He entered Parliament as the friend of the Prince, but independent of all party aid, and was, upon principle, a constant supporter of his Royal Highness during the three successive sessions that he sat in the House. Without affecting the bustle or eclat of a leader, his parliamentary conduct was marked by firmness and consistency; but his suavity softened the asperity of political opposition, and gained him the esteem of contending par-

ties. He was, at this period, for thirteen years, lieutenant-colonel of the Cheshire Militia, and was afterwards appointed colonel of a regiment of provisional cavalry, raised for the internal defence of the kingdom. In this situation his perfect good temper and urbanity endeared him to his brother officers, and his attention to the comforts of the privates, rendered him an object of their sincere regard. In 1803, when the country was again threatened with invasion, he once more felt the public danger a call upon his public spirit, and raised, at a great expense, and with much exertion, that fine regiment of Cheshire Yeomanry, which his Royal Highness allowed him to designate from his title the Earl of Chester's Yeomanry, and subsequently the Prince Regent's regiment. By his unsparing efforts, and the zealous co-operation of his officers, this corps was brought to a high state of military discipline, and was distinguished for its zeal and activity in the suppression of the unfortunate disturbances in Lancashire. It was the chief instrument, under the command of General Sir John Byng, in putting a stop to the blanketeering system, which threatened so much mischief to that part of the country. They took and escorted all of the ringleaders to Chester Castle. For this important service the Colonel, Sir John Leicester, the officers and regiment, received the particular thanks of the Prince Regent and the government. The officers and privates, in 1814, presented a rich vase of massy silver to Sir John, in token of their esteem and affectionate sense of his zealous efforts, as their colonel, for the public good, and the honour and discipline of the corps. This vase was executed by Messrs. Rundell and Bridge, after the antique, with a suitable inscription; and there is a private plate etched after it, in the spirited style of Piranesi's Roman ruins, by that ingenious artist, Mr. George Cuijt, of Chester.

Sir John, besides being colonel of the Prince Regent's regiment of Cheshire Yeomanry, is Deputy Lieutenant of the county of Cheshire. About ten years ago, he and his accomplished friend, Sir Richard Colt Hoare, built a beautiful cottage in the Italian style, on the *Bala* in Merionethshire. They generally spend some time at this retirement annually, to enjoy the picturesque scenery of that romantic country. Sir John, at Tabley House, when not engaged in receiving or returning the visits of the neighbour-

ing gentry, amuses himself with projecting improvements on his estates, driving, in an open carriage, with Lady Leicester and his children, through the rides on his grounds, or fishing in the magnificent lake in his park. There are not less than ten or twelve pleasure vessels on this noble piece of water. He built the tower in it some years ago, and formed the island last summer. Drawing and painting occupy many of his hours. There are several landscapes in oil-colours, of his painting, hung up in the grand apartments at Tabley House. They evince a just sense of colouring and harmony, and a style of design, consisting of few parts; but they are very slight, being little more than the first brush in of tint. As far as they go they indicate a good taste, and a capacity to go farther, if he had patience for the necessary application. He has, also, much mechanical ingenuity, and one of his private apartments resembles a museum, from the number of his curious contrivances and performances in turnery, with which it is stored. Musical parties, his evening delight, terminate the amusements of the day.

After this brief outline of Sir John, in his military and individual character, we pass to his character as a distinguished amateur and patron of the Fine Arts. We have already noticed that, when on the Continent, indulging his taste by an examination of the finest productions of the old schools, his relish for their beauties had not the power to prejudice him against the works of the Moderns. On the contrary, the wonders of the *Capella Sistina*, and the purest remains of the Grecian sculpture in Italy, only served to awaken, in his breast, the generous hope of being, one day, able to assist in calling forth from neglect and obscurity the genius of his own time and country. The glory, which the arts had conferred on other nations, inspired him with a patriotic emulation in favour of England; and, to check the Anti-British and anti-contemporarian spirit, he early conceived the idea of bestowing an *undivided patronage* on British artists. To persevere in such a thought, and carry it into practice, required no common independence of mind, at a period, when any attempt of the kind was unknown, and when even the admission of a few modern pictures by British artists into the same mansion with the works of the old masters, would have been considered a proof of bad taste and ignorance. Although

several noblemen and gentlemen collected the *chef-d'œuvres* of the old schools with a classical taste and sound judgment, yet very many purchasers of refuse, of faded copies from indifferent originals, and of undoubted originals, which had no other claim but the rust and rottenness of centuries, affected the name of connoisseurs; to direct the public taste, and to pronounce sentence of condemnation on the works of every English painter. There is no prejudice of *folly* or *fashion*, that has not a sort of fraternity to keep it in countenance, and to oppose the advance of a better spirit. The Auriculent, who rejected the evidence of their eyes, and decided upon the merits of works of art not by the beauties or defects, which they saw, but by the collateral evidence of their ears, and by the tales of wonder, which were reported of them, were of this determined class. They were not contented to despise the works of their countrymen themselves, but they endeavoured to keep up and propagate their own Anti-British spirit, and to wage an envious war on all, who ventured to doubt the correctness of their taste or the justice of their practice. Instead of feeling a pride in the fame of a British artist, they dreaded the advance of the British school, as a depreciation of their own old collections, in reputation and market value. There are not many, who have the courage to be the FIRST to take the field against such a formidable combination. Nevertheless, Sir John boldly stepped forth, and his manliness upheld him against the cold surprise and supercilious condemnation of the prejudiced and tasteless. His fine feeling and correct judgment directed the choice of pictures and artists, and he persevered for years with unshaken firmness. The sound sense of Englishmen at length began to approve his public spirit; and even some, among those who considered his attempt hopeless, learned to admire the constancy of his pursuit. In the publication called "The Artist," we find the following applause notice, under the head of "*Gallery of English Paintings belonging to Sir John Leicester, Bart.*"—"SIR JOHN LEICESTER is the FIRST PATRON, who, in a country abounding in artists and teeming with excellence, HAS DARED to SET THE EXAMPLE of an *English Gallery*, formed on a costly and extensive plan hitherto considered due to the works of foreign schools only. Had such a collection fallen short of the hopes of the founder, or had it feebly vied with the painters of past ages, the heart of an

Englishman would yet have been touched with the effort, and the patriotic design would have been entitled to the grateful remembrance of England."

"But what are our sensations, when we perceive that encouragement alone was wanting to fix the just pretensions of an *English School*? When we find that the collected labours of our own artists, like the admired works of former times and distant countries, can add splendour to the splendid and wealth to the wealthy? The distinctive talents of each artist have been consulted in the choice of their works, and the collection forms one of the most gratifying spectacles which even London can boast." (*The Artist*, May 30th, 1807.)

But the public spirit of the FIRST PATRON, who had "DARED to set the example of an *English Gallery*," was not immediately influential. Even the admission of one or two English pictures into an established collection was still a matter of singularity. Mrs. Opie, in the life of her husband, published in 1807, mentions the placing the head of Miranda, painted by that artist, in Sir John Leicester's Gallery, thus:—"I should regret that it was the property of any one but myself, did I not know that Mr. Opie rejoiced in its destination, and were I not assured of its being placed in THAT RAREST of SITUATIONS, a gallery consisting CHIEFLY of modern art, doing honour to the genius, who painted, and the amateurs who admired it." Mrs. Opie herself did not then dare to think that Sir John Leicester's gallery consisted not chiefly but wholly of *British pictures*; and it was, therefore, a something still more extraordinary and rare, if we may use an *extra-superlative*, than what was then deemed "the RAREST of situations."

Sir John Leicester, without affecting to condemn the taste of any other gentleman, pursued his own manly resolution, and gradually formed that fine collection in his splendid mansion of Tabley House, in Cheshire, and in his gallery at Hill Street, which has attracted the attention of the public, and spread the fame of the British school to Paris, Rome, and Vienna.

The whole length portrait of Sir John, in Tabley House, was begun by Sir Joshua Reynolds shortly before his death. It was obtained from his executors, and Mr. Edmund Burke's receipt for the payment is in the baronet's possession. Northcote was employed by him, to paint in the horse, and finish some parts

of the back-ground, as they appear in the mezzotinto print. That veteran artist was one of the first to whom he gave a commission. Owen, Thompson, Ward, Turner, and Calcott were the next in succession. Sir Thomas Lawrence painted his splendid whole length figure of Hope, now in the Hill Street Gallery, from Lady Leicester. Collins has painted his most important landscape, as a companion for the superb view on the Arno, by Wilson; and Hilton painted his noble composition of the Europa, for Sir John: the latter was the first commission for an historical picture, which he obtained in the whole course of his practice. This artist has, also, this day sent home to the Hill Street Gallery, nearly finished, a story of the Mermaid, from Burnes's poems. As a laudable contrast to idleness and quackery, it may be necessary to notice, that this is the *nineteenth historical picture*, which Mr. Hilton has painted and exhibited, with the highest tokens of public approbation and professional honour, since he entered the Royal Academy, as a student, on the 4th of January, 1808.

The collection consists, at present, of many more than those which are exhibited; but there are seventy hung up in the grand apartments of the town and country residence. These may be separately enumerated as the works of deceased and living British artists. Of the former, there are five by Sir Joshua Reynolds; four by Opie; three by Romney; two each by Wilson, Hoppner, and Gainsborough; one each by Coates, Barrett, Sir F. Bourgeois, Ibbetson, and Harlowe. The fine picture of the Avalanche was painted by Louthborough, when a naturalized resident in England and a member of the Royal Academy in London. The numbers by living British artists, are nine by Northcote, six by Turner, four by Ward, three each by Owen, Thompson, and Garrard; two each by West, Fuseli, Calcott, Hilton, and Collins; and one each by Sir Thomas Lawrence, Shee, Sir William Beechey, Howard, Devis, Atkinson, B. Barker, B. Hoppner, and Williamson, the younger, of Liverpool. Prints in mezzotinto have been published from a considerable number of the paintings. Some more have been executed with much taste and spirit in line engraving and dotting, for that very elegant work Britton's Beauties of the British School. Hoppner's Sleeping Female has been recently engraved in the fine manner, with much merit, by Smyth, an engraver of considerable promise in

Liverpool. A pleasing stippled print has just been published by Meyer, from the Proposal, by Harlowe; and the same engraver has now, nearly finished, a mezzotinto, from the beautiful whole length of Lady Leicester, in the character of Hope, by Sir Thomas Lawrence.

The discouragements under which engraving struggled for many years during the late war, had produced a decline in the spirit of that branch of the arts. The export of prints to the continent had almost wholly ceased, and the line engravers were principally employed in executing plates for the booksellers, from the drawings of Fuseli, Stothard, Howard, Smirke, Uwins, Burney, and other tasteful designers. In this class the British artists rivalled their competitors on the continent, and produced an abundance of brilliant small prints; but only a few occasional historical subjects on a large scale were engraved, and they were chiefly undertaken by subscription, and executed from pictures painted for the purpose of temporary trading speculation. There were some exceptions by Sharpe, the Heaths, Bromley, the elder Schiavonetti, and a few other eminent artists; but the line engravers stood in great need of support. To sustain this valuable branch of the arts, Sir John, in the spring of 1810, took the lead in the establishment of a Calcographic Society. He introduced some eminent engravers to the Duke of Gloucester, who, with his usual frankness and spirit in whatever relates to the public advantage, felt an immediate interest in the proposition; gave it his warm support, and, in co-operation with Sir John, after several meetings, succeeded in arranging the plan of that association. On the 16th of May, 1810, the resolutions, which constituted its rules of practice and system, were adopted at the Clarendon Hotel. The Duke of Gloucester, the Marquis of Stafford, the Marquis of Douglas and Clydesdale, Earl of Dartmouth, Sir John Fleming Leicester, bart., Sir Mark Sykes, bart., Sir Abraham Hume, bart. M. P., Sir T. Barnard, Wm. Smith, esq. M. P., S. Whitbread, esq. M. P., J. P. Anderdon, esq., and Thomas Hope, esq., were appointed the committee of managers for conducting the affairs of the society. Sir John Fleming Leicester was appointed the treasurer, and several thousand pounds were raised. The plan was printed in a small duodecimo tract of 15 pages, and widely distributed. A great good was likely to have resulted from it, in advancing the interests of line engraving.

ing, although it was not exclusively confined to that branch — when, unfortunately, a misunderstanding arose, a party spirit ensued, and the whole fell to the ground, in spite of his Royal Highness's strenuous efforts, and those of Sir John Leicester, to reconcile the difference. The society was dissolved, and their money returned to the subscribers.

On the 10th of November, 1810, Sir John entered the married state: and we find this record of the circumstance entered in a Sunday Journal* of the next day: "Married, yesterday, in the palace of Hampton Court, by special license, that DISTINGUISHED PATRON OF BRITISH ART, SIR JOHN LEICESTER, BART., to GEORGIANA MARIA, youngest daughter of Lieut.-Colonel Cottin, and god-daughter to his ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES; a young lady, whose loveliness of person and singular accomplishments at the age of sixteen, are the themes of universal panegyric." This lady, whose outward graces are even surpassed by the graces of her mind, has been so admirably represented in the character of *Hope*, by the pencil of Sir Thomas Lawrence, that the visitors of the gallery are well acquainted with her lovely figure, and the lively expression of unaffected sweetness in her features. The artist happily depicted her ladyship in that character, whose form is the radiant emblem of all that is more nearly allied to heaven in mortality, and whose smile is the mute eloquence of brilliant youth and innocent vivacity. He had not to call in the flattering aid of his imagination. The pure reality, the fairest excellence of nature stood before him. The beauty of Lady Leicester is not, alone, a tincture of complexion, the lustre of a sparkling eye, or the freshness of a vermeil lip. It is not merely an angelic exterior, inhabited by an uncourteous and earthly spirit. The beauty of her countenance is the unclouded light of the soul, the gentle virtues shining from within, and diffusing a charm over all her looks and actions. The epithet in *italic*, in the following lines, from an unpublished poem to *Health*, on her late illness, is perfectly applicable:—

Far, far from her, pale Sickness chase!
O, power benign! thy sway resume!
And on her *soul-illumined* face,
Again let smiling beauty bloom.

The description of Lady Eleanor Byron, one of Sir John's ancestors, whose

portrait is among the beauties at Hampton Court, answers so closely to Lady Leicester, that we insert it here from Sir Peter Leicester's *Antiquities*, written in 1697:—"This Eleanor is a person of such comely presence, handsomeness, sweet disposition, honour, and general repute in the world, that we have not seen her equal." A fine portrait of this Lady Eleanor Byron, nearly a whole length duplicate of that at Hampton Court, and attributed to Sir Peter Lely, is among the family pictures at Tabley House.

By this marriage Sir John has had two sons, George, the elder, named after the Prince Regent, his god-father, and William, named after his god-father his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence.

In the spring of 1818, the zealous spirit of Sir John projected a new mode of advancing the interests of modern art. The Marquis of Stafford and the Earl of Grosvenor, with a laudable intention, had opened their galleries of pictures by the old masters, to public inspection, on free tickets of admission, some years before. By this liberal accommodation, they not only contributed to diffuse a passion for the fine arts, but they improved the public taste; and rendered their visitors familiar with the select productions of the best masters. These noblemen thus prepared the way for modern art; because persons of true taste and correct judgment will prefer a work of excellence, painted by one of their contemporaries, in the living light of whose fame they may be said to walk and hourly participate, to compositions of no higher merit, executed by the *dead*, of whose well-earned celebrity they are the proud inheritors and zealous guardians, but with whose persons, passions, and interests, they can have neither ocular nor tangible sympathy—neither social nor kindred communion. We mean here, and in the subsequent remarks, only, that works of art are to be valued according to their merits, not according to their age; with an impartial reverence for the best performances of the ancients and moderns. We justly appreciate the victories of Cressy and Poitiers, but they affect us only through the general and remote medium of history. On the contrary, we live, as it were, in close and warm contact with the triumph of Waterloo; our hopes and fears were committed on the fortune of that battle; we hold converse with its heroes, and feel a personal interest in their good fortune and glory.

* See *Examiner*, November 11, 1810.
NEW MONTHLY MAG.—No. 65.

The moment men have broken through the prejudices of anti-contemporarism, they will feel and reason in this manner, from the nature of things, and not from erroneous and anti-British notions, with respect to the Fine Arts and artists.

The British Institution, by exhibiting the works of a few deceased British artists, had done great good. But still no amateur afforded a similar display to English pictures, in *his own mansion*; and this circumstance of their being excluded from equal domiciliary honours, with the works of the old masters, contributed to strengthen the prejudice against modern art. Too many, unthinkingly, drew an inference that their exclusion, which arose from pusillanimous and false views, was a proof of their want of merit. It was clear, that so long as they continued to be excluded, they must remain subject to this aspersion. But the difficulty was to find a gentleman of rank and fortune, possessed of a collection of English pictures, and with public spirit and courage enough to set an example in their favor. It would have been easy to have borrowed English paintings from different noblemen and gentlemen, and to have made an exhibition of them on free tickets of admission, in some private gentleman's house. But this plan, beside its resemblance to the fable of the *daw in borrowed feathers*, was liable to defeat the salutary object of an exhibition of English pictures; because it would enable any hasty, well-meaning individual of rank and fortune, to gratify his vanity cheaply, and acquire the name and short-lived popularity of a patron, without expending a guinea in the purchase of English pictures to encourage native genius. But even this empty shew of countenance, was not attempted or so much as thought of. A gentleman of rank, who, like Sir John Fleming Leicester, has employed his fortune, with a public-spirited munificence, in the purchase of a collection of English pictures, does a good by exhibiting them in his own house. He is entitled to the name of a patron, and his example excites others to purchase and exhibit the works of their countrymen; but any borrowed exhibition of English pictures, in a private house, must be injurious to the Fine Arts, by enabling a barren mockery, however commendable for its good intentions, to usurp the place of a real and liberal patronage. Such was the force of false thinking, that when Sir John Leicester first mentioned his idea of exhibiting

his gallery of English pictures, it was laughed at, by some, as a folly, undeserving of public attention, and censured, by others, as an imprudence, which must produce unfavorable comparisons. But the Baronet, who, when England was wholly over-run by these foreign errors, had been the first, like another Alfred, to rear the standard of undivided patronage in behalf of native genius, was also, the first to unfurl the banner for her on this occasion, and to give her a dignified share in the honors of his household. He adopted the plan of a free admission, by tickets to his gallery on one day in each week, in April and May, 1818; and the 6th of April, in that year, the day on which he opened his gallery, in Hill-street, to the public, formed a memorable epoch in the history of the British School. The effect, in London, was indescribable. It increased on each day of the exhibition, and the general enthusiasm, which seized upon all the upper classes, rapidly spread the name of Sir John Fleming Leicester, and the fame of the British School, through the empire, and was felt upon the continent, as a revolution in the taste of the most powerful nation in the world.

But still the works of the old masters possessed another decided advantage, in the aid of the press, which possesses the most powerful moral influence on society. Almost every public writer, who pretended to the name of a connoisseur, made it a practice, even when writing on other subjects, if he adverted to the Fine Arts, to dwell on the excellence of the old schools, and heap a thousand-times-repeated praises on their celebrated pictures. The lives of the old masters were written with superlative applauses; their names were extolled as the synonyms of transcendent genius, and engravings were multiplied after their paintings. All these efforts, when directed by a generous spirit of truth and justice, were benefits to society, and deserving of applause. We, ourselves, share in the genuine enthusiasm for the illustrious dead; but our enthusiasm, being founded in a just sense of their genius, only renders us more zealous advocates for the genius of our living countrymen. On the continent, literature had a large share in exciting a love of painting, and diffusing a correct taste. On the contrary, in England, literature, during nearly a century and a half, had waged a fanatic war against the fine arts, as heathenish and damnable inventions; and even after the

press had ceased to persecute them as an idolatry, the conductors of the periodical publications had long continued to keep up a prejudice against English pictures, as inferior or valueless works of art. They had only within a few years, since the foundation of the Royal Academy, begun to admit something of an occasional notice of English works of art into their pages. But, as if painting and sculpture were frozen up, and torpid in our climate, for ten or eleven months in the year, and only in a state of animation for the remaining few weeks; the notices in the periodical publications, were chiefly confined to the short season of the annual exhibition at Somerset house, and were, too frequently, vague or written with Anti-British and anti-contemporarian prejudices. Editors, who deemed it a merit to load their columns with minute, tedious, and hacknied verbal criticisms on poems and plays, written in *English*, and addressed to *English readers*, deemed it quite enough to crowd a whole exhibition, of many hundred paintings by *living British artists*, into a cold flippant paragraph of twenty or thirty lines, and this brief notice was too frequently mingled with contemptuous praise and unmerited censure. The inconsistency and injustice of this was more glaring, because painting, as a *mute art*, not understood by many, and laboring under heavy discouragements, was more liable to be misinterpreted, and stood more in need of detailed criticism, illustration and generous aid, than any species of *written English composition*, which speaks a language understood by every *English reader*. The exclusion of critical remarks on the works of British artists, was excusable, where writers and editors were not conversant in the subject; but the most coarse and illiberal attacks on the productions of native genius, were generally written by persons, who sought to hide their ignorance, by affecting a fastidious severity of taste, and passing sentence of condemnation, in an insulting tone of arrogant self-opinion. The same censors, who never mentioned the works of the old masters, but with superlatives of ignorant praise, rarely mentioned the performances of their living countrymen but with the superlatives of ignorant censure. It is only within a few years, and in certain instances, that a better spirit has arisen in the capital, and that some writers in the public journals, in noticing the annual exhibitions, have possessed taste and spirit enough,

to make a common cause with the insulted genius of their country.

Sir John Leicester was fully sensible of the good effect produced on the continent, by the practice of publishing critical and descriptive catalogues of private galleries and cabinets of paintings. Catalogues of this class had long existed abroad; and not only had contributed to confer celebrity on works of art, but by raising their estimation, had greatly raised their value. They had, also, assisted to elucidate the principles of composition, and to diffuse a sound taste and love of the fine arts, wherever they had been published. In England, a very few descriptive catalogues of private collections of old pictures had been published, in the course of the last century. Besides these, BOYDELL, aware of the immense moral influence of the press, published a descriptive catalogue of the *Shakespeare Gallery*, and owed a main portion of the sale of the engravings to that important aid. MACKLIN, and some other publishers, followed his example with success. Some judicious descriptions of this kind were published in Britton's *Beauties of the British School*, a work, which, in the selection of pictures, and execution of the engravings, reflects credit on the spirit of the proprietor. But still, notwithstanding these salutary efforts of commercial speculation, no *private collection* of pictures by *English artists*, had been deemed worthy of that honor. Sir John, who had been the first to form a gallery of English pictures, and the first to open that gallery to the inspection of the educated mind of England, was, also, the first English gentleman of rank and fortune, who called in literature to do justice to the British school, in the distinct form of a critical and descriptive catalogue of an English gallery, the *private collection* of an individual. His liberality was as conspicuous in this, as on other occasions. He took the preliminary steps for carrying the plan into execution in March, 1818; and intended to have accompanied the descriptions with outlines, tastefully etched by MOSS, but that excellent artist was so fully employed, he could not undertake the series in time. After several plates had been etched by another engraver, it was found that the proposed number could not be completed, without a delay of the publication for many months; and the design of accompanying it with etchings was wholly laid aside. The author of the *Critical Description* of Stothard's painting of the

Canterbury Pilgrims, and that of West's Death on the Pale Horse, had the honor to be selected for this delicate and important task. He had the additional honor of being aided by the best abilities of *Sir Richard Colt Hoare, Bart.* the classical and tasteful friend of Sir John; and the work, a royal octavo, of 152 pages, was published in March last. A few copies were presented to some illustrious personages, and public bodies, and acknowledged in most honorable terms. We subjoin the following official reply from the Royal Academy, as it so justly expresses their grateful sense of Sir John's patronage of native genius.

Royal Academy,
15th April, 1819.

Sir,

The President and Council desire to express their acknowledgement of the favour you have done them, in presenting them with a *Copy of the Catalogue of your Collection of Modern Pictures, a document which they have great pleasure in depositing in the library of the Royal Academy.*

The prejudices, which have so long obstructed the progress of painting in this country appear to be giving way before the liberality and discernment of its present protectors, but the PRESIDENT and COUNCIL feel that to NO ONE is the art so MUCH INDEBTED as to YOU, Sir, who have been THE FIRST to open an extensive gallery of modern native works to public inspection, and they trust that so truly patriotic an example will excite emulation in others, and lead to the establishment of the British School.

The President and Council beg to assure you of their high and grateful respect.

I have the honour to be,

Sir,

Your very obedient humble servant,

HENRY HOWARD, R. A. Sec.

To Sir John Fleming Leicester, Bart.

During the whole of the summer, while the catalogue was in progress, Sir John spared no expense to re-open the gallery, with a proud display of British genius, early this season. We speak of facts within our knowledge, when we state that this zealous patron, with a princely munificence, has expended nearly two thousand guineas in making additions to his collection, and other encouraging efforts, within the last sixteen or seventeen months. The gallery was opened on the 15th of March, and continued open every Monday, excepting one, until the 17th of May, when it closed for this year. The interruption was occasioned by the sudden illness of Lady Leicester, but the delight of her ladyship's recovery brightened every countenance, at the exhibition of the

pictures on the ensuing Monday; and we are happy to say, that no public display of pictures, by the old masters in this country, in our memory, ever occasioned so deep or general a sensation as that of the gallery this season. The enthusiasm, if possible, exceeded that of the preceding year. Instead of the English, Scotch and Irish crossing the sea to visit the collection in the *Louvre*, and return with *Anti-British feelings*, the direction of admiring taste and curiosity was proudly reversed. Visitors from Scotland, Ireland, and the Continent, journeyed to inspect the gallery of English pictures in Hill-street, and retired with a higher sense of England's glory in their breasts. This was, indeed, the employing of his fortune as a public benefactor, to a national purpose. It was an overthrow of prejudice—a great public good effected—a revolution worthy of Sir John's generous spirit and persevering exertions. We have seen natives of Italy, Germany and France, and remote Asiatics in their proper costume, mingled in the same assembly with some of the most distinguished characters in the united empire, on those memorable Mondays of exhibition. An instance of exalted feeling in a British artist, occurred on one of those occasions, which it would be unpardonable to pass in silence. Mr. Henry Bone, the royal academician, and painter in enamel to the king and his Royal Highness, the Prince Regent, being among the visitors, was struck with a sense of the high-minded principle on which the pictures were collected, with the salutary change in public opinion, and the exhilarating prospects of the British school. Warmed, as it were, by an atmosphere of enthusiasm, he approached Sir John Leicester, and begged to have the honour of presenting him a specimen of his performance, "in token of his early, zealous, and continued patronage of British art." Sir John was affected by a proof of feeling so honourable to the giver and receiver, and subsequently accepted the gift with reciprocal warmth. This superb enamel is nine inches high and seven wide, and worth two hundred guineas. The subject is "A Peasant Girl," in a landscape, copied from the admirable picture by Gainsborough, in the possession of Lord de Dunstanville. This act, which is commemorated by a suitable inscription, in gilt letters, on the frame of the enamel, places the character of Mr. Bone, as a man, in a high point of estimation, and was the more honourable as it was

perfectly disinterested. Sir John never collected enamels, and, of course, had never been the patron of Mr. Bone; but that artist, with a true public spirit, felt that the fine arts in this country are patronised in the patronage conferred on each of their sons, and that every British artist is favoured and encouraged, by the favour and encouragement bestowed on each of his professional brothers. How noble is that benevolent principle which, in the breast of Mr. Henry Bone, causes that gentleman to feel himself elevated in the elevation of others! What a contrast to that envious spirit of individuality, which sickens at the praises of others, and seeks to raise itself by the degradation of all who are its competitors for patronage and glory!

We conclude this article with the insertion of a letter to Sir John from Robert Lucius West, esq. the Director of the Dublin Academy for the study of the human figure and historical design. It was written in reply to a polite note from the Baronet, with a present of the descriptive catalogue of his collection, and affords some faint specimen of the effervescence excited, among the visitors of the gallery, from the sister island, by Sir John's public spirit.

London, 14, Villiers'-street, Strand,
May 8, 1819.

Sir,

I received, with a grateful sense of acknowledgment, your descriptive Catalogue of the Pictures of British Artists, in the splendid collection, at your residence in London and Cheshire, written by Mr. William Carey. Your distinguished taste and rank as the early vindicator of native genius and patron of the British school of painting would render this elegant gift a source of pride, if presented by you to the most esteemed of your friends; but there are additional circumstances, which enhance this spontaneous mark of your kindness to an Irish artist, on a transient visit to this country. The records of Ireland, and the page of English history, trace your Irish lineage and the rank of your ancestors in England; thus your house exhibits an emblem of that union of the two nations, which combines in one commanding array, the inspired imagination, quick scorn of danger and fiery energy of the one, with the lofty sedateness, persevering enterprise, and invincible courage of the other. My warm-hearted countrymen, proud of the Irish blood which flows in your veins, have given you a place in their affections, as a brother; and they claim, by right of consanguinity, a share in the national honour, derived from your public spirit. The enthusiasm excited by the opening of your

gallery to beat down an anti-British prejudice, last season, reached our shores, in common with those of the Continent; but it was felt with more force in Ireland, because of the kindred associations which endear you to that people; and because, also, there the love of the Fine Arts is connected with the love of country, and mingled with a thousand mournful recollections. Genius, depressed by neglect and discouragement, is doomed, amidst the prodigal endowments of nature, in the birth-place of Burke, of Sheridan, and Curran; of Moore, of Shee, of Grattan, and Wellington; to linger in obscurity, without hope, without patronage, or fame. Our Barrys, our Barrets and Treshams, are under the hard necessity of abandoning the land of their fathers, to seek, in exile, a field for the display of their genius, and to contend among strangers for those honours which are its most precious reward.

The splendour of your liberality and patriotism afforded a striking contrast. It appeared to our amateurs, like the cheering light of morning, dawning on a distant harbour, to mariners in the darkness of a storm; and the same desire, which urged so many strangers to visit London, impelled me to cross the sea, to behold in your mansion, the private sanctuary in which the genius of British painting first found protection, and was consecrated as a participator and minister of the national glory. Your gallery afforded another refutation of the false notion, that owing to some defect in the climate, Englishmen were incapable of excellence in the Fine Arts. I can, now, form a fair estimate of your powerful influence on public opinion, by the deep impression on my own mind, while I stood in that centre of beauty, fashion, and intellectual attraction, which art and nature had contributed to embellish. The interest produced by the chosen specimens of the British pencil, and by the elevated principle, on which they were displayed, was heightened by the affability of your attentions; by the grace and loveliness of one part of the spectators, and the public character of others. A number of eminent persons, who were, before, only known to me by name, and their celebrity in the arts and sciences, in the senate, the cabinet and the field, met in the same crowd, and joined in congratulation. The spectacle was rendered more extraordinary by the presence of visitors of distinction, from the remote parts of Persia and India, assembled, in their proper costume, to contemplate the triumph of British genius; and to bear back to the distant world, the remembrance and the boast, of having seen and conversed with its munificent patron. Believe me, Sir, I too shall bear with me to Ireland, the same boast and proud remembrance. The honor of an introduction to you; the frankness of my reception; your valued gift, that volume, which contains the description

of your splendid collection inscribed by an Irish hand, will never be forgotten by your respectful,

obliged, and grateful servant,

ROBERT LUCIUS WEST.

To Sir John Fleming Leicester, Bart.

Sir John has set an example to the British nobility and gentry, by giving the genius of the British school a home and

a public display of inaugural honours in his splendid mansion. Like another Columbus, he has set the egg upright; done that which his contemporaries despaired of doing, and made a private collection of English paintings an object of national enthusiasm in England, and a means of national celebrity on the continent. W. C.

CRITICAL REMARKS ON NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Journal of a Route across India, through Egypt, to England, in the latter end of the year 1817, and the beginning of 1818. By Lieutenant Colonel FITZ CLARENCE, 4to. pp. 502.

EVERY day shews the vast importance of our eastern empire, and the necessity of a vigorous administration in that part of the world, to preserve the extensive territories which we have there acquired. Had the people of this country been as well acquainted with India, thirty-five years ago, as they are now, the English annals would not have been stained with that foul blot, the History of the impeachment of Hastings; but on the contrary, the national gratitude would have been marked in votes of thanks to that great man for the very services which were turned against him into charges of criminal prosecution. Times are fortunately changed, and the value of our oriental possessions seems now to be duly appreciated. It is, however, not a little curious, that the measures for which one Hastings was cruelly doomed to endure a persecution of above seven years' duration, should have justly been the cause of raising another Hastings in the scale of dignity. We trust that the eyes of the British nation are now opened to the momentous truth, that England must either be the supreme power in India, or be reduced so low as to render even her commercial relations there of no value. There is, indeed, no alternative; and it merits observation also, that the happiness of India herself, depends upon the stability of our government, and the energy of our counsels. The whole of that vast continent, is divided on the one hand, into weak, but industrious communities, wholly dependant upon our protection, and on the other, treacherous states, who make a trade of war, and are only restrained from destroying their defenceless neighbours, by the terror of our vengeance. It becomes us, therefore, to keep these marauders down, not only from motives of policy, but hu-

manity; and while we have the power, an imperious duty lies upon us to maintain the sovereignty which we have gained in Asia, for the welfare of the natives, no less than for our own advantage. Into these observations we have been led, after a perusal of the very interesting volume now before us, every page of which, exhibits convincing testimonies of the beneficial influence of the British power, from the mouth of the Nile, to the spring head of the Ganges.

The Marquis of Hastings having succeeded in detaching Scindiah from the interests of the Peishwah, and thereby dislodged the corner stone of the Mahratta confederacy, thought the measure of sufficient moment to merit instant communication to Europe. Accordingly, two of his lordship's aid-de-camps were dispatched from head quarters, one to proceed by the way of the Cape, and the other over-land, through Egypt. The author of this narrative was selected for the latter course, and the choice could not have fallen upon one better qualified, by resolution and intelligence, for the accomplishment of so enterprising a journey.

On the 8th of December, 1817, before the break of day, he left the camp, at Sejapoor, in the province of Bundelcund, and taking the route of Nagpoor, Ellichpoor, Aurungabad, and Poonah, arrived at Bombay, on the third of February, 1818. Previous to the journal of this itinerary, a general view is given of the state of India, comprehending an account of the principal states, a minute description of the Pindarries, and a detail of the operations under the immediate direction of the governor-general. As the very name of Pindarries was unknown in Europe, till of late, we shall here condense in a short space, what the author has said of these adventurers.

Of the various etymologies of the word Pindarry, the most probable is that which traces it from *pind*, *plunder*, in the ancient Hindu. It appears that there were such hordes, above a century

back, in India, but they do not make any figure in history till the year 1761, when they assisted the Mahrattas, at the battle of Paniput, which was nearly destructive to that empire. With the revival of the Mahrattas, particularly in the aggrandisement of Dowlut Rao Scindiah, and Holkar, the Pindarries also, rose into force; and no wonder, since they receive into their community all disbanded soldiers, who are too dissipated to return to habits of peace, after having been habituated to war and plunder. The collective territory of the Pindarries, at the period when the English government deemed it necessary to take the field against them, was situated to the north of the river Nerbuddah, extending from the west of the possessions of the ruler of Sorger, along its banks, to the north of what little country remained to the Newab of Bopaul. Its length was a hundred miles, and its breadth, including the Punj Mehale, in some places, forty miles.

"These lawless wretches consisted of almost every sect of Hindoos and Mahometans in India, and from their vicious feelings and habits, they received with open arms every disbanded soldier, disaffected subject, needy adventurer, or criminal flying from justice, who directly became Pindarries. The history of the world cannot produce a more diabolical association; they fattened on the miseries of others, and laid whole Kingdoms under contribution. As soon as the river Nerbuddah became fordable, generally in November (which river alone presented a barrier to them from June to October,) and the Khereef, or Autumn harvest, was off the ground, they sallied forth to rob both friends and foes, and their ravages extended many hundred miles from their homes, where they left their wives and families guarded by their infantry. But previous to 1812, it had only been the country of our allies which suffered from their depredations. In that year they plundered part of the province of Mirzepoor, and threatened the town of the same name, one of the greatest commercial marts in our dominions, which, situated on the Ganges, receives from the south the merchandize of the European market, and of Bengal, and from the north the produce of Cashmeer, the Punjab, and Hindoostan; and supplies these to our own provinces, the provinces of the Newab Vizier, and of the Mahrattas through Borulcund. In 1816, they fell upon the province of Guntoor, and the state of wretchedness in which the sufferers were left, from the destruction of their property, and the inhuman cruelty of the invaders, is said to have exhibited a picture of the most consummate misery that ever was witnessed."

"The velocity with which they moved

(certainly quicker than any other cavalry in the world,) enabled them generally to evade pursuit. Having no tents or baggage, they could, at a moderate calculation, march one hundred miles in two days, three hundred in a week, and five in a fortnight: but when pushed for time, or by circumstances, they moved inconceivably faster. From the horrid scenes of human misery which they continually contemplated, and in which they were actors, they became cruel and sanguinary in the highest degree; and, hardened to all commiseration, they never scrupled as to the means by which they procured money. When they sacked a village, they put the inhabitants to various tortures, to force them to discover their little hoards; and giving loose to their sensual appetites, ravished the women, often punishing with death those who offered any resistance. They had even so far extinguished the feelings of men, as on some occasions, with a demoniac fury, to cut off the women's breasts; and it was not an unusual practice to cut off the hands of children, as the shortest way of procuring the bracelets from their arms."

"Each man furnished himself and horse with provisions during the expedition, trusting much, of course, to what might be found; and what they did not consume in a village, they generally destroyed, and not uncommonly burned the houses: indeed, many of their excesses appear to have been without any other motive than a malignant spirit of destruction. But to give at once an idea of the dread which their approach inspired, it will only be necessary to state a single example. At the time of their invasion of Guntoor, the inhabitants of a village called Ainavole, rather than encounter their well-known cruelties and persecutions, unanimously resolved, with a firmness and resolution not unusual amongst the Hindoos, to sacrifice themselves and their families; and when their resistance was proved to be unavailing, they performed the *joar*, by setting fire to their habitations, and perishing themselves, with their wives and children, in the flames, in one common funeral pile. This noble and exalted instance of honourable sentiment loudly called on us to annihilate, with an avenging sword, the detested cause of so high-minded a sacrifice."

As to the native courts, nothing could be expected from them for the eradication of this growing evil, even though their own subjects were the sufferers by its existence; and it is a matter of question, whether most of them indeed did not rather wish to encourage the Pindarries than desire their extermination, looking upon them as a disposable force, ever ready to enter into their service. On all accounts it became policy, to say nothing of humanity, on the part of the British government, to coerce or cut off these savage free-booters for the security

of our native subjects. This was done, and as the Mahratta confederacy formed the nucleus on which these Pindarries rested and gathered continually a new accession of force, the termination of that union effected in the same campaign may be considered as the greatest advance ever made towards the complete renovation of India. We have hereby taught the inhabitants to look up to us for protection, and if their gratitude is improved, on our part, by a moderate exercise of power and a respect for their institutions, the advantages will be reciprocal and the connexion permanent.

But, unfortunately, there is an itch for proselytism so prevalent at this day, as to excite well-grounded alarm that what has been gained by wisdom and valour may be lost by enthusiasm and indiscretion. Much has been said in England, at least, on the extensive field presented for the labours of missionaries in the east, but if we are to credit the reports of persons, who have had the best opportunity of witnessing the fact, nothing has been done to warrant the expectation of an abundant harvest.

"There has never been, to my knowledge," says the present writer, "an instance of any Hindoo of condition or caste being converted to our faith. The only conversion of any kind, if it can be called so, that has come within my observation, was that of a high-caste Bramin of one of the first families in the country, who is not only perfectly master of the Sanscrit, but has gained a thorough acquaintance with the English language and literature, and has openly declared that the Braminical religion is in its purity a pure deism, and not the gross polytheism into which it has degenerated. I became well acquainted with him, and admire his talents and acquirements. His eloquence in our language is very great, and I am told that he is still more admirable in Arabic and Persian. It is remarkable that he has studied and thoroughly understands the politics of Europe, but more particularly those of England: and the last time I was in his company he argued forcibly against a standing army in a free country, and quoted all the arguments brought forward by the members of the opposition. I think he is, in many respects, a most extraordinary person. In the first place he is a religious reformer, who has, amongst a people more bigoted than those of Europe in the middle ages, dared to think for himself. His learning is most extensive, as he is not only generally conversant with the best books in English, Arabic, Persian, Sanskrit, Bengalee, and Hindoostanee, but has even studied rhetoric in Arabic and English, and quotes Locke and Bacon on all occasions. From the view he has thus

necessarily taken of the religions, manners, and customs of so many nations, and from his having observed the number of different modes of addressing and worshipping the Supreme Being, he naturally turned to his own faith with an unprejudiced mind, found it perverted from the religion of the Vedes to a gross idolatry, and was not afraid, though aware of the consequences, to publish to the world, in Bengalee and English, his feelings and opinions on the subject. Of course he was fully prepared to meet the host of interested enemies, who, from sordid motives, wished to keep the lower classes in the state of the darkest ignorance. I have understood that his family have quitted him; that he has been declared to have lost caste, and is, for the present, as all religious reformers must be for a time, a mark to be scoffed at. To a man of his sentiments and rank, this loss of caste must be peculiarly painful: but at Calcutta he associates with the English. He is, however, cut off from all familiar and domestic intercourse, indeed from all communication of any kind with his relations and former friends. His name is Ram Mohun Roy. He is particularly handsome, not of a very dark complexion, of a fine person, and most courtly manners. He professes to have no objection to eat and live as we do, but refrains from it in order not to expose himself to the imputation of having changed his religion for the good things of this world. He will sit at table with us while the meat is on it, which no other Bramin will do. He continues his native dress, but keeps a carriage, being a man of some property. He is very desirous to visit England, and enter one of our universities, where I shall be most anxious to see him, and to learn his ideas of our country, its manners, customs, &c."

We are well aware of the observation which an ardent zealot would make upon this curious instance, but pregnant as the subject is of reflection, we must suppress remarks and content ourselves with extracts.

Though the entire route of the author was rendered extremely critical and dangerous, being through a hostile country, he indulged a laudable spirit of inquisitiveness, and suffered no object to escape his notice that was worthy of enquiry. The Caves of Ellora, particularly the great excavation, called in Sanskrit, by way of distinction, Keylas or Paradise, engaged much of his attention, and he has accompanied his very accurate and lively description with a ground plan.

In the examination of these caves the author has discovered a remarkable difference in one of them having an arched roof, and other peculiarities, from whence he conjectures it to have been

constructed by persons professing the religion of Bhud, while the others were excavated by the worshippers of Brahma.

The disquisition which follows on the relative antiquity of the two modes of faith is ingenious, and evinces an acute turn for investigation, though of course nothing is concluded, except that the Brahminical religion is of northern origin, and of comparatively late introduction into India.

The following account of the restoration of a great public work will be read with interest.

"In Shah Jehan's time, the Persian governor of Khandahar, named Ali Murdhan Kahn, finding his fidelity was suspected by Shah Abbas, king of Persia, took advantage of his war with the Turks in 1638; and to save himself from the malice of his enemies delivered the fortress and province over to the king of Delhi, who received him with every mark of esteem and gratitude, and among other distinctions, conferred on him the government of Cashmir. He was a man of great abilities, and though little can be said in extenuation of his treachery, during the remainder of his life he remained firmly attached to his adopted sovereign, and was by him employed in the highest offices. It may, therefore, be presumed that nothing but necessity would have driven him to so disgraceful a step. He amassed a fortune so immense, that it was supposed he was possessed of the philosopher's stone: but it is more probable that his wealth was accumulated by the formation of a canal, not for navigation, but for irrigating a sterile tract of ground between Paniput and Delhi.

"This noble canal was about 100 miles from north to south; the water which flowed through it being taken from the Jumna, ninety miles above Delhi, and rejoining that river nine miles below the city. The natives call it Nehur Behisht, or the river of Paradise; sometimes the sea of fertility. The revenue of the country through which it flowed was fourteen lacs, but having been neglected and choked up for 100 years, by the political convulsions so prevalent in this region, after the death of Aurungzebe, it does not now amount to more than one lac. Beyond its effects in agriculture, it was of extraordinary consequence to the health of the inhabitants of Delhi. The water of the Jumna, and of the wells, which they are now obliged to drink, is so much impregnated with natron, otherwise called soda, as to prove at times very injurious. The point of the river from which the canal is taken is a great distance from that portion of the country in which the natron is so abundant, and there was a cut made from it, to supply the city with wholesome water. There could not therefore be an act of more true beneficence than the restoration of this

canal; and so it appeared to the present governor-general, who decided on the undertaking; and the work is now in actual operation, under the superintendence and direction of Lieutenant Rodney Blane, of the Bengal engineers, whom Lord Hastings selected for this duty, on account of the character he had acquired in the scientific pursuits of his profession. There is a fair prospect that the expense of this work will be compensated many-fold, not only by the general improvement, but by the tolls taken for water which passes by sluices in the banks of the canal into innumerable channels to water the country on both sides, which will bring back the population, and restore fertility to considerably above a million of acres."

How much has been done towards effecting a change in the prejudices of the natives appears from the following fact:

"That there is not at this day a man of the highest caste who will not be grateful for European medical assistance, if the medicine be taken from his own vessel and given him from the hand of one of his own caste; a compliance which would formerly have been considered as the highest profanation."

But the principal achievement gained over the prepossessions of the Hindoos is in the article of apparel.

"The Sepoys did not for some time give up their native costume, but now the loose Indian dress has given way to the more compact European; and in Bengal the Sepoys, with their faces turned from you, cannot, at this day, be distinguished from the king's troops."

Between Poonah and Bombay the author visited and inspected minutely the cave of Carli, which is considered as the remains of pure Bhudism, and previous to his entering Bombay he went to the island of Elephanta, though his notice of its curiosities is but slight and offers nothing new.

From the account of Bombay we shall extract, as being by far the most interesting article, the history of the dockyard.

"In 1735, on a vessel being built at Surat for the company, the agent who was sent there was so much pleased with the foreman, a Parsee, of the name of Lowjee Nassarwanjee, that he tried to persuade him to come to Bombay, the government being desirous to establish a yard on that island. The attachment and fidelity of this Parsee to his master would not yield to the advantageous offer made until his permission was procured. A short time after this period Lowjee, with a few artificers, arrived at Bombay, and selected for the docks part of the ground on which they now stand. Being a thoroughfare, however, they were not very advantageously situated. The scarcity of timber obliged government, the

following year, to send Lowjee to the north, to negotiate for a supply from the natives in the forests, and on his return he brought his family, and settled them at Bombay.

"Indeed the history of this dock-yard is that of the rise of a respectable, honest, and hard working family, as through several generations the chief builder has been a descendant from the first settler Lowjee; and so incorruptibly and disinterestedly have they all acted in the discharge of their duty, that none of them ever attained to affluence. The frequent use of the dock-yard, particularly by the king's ships, which had formerly to be hove down at Hog Island, rendered it necessary to increase the size of the yard, which was carried into execution after 1767. In the year 1771, Lowjee introduced into the yard his two grandsons, Framjee Manseckjee, and Jumpsetjee Bomajee, but determining they should learn their profession practically, he made them work as carpenters at twelve rupees a month. In 1774 Lowjee Nassarwanjee died, leaving nothing but a house and a sum of money under 3000l. He, however, bequeathed the remembrance of his integrity to his grandsons, Manseckjee, who succeeded him as master builder, and Bomajee as his assistant, and they carried on the business with as much success and credit as the founder of the yard. In 1776 the docks had acquired great reputation, and during the subsequent war in India, and the severe actions between Sir Edward Hughes and Admiral Suffrein, our vessels were docked here; and these two worthy successors of Lowjee built two ships of 300 tons.

"Bomajee died in 1790, and Manseckjee in 1792; the former in debt, and the latter leaving but a small provision for his family. They were succeeded by their sons, Framjee Manseckjee and Jumpsetjee Bomajee. The success which attended the exertions of the last in building the Cornwallis, a frigate for the East India Company, in 1802, determined the Admiralty to order men of war for the king's navy to be constructed at this spot. They intended to have sent out a European builder, but the merits of Jumpsetjee being made known to their lordships, they ordered him to continue as master-builder, without the intervention of European direction or aid. The excellent construction of two frigates and a line-of-battle ship spread the fame of this worthy Parsee over England. In 1805 the dock-yard was enlarged and shut up, the thoroughfare being discontinued. Two more docks have since been added, and for the service of the royal navy alone, the following ships have been constructed at this port: four 74's, two 38's, two 36's, two 18's, and two 10's. And at present I saw the Malabar 74, and a 38 gun frigate building; the latter is to be named the Sarang Patam (Seringapatam). Besides these, since the dock-yard was established, they have built nine ships above

1000 tons, five above 800 tons, six above 700 tons, five above 600 tons, and thirty-five others of a smaller tonnage.

"The sons and grandsons of Jumpsetjee are now in the dock-yard. Thus five generations have followed each other; and I am happy to say his son promises as well as any of his ancestors.

"The Imam of Muscat, one of our allies on the coast of Arabia, has a vessel of 60 guns building for him at the present time, of a particular construction, as he always takes his women to sea with him. He is almost continually in the personal command of his fleet, as his neighbourhood is infested with the Whehabbee pirates, and his ambition leads him to attempt the reduction of several islands in the Persian Gulf.

"The dock-yards have lately had a steam-engine added to them, which has greatly facilitated the work in the docks, as the water is pumped out by it in a few hours. Three or more vessels can be taken in during the springs, while formerly one, or at most two, was the number inspected or repaired in each month. It would be advantageous if the power of the engine could be increased so as to draw large masses of timber from the shore into the yard. Beside these docks, there is a building slip near them; and at Massagong, and at Colabah, in the neighbourhood of Bombay, are others.

"The expense of building the Cornwallis, of 74 guns, and 1767 tons, including lower masts and bowsprit, was 60,762l. and that of the Wellesley, 74 guns, and 1745 tons, 56,003l. On board the former of these vessels I came out to India, and she is a ship of very fine qualities. The teak timber, of which they are constructed, lasts much longer than any other wood. The worm will not eat it; and it is supposed to be from the same cause that the iron bars do not corrode in it; an oil remaining in the timber the smell and taste of which the former do not like, while it prevents the rust of iron.

"I was much delighted with the appearance of the venerable Jumpsetjee Bomajee, and had a long conversation with him. I made the veteran builder promise to give me his picture. He is to call on me tomorrow and to bring with him a piece of plate the Board of Admiralty presented to him on the arrival in England of the Minden 74, built in this dock-yard. Captain Meriton shewed me a model of that vessel, which was built piecemeal, and at the same time as the vessel itself, and every timber was added as the shipwright placed them on the vessel in the building dock."

In a subsequent page, the author says,

"Jumpsetjee called upon me this morning, having brought with him his urn, a present from the Admiralty. It is a handsome piece of plate, but not very massy,

with an inscription ; and the handle on the top, is the exact model of the Minden, without her masts, and has her name in very minute characters on the stern. Upon the whole, it did not seem to me, worthy either of the dignity of the donors, or the merit of the donee. He presented me with an engraving of himself, a strong resemblance, which I will carry to England with me, as he is a character I highly respect."

(To be concluded in our next.)

A Chronological History of North Eastern Voyages of Discovery: and of the early Eastern Navigations of the Russians. By Captain JAMES BURNEY. F. R. S. 8vo. pp. 310.

THIS volume derives peculiar interest from the late, and present attempts to explore the Arctic Ocean with a view to reach the pole, or to find a northern passage into the Pacific. The author is well known as a navigator by his having accompanied Captain Cook in his two last voyages; and more so as a scientific geographer by his former publications, respecting the South Sea Discoveries. In this work he has given a brief chronological detail of the voyages in the northern regions from the one of Ochter in the time of King Alfred about the year 890, to the expedition of Captain Billings into the Icy Sea made in 1785, by order of the Russian government. Some new and interesting particulars are given of Captain Cook's last voyage, and the circumstances attending his melancholy catastrophe are minutely related for the purpose of vindicating the memory of that illustrious character from the charge of rashness. But the principal object of Captain Burney, is evidently to discountenance the idea that there is any North East passage at all, it being his opinion that the Asiatic and American coasts are continuous. His arguments for that conclusion are thus summarily expressed, and with them we shall close our notice of this very curious performance.

"To collect into one view the reasons for believing that there is land to the North of Behring's Strait, and of Captain Cook's track, I make the following brief recapitulation; 1st, the extended direction of the coast of the main body of the ice, and its state; compact when first seen, and perceptibly loosened and separating two days afterwards, which indicates its having been detached from a coast of land; 2d, the flight of birds from the North; 3d, the equal soundings along a large portion of the track, sailed from the coast of America towards the coast of Asia, at a depth corresponding with a distance of between 20 and 80 leagues from the land; 4th, the smallness of current and ge-

neral stillness of the sea north of the strait, found in two successive seasons, although in the sea of Kolyma, both in Shalauoff's and Billings's voyage brisk currents were observed, which difference is some argument against the probability that the two seas communicate. To these is to be added native information, which whether traditional or from present report, generally merits attention; the chief danger is of its not being rightly comprehended."—"Behring's Strait being regarded as the most probable opening on the western side of America, by many as the only probable one, for an entrance into the Pacific by a northern navigation from Europe; and in the Eastern side of America, there being many inlets and arms of the sea unexplored, of which a very small proportion can be expected to lead to Behring's Strait; it follows, that the best chance for discovering a passage, or for discovering that there is no passage, is by commencing on the other side of America. On this side of America, the question can only be set at rest by the discovery of a passage; for twenty expeditions with the most favourable seasons, would be insufficient for ascertaining that there is no passage."

Memoirs of her most excellent Majesty, Sophia Charlotte, Queen of Great Britain; from original documents. By JOHN WATKINS, L.L.D. 8vo.

THE history of Great Britain, during the last half century, is full of momentous events, and revolutions; yet amidst all the mighty changes which have convulsed the moral world, in that long period, the virtues of the English court have proved an effectual preservative against internal commotion. While other thrones have tottered, or fallen, that of this country has stood firm, because sedition itself could never impeach the integrity of those who filled it. The longevity of our venerable monarch, and his consort, seems to have been providentially ordered for the public weal, as the habitual reverence in which they were held, on account of the uniform excellence of their private conduct, repressed, even in the most factious times, the designs of republican and jacobinical innovators. Yet there have not been wanting, malignant spirits to asperse the moral worth of these high personages; and the late queen in particular, was wickedly calumniated in her life time, as being of an avaricious disposition, and who took advantage of the influence, which she was supposed to have, over her husband, for the purpose of increasing an enormous hoard. It was often unblushingly said, and most credulously believed, that both the king and queen were pos-

seemed of millions of pounds sterling, which they continued to multiply, while the public burthens were swelled and loaded to an insupportable extent. Such were the lies malice invented, and the discontented propagated as unquestionable truths; nor could these villainous impressions be effaced, till the death of her Majesty removed the veil, and proved to a demonstration, that charity had swallowed up all her income, that so far from profiting by the national distress, she had never saved sixpence; and that in consequence of her unbounded beneficence, she died in debt. We are glad, therefore, to find, that the history of this exemplary queen, has been amply detailed, in a plain and chronological form. The memoirs of such a character must do good, in a variety of respects, and as she was a brilliant light in the highest station, while living, so in this record of her many virtues, she will speak with energy from the tomb. Having given in a former volume, a biographical sketch of the queen, we shall not here enter into any particulars of her history and character, farther than by extracting two or three anecdotes.

"But the accusation most strongly urged and extensively accredited, against her Majesty, was that of excessive penuriousness. This allegation was so often made, that at length, numbers who wished otherwise, were almost afraid that it must be true. The Queen was not ignorant of this aspersion, and yet she took no steps to clear herself from it; for the soundest of all reasons, since, as she observed, if she began to make a parade of benevolence, or performed something out of the common course, it would be said, that this was done to remove a stigma, or to acquire popularity. She therefore very judiciously went on in her usual course, dealing out charity liberally, but silently, and keeping close to her Saviour's precept, "not to let the left hand know what the right hand did." To this rule, as far as could be practised, she adhered all her life, and nothing hardly ever gave her more uneasiness, than to have any act of her munificence made known to the world.

Her constant injunction to those who had the disposal of her bounty, was, to keep the quarter from whence it came carefully concealed, and a violation of this direction, was the sure way to incur her displeasure. A lady, who had been the bearer of a considerable largess to a distressed family, was afterwards asked, whether she had mentioned the matter to any person, and on being told, that only another lady, high in her Majesty's confidence, was made acquainted with it, "then," said she, "there is one too many."

But though she could not endure the blazoning of her good deeds, she was always happy when her almoners exercised their discretion, by giving more than their verbal commission apparently authorised them to bestow. The wife of a labouring man at old Windsor, with a large family, and in great distress, was brought to bed of twins, which being communicated to her Majesty, she gave the informant twenty pounds, to be laid out for their benefit: in doing this, the person found that the sum would be inadequate to purchase clothing for all the children, and to redeem the poor man's apparel and tools from the pawnbroker's. Relying however on the Queen's goodness, she ventured to add another twenty pounds to the royal donation, and, on making her report, which she did, with some apologies, her Majesty stopped her, by expressing the warmest approbation of her conduct, and graciously saying, that she took it as a particular obligation.

The readiness of the Queen to receive applications, and her promptitude to grant substantial relief, in cases of real distress, will appear from another instance. One day, a female wholly unknown to her Majesty, and without being introduced, presented a petition, at Windsor; the memorial stated, that she was the widow of an officer, and left with twelve children, wholly unprovided for. The Queen directed the strictest inquiries to be made into the character of the applicant, and the result being satisfactory, she took the whole of the children from the mother, and sent them to school. Some time after, however, the lady married a person in opulent circumstances, on which her Majesty very properly sent back the children, that her bounty might be transferred to objects who stood in real need of it.

JUNIUS.

1. *Junius unmasked. A well known and most eminent Literary Character.* 8vo. pp. 48.

2. *Junius with his vizard up! or the real author of the Letters published under that signature now for the first time unveiled and revealed to the world in two Letters to my cousin in the country.* From OEDIPUS ORONOKO, Tobaccoist and Snuff Seller. 8vo. pp. 64.

THERE are some questions of no real import to mankind, but which gather interest by time, through the insatiable spirit of idle speculatists who delight in busy-ing themselves about trifles, when those trifles wear an enigmatic appearance. Such is the problem respecting the real author of Junius's Letters, a problem that seems calculated to exercise the conjectures of literary dreamers for years to come. Among the solemn visionaries whose wits have lately run a wool-

gathering upon the never ending pursuit, we hardly know one who has made a more ridiculous business of it than the author of the first of these pamphlets; the whole drift of which is to shew that, perhaps, Junius was no less a personage than—GIBBON the historian. The purchasers of the tract however, may console themselves for their disappointment in the purchase of it, by having a neat portrait of Gibbon, which is inserted at the top of the title page like a sign to a village ale-house.—But what comes next? A truly laughable farce, after an exceedingly dull comedy. “Junius with his Vizor up” is one of the happiest pieces of dry humour that we ever had the pleasure of perusing, and the composition of it would have credited the genius of Rabelais, or Swift. In truth we do not recollect to have met with any thing like it, except the *Battle of Books*, and in some respects this *jeu d’esprit* is far more witty than that celebrated performance, the ill nature of which detracts much from its general excellence. After a very discursive ramble, through brake and through briar, but every where keeping up the reader’s spirits, master Oronoko lets out the mighty secret that Junius, yea the redoubtable Junius who made ministers tremble and shook the throne, was, (who would have thought it?) no less a personage, than the identical DICKY GOSSIP, or our old friend of facetious memory, SUETT the Comedian!

By way of specimen we shall extract a singular anecdote of two very extraordinary characters, one of whom is nearly connected with the history of Junius.

“Mr. Took told us that the *Σαμμα Σαμμα*—*Porson* of the literary world, the late professor Porson had used to be a frequent visitor at Wimbledon. “But for some few years last

past,” said he, “I have had no intercourse with him. The last visit he paid me was a most extraordinary one. It was a dinner party; and, surrounded by my friends, I sat at the head of the table. Porson was amongst the number; and was, as usual, very chatty, pleasant, and good-humoured, until a certain period of the evening, when he committed the most abominable outrage that hospitality ever felt. He had shewn no soreness or displeasure whatever at the topics in conversation; when, impelled by some motive I could never explain, he on a sudden rose from his seat, and holding his glass in his hand, addressed me in these words,—“I will give you, Sir, in a bumper toast, the health of the most detestable character in the whole world—John Horne Tooke!” At this time he was flushed with wine, though his senses were by no means overset by it. My friends, and myself expostulated with him on the indecency of his behaviour with all possible good temper and complacency. But in vain. He pursued a strain of the most vulgar abuse and invective against my principles and conduct in political life. I teased him a little by my rapier in reply,—but kept myself quite cool in temper, and steadily on my guard. He still went on adding grossness to grossness, and scurrility to scurrility. I then went round to the chair in which he was sitting, and desired him to feel the muscles of my right arm. He felt them. I then drew up my leg, and desired him to feel and discover if he could, whether that had any muscular energy. He did so. “Now, Sir,” said I, “you find that I can both *strike* and *kick*; and if you don’t hold your tongue, I will first knock you down, and afterwards kick you out of my house.” This menace silenced him; but he still kept his seat, drank a great deal more wine, became very drunk, and was finally packed up late at night in a post chaise, and driven home to his lodgings in town.—From that time to this I have never seen him.”

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From such defenders as the president may the church of England and her two great nurseries of learning be ever upon their guard! We have already noticed the matter of controversy between the professor and his antagonist, and nothing in Sir James's angry pamphlet shakes the opinion we at first entertained respecting the impropriety of his holding a chair in an academical institution, founded upon theological principles, to which, by his own acknowledgment, he is an adversary. Yet he still persists in maintaining the consistency of such a measure,

and, strange to say, he has travelled as far back as the reign of Henry the Eighth for a precedent, when Erasmus was appointed to the Greek professorship. But whatever might have been the private opinions of Erasmus, either then or afterwards, he was too prudent a man to make a public declaration of them; and that he did not manifest any thing like dissent while in England is plain enough from his intimacy with Archbishop Warham and Sir Thomas More, neither of whom would have patronised him had he been suspected of Lutheranism.

The president of the Linnæan Society avows himself a nonconformist, and that too upon the broadest principle of latitudinarianism, as a Unitarian; how, therefore, could he aspire to a chair in a university, which, in the last century, not only deprived Whiston of his mathematical professorship for holding the tenets of Arius, but even expelled him from its body as a member? This is a case in point, and we can see no difference at all, except that, of the two, Whiston's was the hardest, because Arianism is less obnoxious than Socinianism; and at the very time that he was expelled the university, Clarke, whose opinions were the same, retained both his rank there and his preferment in the church. Now Whiston was no dissenter, except in a doctrinal sentiment, and he had already more than once subscribed the articles; yet, as an Arian, he was not deemed a proper person to read lectures in a university founded on orthodox principles. Sir James thinks all this is of minor importance, and that theological truth is of less consideration than the interests of a favourite study. It is natural enough for him to have such a predilection, but the heads of the university have other duties to fulfil, the obligation of which admits of no dispensation. We are sorry to say, that the spirit in which the president continues to write, is such as to furnish an additional apology, if one were wanting, for the treatment of which he complains; for certainly he who deals in the most abusive epithets and sarcastic sneers, in speaking of his opponents, thereby furnishes them with a plea of justification in having prevented him from exercising his oratorical powers in the university.

As a relief from this unpleasant dispute we extract with pleasure the following application of botanical science to the elucidation of the scripture history:—

"Our Saviour says to his disciples, Matth. chap. vi. ver. 28.—'Consider the lilies of the field how they grow.' This is commonly supposed to apply either to the white lily or the tulip, neither of which is wild in Palestine. It is natural to presume the Divine Teacher, according to his usual custom, called the attention of his hearers to some object at hand; and as the fields of the Levant are overrun with the *amaryllis lutea*, whose golden lilaceous flowers, in autumn, afford one of the most brilliant and gorgeous objects in nature, the expression of 'Solomon in all his glory, not being arrayed like one of these,' is peculiarly appropriate. I consider the feeling with which this was expressed as the highest honour ever done to the study of plants; and if my botanical conjecture be right, we learn a chronological fact respecting the season of the year when the sermon on the mount was delivered."

Speech of Lieutenant-General Thornton in the House of Commons, on Thursday the 7th of May, 1818, on his motion to repeal the declarations against the Belief of Transubstantiation, and asserting the Worship of the Church of Rome to be Idolatrous.

With Authorities and Illustrations, Deduction and Conclusion. 8vo. pp. 262.

We cannot but give the gallant general credit for his motives in bringing forward this proposition in the House of Commons, and we perfectly agree with him that the charge of idolatry brought against the church of Rome is rash and unwarranted. Had his motion been made thirty years ago, we are of opinion that it might easily have been carried, and that no objection could have been made to it. But times are so wonderfully altered, that we are under the necessity of retaining what we do not altogether approve, lest the removal should prove a breach for the introduction of measures destructive to the constitution. Were the declarations in question, for instance, taken away, the admission of Roman Catholics to seats in both houses would very naturally follow—than which, regard being had to the security of the Protestant ascendancy in Ireland, we scarcely know any thing more dangerous. The declaration against transubstantiation is strictly a test to which no Protestant whatever can conscientiously object; and if exclusion be at all expedient, then tests are indispensable. The exclusion of Papists was considered, by our Protestant ancestors, as necessary to the safety of the church and state, and, so thinking, they were compelled to adopt the surest test they could find to prevent the objects of their apprehension from intruding into power. The declarations against transubstantiation and the idolatry of the church of Rome were chosen for this purpose; because it was certain that no member of that communion would subscribe either of them. It were to be wished that our forefathers had confined themselves to one only, but, as it is, we see no motive for a repeal, unless the legislature shall think proper to take away tests of every description. The general, in his speech, has committed a palpable mistake, in saying that "James the Second did not change from the Protestant to the Roman Catholic religion until the year 1669," when the fact is notorious, that both he and his brother were reconciled, as it is called, to the church of Rome during their exile abroad, though Charles acted with more caution in concealing his conversion till his death.

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THE exhibition at the Royal Academy, Somerset House, was opened to the public, on the first Monday in May; and as it contains 1248 various works of art, we are not surprised to find different degrees of merit, and many performances of a very high class, contrasted with mediocrity. The intention of keeping the exhibition open to the end of July, affords us an opportunity of hereafter devoting a portion of our pages to it, and of prefacing our detailed remarks on particular excellence, with a brief enumeration of as many of those who have distinguished themselves, as our prescribed limits will admit. If we cannot do all we wish, we will at least do all that we can. Of the Academicians, Sir Thomas Lawrence, Thompson, Bird, the two Smirkes, and Dawe are not exhibitors: and the classical pencil of Fuseli, whose subject from Dante, in the last exhibition, was deservedly ranked amongst his best productions, has contributed nothing this year. The death of Harlowe has been another loss. Viewed, however, as a whole, the display, although deprived of so many able supporters, affords an honorable proof of British genius and industry. In our advertising to names, we shall not, like formal masters of ceremo-

ny, imply rank or demerit by priority of introduction; and we mention this, to prevent mistakes on a point of much false professional delicacy. As there are not many patrons of historical painting, there are not many candidates; and in this department, Hilton, Stothard, Northcote, Howard, West, Cook, Allston, Sharpe, Drummond, Westall, Singleton, Worthington, Cooper, R. T. Bone, H. P. Bone, Dighton, Dubois, Sass, Foggo, and Briggs, have exhibited: in familiar life, Wilkie, Leslie, Clint, Rippingille, Mulready, W. Allan, Carse, and Kidd. We shall advert to their principal pictures hereafter. Sir Wm. Beechy and Owen have sent in some of their best portraits. Phillips, Shee, and Jackson, have surpassed their former excellence and obtained much honor. Jas. Ward has also one of the mellowest portraits, which we have seen from his hand; and Raeburn appears to much advantage. We are concerned to see that Howard, G. Hayter, Halls, Joseph, and Brockedon, we presume, through the dearth of employment in historical painting, have turned their pencils out of their proper line, to portraits. Oliver, Geddes, Mrs. Carpenter, Cregan, Kirkby, Ramsey, Lonsdale and Pickersgill, sustain their

'credit in the same department. Turner's view of Richmond Hill is a noble indication of his talent for local nature, and, with a little sweetening, would be most certainly one of his finest prospects; his entrance into the Meuse has fine parts and is grandly conceived, but indigested and deficient in effect, *as a whole*. We reserve some remarks on these and the following landscapes. Calcott's view of Rotterdam is a picture of great brilliancy; and, notwithstanding a slight tendency to monotony, is full of attraction and one of his capital performances. Hoffland has six landscapes of superior merit; his view near Ullswater, is painted with taste and spirit, and has much romantic beauty. Constable's view on the Stoure, is painted with great breadth and truth of nature: the tone and feeling in this picture are excellent. Chalon's view of Hastings is a fine conception; and, although somewhat harsh in parts, possesses great science and force of colouring. P. Nasmyth has a landscape painted with great vigour and delicacy, and Vincent, a landscape with sheep, of much merit. John Glover has five landscapes, finished in his usual taste, and of his best selection. In richness of fancy, power of execution, and vigor of effect, Sir G. Beaumont's *composition* possesses great merit. It is the very best *ideal* landscape in the whole exhibition. This gentleman's skill and devotion, as an *amateur*, do honor to his taste and to the arts, for whose advancement he is so laudably solicitous. Mrs. C. Long has a very lively "view of the Boulevards of Paris:" the taste, feeling, and practical spirit of this picture, make us, almost, regret that fortune has lifted this lady above the constant study of the art, *as a profession*, which her talents are so well calculated to adorn.

Again we must observe, in reference to the early part of the preceding observations, that we no more mean to imply an equality of powers by enumerating the names of Artists together, who practice in the same department, than the artists, themselves, infer an equality of merit, in all the paintings, which hang on the same wall in the Exhibition room.

Haydon has nothing in this exhibition, nor had he any thing in the exhibition of the painters in oil and water-colours, in Spring Gardens, this year. A munificent patron of the British school proposed to give this artist a commission for an historical picture, in April or May last year, when he gave Hilton a commission for two poetical subjects. We hope

that distinguished patron will, now, with his accustomed liberality, give him a commission, and that Haydon will execute it in the ensuing season, so as to render it an honour to himself, and the splendid gallery in Hill-street. He would, there have a noble opportunity of vying with his ablest contemporaries. It is only in his painting-room, and with his pencil in his hand, that he can obtain the reputation of a painter; and we shall, as a public duty, be happy to do impartial justice to his powers on canvas, and to those of every other artist, as far as our limits admit of our endeavour.

There are some good miniatures; a number of excellent architectural designs, and many capital pieces of sculpture: in this latter room, Chantrey, Baily, Kendrick and Flaxman, in particular, have some admirable specimens. But, on these, we must defer our observations, to commence our detailed remarks.

No. 19. "The battle of Marston Moor, near York, fought in the year 1644, representing the leaders in both armies taken from authentic family portraits, and the best recorded accounts of that disastrous conflict," by Mr. Abraham Cooper, associate of the Royal Academy. Upon a rising ground in the centre, two adversaries are engaged in a struggle for the Republican standard. The bearer grasps it in the middle and holds it, with his hand raised above his head; and below, it is seized by his assailant, while they each encounter sword in hand. Close to this a leader bears the Royal standard, and is discharging his pistol at an enemy. Round these two principal incidents, the battle rages with vehement fury, and the various actions and attitudes of attack and defence, of men and horses closely engaged, striking, wounding, killing, and tumbling to the earth, are painted with surprising truth and energy. Amidst a number of these incidents, the cutting down of the trooper in blue, and the man falling headlong backwards from his rearing horse, are admirably designed. A general is seen, on a white horse, in a hollow way, near the left fore-ground, leading on his troops and pointing to the Royal standard. Cromwell appears, mounted on a black horse, on the same side, near the artillery, directing the battle. Another general to the right of the Royal standard, with his arm extended, points to some important circumstance, and beyond him the route and confusion of battle prevail, and clouds of smoke are driven along the horizon. We regret that our restricted limits compel us to no-

tice only a few of the beauties of this masterly composition; but we may briefly observe, that the horseman lancing his fallen enemy, on the right foreground, the dead body lying in the centre, and the trooper fallen from his horse on his back, and defending himself with his clubbed pistol against his stooping assailant, are finely imagined and as finely painted. Every figure that is engaged, is expressed with as much reality as if the artist had spent his life in battles, and had set his fortune on the issue of the engagement. The masses of white and silvery gray, produced by some of the horses in the centre, have a very brilliant effect, supported by the transparent reddish browns of the other chargers. We observed in our brief notices of this Artist's pictures in the British Gallery, last February, that there was a want of cool, aerial tints, and too much of a yellow, earthy hue, in his skies. This defect is visible in No. 22, "The Turnpike Gate," which hangs beside this battle, and was painted some time ago. But Mr. Cooper has confirmed the truth of our suggestion, and, with commendable good sense, corrected the monotony to which we adverted. The sky in Marston Moor, is of a mellow blue-*ish* tone, which operates as a ground in giving a sparkling richness to the warm colours of the figures. The penciling is sharp and spirited, but of remarkable sweetness; and the execution is, altogether, nearer to the delicate lustre and beauty, which are so much admired in the works of Wouvermans, than any thing which we remember to have seen for a long period. To counteract a prevailing defect in the works of others, we lay a particular stress on the fact that there is in this picture, no false bravura of hand, no trick of slurring over forms and omitting essential details to impose a deceitful show of breadth and spirit upon the ignorant. Although the invention and execution breathe a tone of fire, an attention to essential details is a prominent excellence in this fine performance.

Mr. Cooper has seven other pictures of merit in his exhibition, which do credit to his talents and industry.

309. "Jacob's Dream," by Washington Allston, A.R.A. This artist, considering the ladder mentioned in the text in a figurative view, has taken a licence much in favour of this composition, and substituted three successive and immense flights of broad steps in its place. This ascent from earth to heaven occupies the centre, and its terminations, on each

side, are concealed by clouds. Jacob is represented in the middle of the foreground, at the foot of the steps, asleep on his back, with his head resting on a stone. His position is nearly horizontal, but with a very delicate foreshortening of his whole figure. An angel stands at his head; two more very beautiful figures stand on the lowest step close to him, and three on the foreground near his feet. These angels are not infantine or cherubic forms, but of youthful stature and celestial grace; and their attitudes and gestures shew that their attention is fixed upon Jacob. The top of the first flight of steps is a vast plane, on which a heavenly host is seen in the form of a crescent. The most distant figures are in the concavity of this bow, and those which stand near its points rise in height, and are painted in stronger hues. In the centre of the front of this plane the Holy Spirit rises gracefully, with wings extended and hands crossed on the breast. This part of the composition is painted in golden aerial hues, and connected with that which is on the foreground below, by two angels, half-way up the flight of steps: one, on the left side, is ascending, and seen in a back view, just above the three angels near Jacob's feet; the other is descending, and near the angel, who stands at Jacob's head.

Above the first flight of steps, behind the celestial host, a second flight rises to an immense height, on which another crescent of angels, clothed in the brightness of eternal day, is scarcely discernible. Behind this radiant choir the ascent continues, with forms angelic, diminished and melting into light. This flight rises to the throne of the Omnipotent, whose presence is veiled by ineffable glory, at an immeasurable height above. The flood of divine illumination is contrasted by the deep shadows of the foreground below, where the blackness of night overspreads the earth. This impervious darkness rises, in dreary masses, on each side and round the top of the picture, so as to concentrate the visionary lustre within, and give an idea of inconceivable distance from the spot on which Jacob sleeps, to the highest region of the heavens.

The delicacy of the execution, in some of the details, betrays an anxiety, which, in a perceptible degree, takes away their firmness; and there are a few inequalities in the heads and forms, although the artist's skill and fine taste, as a draughtsman, are evidenced by the general ely-

gance and beauty of the naked parts. There is a sublimity in Mr. Allston's conception of the subject, which places it among the foremost of the first class of sacred compositions in our time. There are some touches of the finest sensibility in the disposition of Jacob; and the beauty of form and attitudes of the two angels on the lowest step, and of the one who is descending near the angel, at Jacob's head, may well be termed Raffaellic, although perfectly original. The gentle action and gliding motion of disembodied beings under a human seeming, with their unaffected simplicity and undefinable grace, give a spiritual character to the messengers of God, with which the ascents are peopled: and notwithstanding the infinity comprehended in the scene, the whole is, at once, imprest upon the eye and mind with an imposing serenity and celestial grandeur.

Mr. Allston, who is a native of America, was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy last year. He possesses the classical mind of a poet, with the skill of a painter and the manners of a gentleman, and is universally beloved by his brother artists, a proof that the eminent abilities of an artist, when accompanied by amenity and candour, are a recommendation to professional esteem in this country. This gentleman was not in England to canvass for himself: but his merits canvassed for him! What an honour to the electors and elected!

341. "Sir Roger de Coverley going to Church, accompanied by the Spectator, and surrounded by his Tenants." (See *Spectator*, No. 112); by C. R. Leslie, a young artist, who is an American, and has been, we believe, a pupil of Mr. West. This picture is a production of much genius in the class of real life; and it evinces an insight into human nature, which is more extraordinary in an artist of only two or three and twenty. He possesses so much of Addison's delicate humour and fine sense, that, if the Spectator had been a painter, this performance would have done honour to his pencil. Sir Roger's face is seen in profile, and his figure, nearly in a back view, close to the centre of the foreground. He is in the path-way advancing to the church-door, which is open almost immediately before him. His sword, cocked hat, and edging of white feathers; the flowing black wig; the fashion and gold lace of his scarlet coat; the clocks in his chocolate-coloured stockings, and his red-heeled shoes,

mark the days of Queen Anne. He is patting the curly head of a chubby little boy, who stands before him, with his prayer-book under one arm and his hat under the other, not daring to raise his head, although his eye looks timidly up, stealing a bashful glance at Sir Roger. His coat is a mourning of russet gray, with black buttons, the fashion of 1711. His younger sister, a rosy little rogue, stands close behind him, looking up at the good knight, with her finger on her lip, as if reminding him that she, too, has a claim on his attention. Behind them, the widow, their mother, with her hat held down before her, is curtsying with grave propriety to Sir Roger; and her youngest little girl, holding the skirt of her gown, looks on, with attention, at the reception of her brother. These figures are lively transcripts of nature, and of a respectable order in life. Behind the widow, at some little distance, under the shade of a huge yew-tree, a rustic is advancing with his wife and daughter. On the other side of Sir Roger, Addison is in a rich purple coat, cocked hat and edging of black feathers, flowing wig and red stockings, with a sword by his side, in the fashion of the time. He holds the worthy knight under the right arm, and is looking complacently at his kind notice of the widow's little family. A grey-headed respectable looking farmer, with his hat in his hand, in obedience to the knight, and holding his daughter, a modest, handsome young woman, under the arm, stands near to Addison. A clodpole, in a white frock, is close beside him, holding his hat awkwardly down before him, with one hand spread on his head, gaping at the great folks, in clownish apprehension, joy and wonder. A decayed old woman, in a steeple hat and long dark cloak, resting on her stick, and two other females more behind, extend this group of the tenants, somewhat in an irregular diagonal line towards the beadle, who stands at the church door, in his official dress. Beyond the old farmer and his daughter a woman is endeavouring to show her good manners, by preventing a little urchin, her son, from chasing a butterfly with his hat. In the right corner, beside a low tomb, over which a girl and boy are peeping, a fat, frowsy, vulgar woman is busy, settling a clumsy bouquet in her bosom. Her face is as red as fire, and sweltered with her walk in the heat of the day. The ludicrous points of her squat figure are humorously set off by the full display of her heavy holiday

finery in all its antiquated purity. A huge low crowned straw hat, loaded with a trimming of flaming orange ribands, a capacious stomacher braided with similar ornaments, an old brocade gown, richly flowered, a broad-flounced apron, deep ruffles, black gloves, dark red stockings, large flat-heeled shoes, and small metal buckles, and a head starched up with an air of consequential vanity, furnish out this admirable comic character. Her son, a great broad-faced and red-cheeked oaf of sixteen, in a carter's frock, with his hat off, stands behind her staring, in stupid silence, at Sir Roger and Addison. Two women behind him terminate the group, and Sir Roger's mansion and domain are seen in the back ground, on this side of the picture.

The artist has treated this subject with great felicity. The figures are agreeably disposed, and there is a fine vein of dramatic invention in the characters. Sir Roger and Addison are easy, well-bred gentlemen of Queen Anne's court. The modest respectability of the widow and her children, in their class, are as admirably depicted. The old farmer and his daughter are, in their degree, painted with an unaffected simplicity. The fat, red-faced piece of rustic pride, in all her clumsy finery, and the two staring clowns, form the comic spirit of the piece, and have not been excelled, in their kind, even by Hogarth himself. So chaste is the humour of the picture, that the great pleasantry of these drolls is their absolute truth of nature. The incident of the boy and butterfly is appropriate; and the headle and remaining figures are subordinates, which judiciously fill up the piece, and set off the more prominent actors. The execution is sound, the colouring clear and mellow, the penciling free but firm; the drawing good; the expression well defined, and the heads marked with spirit and decision. We confess we have had some doubts, whether the sky and back-ground are sufficiently low in tone; but where there is so much excellence, we lay little stress on our opinion in this particular.

The president, West, exhibits three pictures this year. No. 111. "The Resurrection of our Saviour," cleverly designed, and painted with much spirit. No. 157. "The Stolen Kiss," from Guavini's Pastor Fido. No. 337. "Cæsar reading the History of Alexander's Exploits," painted in 1771 and retouched in 1818: and 345. "Alexander's Confidence in his Physician, Philip, painted in

1770 and retouched in 1818. The Stolen Kiss has also been painted a number of years, and recently retouched. These pictures have been so long exhibited in the President's gallery, and their merits are so well known, that a critical description of them here is wholly unnecessary. But we confess that we cannot help viewing the practice of retouching pictures, which have been painted for thirty or forty years, without much diffidence and apprehension. The difficulty of producing a union between the old and new colours is not to be overcome by taste or genius; and their disagreement is highly injurious to the effect of a picture. But we respectfully submit these opinions to the better judgment of the President, as to one, who is perfectly competent to decide upon the fitness or unfitness of their application.

27. "Ganymede," by Wm. Hilton, R. A. This artist, although in a delicate state of health, has painted, besides his other studies, within the last sixteen or eighteen months, his "Europa," and "Mermaid," for Sir John Fleming Leicester, bart., and this picture for the present exhibition. We mention these proofs of his genius and enthusiastic application to his honour, and to excite a generous emulation in others. An artist, whose powers are chiefly lodged in his eye and hand, may gladly indulge in long vacations from his pencil, and even feel practice irksome; but to a painter, whose chief powers lie in his mind, painting is a passionate delight, and he is as unhappy, when out of his painting-room, and debarred from the use of his pencil, as a lover when absent from his mistress. We must not be misunderstood here to commend the mere facility of producing pictures as, in itself, a merit, unless accompanied by well-digested thought and execution; the essential point being to have every part well studied in the design, and nothing neglected in the finished picture.

This subject abounds with difficulties sufficient to deter an ordinary mind, and we confess, it is one which we would not advise another artist to undertake. As an impossible and exploded fable, it is deprived of our sympathy; and as it consists of a single undraped youth, whose character comprises the perfection of ideal beauty, it demands the highest powers of an able draughtsman, and the purest symmetry, grace, and elegance, of the human figure. It admits of fewer variations in the design, than almost any other historical or fabulous subject; and

these few are lessened by the circumstance, that Michael Angelo, the great master of form, and Titian, the sovereign of colour, have already pre-occupied the story. But no man can accomplish great things without attempting them. Mr. Hilton draws ably, and under all these appalling disadvantages, he has produced a picture of much power, and varied the disposition, entirely from those of his illustrious predecessors.

The eagle is represented, as if still in the position in which he seized Ganyমেদে, grasping him on one side by the belt of his quiver, and on the other, by the quiver itself; and bearing him upwards, with prodigious force, without hurt or pressure, in his huge talons. The back of the royal bird is wholly turned from the eye, and he is seen altogether, in front. His head rises to the left corner, above, and his bald eye is elevated to the throne of light. His body occupies the centre, extending downwards towards the right corner, and his immense wings are diagonally spread across the skies. The figure of Ganyমেদে, clasping the eagle round the neck, for safety, with one hand, and with the other raised, in expression of fear and reluctance, relieves from the broad black plumage, with great force of *chiaro-scuro* and colouring, and the deep blueish tone of the mountain tops, communicates additional spirit to the dark and bright masses above. There is a constraint in the position of the right hand and arm, and an indefiniteness in the foreshortening, with which the eye is dissatisfied, and which lessen the idea of beauty in the form; but the body is cleverly drawn, and the outline of the limbs very elegant. The flesh is of a clear, ruddy hue, harmonised by the crimson scarf, and the execution evinces an uncommon mastery of pencil. Mr. Hilton has had formidable difficulties to contend against, and if he has not in the subject of this picture, as in his admired *chef d'œuvre*, the Europa, subdued all, he has still an opportunity of retouching, and has done enough to prove his ardent devotion to his art, and maintain his distinguished reputation in the highest department of painting.

Mr. Shee, makes a commanding display of portraits this year; he has seven heads and half figures, and one whole length, in the exhibition. No. 137, by this artist, is a whole length of Mr. J. Macnab, in the Highland dress. This gentleman stands, with the native ease of a Scottish

chieftain, in a bold, soldierly attitude, as firm as a rock. Without a particle of pedantry, or ostentation, there is a masculine purity in the drawing of the whole figure, which may well be referred to as a standard of excellence. The body is seen, in front, the head somewhat directed to the right. The flesh is of a clear, sound, mellow tone, the character manly, and the expression pleasing. The plaid, folded across the person and falling down on the left side, has a good effect. The head is not only finely painted, but the dirk handle, the pistols, the filibeg, the plaid, red-barred stockings, and sword, are identified, with great truth and spirit. The low horizon, gives an effect of superior height to the figure; but the warm light sky, on the left side, is not in union with the green and dark colours of the plaid, and blueish shadows of the mountains. Cool colours in the front, and warm hues in the distances, are generally deficient in *aerial* effect; and we are obliged, with due deference, to protest against this particularity in many of the landscape back-grounds of this eminent artist. No. 123, (by the same painter), is a portrait of the Duke of Leinster, somewhat lower than the breast, in a dark purplish coat, with a shaded crimson curtain behind. The head is turned to the right, in nearly a three-quarter view, and firmly drawn; the features are marked with great truth and spirit, the flesh tints warm and pure, and the likeness is excellent. The principal mass of light is broad, and formed by the face, breast-linen, and a part of the light buff waistcoat; the second light, by a bit of pillar and sky, of a warm grey tint, broken by some touches of blue. The general effect is bright and vigorous. No. 195, (by the same) is the portrait of a Lady, a three-quarter length, sitting on a sofa, dressed in white satin, with a pale yellow shawl, thrown over her shoulders, and falling negligently down, on each side, in front. She holds her port-crayon in her right hand, and her drawing-book down before her, with her left. Her face is a delicate oval, seen in a three-quarter view, and looking up. The features sparkle with mild intelligence, and a charming expression of serenity. The lustre of her fair complexion, is set off by her dark brown hair, which is tastefully disposed. The reflections on the neck are deliciously painted; and the neck, bosom, and hands, are drawn with much attractive beauty. The accessories are judi-

closely chosen, and the ground is in perfect union with the head. There is a combination of fashionable elegance and natural grace in this portrait, with a chastity in the execution and a luminous brilliancy in the general effect, which we do not often see equalled, and are rarely surpassed. 85, (by the same.) is a portrait of Lady Coventry, somewhat lower than the breast, dressed in a fawn-coloured boddice, and white sleeves. The head is in a three-quarter view, directed to the right, in an easy graceful turn; the dark hair turned up with tasteful simplicity. The neck, bosom, and arms, as in the preceding portrait, are beautifully drawn and coloured; the flesh tints of a clear, mellow tone, and finely relieved by the shadowy blue of the sky, and landscape; and the character and expression are very lovely. No. 174, (by the same,) is a three-quarter length portrait of that distinguished ornament of the republic of letters, Mr. Roscoe. It is a striking resemblance of that public-spirited, and accomplished man, who has been, through life, admired for his splendid endowments, and beloved for his private worth. To have *twice* painted Mr. Roscoe, that true friend to the Fine Arts, and zealous promoter of every plan for the good of his country, is a piece of good fortune which every artist can appreciate. No. 207, (by the same) is the portrait of a Lady, finely drawn and painted. No. 273, portrait of Lord William Fitzgerald; and 284, portrait of E. Allfrey, Esq. are by the same artist, and equally creditable to his pencil.

There are, in painting, technical modes of producing a rich and harmonious *surface for the eye*, as in poetry of producing an harmonious versification for the ear, which have been invented by men of high genius; but which, from their having been hacknied by a crowd of imitators, and reduced to a sort of communicable trick, practised as if from a receipt book, have become *common-place* in painting and poetry. Thus, the golden surface of Titian's style, and the melodious versification of Pope, at length became *common-place*, in the servile works of their numerous imitators. An imitation, even when possessed of merit, is an object of coldness or distaste. Most men feel like Churchill on this point.

"I hate ev'n Garrick when at *second-hand*."

The tone and tints of Reynolds have,

also, been so long the deserved object of applause and study, that, although his fine principles and sense of character, can never be too much studied, his mere *manner of penciling*, and *harmony of surface for the eye*, have become *common-place* in many a well-painted imitation. The manly and unsophisticated truth of Shee's style, has this additional merit, that it is wholly his own. The pure character of his pictures, shews that he has trusted more to his own independent view of nature, than to the works of others.

MR. FAWKES'S EXHIBITION

of Drawings, by Turner, and other British artists, has continued open every Tuesday since our last, and has been visited by an immense crowd of rank and fashion, of artists and amateurs. This gentleman's liberality is proved by the fact, that he purchased the whole of his collection himself, and his fine taste is visible in the admirable specimens, which it includes. The artists of England owe him their lasting gratitude, for his manly effort to maintain the character of the British school.

The Marquis of Stafford has, also, opened his doors, at Cleveland House, one day in each week, for the display of his superb collection of pictures, chiefly by the old masters. That nobleman's efforts to diffuse a love for the Fine Arts have been constant and efficacious, and his zeal for the encouragement of British artists proved by his liberal purchases of their paintings, at the British gallery, for many years past.

That ingenious artist, Mr. Backler's exhibition of the stained glass, for Prince Leopold's retreat at Claremont, has been for some time open, and an object of much public interest and visitation. As a tribute of respect to the memory of our late beloved and lamented Princess, it has been inspected by many persons of the first distinction, and honored with their approbation. We hope, shortly, to be able to call the attention of our readers to his intended great work, the stained-glass window for St. James's church, the subject of which is to be the transfiguration, from Raffaele, on a grand scale.

W. C.

(To be continued.)

VARIETIES—LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

A species of siliceous fossil wood was found by a serjeant of artillery, who accompanied Captain Sabine, near the top of a hill, in Hare Island, on the west coast of Greenland, in Lat. 70° deg. 26 min. It had been part of the trunk of a pine tree, about four inches in diameter. The hill is in the interior of the island, about four miles from the shore, and is considerably more than 900 feet above the level of the sea, being higher than an intermediate hill, the elevation of which was ascertained barometrically.

A Paris Journal announces, that a French traveller now in Egypt, has discovered at the distance of nine hours journey from the Red Sea, an ancient city built in the mountains, between the 24th and 25th degree of latitude. There are still about 800 houses, and among the ruins, temples dedicated to various divinities. There are eleven statues, besides fragments of others. He has also discovered the ancient stations, that were appointed on the route through the Desert, going from the Red Sea to the valley of the Nile. They are at regular distances of nine hours between each. This route was undoubtedly one of those traversed by the commerce of India, which flourished at the time of the Lagides, and under the first emperors.

A new Volcanic Island has been raised among the Aleutian Islands, not far from Unalashka. This phenomenon appeared in the midst of a storm, attended with flames and smoke. After the sea was calmed, a boat was sent from Unalashka, with twenty Russian hunters, who landed on this island, June 1st, 1814. They found it full of crevices and precipices. The surface was cooled to the depth of a few yards, but below that depth it was still hot. No water was found on any part of it. The vapours rising from it were not injurious, and the sea-lions had begun to take up their residence on it. Another visit was paid to it in 1815; its height was then diminished. It is about two miles in length; they have given it the name of Boguslaw.

The scheme to propel the vessel constructed according to Lord Cochrane's directions, by the application of steam to machinery operating under water, has, it is understood, totally failed. An experiment was last week made to compress the water by means of air tunnels fixed in the paddle-cases, but it was without effect. This is the second failure in the attempt to work machinery under water; and a considerable sum of money, besides a year, have been expended.

Prevention of Dry Rot.—Mr. Gavin Inglis, in some observations on the prevention of dry-rot, concurs with several gentlemen, who recently published the results of

their experience, that timber, especially for ship-building, ought never to be cut till after the fall of the leaf. In examining masses of oak, says he, dug from the alluvial strata of the country, where it has lain for ages, many of them are found fresh and sound as the day on which they had been thrown from their respective roots. In this case the timber is uniformly black as ebony, and obdurately hard. I was led from curiosity to examine chemically several of these old trunks, and found a far greater proportion of iron than could be supposed to exist in the natural state of the tree. To this iron I attribute the incorruptibility and high state of preservation of this antediluvian timber. This extraneous iron must have been supplied from the ore of the soil or chalybeate waters; in this state of solution it would penetrate the substance of the wood, unite with the astringent principle and produce not only the black colour, but such a density of texture as almost to resist the sharpest instrument. The same means will season new timber and render it proof against dry-rot that will cure old; namely the application of iron in a state of solution. This can be obtained at a comparatively small expence from a solution of green copperas, in which the wood must be soaked till it has acquired the colour of new ink. This would completely counteract every vegetable principle and communicate durability and firmness of texture, with this additional advantage, that the sulphur of the solution, penetrating the substance of the plank, would defend it against the ravages of insects.

Means of detecting the Adulteration of Flour.—Among the means of adulterating flour, great use has lately been made of bones, the price of which has accordingly advanced within these few years from tenpence a bushel to eighteen-pence, to the first purchasers. The collecting of bones is in fact pursued as a regular trade in the Metropolis. The admixture of fine pulverised clay in the prime necessary of life, is a practice unfortunately not unknown in many parts of the kingdom.

The presence of any foreign substances in flour and bread may, however, be detected by common and ordinary processes within the reach of every person. Pure and unadulterated flour may be known by any of these methods:—

1st. Seize a handful briskly, and squeeze it half a minute; it preserves the form of the cavity of the hand in one piece, although it may be rudely placed on the table. Not so that which contains foreign substances, it breaks in pieces more or less; that mixed with whiting being the most adhesive, but still dividing and falling down in a little time. Flour mixed with ground stones,

bones, or plaster of Paris, loses its form at once, and the more bran there may be in it, the sooner it will be flat on the board.

2nd. Having dipped the fore-finger and thumb partially in sweet-oil, take up a small quantity of flour; if it be pure, you may freely rub the fingers together for any length of time; it will not become sticky, and the substance will turn nearly black; but if whitening be mixed with the flour, a few times rubbing turns it into putty, but its colour is thereby very little changed.

3rd. Drop the juice of a lemon, or good vinegar, upon flour; if the flour be pure, it remains at rest; if adulterated, an immediate commotion takes place. This is the readiest method for detecting the presence of stone-dust and plaster of Paris.

Lastly, genuine flour will longer keep the impression even of the grains of the skin, than that which is adulterated, the latter very soon throwing up the fine marks. Let a person of a moist skin rub flour briskly between the palms of both hands; if there be whitening among it, he will find resistance; but with pure flour none.

Cast-Iron rendered Malleable.—The Society for the encouragement of Arts, &c. (in France) has for these fourteen years past proposed premiums for a process by which cast-iron could be rendered malleable, and proper to be made into common utensils, such as boilers, stew-pans, &c. usually made of copper, the use of which is dangerous, and often attended with accidents. This interesting problem of domestic economy has been solved by Messrs. Baradelle and Dedor, and the Society in consequence decreed to them, on 23d September last, the premium offered for it.

The Marquis de St. Croix, who is a member of the Society, has since turned his attention to the application of this discovery; and he has just had experiments made in the manufactory of Leulans, upon pieces of this iron, which leave no doubt of their malleability, and of the advantages which result from it. Pots, vessels of different kinds, nails, keys, spoons, and forks, were first rough cast, then submitted to the process of malleabilisation. The malleabilised pieces not only resisted shocks which would have fractured the brittle cast iron, but were not even broken by falls from the height of ten feet and more on the pavement. They could not be broken without letting them fall upon stones from the height of 20 or 30 feet. These pieces were turned and filed with more facility than pewter. The broken parts, the grain of which is fine and nearly the same as that of steel, were bronzed and perfectly well soldered; the keys answered in the hardest locks as well as the usual iron keys; the nails did not rivet well, but entered easily and without breaking the hardest wood. The vessels designed for tanning received it very well; lastly, the malleabilised cast iron exceeds in strength by more than one half the cast iron hitherto in use.

Power of the Screw.—The Admiralty yacht, lately under repair in Woolwich dock-yard, was on the 12th inst. raised from her bearings sufficiently high to have the bottom of her keel coppered, by the application of a single pair of screws, under the direction of Mr. W. Hookey, assistant builder. The vessel is one of 120 tons, having on board 30 tons of ballast, with all the staging, &c. attached. The whole operation was performed by eight men, in five minutes; and Mr. Hookey is decidedly of opinion, that he could, by the application of ten such pair of screws, which are those used in his bending machine, raise any frigate in the service, an operation which in many cases would be of great public advantage.

Dr. Vert, professor of chemistry at Gratz, has discovered in the mine of Nickel, at Scaldmieg, in Styria, a metal differing from all those hitherto known. Its principal characters are, that it is not reducible, except when combined with arsenic; its oxides are white, as are also the salts resulting from it. He proposes to give it the name of Vestium.

Iron Boat.—There is now building at Glasgow, on a plan of Mr. Creighton's, a vessel of malleable iron, intended as a passage boat for the Great Canal Company. This boat though composed of iron, will be, it is computed, from four to five tons lighter than the same dimensions in wood, as well as much superior in strength.

A life boat, principally cork, constructed by Mr. Plenty, of Newbury (inventor of the cast-iron plough), was sent to Deptford last week, by order of the Admiralty, for the use of the Northern expedition.

Some experiments on the preparation of linen and thread from the flax of nettles, have been made lately in Ireland. The thread in colour, strength, and fineness, is equal, if not superior, to that obtained from flax, and the linen has the appearance of common grey linen.

The art of making paper from the *Alga Marina*, upon which so much stress has been lately laid, is not a new invention. But it is possible that in the improved state of manufactures, and especially of chemistry, some alteration may have been made on the process before used. It is also well known, that there are several other plants, at present of no use, from which very good paper might be made, but the expense has not yet been ascertained.

Pyrolygneous Acid.—A discovery of great importance engages at this moment the attention of the physicians, the chemists, and the government. A person named Mange has discovered that the pyrolygneous acid, obtained by the distillation of wood, has the property of preventing the decomposition and putrefaction of animal substances. It is sufficient to plunge meat for a few moments into this acid, even slightly empyreumatic, to preserve this meat as long as you may desire. Culets, kidneys, liver, rabbits,

which were prepared as far back as the month of July last, are now as fresh as if they had been just procured from the market. I have seen carcasses washed three weeks ago with pyroligneous acid, in which there is yet no sign of decomposition. Putrefaction not only stops, but it even retrogrades. Jakes exhaling infection, cease to do so, as soon as you pour into them the purifying acid. You may judge how many important applications may be made of this process. Navigation, medicine, unwholesome manufactories, will derive incalculable advantages from it. This explains why meat merely dried in a stove, does not keep, while that which is smoked becomes unalterable. We have here an explanation of the theory of hams, of the beef of Hamburg, of smoked tongues, sausages, red herrings, of wood smoked to preserve it from worms, &c. &c. &c.

Sir Robert Kerr Porter's Travels in Persia.—In our Journal for February, 1819, we had the pleasure to lay before our readers a detailed and connected account of the travels of the unfortunate Mr. Seezen, accompanied, it is true, with great regret, that not only so large a portion of his valuable labours has been irretrievably lost, but that even those parts of his journals which have been preserved, have been so long withheld from the impatient curiosity of the public. We have now the satisfaction of giving them a foretaste of an entertainment preparing for them, by a British traveller and artist, of which they are not likely to be disappointed. The gentleman to whom we allude, is Sir Robert Kerr Porter, who is already honorably known, both in England and on the Continent, by his skill as an artist, and his talents as a writer. He possesses uncommon facility in the rapid and faithful delineation of the objects before him. It is therefore very fortunate, that finding himself in circumstances, which enabled him to provide himself with every thing requisite for the enterprise, he resolved on making a journey from St. Petersburg to Persia. According to the latest accounts from Bagdad, dated November, 1818, he had completed his picturesque tour through Persia, and arrived at Bagdad, on his return, in October, 1818. He brought in his port folio, a treasure of very beautiful and detailed drawings of Persian antiquities, some of which have never been drawn before, or but very imperfectly, and too hasty a manner. The drawings of Iaki Bostan, and Bisutun, partly represent objects entirely new to us. He has also made admirable drawings of the antiquities of Persepolis, Nakshi-Rustam, and Murgheb, mostly on a far larger scale than has been done by Sir William Ouseley, or any preceding traveller; the incomparable Niebuhr not excepted. Now, though these drawings differ in many particulars from the designs of former travellers, yet no doubt is entertained of their fidelity and accuracy, by the distin-

guished connoisseur of these antiquities, and of the east, Claudius James Rich, Esq. of the East India Company, resident at Bagdad, or by his private secretary, Mr. Charles Bellier, a learned Orientalist, by birth a Swede, who was recommended in 1814, by Mr. Von Hammer, at Vienna, in his letters to whom, Mr. B. expresses himself as follows:—"We have no doubt, but that Sir Robert has made his drawings with the most conscientious accuracy, since, many drawings which he has made here in Babylon, such as the Tomb of Sobeida, Abarkuse, several Babylonian Cylinders, &c. are uncommonly faithful and correct." He will, probably, return to St. Petersburg this summer, (1819,) and immediately proceed to the publication of his picturesque tour through Persia. We may expect a rich treat; and the judicious collector of ancient Persian and Median monuments, Mr. Hoeck, librarian, of Gottingen, (see his prize essay, published 1818, *De Monumentis veteris Persiæ et Mediæ*;) will here find valuable materials for his great work.

In the course of November, last year, Mr. Rich, accompanied by Sir Robert Kerr Porter, and Mr. Bellien, made an excursion to Hilla, and the remains of ancient Babylon, from which they returned to Bagdad, on the 24th of November. All the heaps of ruins and bricks were examined with the greatest care. Besides the very detailed drawings, Sir Robert drew in the presence of Mr. Rich, a plan of the whole extensive plain, upon a much larger scale than it had been previously taken by Mr. Rich. The ruins of Ali Haima, and Namrud were also marked upon it, by which the learned will be enabled to judge, whether these two ruins were within the city walls of the ancient Babylon, or not; and to see whether Major Rennett, or Mr. Rich, is in the right. Sir Robert has, doubtless, left Bagdad, without stopping there, and proceeded by way of Kurdistan to Tabris, whence he returns to St. Petersburg.

Count Wenceslas Rzewuski, who was reported to have died suddenly, returned last autumn, from Constantinople to Syria, where he has a stud of Arabian horses: for he is, as is well known, one of the first owners, and judges of Arabian horses; which is abundantly proved by his masterly essay, in one of the earlier numbers of the *Mines of the East*. He has lately sent to Vienna his portrait, in the state dress of an Emir of the Bedouins, with the inscription, *Emir Beldari, Tattchel facher*, i. e. Emir of the Bedouins' crown of glory: an allusion to the name of Wenceslas. This portrait is to be engraved for the "*Mines of the East*," which owe their progress to his continued patronage; for, however great and various are the merits of the learned editor, Mr. Joseph Von Hammer, this patronage is necessary, on account of the great expense attending the publication of that esteemed journal.

A young man from Bohemia, named Francis William Sieber, full of the most ardent enthusiasm for the science of Natural History, has gone on a pilgrimage to the Levant, in a manner very different indeed from the rich Englishmen who have been travelling in those countries. Counsellor Andre, of Brunn, in Moravia, the worthy editor of the *Hesperus*, collected for him by subscription, in Bohemia, and the hereditary states, the sum of 1062 florins, of which the museum at Prague contributed 300 dollars, the editor and the publisher of the *Hesperus*, each 100 dollars, Vienna currency. A letter from him, dated from Crete, respecting his voyage in the Archipelago, was published in No. 36 of the *Hesperus* for 1818. In No. 2, for this

year, we read a letter from this worthy and inquisitive traveller to his sister, dated from Jerusalem, 4th July, 1818. His Firman, from the Porte, procured him security every where as he travelled from Cairo to Palestine, by way of Damietta and Jaffa. The governor of Jaffa gave him a letter in Arabic to all the Bedouin Sheiks, and chiefs of Banditti, through whose territory he had to pass. At the Franciscan convent, in Jerusalem, he was entertained in the most friendly manner. As a friend to botany, and in company of a gardener, he entertained great hopes of making a valuable collection for the Flora of Palestine. He intends, at a future period, to go to the Cape of Good Hope, and thence to the East Indies.

LITERARY REPORT.

A very interesting volume of *Walks in Ireland*, by the late John Bernard Trotter, secretary to Mr. Fox, is preparing for publication.

Dr. Trotter, late physician to the grand fleet, has in the press, a Practicable Plan for manning the Royal Navy, and preserving our maritime ascendancy without impressment, addressed to Admiral Lord Exmouth. This plan attempts nothing but what is practicable, and includes marines and landsmen.

Mr. Godwin, is preparing an answer to Mr. Malthus's work, on Population.

The Lay of Agincourt, with other Poems, will appear in the course of next month.

M. Gieseke, professor of mineralogy to the Dublin Society, will shortly publish, in German and English, an account of his eight years' residence in Greenland, ornamented with charts and views. The first visit he paid to this inhospitable country, continued for four years; during which time, he was sedulously employed, in collecting objects of Natural History, &c. Unfortunately, the vessel which was conveying these articles to Denmark, being taken by an English privateer, the cargo was sold at Leith, for 15*l*. An unconquerable love of science, however, stimulated Mr. Gieseke to renew his labours in Greenland, and after another four years' residence in this wild country, he succeeded in forming another collection of natural curiosities, which will soon form a part of the museum, at Vienna.

Lady Morgan is about to receive the same honor as her celebrated cotemporary, Walter Scott. Her interesting national tale, Florence Macarthy, has been dramatised by Mr. Dibden, and is forthcoming at the Surrey Theatre.

Lady Clarke, the sister of Lady Morgan, is about to publish her Comedy, entitled, the Irishwoman, lately performed with great success on the Dublin stage.

The author of those amusing Poems, the Banquet, Dessert, &c. proves to be HANS

BUSK, Esq. a gentleman well known in the higher circles. He has announced a new poem, entitled *The Vestriad*, or the Opera, which, according to report, promises to afford much entertainment.

The collection of essays, on *Men and Manners*, entitled "The Hermit in London," some specimens of which have attracted so much attention in the Literary Gazette, will certainly appear in the course of the present month.

Some interesting Memoirs of Lord Byron are reported to be forthcoming, under the title of Harold the Exile.

The Rev. T. F. Dibden, has circulated a prospectus of a Bibliographical, Antiquarian, and Picturesque Tour in Normandy, France, and Germany. This tour comprises a distance of between two and three thousand miles, upon the continent; and the traveller having great facilities of access to objects of interest and curiosity, in a great measure unknown to the English, he has collected a mass of information connected with local antiquities, the manners and customs of the people, &c. &c. But the principal object of his research has been directed to the rarer treasures in MS. and in print in the public libraries, of Rouen, Caen, Vize, Coutance, Paris, Nancy, Strasbourg, Stuttgart, Ausbourg, Munich, Landshut, Ratisbon, Nuremberg, and Vienna. The materials therefore, of his composition, it may fairly be affirmed, are copious and interesting, and no pains have been spared to obtain the most correct information from the most authentic sources. The treasures of the public libraries will necessarily form the materials for the Bibliographical department.

The Antiquarian department, may be considered as almost entirely novel. The account of cathedrals, palaces, and public edifices, occasionally enriched with views, will gratify the tasteful reader. The specimens of art which distinguish each country, will, in a great measure, tend to mark their progress in it.

Mr. Pye, who compiled a Dictionary of Ancient Geography, has in the press, a Description of Modern Birmingham, emphatically termed the *Toy Shop of Europe*; whereunto are annexed, Observations made during an Excursion round the Town, in the Summer of 1818. The above will be ready for publication before Midsummer.

Dr. Harrington, the Author of *Fire and Planetary Life*, from which all the new and improved Nautical Tables have been taken, has in the press, and shortly will be published, An Extension of his important Theory and System of Chemistry, elucidating all the Phenomena without one single Anomaly.

Speedily will be published, a Review of a work, entitled Remarks on Scepticism, by the Rev. J. Rennell, A. M. Vicar of Kensington, and Christian Advocate in the University of Cambridge, &c. By D. Wylke Edwinsford, esq. of Caermarthenshire.

The Translation of Madame de Genlis' National Tale *Les Parvenus* (The Upstarts) appears this week under the title of *The New Era*. To the charms of fiction this production unites all the solid advantages of historical record, and it is not therefore surprising that the rarity of such a combination in a French novel should have procured for it extraordinary success in France.

A New Edition of Sir Arthur Clarke's Essay on Bathing has just appeared. This work deserves every attention; it will be found to contain more useful instruction, and more valuable practical remarks, than any that has appeared on the subject.

Dr. Pinckard has in the press Cases of Hydrophobia.

A third volume of Sermons, by Mr. Clapp, will speedily be published.

Mrs. Kentish, resident at St. Salvatore, in Brazil, has in the press, through the me-

dium of a friend at Liverpool, a Collection of Poems, in 1 vol. 8vo.

Dr. W. E. Leach has nearly ready for publication, a Synopsis of British Mollusca; being an introduction to the method of arranging the shells of Great Britain, according to the structure of the animals, with descriptions and illustrative engravings.

In the course of the month will be published, in a handsome octavo volume, illustrated with plates, Letters from Palestine, descriptive of a Tour through Galilee and Judea, with some account of the Red Sea, and of the present state of Jerusalem.

The Author of Conversations on Chemistry, &c. has a new work in the press, entitled, Conversations on Natural Philosophy.

Memoirs of the Court of James the First. By Miss Lucy Aikin.

Memoirs of the Protector, Oliver Cromwell, and of his sons, Richard and Henry, with some original letters and other family papers. By Mr. Oliver Cromwell, one of the family.

Travels in various Countries of the East, being a continuation of his Memoirs on European and Asiatic Turkey. By Mr. Robt. Walpole.

Memoirs of John Tobin, Author of "The Honey Moon," &c. &c. With two unpublished plays, and other Selections from his MSS. By Miss Benger.

An Account of the Life of James Crichton, of Cluny, commonly called the Admirable Crichton; with a Portrait, Notes, and Appendix of Original Papers. By Patrick Frazer Tyder, F. R. S. C.

Dialogues, Letters, and Observations, illustrative of the Purity and Consistency of the Established Church, and proving that its interpretations of Scripture are fully adequate to produce that religious and moral conduct necessary to form the character of a good Christian.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE weather has continued equally favourable, as in our last Report, for the operations of husbandry; and the spring sowing may now be said to be generally completed, upon as fine a tilth as has ever been witnessed. The early sown spring crops, including seeds, are very forward, and have a very healthy appearance. The turnips lasted beyond expectation; and so great a proportion of stock remained abroad throughout the winter, that little or no detriment has been experienced from the short quantity of fodder. The pastures will be open for stock earlier than has been known; and there is a promise for a vast crop of grass; hay is, in consequence, considerably reduced in price, although there are no stocks on hand, and, in a few parts of the country, the article is scarce. The meadows have been free from floods, sheep have been freely trusted upon them, and have remained healthy. The lambing season has proved most fortunate, and a more than usual number of doubles have been obtained. Potatoes planting will soon be finished, and the scale will be large. The blossom for fruit most flourishing and universal. The hops full of fine, strong, and forward shoots; in short, the indications of fruitfulness and plenty are universal. Wool, at length, considerably reduced in price; and the demand ceased in consequence of the present stagnation in manufacturing concerns. Cattle still bear a high price, and sheep are very dear. Milch cows dearer. Saddle and coach horses of figure command almost any price; but middling and ordinary kinds are lower. The wheat advances rapidly, and there will be ears early in May. Five hundred thousand quarters of corn are said to be warehoused in the metropolis.

BANKRUPTS.

FROM APRIL 23, TO MAY 23, 1819, INCLUSIVE.

Where the address of the Solicitor is not mentioned, he must be understood to reside at the same place as the Bankrupt. The Solicitors' names are between parentheses.

A

Atherton J. Warrington, cabinet maker (Mason & Houseman, New Bridge street, Blackfriars—Ackland T. sen. Greenwich, butcher (Suter—Ainsworth J. Bolton, Lancashire, whitater (Adlington & Gregory, Bedford-row—Appleyard J. Kingston-upon-Hull, bricklayer (Hicks, Gray's inn—Austin J. Aldersgate street, corn dealer (Barber, Chancery lane—Abrahams L. & A. Camomile street, oil merchant (Lewis Crutched friars—Ainsley R. Clunie, Berwick upon Tweed, corn merchant (Swaine, Stevens and co. Old Jewry.

B

Baylis and Thompson, Piccadilly, ironmongers (Bromley, Holborn court, Gray's inn—Brooker W. Eaton street, Blackfriars, timber merchant (Quallett & co. Dockhead—Beardworth and Bealey (B.) Blackburn, cotton manufacturers (Milne & Parry, Temple—Bradshaw J. Carlisle street, Soho, tailor (Lowe & Bower, Chancery lane—Bound R. Sopley, Southampton, miller (Brembridges and Barnes, Dyer's buildings—Bates J. Leybourn, Kent (Brace and Selby, Strand—Blackburn & Rousseau, City road, dealers (Smith & son, Dorset street—Bourne S. Leek, ironmonger (Crass & Coupland—Brook G. Lockwood, Yorkshire, woollen manufacturer (Batty, Chancery lane—Ball J. Poole, shoemaker (Alexander & Holme, New inn—Beckett & Roberts, Silver street, Wood street, factors (Butler, Cornhill—Bevis T. Oxford street, coach maker (Cartleton High street, Mary le bone—Blachford R. Tower hill, stationer (Abbott, Mark-lane—Basham C. Norwich, coach maker (Tilbury & Langdale, Falcon-square, London—Bromley, jun. J. Stafford, shoemaker (Price & co. Lincoln's inn—Bail T. Keyford, woolstapler (Bridges & co. Red lion square—Barlowe J. Bolton-le-Moors, druggist (Cross & Company—Brown and Harris, Botolph lane, ironmongers (Oakley & co. Martin's lane, Cannon street—Blake T. Cowes, brewer (Bogue, Clement's inn—Birt W. Bristol, broker (Poole and co. Gray's inn—Barth and Smith, Birtles cum Bamford, Lancashire, calico printers (Willis and co. Warton court—Bell J. R. Old Broad street, insurance broker (Kirkman, Cloak lane.

C

Cooke W. Birmingham, merchant (Long and Austen, Holborn court, Gray's inn—Chapman J. Margate, baker (Bell & Broderick, Bow church—Cooper G. Walton on Thames, brewer (Rogers and Son, manchester buildings, Westminster—Cohen G. A. St. Swithin's lane, merchant (Bennell and Dixon, St. Swithin's lane—Cummings J. Osborn street, Whitechapel, brewer (Argill, Whitechapel—Cox J. St. John's street, shopkeeper (Dobson, Chancery lane—Coleman W. Gosport, baker (Alexander and Holme, New inn—Corney J. and R. East India Chambers, merchants, (Kearsley and Spur, Bishopsgate street.

D

Daniel H. Warren street, Fitzroy square, coach-maker (Abraham, Great Marlborough street—Dunderdale, H. and H. T. Lenden, merchants (Hurd and Johnson, Temple—Deakin and Dyer, Birmingham, dealers (Clarke, Richards & Medcalf, Chancery lane—Dyer W. Aldersgate street, goldsmith (Upsdell, Fenchurch street—Davis D. New Bond street, jeweller (Mayhew, Price & co. Chancery lane—Dixon W. jun. Liverpool, wine merchant

(Ored and co.—Dorning D. Worsley, innkeeper (Adlington and co. Bedford row—Dawson and Longden, Silver street, Wood street, colour manufacturers (Fisher, Staples inn—Duffil J. Brooms-grove, grocer (Fladgate and Neild, Essex street—Dickinson J. Manchester, dealer (Huid and Johnson, Temple—Daley J. Woolwich, innkeeper (Fielder and Bartley, Duke street, Grosvenor square.

E

Ellerby T. Poole, linen draper (Sweet, Stokes, & Carr, Basinghall-street—Edwards W. Manchester, manufacturer (Adlington and Gregory, Bedford row—Earl T. Kingston on Thames, corn and coal dealer (Clare and co. Pancras lane—Ewbank J. Little Bush lane, bottle merchant (Harrison, Bucklersbury—Elliott H. jun. Tonbridge Wells, cheesemonger (Osbadeston, London street—Evans S. Bristol, victualler (Poole and co. Gray's inn square—Eddison T. Romford, linen draper (Evans, Hatton garden.

F

Folger J. Savage gardens, Tower hill, merchant (Wilde, College hill—Fisher T. Liverpool, mariner (Dac o and John, Palsgrave place, Temple bar—Fox R. jun. Norwich, silk dealer (Taylor and Roscoe, Temple—Foot B. Gracechurch street, tavern keeper (Reardon and Davis Gracechurch street—Firth M. Cooperbridge, Yorkshire, lime burner (Batty, Chancery lane—Flacton F. Berwick street, Soho, jeweller (Mayhew and co. Chancery lane—Finch R. Cowper's row, Crutched friars, spirit merchant (Caws and Chatfield, Angel court, Throgmorton street.

G

Gray J. Drury lane, commission agent (Willett, Lothbury—Gortons and Roberts, Tootington, Lancashire, cotton spinner (Clarke, Richards and Metcalfe, Chancery lane—Grimby J. B. Kingston-upon-Hull—Goode T. Leominster, draper (Pearson, Pump-court, Temple—Gottreux J. Mincing lane, broker (Blunt and Rowman, Broad street buildings—Goode J. Liverpool, merchant (Avison and Wheeler, Liverpool—Golding J. Colchester, tanner (Nelson, Barnard's inn—George and Webb, Bristol, sugar refiners (Brice—George W. otherwise Hunt, Frome, clothier (Williams, Red Lion square.

H

Harris R. Wood street, Spital fields, stationer (Isaacs, Rury street—Holbrook G. Fleet market, poultryer (Kiss, Clifford's inn—Hunter and Orr, Bucklersbury, merchant (Parish, Bow church—Harris H. Bradford, Wilts, baker (Lukin, Gray's inn—Heyke and Post, St. Mary hill, merchant (Smith and Richards, Basinghall street—Holroyde J. Halifax, factor (Bemel and Dixon, St. Swithin's lane—Hodgson R. Fleet street, oilman (Guy, Howard street—Hunter J. Barge yard Bucklersbury (Parton, Bow church yard—Hale, S. Bishopsgate street, tavern keeper (Allison and co. Cornhill—Hall W. Highgate, victualler (Howell, Symond's inn—Henderson and Morley, Ludgate hill, drapers (Hartley, New Bridge street—Holder E. Whyle, Herefordshire, auctioneer (Bach, Furnival's inn—Highton and Brewer, Broadway, Blackfriars, warehousemen (Swain and co. Old Jewry—Hornby G. Liverpool, brewer (Blackstock and co. Temple—Hartley C. Whitehaven, joiner (Lowden and co. Clement's inn—Halmslaw and Swallow, Heckmondwike, Yorkshire, carpet manufacturer (Evans,

Hatton garden—Hirst A. Beverly, Yorkshire, worsted manufacturer (Lamberts, Taylor and co. Gray's inn square—Horton W. S. Rochdale, woollen manufacturer (Clarke and co. Chancery lane.

I

Illingworth J. Leeds, merchant (Wilson. Greville street, Hatton garden—Innis, J. Rochdale, in Mirfield, Yorkshire, merchant (Battye, Chancery lane.

J.

Jordan, Smith, Stratford, and Litchfield, Leadenhall street, coach proprietors (Wilkinson, Cornhill—Jones S. O. Lambeth, petter (Evitt and Rixon, Haydon square—Jopson and Wigual, Liverpool, turpentine distillers (Adlington and co. Bedford row—Jackson, R. W. Melksham, grocer (Eupson, Bath.

K

Kitchingman, J. Cateaton street, merchant (Gylby, Berners street, Oxford road—Kahn and Cath, Union street, Little Moorfields, merchants, (Stratton and Allport, Shoreditch.

L

Laing C. Garford street, Limehouse, ship chandler (Dennets, Greaves and co. Coleman street—Lloyd J. Carnarvon, shopkeeper (Adlington and Gregory, Bedford row—Lavell J. Lambeth, grocer (Wright Fenchurch street—Lough R. Blackfriars road, brassfounder (Bleasdale and co. Hatton court, Threadneedle street—Levet W. Shadwell, grocer (Amory and Coles, Lothbury—Lawrence R. Minety, Wilts. grocer (Blake and Son, Cooke's court, Chancery lane—Lindsey and Flower, Bath, silk mercers (Hodgson, Old Jewry—Lowe G. Manchester, merchant (Clarke and co. Warford court—Langston, senr, R. Manchester, cotton merchant (Ellis, Chancery lane—Lever J. Ashby de la Zouch, draper (Longland and co. Gray's inn—Lowe and Cohen, Manchester, fustian manufacturers (Hurd and Johnson, Temple—Landsell J. Northampton square, Clerkenwell, victualler (Robinson & Hine, Charterhouse square—Lewis J. Mincing lane, merchant (Noy and Hurdstone, Mincing lane—Lee W. Boston, Yorkshire, cloth manufacturer (Battye, Chancery lane—Langton R. London, merchant (Chester, Staple's inn.

M

Moon J. Acres Barn, Manchester, cotton spinner (Milne and Parry, Temple—Mornon R. M. Shipton Mallet, grocer (King and Lukin Gray's inn—Messiter R. Bristol, wool dealer (Edmunds, Symonds inn—Marks J. Bath place, New road, chinaman (Lewis, Clement's inn—Meaden W. Bath, coach maker (Bennel and Dixon, St. Swithin's lane—Manning W. Bristol, dealer (Frankes, Bristol—Mallinson D. & T. Lipton, Yorkshire, clothiers (Brown, Huddersfield—Martin M. D. Burlington Arcade, jeweller (Cordale and Young, Temple—Montague D. West street, Smithfield, soap maker (Allison and co. Freemans court—Moss R. Goodman's fields, watchmaker (Mayhew and co. Chancery lane—Mumford E. Liverpool, silversmith (Dacie and John, Temple bar—Midgley R. Hardey, Yorkshire, (Ashmore and Hamilton, Henrietta street, Covent garden—Macdonald and Waring, Liverpool, merchants (Adlington and co. Bedford row.

N

Nightingale and Byrno, George street, Portman square, tailor (Fielder and Bartley, Duke street—Norris T. Whitenart yard, Drury lane, victualler (Milne and Parry, Temple.

O

Orr J. Barge yard, merchant (Patton, Bow church yard—Oughton J. Derentend Mills, Warwick (Hall, Great James street, Bedford row—Outram J. and Welsh W. Liverpool, brewers (Taylor and Dennison, Temple.

P

Penfold J. Watling street, warehouseman (Birket, cloak lane—Palmer J. Wellenborough, wine merchant (Forster and Warner, Linea street—Peers R. Warrington, grocer (Mason & Houseman, New Bridge street—Pierce R. Exeter, stone mason (Darke, Church and Darke, Bedford row—Parker W. Bridgewater, maltster (Alexander and Holme, New inn—Parsons A. Montague mews, South Herne, dealer (Fielder and Bartley, Duke street—Puxley J. Aldermanbury, carpenter (Gray, Tyson place—Pyer G. Newport, Monmouthshire, storekeeper (Cary, Broad street, Bristol—Prattington, W. and A. L. Bewdley, grocers (Benbow and Alban, Lincoln's inn—Peake T. Great Coggehall, Essex, corn factor (Clarke, Great St. Thomas Apostle—Powell J. & E. Holborn, oil and colourmen (Mott, Essex street—Pettitt G. Birmingham, glover (Baxter and Bowker, Gray's inn—Poyner R. Stafford, butcher (Price and co. Lincoln's inn—Parkin W. Nafferton, Yorkshire, miller (Hall and Campbell, Beverley—Poyner C. Doncaster, Yorkshire, draper (Watkin and Pooley, Lincoln's inn—Paine E. jun. Lawrence Pownatney hill, merchant (Vandercom and Comyn, Bush lane.

R

Robinsons and Handcock, Manchester, cotton merchants (Ellis, Chancery lane—Radford E. Strand tailor (Lewis, Clements inn—Richardson S. Nicholas lane, merchant (Smith, Bedford row—Rossiter E. Warminster, clothier (Edmunds, Symonds's inn—Ridley R. Basing lane, carpenter (Hodgson, City road—Rees W. Lougher Bul, Glamorgan, copper smelter (Price, New square, Lincoln's inn—Ramsay W. North Shields, ship owner (Mitchell and Francis, Cornhill—Rhoades T. jun. Hoxton, glass mounter (Bennett, Tokenhouse yard—Read and Hellyer, St. Mary hill, merchants (Montrion, Old King's arms yard, Coleman street—Richardson T. King's street, Spitalfields, weaver (Fell and co. Henrietta street, Covent garden—Rickards J. E. C. & J. jun. Cannon street, merchants (Wright, Fenchurch street—Rossiter J. Shepton Mallet, clothier (Alexander & Holme, New inn—Roberts E. Cobourgh road, Kent road, dealer (Birkitt, Cloak lane.

S

Self R. II, Whitecross street, grocer (Wildett Tokenhouse yard—Smith T. York, butter factor (Eyre, Gray's inn square—Stratham, P. and J. Ardwick, dyers (Ellis, Chancery lane—Steeenson T. Kingston on Hull, ship builder (Roser and co. Burtlet's buildings—Slingsby J. Manchester, calico printer (Kay—Shepherd M. Fareham, hop dealer (Alexander and Holme, New inn—Smith W. New castle-upon Tyne, grocer (Amory and Coles, Lothbury—Snoobridge C. Kensington, draper (Wildes College hill—Sowden R. Canterbury, draper (Walker and co. Old Jewry—Scudamore C. Manchester, woollen manufacturer (Law, Manchester; Adlington and co. Bedford row—Smithson R. Whalley, button factor (Makinson, Temple—Swanzy J. Austin friars, merchant (Dennetts and co. King's arms yard, Coleman street—Smith B. Bristol, coal merchant (Boardillon and Hewett, Bread street, City—Snoofield T. Kingston-upon Thames, malster (Parrotter and Turner, London street—Shaw, J. Stroushouse, Devon, pawn broker (Bazon & Tink, Plymouth.

T

Turk T. Rose street, Newgate-market, butcher (Lewis, Clement's inn—Taylor T. Bristol, tobacco-nist (Lambert, Taylor and co.—Tupman J. Great Russell street, watchmaker (Jones and Bland, Great Mary le bone street—Thomson S. Red Cross street, calenderer (Palmer and Frances—Tuson J. Cannon street road, builder (Lewis, Cratched

friers—Thompson J. Joiner street, Southwark, victualler (Pratt, Harpur street—Taylor T. Guildford, liquor merchant (Childe, Upper Thames street—Tittinsor W. & J. Foster lane, button sellers (Jones, New inn—Tolley S. Kidlington, Oxon, corn dealer (Robinson and Hinde, Charterhouse square.

V

Vander Cleft, H. H. Lambeth, oil merchant (Bourdillon and Hewitt, Bread street.

W

Wart J. Preston, manufacturer (Ellis, Chancery lane—Wilson T. John street, Clerkenwell, carpenter (Jones, Brunswick square—Williams E. Birmingham, victualler (Edmonds, Lincoln's inn—Wood R. Hart street, Bloomsbury, paper hanger (Hudson, City road—Williams W. G. Throgmorton street, auctioneer (Alliston and co. Freeman's court—Wharton W. & J. Leominster, carriers (Berke, Devonshire street, Queen square—Wild R. Craven street, Strand, tailor (Passmore, Warrford court—Wyatt, T. St. John's street, coach master (Williams, Blackman street—Warne W.

Great Queen street, shoemaker (Jones, New inn—Watts, W. P. Gosport, victualler (Hassman, Ely place—Wotherspoon M. Liverpool, merchant (Orred and co. Liverpool—Wilson E. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, merchant (Atkinson and co. Chancery lane—Watt J. Preston, manufacturer (Ellis, Chancery lane—Walker J. West Smithfield, tailor (Carpenter, Old Jewry—Wood B. Marlborough, hosier (Taylor, John street, Bedford row—Williams P. G. Princes street, Mary-le-bone, painter (Rigley, Golden square—Williams L. Brighton, carpenter (Palmer and France, Bedford row—Woodward J. Banbury, Oxon, upholster (Platt, Lincoln's inn—Waddington, G. Blackburn, factor (Rotherham, Throgmorton street.

Y

Yandall E. Hoddesdon, Herts. coach proprietor (Gray, Tyson place, Kingsland—Yates G. Tottenham court road, plumber (Turner, Percy street.

Z

Zimmer J. Welbeck street, merchant (Oakley & Birch, Martin's lane, Cannon street.

DIVIDENDS.

A

Ashworth J. Manchester, grocer, May 28—Ashmead T. Bristol, haberdasher, May 24 and 31—Asby R. Poultry, engraver, May 28—Anderson A. Philpot lane, merchant, May 22—Abbott P. D. Powis place, insurance broker, May 25—Appleyard J. Cross street, Hatton garden, merchant, May 22—Abbott P. Lime street, merchant, July 5—Atkinson J. W. Morden, Surrey, farmer, June 12—Allport E. Birmingham, plater, June 17.

B

Barnard W. Lloyd's coffee house, underwriter, May 15—Bartlett R. Vincent square, wheelwrights, barge master, May 22—Boyle R. Thames street, merchant, May 8—Bonser, Newcomb and Passon, Cannon street, silk manufacturers, June 29—Bryan W. White Lion court, merchant, May 22—Bell C. F. and R. F. Oxford street, draper, June 5—Blackborn J. Witham, Essex, corn factor, May 25—Boyce J. Romford, farmer, July 3—Brooke & Bowstead, Nantwich, brewers, May 27—Bishop T. Birmingham, bayonet maker, May 25—Bluck E. Brockton, Miller, May 29—Batt, Backsall & Batt, Witney, bankers, June 5—Betts T. Honduras street, distiller, June 12—Bishop A. Maidstone, distiller, July 3—Bond W. Dover, brewer, June 8—Baynton T. & W. Kidderminster, grocers, June 8—Barnard H. Lloyd's coffee house, underwriter, June 1—Beckett O. Winchester, wine merchant, June 15—Blundell M. B. & S. Holborn bridge, drapers, June 12—Beckett W. B. Wakefield, draper, June 25—Broadbelt W. Preston, corn merchant, June 26—Burn W. & R. Exeter, tailors, June 9.

C

Cullum P. P. Lambeth, brewer, May 22—Cohurn T. Newland, Oxford, wool stapler, May 15—Crowley T. Kingston-upon-Hull, grocer, May 18—Clancy W. Broad street, provision merchant, May 15—Coles A. Portland street, coach maker, May 18—Cooke H. Coleman street, merchant, May 25—Charleton J. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, May 25—Cranch W. G. Guildford street, Surrey, draper, May 22—Cowe G. Great Prescott street, merchants, May 22—Campbell, P. Liverpool, draper, May 31—Children G. Woodgate W. T. & Scoone, W. Tunbridge, Kent, bankers, May 25—Culbush H. & W. Maidstone, carpenters, May 25—Cartwright G. Birmingham, bellows maker, May 25—Card S. sen, Merewiths, farmer, June 8—Coates W. Skipton,

grocer, June 9—Cullen M. Liverpool, merchant, June 10—Colbeck & Ellis, Castlefield; Wilkes, sen. Burley; Holdworth, Bradford, and J. Holdworth, Morley, Yorkshire, flax spinners, June 13.

D

Dowley T. & J. Willow street, Bankside, corn dealer, May 15—Dubois J. Brixton, insurance broker, May 15—Dowdall J. Dartmouth street, carpenter, May 15—Dean J. Poplar, baker, May 18—Demezy N. Southampton, inn keeper, May 18—Day R. Crooked lane, oilman, June 1—Davis J. Cardiff, builder, May 28—Dancy J. Bristol, draper, May 25—Duffield J. Tottenham street, coal dealer, May 29—Delamaine H. Liverpool, merchants, June 14—Day H. Tovil, seed crusher, July 31—Dibdin J. Camberwell, victualler, June 15—Dowley T. and J. Bankside, coal merchants, May 22.

E

Elgar W. Maidstone, grocer, May 11—Evans R. Grimsby, Worcester, coal dealer, May 25—Everett W. Cambridge, corn dealer, June 4.

F

Friday R. jun. Isleworth, barge master, May 15—Foster T. & E. S. Yalding, malsters, May 11—Forder W. Basingstoke, coach proprietors, May 11—Fawcett, G. George yard, paper hanger, May 19—Fowler J. Birchinn lane, broker, May 18—Furniss J. Liverpool, draper, May 19—Fletcher J. Liverpool, ship chandler, May 31—Favence G. Copthall court, bill broker, June 5—Powler W. & J. Alder Mills, Staffordshire, millers, June 14.

G

Garrod S. Paddington street, bookbinder, May 15—Gibbs J. Buxtead, Sussex, farmer, May 18—Gurnett A. Liverpool, merchant, May 21—Gray R. Norwich, broker, May 17—Grellier and Cranch, Guildford street, Borough, lime burners, May 22—Gompertz A. Great Winchester street, merchant, May 22—Gray J. & B. London, merchants, May 26—Griffiths J. Bristol, victualler, June 17—Goustant G. Welclose square, sugar refiner, June 10.

H

Hadwen W. Lancaster, sailcloth manufacturer, May 19—Humble S. Liverpool, hop factor, May 29—Haines J. Longton, Lancashire, carrier, May 20—Houghton H. Warton, Lancashire, dealer, May 18—Hardisty and Lodge, Thornhill, merchants, May 22—Hazard S. R. Liverpool, merchant, May

18—Hambly W. Falmouth, merchant, May 29—Harper J. Fleet street, bookseller, May 29—Hasswell B. Wellington Herefordshire, grocer, June 5—Hadden W. Clements lane, tea dealer, June 12—Holland and Ball, Worcester, hop merchants, June 16—Hughes S. Liverpool, liquor merchant, June 17—Humble M. Liverpool, merchant, June 14.

J

Jones S. St. Paul's church yard, silk manufacturer, May 25—Johnson J. E. Hyde street, Bloomsbury, mariner, May 15—Jones R. Basinghall street, factor, May 25—Johnson B. Plymouth, grocer, May 25—Johnson W. & H. Liverpool, coach makers, May 31—Jarvis H. Tottenham court road, cabinet maker, June 29—Jenkins T. Judd street, mariner, June 12—Jordan W. Barnwood, Gloucestershire, corn dealer, June 14.

K

Kay W. Liverpool, paper dealer, May 20—Karpeles R. Dover, fruit dealer, June 5—Kirkmao J. City road, brewer, May 8—Kuibbs J. H. Lime street, insurance broker, June 12.

L

Long & Felton, Tower street, wine merchants, May 29—La Porte Merc M. Queen-street, Cheap-side, warehouseman, May 18—Lane T. North Audley street, upholder, June 5—Logan, Lenox, Stubbs, and Welsh, Liverpool, merchants, June 5—Lukey T. Fowey, grocer, June 7—Leaa, J. H. Fenchurch street, insurance broker, June 5—Laing G. Demerara, merchant, June 12.

M

Mills C. E. Stamford, upholder, May 27—Morley O. Lewes, Sussex, carpenter, May 22—Mead J. Birmingham, wheelwright, June 8—Muir A. Leeds, linen draper, June 26—Middlewood J. W. Whitechapel, perfumer, May 22—Maraden S. Manchester, dry salter, June 17—Miles J. High Holborn, draper, June 12—Mumford W. Sherne, and J. Eastdown, Higham, Kent, timber merchants, June 12—Mills W. A. Kempsey, miller, June 14.

N

Nowell & Birch, Jewry street, Aldgate, wholesale stationers, June 12.

P

Packer W. High street, Whitechapel, oilman, May 15—Palmer W. Clifton, May 20—Peyton J. Christchurch, Hants, draper, May 11—Polley J. Gray's inn lane, glazier, May 25—Pearson P. Liverpool, merchant, June 1—Pratt J. Brook's place, surgeon, May 22—Poulgram H. and R. Fowey,

shipwright, June 8—Pallett & Massey, Love lane, factor, June 22—Parsons S. Hanover street, Long acre, coach plate, June 12—Proctor and Besser, Steyning lane, cloth factors, June 12.

R

Roper T. Islington, rope maker, May 15—Reed J. Newcastle-upon Tyne, saddler, May 11—Roberts J. Wood street, Spitalfields, silk weaver, June 8—Ritchie & Moffatt, Liverpool, merchants, June 2—Rees W. Bristol, ship owner, May 27—Richards S. Liverpool, merchant, May 31—Reed J. Fleet street, bookseller, May 22—Roare J. P. De Angel court, merchant, June 15—Rogers B. Aston-upon-Mersey, corn dealer, June 9.

S

Sheath A. Boston, banker, May 14—Simpson H. T. Manchester, hosier, May 31—Soutton E. Snow hill, dealer, May 15—Seager S. P. Maidstone, dealer, May 11—Smart J. Kingsgate street, May 11—Shackleton S. Leeds, shopkeeper, May 26—S'Barbe J. Austin friars, ship owner, May 20—Simpson G. Upper Grosvenor street, mariner, June 8—Savidge J. East Stoke, coal seller, June 19—Sissel T. Jewin street, tailor, May 23—Salmon R. Aldham, Essex, carpenter, June 14—Sanderson J. Leeds, draper, June 17—Sykes J. & J. merchants, June 17—Sweet M. Taunton, inn keeper, June 15—Somerby W. Fish street hill, merchant, June 12.

T

Thomason, Underhill, and Gent, Birmingham, merchant, May 17—Tappenden J. Faversham, scrivener, May 26—Tomlinson W. Toxeth park, Lancashire, merchant, May 21—Todd & Wright, Titchborne street, haberdashers, May 22—Taylor J. Gosport, pawnbroker, May 27—Taylor W. Liverpool, merchant, May 26—Taylor S. Oxendon street, merchant, June 5—Thistlewood G. Muscovy court, Tower hill, flour factor, June 8—Twemlow W. Winnington, drug vender, June 8—Todd G. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, spirit merchant, June 14—Taylor J. sen. Old street road, pasteboard manufacturer, June 12.

W

Wolf and Wise, Manchester, cotton dealers, May 15—Wilmot S. R. Bristol, brewer, May 13—Warwick and Aldred, Rotherham, chemists, May 14—Wright C. Charles street, Soho, upholsterer, May 18—Workman J. Omsby, Cumberland, sheep dealer, May 26—Watson S. Newcastle upon-Tyne, merchant, June 5—Woolcombe W. & W. jun. Rotherhithe, ship builders, June 15.

DIGEST OF POLITICAL EVENTS.

Great Britain.

AMONGST the many proceedings of the House of Commons within the present month, nothing perhaps is more curious than the number of the arrests of their own members, ordered by the authority of the House. We do not make this observation as disputing either the right of the House or the propriety of its exercise: we merely notice the singular appearance which it gives to our proceedings amongst foreigners, who do not understand them, and who judge of acts by their forms, and not by their substance.

The Catholic Question has again been revived, and we rejoice to perceive that **NEW MONTHLY MAG.—No. 65.**

the country is awakening to a sense of its danger on that head. Persons of all sects deprecate concessions. There is indeed this wide difference between other dissenters from the established church and Catholics. The Trinitarian and Unitarian may associate without waging war on the religious opinions of each other: not so the Catholic; he regards all dissenters from his church as heretics, and it is an imperious duty imposed upon him to rescue them from destruction—and therefore he cannot be passive.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

On the 3d, Mr. Grattan moved the House for a committee to consider the state of the laws relating to the Roman
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Catholics of this kingdom, and also the oaths and declarations required to be taken by them, in order to the enjoyment of civil offices and the exercise of civil functions. After an animated discussion, in which much argument was adduced on both sides, the motion was negatived by a majority of only two—241 being for it, and 243 against it. It is well known that upwards of 40 members were in readiness to vote against the question, but they were taken by surprise.

The report of the Bank Committee was presented to the House on the 6th by Mr. Peel. We regret that our present limits will not allow us to give a copy of the original document. It commences with a fact, which, though necessary to put forth, must have long been known to every man in the kingdom, that the bank is not only solvent, but that its affairs are in a flourishing condition. It appears from the statement of the committee, that if it were called upon to pay all its outstanding demands at this time, it would still have a balance, after paying of above eleven millions, exclusively of the debt due to it from government, to the amount of about fourteen millions, repayable at the expiration of the charter.

The motion which was agreed to, of inquiring into the state of the royal burghs in Scotland, is likely to lead to some very important changes.

The report for regulating the settlement of the poor was thrown out on the 10th by a motion of Mr. C. Phillips, which was carried, that the report of it should be read a second time that day six months. Great alarms were felt at the principle of this bill, especially in the manufacturing districts of the kingdom, where a casual population must always be attracted, from the employment that can be obtained, but which would have been converted into a burden upon the resident inhabitants by the operation of the proposed law.

On the 13th the attorney general moved for leave to bring in a bill by which the neutrality of this country, pending the struggle between Spain and her colonies, shall be maintained.

The bill for abolishing the game laws was rejected on the 14th by a great majority. This affords us another occasion for congratulation to those who view with alarm the spirit of change that is abroad. It is but to name any existing law or institution to the numerous theorists and reformers of the day, to

have it condemned with execrations, as oppressive and tyrannical.

Mr. Tierney brought forward his long promised motion on the state of the nation on the 18th, in a speech of considerable length, and displaying much eloquence, but, at the same time, much rancour towards his Majesty's ministers. Notwithstanding the able support he received from those gentlemen on his side of the House, the confidence of the members at large in the present administration was most triumphantly manifested by a majority of above *two to one* against it, and that in the fullest house ever known in the annals of Parliaments. The speech of Lord Castlereagh delivered upon this occasion, was amongst the finest ever delivered before the House: in the midst of great eloquence and happy illustration, many plain truths on the state of our affairs and the constitution of parties were elicited.

In the Lords the great question of the bank came under discussion on the 21st. It was preceded by the communication of an important document, which was a paper delivered to government by the directors of the bank, containing their views of the plan recommended by the committees of the two Houses of Parliament. This paper is dated the 20th inst. and expresses, in strong language, the opinions of the directors, that the proposed plan cannot be carried into execution without the risk of producing great mischief to the country. They profess their willingness, however, to co-operate with any measure deliberately sanctioned by the legislature, and are only anxious to escape from the responsibility of those evils which they anticipate as the inevitable result of the one contemplated, and in which, had they remained silent, they were apprehensive they might be considered as acquiescing. They chiefly complain, that, by the declaration of a definite period, within which they are to pay in cash, and by the specification of intermediate but fixed periods, at which they are to pay in bullion, they will be precluded from exercising any discretionary power in regulating the amount of circulating medium, according to the exigencies of the community; and they apprehend great embarrassments and dangers to all the public interests of the nation, by being thus deprived of that discretionary power.

The resolutions, founded upon the report of the Secret Committee on Bank Affairs, were moved on the 24th by Mr. Peel, in an able and eloquent speech

The House, after having given them all that serious attention which such important measures required, and after a protracted debate, which lasted nearly two nights, ordered bills, founded on those resolutions to be drawn, without a dissentient voice.

We are happy to observe that the language used throughout the whole of this important discussion has been that of the most becoming temperance, moderation, and conciliation. The sentiment of both sides of the House displayed a laudable desire to allay the alarm with which the commercial interests have been seized on the occasion, while those gentlemen immediately connected with the bank have afforded the gratifying assurance, that there is no ground for the apprehension entertained that the bank would, in consequence of the adoption of the resolutions, contract its issues for public accommodation.

On the 25th the Chancellor of the Exchequer moved that the sum of 200,000*l.* of the unclaimed dividends be applied to the public services, which was carried.

Sir C. Monk made a motion for the production of certain papers regarding the military occupation of Parga in 1814.

FRANCE.

The final decision of the Chamber of Peers upon the law of the liberty of the press, was carried by a majority of 108. The amount of securities to be demanded from the conductors or proprietors of periodical writings, was the great topic of debate, and it was ultimately agreed, that securities should be required for every daily journal.

The trial of Marinet and Cantillon, charged with an attempt to assassinate the Duke of Wellington, has excited a considerable interest among all classes and their acquittal is much to be regretted, though not to be wondered at, that this judicial examination should have given birth to sentiments, which shew, by their re-action, that the public feeling in Paris is not an amicable one towards the illustrious individual whose life was menaced.

The discussions on the subject of the Budget has been maintained with great energy on either side. On the grant of a sum of 2,200,000 francs, payment made

to England, in execution of the Convention of the 3rd September, a demand of some explanation as to the nature of the treaty was made by M. Beugnot: the reply was, that it was a compromise made for public property captured by the English army about Bourdeaux and the south, on the invasion of 1814.

SPAIN AND PORTUGAL.

The terms of a truce and suspension of hostilities for two years, between the Portuguese and Tunisians, was signed by their respective commissioners.

The Portuguese government, in order to clear the coast of Brazil from the numerous Insurgent privateers, had, in addition to the armed ships sent from other ports, dispatched from Pernambuco a sloop of war to cruise in search of them. Very shortly after this vessel had put to sea, instead of her taking privateers, she was herself captured by them, after an action which lasted nearly two hours, as the Portuguese are so ill suited to conduct any naval enterprise. The corsairs which took the sloop of war, sailed under the flag of General Artigas, and were filled chiefly with American sailors.

The Madrid official gazettes have published dispatches, recently received by the government, from Morillo and the Military commandant of Calabozo.

They communicate details of the passage of the Aranca by the royal troops. In the action that took place, it is stated, that the Insurgent forces in that quarter were completely routed; having two hundred men killed and many wounded. Their retreat put the Royalists in possession of a considerable number of horses, arms, and cattle; the latter now occupy the fertile plains of Merecuria, and are well provided with every necessary to terminate the campaign. They were about to follow up their success by pursuing the retreating rebel forces.

AMERICA.

The Russians appear to have relinquished to the United States, all her right to the countries on the Pacific ocean south of the 56th degree of North latitude; Great Britain having relinquished all her's to the same countries, after the ten years stipulated in the late treaty with respect to a certain portion of them. The United States will now possess a territory embracing fifteen degrees of latitude in the Pacific ocean.

DAILY PRICES OF STOCKS, FROM APRIL 26, TO MAY 22, 1818, BOTH INCLUSIVE.

1818	Bank	5 per Cent	5 per Cent	5 per Cent	5 per Cent	Long	Irish	Imp.	Omnium.	Imp.	Indra	So. Sea	O.S.B.	N.S.	4 per Cent	Ex. Bills	Com
Day.	Stock.	Redu.	Cons.	Cons.	Cons.	Annus.	5 per Cent	per Cent	Annus.	Stock.	Stock.	Stock.	Stock.	Stock.	Ind. Sea.	per Day	for
Apr. 26	252	71 1/2	72 1/2	80 1/2	104 1/2	18 1/2	—	—	—	220	219	—	—	—	30	27 pm.	8 pm.
27	252	71 1/2	73 1/2	81 1/2	104 1/2	18 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	30	26 pm.	8 pm.
28	252	71 1/2	71 1/2	80 1/2	104 1/2	18 1/2	—	—	—	220	—	70 1/2	—	—	37	pm.	10 pm.
29	251 1/2	71 1/2	72 1/2	80 1/2	104 1/2	18 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	36	26 pm.	7 pm.
30	251 1/2	71 1/2	72 1/2	80 1/2	104 1/2	18 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	26	28 pm.	10 pm.
May 1	251	71 1/2	72 1/2	80 1/2	104 1/2	18 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	70 1/2	71 1/2	—	29	pm.	8 pm.
2	251 1/2	71 1/2	72 1/2	80 1/2	104 1/2	18 1/2	—	—	—	219	218	71 1/2	71 1/2	—	28	30 pm.	11 pm.
3	251 1/2	71 1/2	72 1/2	80 1/2	104 1/2	18 1/2	—	—	—	218 1/2	—	71 1/2	71 1/2	—	28	pm.	11 pm.
4	251 1/2	71 1/2	72 1/2	80 1/2	104 1/2	18 1/2	—	—	—	219 1/2	—	70 1/2	70 1/2	—	27	28 pm.	10 pm.
5	250 1/2	71 1/2	72 1/2	80 1/2	104 1/2	18 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	27	28 pm.	10 pm.
6	250 1/2	71 1/2	72 1/2	80 1/2	104 1/2	18 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	26	pm.	8 pm.
7	250 1/2	71 1/2	72 1/2	80 1/2	104 1/2	18 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	26	28 pm.	10 pm.
8	250	71 1/2	72 1/2	80 1/2	104 1/2	18 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	26	pm.	8 pm.
9	250	71 1/2	72 1/2	80 1/2	104 1/2	18 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	26	28 pm.	10 pm.
10	250	71 1/2	72 1/2	80 1/2	104 1/2	18 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	26	pm.	8 pm.
11	249 1/2	71 1/2	72 1/2	80 1/2	104 1/2	18 1/2	—	—	—	217 1/2	—	—	—	—	26	28 pm.	10 pm.
12	249 1/2	71 1/2	72 1/2	80 1/2	104 1/2	18 1/2	—	—	—	217 1/2	—	—	—	—	26	pm.	8 pm.
13	249 1/2	71 1/2	72 1/2	80 1/2	104 1/2	18 1/2	—	—	—	217 1/2	—	—	—	—	26	28 pm.	10 pm.
14	249 1/2	71 1/2	72 1/2	80 1/2	104 1/2	18 1/2	—	—	—	217 1/2	—	—	—	—	26	pm.	8 pm.
15	249 1/2	71 1/2	72 1/2	80 1/2	104 1/2	18 1/2	—	—	—	217 1/2	—	—	—	—	26	28 pm.	10 pm.
16	249 1/2	71 1/2	72 1/2	80 1/2	104 1/2	18 1/2	—	—	—	217 1/2	—	—	—	—	26	pm.	8 pm.
17	249 1/2	71 1/2	72 1/2	80 1/2	104 1/2	18 1/2	—	—	—	217 1/2	—	—	—	—	26	28 pm.	10 pm.
18	249 1/2	71 1/2	72 1/2	80 1/2	104 1/2	18 1/2	—	—	—	217 1/2	—	—	—	—	26	pm.	8 pm.
19	249 1/2	71 1/2	72 1/2	80 1/2	104 1/2	18 1/2	—	—	—	217 1/2	—	—	—	—	26	28 pm.	10 pm.
20	249 1/2	71 1/2	72 1/2	80 1/2	104 1/2	18 1/2	—	—	—	217 1/2	—	—	—	—	26	pm.	8 pm.
21	249 1/2	71 1/2	72 1/2	80 1/2	104 1/2	18 1/2	—	—	—	217 1/2	—	—	—	—	26	28 pm.	10 pm.
22	249 1/2	71 1/2	72 1/2	80 1/2	104 1/2	18 1/2	—	—	—	217 1/2	—	—	—	—	26	pm.	8 pm.
23	249 1/2	71 1/2	72 1/2	80 1/2	104 1/2	18 1/2	—	—	—	217 1/2	—	—	—	—	26	28 pm.	10 pm.
24	249 1/2	71 1/2	72 1/2	80 1/2	104 1/2	18 1/2	—	—	—	217 1/2	—	—	—	—	26	pm.	8 pm.
25	249 1/2	71 1/2	72 1/2	80 1/2	104 1/2	18 1/2	—	—	—	217 1/2	—	—	—	—	26	28 pm.	10 pm.

All Exchange Bills dated prior to the month of March, 1818, have been advertised to be paid off, and the Interest thereon has ceased.

N. B. The above Table contains the highest and lowest prices, taken from the Course of the Exchange, &c. originally published by John Cassin, in the year 1713, and Published, every Tuesday and Friday, under the authority of the Committee of the Stock Exchange, by

JAMES WETENHALL, Stock-Broker, Angel court, Throgmorton-street, London,

On application to whom the original documents for near a century past may be read.

INCIDENTS, PROMOTIONS, BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, DEATHS, &c. IN LONDON AND MIDDLESEX;

With Biographical Accounts of Distinguished Characters.

BULLETIN OF THE KING'S HEALTH.

Windsor Castle, May 21, 1819.

His Majesty's bodily health continues to be good, and he is generally in cheerful spirits; but his Majesty's disorder is undiminished.

(Signed as usual.)

Preferments.] The Rev. Robert James Carr, Vicar of Brighton, to the Prebendal Stall of Hurstbourne and Burbage, in the Cathedral Church of Salisbury.—The Rev. Arthur Edward Howman, Vicar of Shiplake, appointed Master of St. Nicholas's Hospital, near Salisbury.—The Rev. Dr. Gauntlett, Vicar of Potes, to a Prebendal Stall in St. Paul's Cathedral.—The Rev. Mr. Worsley, of Gatcombe, to the Vicarage of Kingston.—The Rev. Henry Charles Morgan, to the rectory of Winstone, Gloucestershire.—Rev. Francis Dyson, rector of South-Tidworth, Hants, to be chaplain in ordinary to his Majesty.—The Rev. Henry Faulkner, A. B. to the rectory of North Piddle.—The Rev. Henry Charles Hobart, M. A. was installed Bishop Prebendary in Hereford Cathedral.—The Rev. R. Knight, jun. to the Rectory of Newton Nottage, Glamorganshire.—The Rev. Thomas Hurford Siely, M. A. of Caius College, Cambridge, appointed Chaplain to the British Embassy at Lisbon.—The Rev. John Hewlet, B. D. Preacher at Foundling Hospital, to the valuable Rectory of Hilgay Norfolk.—The Rev. Robert Pearce, M. A. Vicar of Allensmore and Clehonger, and one of the Minor Canons of Hereford Cathedral, is instituted to the Vicarage of Holmer, and the Chapel of Huntingdon annexed.—The Rev. R. H. Gretton, M. A. is instituted to the rectory of Nantwich, in Cheshire.—The Rev. Robert Roberts, M. A. vicar of Haverhill, in the county of Suffolk, to the rectory of Little Thurlow, in the same county.—The Rev. James Donne, B. A. of St. John's college, is appointed domestic chaplain to the Right Hon. Lord Monson.—The Rev. R. Hewitt, M. A. Vicar of Lever, in Lancashire, to the Rectory of Westhorpe, Norfolk.—A dispensation has passed the Great Seal, enabling the Rev. R. Clifton, M. A. to hold the rectory of St. Nicholas, in the city of Worcester, with the rectory of Matson, Gloucestershire.—The Rev. J. Tweed, jun. has been instituted to the rectory of Hindesham, Suffolk.—The Rev. W. Harby, to the rectory of Great Leighs, Oxfordshire.—The Rev. J. R. Hunton, to the vicarage of Pickhill, Yorkshire.—The Rev. William Gray Hughes, of Newport, Pembrokeshire, to the vicarage of Llandysil, in the county of Cardigan.—The Rev. William Jones, perpetual Curate of Henfynyw, to the perpetual curacies of Llanerchayron and Dinewydd, in the county of Cardigan.—The Rev. J.

Muncaster, of Rothwell, is nominated to the perpetual curacy of Selby Yorkshire.—The Rev. James Clarke Franks, M. A. of Trinity college, is appointed Chaplain of that society.—The Rev. Henry Charles Hobart, M. A. was intalled Bishop's Prebendary in Hereford Cathedral.—The Rev. Richard Henry Gretton, M. A. has been instituted by the Lord Bishop of Chester, to the rectory of Namptwich.—The Rev. C. H. Groves, B. A. of University college Oxford, one of Lord Poulet's domestic chaplains.—The Rev. John Bishop, A. B. was elected one of the minor canons of Gloucester.—The Rev. Edw. Payne, M. A. Vice Provost of King's college, Cambridge, is presented to the rectory of Hepworth, in Suffolk.—The Rev. Richard Grape, M. A. Fellow of Worcester college, Oxon, and rector of Hinhilp.—The Rev. C. H. Pulsford, A. M. Prebendary of Wells Cathedral, is instituted to the rectory of Kingsweston, in that county.—The Rev. Matthew Marsh, A. M. rector of Winterslow, and Brinkworth, in Wiltshire, is presented to the Chancellorship of that Diocese.—A dispensation has passed the great seal enabling the Rev. T. Thorp, M. A. rector of Burton Overry, Domestic Chaplain to the Earl of Onslow, to hold the rectory of Carlton Curlew, cum Ilston, Leicestershire.—The Rev. C. H. Pulsford, M. A. Prebendary of Wells Cathedral, to the rectory of Kingweston, Somerset.—The Rev. T. Grinsfield, M. A. to the curacy of St. Mary le Port, Bristol.

Population of the City of London It appears from official documents that London within the walls contained in 1701, 139,300 inhabitants; in 1750, 87,000; in 1801, 78,000; and in 1811, only 57,000.—It also appears that in 1813, London within the walls contained 97 parishes, having 67 churches, and a population of only 55,484 persons; while Westminster and its Liberties, Southwark, and 12 out-parishes of the Metropolis, contain 27 parishes, 27 churches, and a population of 686,655 persons!

Births.] At his house in Wimpole-street, the lady of Wm. Sheddon, esq. of a son.—Mrs. Charles Woodward, of Bull-head-court, Newgate-street, of a daughter.—The Hon. Mrs. Charles Paget, of a son.—At his house in Upper Berkeley-street, the lady of the Hon. Warwick Lake, of a daughter.—The lady of Clement Swetenham, esq. of Somersford Booth, Cheshire, of a son.—The lady of W. Thomas, esq. of Dean-street, Southwark, of a daughter.—In Manchester-street, the lady of J. C. Freeling, esq. of a son.—In Cleveland-place, the Hon. Mrs. Lushington, of a son.—At Lambeth Terrace, the lady of John Begbie, esq. of a son.—In Upper Seymour-

street, the lady of Sir John Chandos Reade, bart. of a daughter.—In Cleveland-row, Lady Louisa Lambton, lady of J. G. Lambton, esq. M. P. a daughter.—In Charles-street, Berkley-square, the lady of Thomas Bates Rous, esq. of a daughter.—At his house in Howland-street, Fitzroy-square, the lady of William Nodes, esq. of a son.—Lady Charles Bentinck of a son.—In Conduit-street, the Right Hon. lady James Stuart, of a daughter.—Mrs. Richards, Great Coram-street, Brunswick-square, of a son.—Countess Flahaut was safely delivered of a daughter.—The lady Charlotte Macgregor Murray was safely delivered of a son.—at Mrs. Robart's, 49, Lower Grosvenor-street, the lady of John Madocks, esq. of a daughter and still-born son.—At Oxford House, Grosvenor-place, London, lady Milton, of a daughter, being her Ladyship's seventh child.—Lady of J. Brown Wilks, of a still-born child.—Mrs. Arthur Miller Rose, City-road, of a son.—In York-street, the lady of Lieut. Dance, 2d Lifeguards, of a son.

Marriages.] John Kirkland, eldest son of John Kirkland, esq. of Glasgow, to Augusta Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the late Major-General John Agmondesham Vesey.—The Rev. Thomas Fuller, Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, to Sophia Mary, fourth daughter of the late Wm. Paterson, esq. of Devonshire-place, and St. David's, in the Island of Jamaica.—Clotworthy Macartney, esq. of Dublin, to Jane, daughter of the late James Mayne, esq. of Honduras.—D. D. Dalison, esq. of Hampdens, in the county of Kent, to Anne Maria Shaw, daughter of Sir John Shaw, bart. of Kenward, in the same county.—R. H. Sparks, esq. of Tottenham, to Fanny, daughter of the Rev. Thomas Roberts, Vicar of the same place.—The Rev. James Stratten, of Maida-vale, Paddington, to Rebecca, eldest daughter of Thos. Wilson, esq. of Highbury-place.—Joseph Sills, esq. to Catherine, widow of the late William Paulton, esq. and youngest daughter of James Payn, esq. of Maidenhead.—At Mary le Bone New Church, Henry St. John Georges, esq. of the 19th Lancers, to Mary Ann, eldest daughter of the late David Mitchell, esq.—At the New Church, St. Mary-le-bone, by the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Norwich, the Rev. John Peter Chambers, Rector of Heddenham, in this county, to Anna Maria, eldest daughter of J. R. Maxwell, esq. of Harley-street, London.—At St. Martin's Church, London, Mr. William Stafford of Piccadilly, to Mrs. Mary Brient, of Vine-street, Piccadilly.—The Earl of Buckinghamshire, to Miss Glover, of Keppel-street, Russell-square.—Lieut.-Col. Wemyss, to Miss Ball, only daughter and heiress of the late H. P. Ball, esq.—At St. Ann's, Soho, Edward Walker, esq. of Blackheath, to Eliza, eldest daughter of the Rev. Thomas Fawcett, Rector of Aynho, in this county.—William Barrett of

Bridge-street, to Mary, daughter of the late William Coghlan, esq. of this city.—At Hackney, Thomas, only son of John Wadham, esq. of Frenchay, near Bristol, to Elizabeth, younger daughter of the late William Cook, esq. of Grove-street Hackney.—At the New-Church Mary-le-bone, Jasper Atkinson, jan. esq. of the Royal Mint, to Miss Louisa Gill, only daughter of the late Captain and lady Harriett Gill.—At Stoke Newington, John Scott, esq. of Islington, to Miss Ley, of the former place.—At St. George the Martyr's, Queen-square, I. W. Bell, esq. of Bernard-street, Russell-square, to Anna Maria, youngest daughter of W. B. Lutly, esq. of Wandsworth.—At Newington Church, the Rev. H. G. Phillips, Rector of Great Welneatham, and Vicar of Mildenhall, in this county, to Frances, fourth daughter of Capt. Thomas, of Dover-place, Kent-road.—Nash Crosier Hilliard, of Gray's-inn, Solicitor, third surviving son of the late Edward Hilliard, esq. to Lettice Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Wm. Hallett, esq. of Denford House, Berks.—Alexander Grant, esq. of Clapham, and Adam-street, Adelphi, to Helen, youngest daughter of the late Rev. W. Thorold, of Weelsby House, Lincolnshire.—Jn. Mauke, esq. of Huntingdon, to Miss Elizabeth Watson, the only daughter of William Watson, esq. of Wisbech, in the county of Cambridge.—Mr. Robert Goldstone, of Westgate-buildings, to Miss Bowden, of Old Bond-street.—At St. George's Hanover-square, London, by the Rev. the Vice-Chancellor of this University, the Right Hon. the Earl Temple, M.P. eldest son of the Most Noble the Marquis of Buckingham, to the Right Hon. the Lady Mary Campbell, second daughter of the Earl of Breadalbane.—At St. James's-church, London, the Hon. Richard Neville, (son of Lord Braybrook), to lady Jane Cornwallis, (daughter of the Marquis of Cornwallis).—At St. George the Martyr's, Queen-square, I. W. Bell, esq. of Bernard-street, Russell-square, to Anna Maria, youngest daughter of W. B. Lutly, esq. of Wandsworth.—At Stepney, Thomas Brigham Toovey, surgeon, to Harriet Walton Frazer, eldest daughter of the late Richard Frazer, esq. at Lambeth.—At Hadley, Middlesex, the Rev. Edmund Harden, to Maria, daughter of the late J. C. Blackenhagen, esq.—At White-chapel-church, J. H. L. youngest son of J. K. Jardine, esq. of Wixoe, Suffolk, to Sarah Elizabeth, daughter of the late Rev. John Lane, Vicar of Sawbridgeworth, Herts.—At St. George's-church, Hanover square, James Buckton, esq. Solicitor, of Doctor's Commons, London, to Eliza Philippa, third daughter of the late Mr. George Link, of Hereford.—At St. James's-church, John, second son of the late Joseph Masfen, esq. of Cannock, Staffordshire, to Anna Maria, daughter of the late Rev. George Bellasis, D. D. Rector of Yattendon, and Vicar of Basildon and Ashmopstead.—At

St. Ann's-church, Edward Walker, esq. of Blackheath, to Eliza, eldest daughter of the Rev. Thomas Fawcett, Rector of Aynho, Northamptonshire.—Woodbine Parish, jun. esq. son of the Chairman of the Board of Excise in Scotland, to Amelia, only daughter of Leonard Becher Morse, esq. of Norwood.—Mr. Joseph Joynson, of Vauxhall, Surrey, to Miss Mary Wright, of Wirksworth, Derbyshire.—At Hanwell-church, William Rhodes James, esq. to Caroline, second daughter of the late Richard Pope, esq.—At St. George's, Hanover-square, Lieut. Wm. B. Bowyer, R. N. to Frances, daughter of the late Captain Beek, of the East India Service.

Died.] At Enfield Highway, Mr. J. Wilson, 58. A Horticulturist of considerable eminence—Rowland, the only son of Mr. Brasbridge, of Fleet-street, 28.—The infant son of C. Teesdale, esq.—Maria, the wife of T. H. Budd, esq. of Bedford-row.—At his lordship's house, in Clarges-street, Charlotte, Countess of Onslow, 69.—In St. James's Place, R. Lyster, esq. one of the Representatives for Shrewsbury.—At Harefield, near Uxbridge, Marianne Elizabeth, wife of the Rev. G. Faussett.—Mr. J. Irwin, of Oxford-street 61.—In Poland-street, the Rev. W. Strickland, head of the ancient family of Strickland, of Sizer, Westmoreland, 87. He made over, at an early age, to his younger brother (grandfather of the present representative of the family, C. S. Standish, esq.) the whole of his patrimonial inheritance, reserving only a small annuity, and retired to the English Jesuit's college, at St. Omer's, where he embraced the ecclesiastical state as a member of that society.—At his house, in Devonshire-place, J. Tunno, esq. 74.—In Park-street, Mr. F. Fiorello, for many years known as a great musical composer.—In Charlotte-row, Walworth, Mrs. Cooper, relict of the late B. Cooper, of Botolph-lane, Orange-merchant, 79.—In Half-moon-street, Piccadilly, Major Scott Waring, who was long distinguished in the House of Commons for his unremitting exertions in the cause of his friend, the late Mr. Warren Hastings.—At his house, Museum-street Bloomsbury, W. Baker, 58, well known in the neighbourhood of Grosvenor-square, where he had been letter-carrier from the General Post Office nearly 30 years.—At Kensington, Mrs. Nares, relict of Dr. N. Organist and Composer to his Majesty, 88.—In Welbeck-street, Mary, the wife of S. Chamberlayne, esq.—In Grosvenor Square, W. Champion, esq.—At Islington, Mr. R. J. Demett, esq.—In Palsgrave-place, Miss Mary Griffin.—In Bedford-place, Eliza, third daughter of the late T. C. Bigge, esq.—At Whitehall, the wife of Frederick Whalley, esq. 32.—At Richmond, Emily Jane, eldest daughter of the Rev. William Wilkinson, of Woodbury.—In Weymouth-street, Edward Lestleigh, esq. 76.—Mrs. Christian H. Maxwell, youngest daughter of the late Francis Maxwell, town-clerk of

Dumfries, and wife of Anthony T. Thomp-esq. surgeon.—At his residence, White-lion-street, Pentonville, Joseph Nicholls, esq. Lieutenant of the Royal Denbigh. 32.—In Gray's Inn Square, K. S. Henson, youngest son of the late Rev. F. Henson, rector of South Kilvington, 24.—At his house in Gloucester-place, Richard Clay, esq. 59.—At his house in Baker-street Portman-square, G. Brown, esq. 43, late a Member of the Government of Bombay.—In St. James's-place, the Right Hon. Mary, Countess Dowager Poulett, 87.—In Gower-street, R. J. the son of Walker Skirrow, esq. aged 4 months.—R. P. Davies, eldest son of R. Davies, esq. of Southwark, 28.

Richard Baker, of Westleigh, in the parish of Burliscombe, Somersetshire, a small farmer (but better known by the name of "*Conjuror Baker*"), died last week, full of years and iniquities, being 70 years old, and having, during the far greater part of his life, practised the gainful tactics of the "*Black Art*."—In noticing the death of a character who, for nearly half a century, has been daily and hourly employed in alternately counting the wages of his villainies, and in laughing at the follies of a cheated multitude, it would be no unfit opportunity for taxing the risibilities of our readers, by portraying the deceased knave with all the mirthful embellishments of which his life and occupations are so abundantly susceptible. In common justice, we might for once laugh at him, who has, in so many thousand instances amused and profited himself by making a jest of others; but his life is too much clogged with the heaviness of a guilty account, to allow one redeeming ray to qualify the lurid aspect of his mortal reckoning. It may surprize the distant reader, whose ears have never been afflicted with the doleful superstitions of the western counties, to be informed, that such was the fame of the deceased wizard, that the educated as well as the uneducated of all classes, were in the habits of resorting to him from all parts of this and the neighbouring countries for the exercise of his cabalistic skill, and on a Sunday, which was the day for his high orgies, vehicles of superior as well as of lowly descriptions were found to bring him an eager throng of votaries. His reputation was universal, and his gains proportionate. The wonders of his heart would fill the Alexandrian library. Bad crops, lost cattle, lost treasure and lost hearts, brought their respective sufferers in ceaseless crowds to his door. They were all *overlooked*, he said; and they overlooked his knavery in their confidence of skill. He foretold to the South-cottonians that the Shiloh would *not* come, and who but a conjuror would have known this? The tenant of sterile land was after a careful inspection of his presiding star, advised to provide a certain quantity of manure, which being spread over his ground in the form of rams' horns at 12 o'clock precisely on the full moon night, would infallibly se-

cure a good crop. This astonishing prediction has been repeatedly verified! Strayed stock, and mislaid property has been strangely recovered, by only being well looked after, provided the wise man had once taken the matter in hand; and many a relenting Philis, who had parted with her Strephon in a *huff*, has been heard to exclaim on finding him return at the very hour calculated by the conjuror,—that “sure Baker and the devil were in partnership.”—If to juggling artifices and petty fooleries of this description, the man had limited his imposture, he might have left the world with the simple reputation of a knave; but his avarice led him to delude the victim of disease into a fatal reliance on his affected skill, and very numerous are the instances of this description. Charmed Powders, and Mystic Lotions were confided in, to the exclusion of rational advice and proper remedies, and the death of the old and young has been the consequent penalty of such deplorable imbecility. A child, last week, died at Wellington, a martyr to its mother’s folly of this nature. She consulted the heartless villain, and was assured that the infant was “overlooked.” Some powders were given to her, accompanied with the slang verbosity of his craft, which the little sufferer was compelled to swallow, notwithstanding the mother declared that “it made her heart bleed to see the agonies of her child while taking the dose.” The consequence was as we have stated; and thus the guilt of a cold-blooded murderer, is superadded to the atrocities which have marked the career of this miscreant through life. His habits were those of an unsocial drunkard; but his Necromancy, notwithstanding the expense of his selfish indulgence, has enabled him to leave some property.—

Taunton Courier.

Died.] James Sandy, the celebrated Alyth mechanic. The originality of genius and eccentricity of character, which distinguished this remarkable person were, perhaps, never surpassed. Deprived at an early period of his life of the use of his legs, he contrived, by dint of ingenuity, not only to pass his time agreeably, but to render himself an useful member of society.—He soon displayed a taste for mechanical pursuits, and contrived, as a work-shop for his operations, a sort of circular bed, the sides of which being raised about 18 inches above the clothes, were employed as a platform for turning lathes, table-vices, and cases of tools of all kinds. His genius for practical mechanics

was universal. He was skilled in all kinds of turning; and constructed several very curious lathes, as well as clocks and musical instruments of every description, no less admired for the sweetness of their tone, than the elegance of their execution. He excelled, too, in the construction of optical instruments; and made some reflecting telescopes, the specula of which were not inferior to those finished by the most eminent London artists. He suggested some important improvements in the machinery for spinning flax; and we believe he was the first that made the wooden-jointed snuff boxes, called Laurencekirk boxes, some of which, fabricated by this self-taught artist, were purchased, and sent, as presents, to the Royal Family. To his other endowments, he added an accurate knowledge of drawing and engraving, and in both these arts produced specimens of the highest excellence. For upwards of fifty years he quitted his bed only three times, and on these occasions his house was either inundated with water, or threatened with danger from fire. His curiosity, which was unbounded, prompted him to hatch different kinds of birds’ eggs by the natural warmth of his body, and he afterwards reared the motley broods with all the tenderness of a parent; so that on visiting him it was no unusual thing to see various singing birds, to which he may be said to have given birth, perched on his head, and warbling the artificial notes he had taught them. Naturally possessed of a good constitution, and an active, cheerful turn of mind, his house was the general coffee-room of the village, where the affairs of the Church and State were discussed with the utmost freedom. In consequence of long confinement, his countenance had rather a sickly cast, but it was remarkably expressive, and would have afforded a fine subject for the pencil of Wilkie, particularly when he was surrounded by his country friends. This singular man had acquired, by his ingenuity and industry, an honourable independence, and died possessed of considerable property. In short, his history holds out this very instructive lesson, that no difficulties are too great to be overcome by industry and perseverance; and a genius, though it should sometimes miss the distinction it deserves, will seldom fail, unless by its own fault, to secure competency and respectability. He was married only about three weeks before his death, which took place on the 3d. inst. at Alyth.

PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES

IN THE COUNTIES OF ENGLAND, ARRANGED ALPHABETICALLY.

BEDFORDSHIRE.

The first stone of the first Provincial Penitentiary, was laid at Bedford, on the 21st inst. by the Marquis of Tavistock. Our readers know that the enthusiastic promoter of these institutions is the Honorable H. G. Bennett.

Some beautiful casts of antique busts have just arrived for the Duke of Bedford, to be placed in a temple in Woburn Park; some of these casts were purchased so high as 3000*l.* each.

Births.] A son—the lady of P. H. Boyce, Esq. of a son—the lady of the Rev. Edward Galpin, of a son

Married.] Henry Andrews, Esq. late of the 4th or King's Own Regiment, to Mary Emma, daughter and only surviving child of the Reverend Francis Kincaid, of Easton, Herefordshire—Mr Samuel Whitman, to Miss Abraham, both of Turvey—At Cossington, Mr. T. Bracebridge, of Belgrave, to Mary Ann, eldest daughter of Mr. H. M. Gonder, of the former place.

Died.] At Greenfield, near Amptill, aged 90, W. Burridge—At Farndish, Mr. R. Wooding—Frances-Eliza, only daughter of W. S. Addington, Esq. of Goldington Lodge, 60—Mrs. E. T. Taylor, widow of the late Nathaniel Taylor, Esq. surgeon, Amptill, Beds.—The Rev. Orlebar Smith, of Aspley House, rector of Salford cum Horcut—75, Mrs. Ann Potts, relict of the late J. Potts, Gent. of Toddington.

BERKSHIRE.

For the Silver Cup, which is to be rung for at Hurst, on Monday the 24th inst. there will be no less than six sets allowed to ring; no person residing at Hurst to be an umpire.

There is now growing at Uplowman, a promising crop of barley, in *full ear*.—In a field near Caversham, there is wheat in ear.

Births.] At Maiden Early, the Lady of Walter Commins, Esq. of a daughter.

Married.] H. P. Gale, of Lydrard, St. Laurence, Somerset, to Sophia, sixth daughter of the late Rev. J. Eyre, of Reading—N. C. Hilliard, of Gray's Inn, to Lettice Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Wm. Hallett, Esq. Deansford House—At Sonning, Mr. Wm. Simonds, of Chival Farm, to Sarah, eldest daughter of Mr. Simonds, of Dundee Green, Oxon—At Newbury, Mr. E. Newman, of Foxfield Wills, to Miss Durnford, only daughter of the late P. Dersford, Esq. of Inkpen—H. I. Smith, Esq. of Hungerford, to Jane, only daughter of S. Mountjoy, Esq. of Corsham—At Pangbourne, Mr. W. Green, to Anne, second daughter of Mr. Mathews, of Lower Bowden—At St. James's, the Rev. Wm. Footy, vicar of Chaddleworth, and Domestic Chaplain to the Duke of Kent, to Mrs. Garrett, of Wantage—At St. Mary's, Mr. J. George, of Friar-street, to Miss M. Fennell, of Castle-Moat.

Died.] At Eton, Mr. W. Parkyns, 49—At Newbury, Anne, relict of the late J. Dyer, Esq.—At Reading, 78, Mrs. Wainhouse, relict of the Rev. Wm. Wainhouse, rector of Badgeworth—Margaretta Eleonora, daughter of the late H. Cliffe, Esq. and wife of T. Hatch, Esq. of New Windsor—Mrs.

Turner, wife of the Rev. G. Turner, vicar of Spelsbury—At Chawley, Mr. Francis Brangwin, 70—At Sutton Courtney, Mr. Wm. Allnut, 66—Sarah, wife of G. Vassittar, Esq. of Bishop's Abbey, daughter of the late Sir J. Stonehouse, Bart.—Capt. Hale, of Great Marlow.

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

We have the pleasure of inserting the following instance of liberality, conferred on a Clergyman by his parishioners, which we consider as reflecting much credit on both parties. The inhabitants of Beaconsfield have presented their late Curate, the Rev. Mr. Bradford, with a very handsome piece of plate, bearing the following inscription:—"Presented, 1819, to the Rev. William Mussage Bradford, A. M. by the principal Inhabitants of the Parish of Beaconsfield, as a token of the high sense they entertain of his exemplary conduct during fourteen years, as Curate of that parish, and of their personal regard and esteem for him as a friend."

Married.] At St. George's church, Hanover-square, Hugh Richard, eldest son of H. H. Hoare, Esq. to Miss Ann Tyrwhitt Drake, second daughter of the late Thomas Drake Tyrwhitt Drake, Esq. of Sharncliffe—Edw. Abbott, of Moulton, to Miss M. Cross, of the same place—H. H. Holtsmeier, Esq. to Sarah, second daughter of Mr. B. Aris, of Bradwell—At Burnham, Mr. A. Drew, of Bermondsey, Surrey, to Jane, second daughter of Wm. Langton, Esq. of Chippenharn House.

Died.] Sarah, wife of Mr. J. Cowley, surgeon, Winslow—At Great Marlow, J. Hales, Esq. Capt. of the West Kent Militia, 30—Zachariah Crabb, 76—At Newport Pagnell, Catharina, the wife of C. M. Hardy, Esq.—At High Wycombe, Mr. T. Barnett, jun. 47, of Kingston, Herefordshire.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

The first stone of King's college new Bridge was laid on Tuesday the 11th inst. without any particular ceremony.

Births.] The Lady of the Rev. J. C. Lewis, of St. Mary's of a daughter.

Married.] At Cambridge, C. W. Warren, Esq. to Miss Keeling—Mr. W. C. Carver, to Miss Scruby, of Malton—J. Eisher, to Miss Ward, of this city—J. Maule, Esq. of Huntingdon, to Miss E. Watson, of Wisbech—At Burwell, Mr. J. Rayner Hovell, to Rebecca, sixth daughter of Salisbury Dunn, Esq.—Rev. W. J. Carver, M. A. of Trinity college, to Jane, eldest daughter of J. Beevor, Esq. of St. Andrew's, Norwich—Rev. T. Fuller, of St. John's college, to Sophia Mary, fourth daughter of the late W. Patterson, Esq. of Devonshire-place—J. Bradney Esq. of Trinity college, to Caroline, fourth daughter of the Rev. J. Preston, of Flashy Hall, in Yorkshire—Rev. W. Thorne, to Elizabeth, youngest daughter of T. Smyth, Esq. of East Dereham, Norfolk.

Died.] Mr. R. Kerry of Newmarket—Mr. Peter Thompson, of Wisbech—Mrs. E. Stanton, of Levington—J. Brittain, Esq. of Sleaford, 64—J. W. H. Burton, Esq. of Billingborough.

CHESHIRE.

A handsome piece of Plate has been presented to the Rev. Wm. Harrison late Canon of Lichfield.

rate of the Holy Trinity, Chester, as a mark of respect from his congregation.

Births.] At the old bank, Chester, the Lady of G. B. Greuville, Esq. of a daughter—The Lady of C. Sweetenham, Esq. of Somersford-Booths, of a son.

Married.] At Chester, the Rev. J. Clark, rector of Barrow, to Elizabeth, third daughter of the late Archdeacon Massey—Mr. J. Mann, of Liverpool, to Isabella Gardner, eldest daughter of the late J. Horridge, Esq. of Raikes Hall—At St. Oswald's, G. Kawsou Esq. of Leeds, to Elizabeth, only daughter of the late Mr. Charles Williamson.

Died.] At Manchester, Mr. J. Brownhill, of Nantwich, solicitor, At Ifough, near Nantwich, Mr. Hopkins, 62—John Heptinstall, of Astbury—J. Caveley, Esq. of Stapleford, near Chester.

CORNWALL.

The boat Fly, of St. Agnes, the first boat fitted out with nets, &c. by the public bounty for the relief of Scilly, caught 600 Mackarel last week, off the Islands. This is one of the first fruits of the public subscriptions under the direction of the respectable committee of Magistrates and Gentlemen of Penzance.

Births.] At Ruan Parsonage, the wife of the Rev. Mr. Bndd, of a son—At Bowgyheve, in Lugdvan, the Lady of Capt. Morgan, of a daughter.

Married.] Rev. W. A. Morgan, vicar of Lew-anick, to Miss A. W. Mapowder—At St. Ives, Mr. T. Rosewall, to Miss Bennett—At St. Brock, Mr. R. Hawkey, to Miss Carverth—Helson, Mr. J. Andrew, to Miss Odger—At Wadebridge, Mr. S. Brown, of Landrake, to Miss Bowden, St. Austell.

Died.] Mr. J. T. Cary, surgeon, of St. Mawes—At St. Cleer, Miss Sowden—At Redruth, Mr. Hambley, 86—Ursula Stephens, 91—Henry Trestrail, 70.—At St. Ives, Mrs. Peter, wife of the Rev. R. Peter.—At St. Ewe Parsonage, the Lady of the Rev. R. Jenney—At Holdsworthly, the Rev. Mr. Meyrick—At Callington, Mr. J. Kinsman, 90.

CUMBERLAND.

We are glad to observe that Lister Ellis, Esq. intends to introduce into Cumberland, the excellent system of draining with tiles, which he alluded to in his speech at the cattle show dinner last week.

Births.] At Whitehaven, Mrs. E. C. Kaubley, of a daughter.—Mrs. G. Key, of a daughter.

Married.] At Carlisle, Mr. W. Furby, to Miss Emmerson, eldest daughter of Mr. G. Emmerson, of Blackwell Hall—Mr. R. Bell, to Miss M. Little—Mr. R. Morris, to Miss I. Ferguson—Rev. Wm. Ponsonby, vicar of Urswick, near Ulverston, to Agnes, eldest daughter of Mr. Ashburn, of Mitowa, Urswick—At Penrith, Mr. Robinson, of Newcastle to Miss J. Johnson—Mr. G. Storey, to Miss E. Elliot—Mr. K. Parker, to Miss A. Robinson—Mr. J. Hodgson, to Miss M. C. James—Rev. B. Bailey, to Hamilton, only daughter to the Rt. Rev. Geo. Gleig, Premier Bishop of the Scottish Episcopal Church—Captain Waters, to Miss Brinthaite.

Died.] At Carlisle, L. Pulsford, Esq. 30, adjutant-surgeon of the 18th hussars—In Butcher-gate, Mr. W. Hetherington, 70—Mr. C. Douglasby, 41—At Linstock, Mr. J. ulman, 62—Mr. J. Hewson, of Bureh, 66—Mr. J. Hodgson—In Castle-street, Mrs. E. Richardson, 76—Mr. J. Graham, of the Willow-holme, 83—Mr. J. Bell, 19—At Brampton, the Rev. J. Weightman—At Blencow, Wm. Troutbeck, esq. 77—Mountpleasant, Mr. J. Lucas, 84—At Maryport, Capt. Wm. Bell, of the ship *Cumberland*—At Denton-hill, Miss E. Tyson, 21.

DEVONSHIRE.

The citizens of Exeter are about to present to their late Representative, James Buller, esq. an elegant vase and cover, richly gilt inside, which will contain six quarts. In form and decoration, it is an exact copy of the Adrian Vase at Warwick Castle.

Plymouth Dock-yard has received a large supply of timber within the last few days, all British wood. In the course of the last year, considerable quantities were imported from Dalmatia, Africa, America, &c. Some idea of the magnitude of the yard may be obtained by the information that it stands on 75 acres of land.

Married.] At Exeter, Mr. D. W. Osbaldiston, to Miss H. E. C. Dawson—At Stonehouse, Major Read, Permanent Assistant Quarter Master General, to Lydia, second daughter of the late Francis Douglas, Esq. R. N.—C. J. P. Lippeatt, Esq. B. A. of St. John's college, to Fanny, daughter of the late—Caityar, Esq. of Gibraltar.

Died.] At Barnstaple, 86, P. Rogers, esq. He was the oldest Magistrate in the county of Devon, having been in the commission of the Peace ever since the year 1762—At Tiverton, Mr. J. Parkhouse—At Torquay, Thos. St. George Waldegrave, Esq. of London—At Exeter, the Rev. Lloyd Williams, rector of Chawleigh and Eggesford—In Barnstaple, Juliana wife of Mr. J. Chanter, of Plymouth—At the Rectory, Holsworthy, the Rev. O. L. Meyrick.—The Rev. T. T. Jackson, vicar of Burtlecombe—T. Miller, Esq. of Plymouth—G. Jackson, Esq. of East Looe, a Post Captain of the Royal Navy.—In Exeter, 58, R. Hart, Esq.—At Wiltown, Mr. H. Davey—At Exeter, Selina, wife of George Peacock, Esq.

DERBYSHIRE.

A hive of bees, belonging to William Blackshaw, Boston, Derbyshire, swarmed on the 3d instant, being the earliest ever re collected in that neighbourhood.

Married.] At Spouder, J. Balguy, Esq. of Duffield, one of the Judges on the Carmarthen circuit, to Barbara, widow of the late J. Baker, Esq. of Waresley house, and daughter of the Rev. J. F. S. Fleming St. John, prebendary of Worcester.

Died.] Mr. Poyser, of Weston under-Wood, 76.

DORSETSHIRE.

Births.] The Lady of the Rev. H. Farr Yeatman, Stock house, of a daughter—Mrs. Rutter, the wife of Mr. J. Rutter, of Shaftesbury, of a son and heir.

Married.] At Milverton, P. Broadmead, jun. Esq. to Elizabeth, only daughter of T. Falpey, Esq.—I. C. Keddie, Esq. of Hunkpole, to Sarah, eldest daughter of the late T. Hissey, Esq. of Saverton, Wilts—At Seend, R. White, Esq. of Arton, Middlesex, to Anne, eldest daughter of the late John Tylee, Esq. of Diviges—Mr. E. Newman, of Frozfield, to Miss Durnford, only daughter of the late Mr. F. Durnford, Esq. of Inkpen, Berks—At White Church, Mr. H. Hammond, of Wycham, to Mrs. R. Birch.

Died.] At Weymouth, 82, Robert Bayard, Esq. of Bath, and late of Stubbington house, Hants—At Dorchester, 17, Mr. W. Frampton—At Fitchend, near Shaftesbury, 76, the Rev. H. Forester, A. M. twenty-one years vicar of that parish; also of Farnham, in Berks, and rector of Hampdon, in Bucks.

DURHAM.

The beautiful *Durham Bull*, bred by the Rev. Hamlett Harrison, of Hontesbury, and fed by Mr. Oakeley, of Allfield, was lately killed by Mr. Wilde, of Hodnet, Salop, and the fore quarters weighed nearly 30 score each. The following are the particulars: hide 62lb., fat 246lb., head 44lb., tongue 12lb., heart 13lb., carcass 1892lb.

Birth.] The wife of G. H. Wilkinson, of Harpely Hall, Durham, of a daughter.

Married.] Sir Robert Edmunds, to Eliza, eldest daughter of the Hon. C. H. Warde, of Durham.

Died.] At Durham, Mr. Henry Orton, 85—Near Esh, Mrs. Ann Yates, 79—At Bewcastle, the wife of the Rev. Mr. Graham—At Penrith, Jane, wife of Mr. George Slee.

ESSEX.

The Gas-light Company's Works in Chelmsford, are proceeding with great spirit and rapidity. A convenient spot for the principal works has been purchased of the Chelmer Navigation Company, which will prove advantageous for the receipt of coals. A building, containing 15 retorts for burning the coal into gas, is erected, and the foundation for the gasometer, which is to contain 10,000 cubic feet of gas, calculated to be sufficiently large for the purpose of supplying 500 lamps, if required, is preparing. A considerable number of the cast-iron pipes have also been received, and labourers are employed in placing them along the streets.

Births.] At Dedham, the lady of W. B. Goodrich, esq. of a daughter—At Stock Lodge, the lady of T. Fastwood, esq. of a son and heir.

Married.] The Rev. H. W. Wilkinson, to Miss Walker, daughter of E. W. esq. of Gestingthorpe—J. H. Browning, Paglesham Hall, to Sarah, eldest daughter of the late T. Youle, esq.—James Denny, esq. to Charlotte, daughter of Mr. George Brown, of Sible Hedingham—Mr. T. Challis, to Mary Ann, only daughter of Mr. S. Mathewman, of Colchester—At Hackney, Mr. T. A. Lack, of West Ham, to Elizabeth, youngest daughter of Mr. Westlake, of Hackney terrace—At West Ham, H. Chespe, esq. to Margaret, second daughter of John Carstairs, esq. of Stratford Green—At Great Waltham, J. T. Tyrell, esq. to Miss Pilkington, daughter and co-heiress of the late Sir Thomas Pilkington, bart. of Chevet, Yorkshire—Sir John Wrottesley, bart. to the Hon. Mrs. John Bonnett, daughter of the late J. Conyers, esq. of Copt Hall.

Died.] At Thundersley, Mr. R. Goodman, 80—James Hodgson, esq. of Waukeid, 24—At the vicarage house, Braintree, Lieut. B. F. Scale, 2d bart. R. A. 21—Mr. Daniel Fall, of Manningtree—Mrs. Mary Sewell, of Felsted, 101—Joseph Hattou Morris, M. D. late of the East Essex Militia—Rev. Henry Rigby, vicar of Hockly, and of Wendy—At Bocking, Eliza, eldest daughter of Mr. J. Kirby—Mr. R. J. Hadgley, of Abridge, 43—At Maldon, Daniel Lingard, mace-bearer to the corporation of that place—Mr. A. Simmons, of Colchester—At Manuden, Miss Frances Cole, 41.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

A subscription has been set on foot for establishing annual races at Cheltenham: the first to be held in August next. The subscription already amounts to upwards of £204.; and in aid of the funds it is proposed

to give an *Amateur Play*, and a Ball at the rooms during the season. The ground for the race course has been marked out on Cleave Hill, which is esteemed the finest turf in England.

A meeting of the Governors of the Tewkesbury Dispensary was lately held at the Town Hall there, when a most elegant and valuable silver cup, made by Messrs. Rundell and Bridge, of London, was presented to Dr. Malden, of Worcester, with the following inscription beautifully engraved thereon:—

TO JONAS MALDEN, M. D.

Physician to the Tewkesbury Dispensary,
This Cup is presented by the Subscribers,
As an Acknowledgment for the Zeal he has shown
To promote the Interest of that Institution,

By continuing his Attendance,
Though resident in the City of Worcester.

MDCCLXXIX.

Birth.] The lady of J. S. Biscoe, esq. of Hempstead Court, of a daughter.

Married.] At Edgworth, Robert Smirke, jun. esq. to Laura, fifth daughter of the Rev. Anthony Fresnoy, rector of that parish—At Cheltenham, J. Jeukyns, esq. of the Inner Temple, to Anna, eldest daughter of Geo. Chalmers, esq. lately of Westcombe House—John Millington, esq. of Coln Rogers, to Elizabeth, youngest daughter of Mr. John Cook, of Minchinhampton.

Died.] In Prestbury, near Cheltenham, Mrs. Rogers, relict of the Rev. Richard R.—Mrs. Hayden, of Norfolk House, Cheltenham, 49—Edmund Probyn, esq. of Newland, 83—Mr. James White, of Chipping Sodbury—Maria Antoinette Meertens, daughter of A. M. Meertens, esq. of Green Park-buildings—At Tewkesbury, Mr. T. Morgan—Mrs. Bradley, eldest daughter of Bate Richards, esq. late of Stoutbridge—Mrs. Drake, Tewkesbury, 81.

HAMPSHIRE.

Married.] At Newport, I. of Wight, John Lee Benham, esq. to Miss Kirkpatrick, daughter of Jas. K. esq.—At Humble, the Hon. Fred. Lumley, to Jane, second daughter of the late Adm. Bradley.

Died.] In Southampton, Miss A. Shelley, only surviving daughter of the late Right Hon. Sir J. Shelley, bart.—Frances, wife of Lieut. Gen. Stovius, of Chilworth Lodge.

HEREFORDSHIRE.

Married.] Henry Andrews, esq. late of the 4th or King's own regt. to Mary Emma, daughter of the Rev. F. Kitchin, of Easton—At Ledbury, Mr. J. Jones, to Mrs. Denton—John Cleve, esq. of Hereford, to Mary, second daughter of P. Jones, esq. of Clive.

Died.] At Mordiford rectory, Miss Bird, eldest daughter of the late Wm. B. esq.—Mr. T. James, of Willestley, 54—T. Evans, esq. 47—Frances, wife of Mr. Griffiths, of Hereford, 46—In Hereford, the Rev. Rich. Underwood, 73—Mrs. Turner, wife of Mr. Wm. T. of Eardisley.

HERTFORDSHIRE.

Birth.] At Laurel Cottage, South Mimms, the lady of Richard Ellis, late of the 18th Hussars, of a son.

Married.] Jas. Howard, esq. of Westfields, to Anna Maria, eldest daughter of R. H. Sparks, esq. of Tottenham.

Died.] At Prae Mill, near St. Alban's, Mary, wife of R. Simmonds, esq. 66—At Goff's Oak, near Cheshunt, W. H. Anderson, esq.—At Standon, R. Goff, 113.

HUNTINGDONSHIRE.

Married.] At Huntingdon, the Rev. Mr. Black, to Charlotte, second daughter of Mrs. Baxter, of the same place—Mr. John Wood, to Miss Susan Kendall, both of that place—Mr. Robert Tulley, to Miss Mary Whitehead, Wootton Bassett—At Bluntingsham, Mr. W. T. Jackson of Newgate-street, London, to Mary, eldest daughter of Mr. Thomas Leigh, of Eurieth.

Died.] At Buckworth, Jane, wife of Euseby Cleaver, esq. and daughter of John Chapman, esq. of Whitby, Yorkshire—At Kettering, 66, Mrs. Mary Satchell, wife of Mr. George Satchell—50, Mr. Edward Dobson.

KENT.

The New Cut for the Tunnel under ground from the Medway at Rochester, to Higham, is now prosecuting at the former place, and upwards of 60 persons, besides a number of horses, are employed thereon. Report states, that when completed, it is conjectured, that it will be possible for a steam boat to be employed from Maidstone to London.

Births.] At Otterden, the lady of the Rev. F. Tattersall, of a still born daughter—At Hythe, the lady of Major-Gen. Sir B. D'Urban, of a daughter—The lady of Lieut.-Col. Staveley, C. B., Royal Staff Corps, of a daughter—At Canterbury, the lady of the Rev. Thomas Bennett, of a son—The lady of W. O. Hammond, esq. of May-Deacon, of a daughter.

Married.] At North Cray, Captain William Redman Ord, of the Royal Engineers, to Eliza Dare, second daughter of the late Dr Latham, of Bealey—At St. Paul's-church, Canterbury, Mr. Francis Harris, to Miss Charlotte Sutton—At Woodchurch, Mr. Henry Crompton, to Miss E. Fuggles—At Staplehurst, Mr. John Spang, to Miss M. Allen—At Harbledown, Mr. Thos. Crouch, of Storry, to Miss Ann Wellard, of Harbledown—At Kenardington, Mr. Weaver, to Miss Rainley, of Appledore—At Maidstone, Mr. Samuel Milbourn, to Miss Mary Holloway—Mr. John Marten, to Miss Sarah Taplin, both of Canterbury—George Longmore, esq. Royal Staff Corps, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the Rev. W. W. Wilcocks—At Appledore, Mr. James Hammond, to Miss Hannah Warner, of Rye—At Folkstone, Mr. Wm. Poskett, to Mary Nash—At Chatham, Edw. T. D. Hulkes, esq. of Rochester, to Jane, second daughter of Mr. Forman, esq. Chatham—At Isle of Thanet, Mr. Edw. Harman, to Miss Sarah Ann Fleming—At Harrietham, Mr. George Orford, to Miss M. Hope—At Hythe, Lieut. Longmore, of the Royal Staff Corps, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the Rev. William Wright Wilcocks.

Died.] At the Vicarage Northfleet, 34, Charlotte, wife of the Rev. T. G. Durham, Curate of that place—At Margate, Mrs. Sarah Johnson—At Bothernden, Mr. T. Spicer, 61—At Heath, Mr. Henry Rayner—At Ospringe, 39, Captain Thos. C. Cravenier, in the Hon. East India Company's service—At Margate, Mrs. Pointon, 81—Mr. Matthew Ridley, of St. John's Hospital Northgate, Canterbury—Mr. John Terry of St Nicholas Hospital, Harbledown, 78—At Folkstone, Miss Charlotte Wilkes—At Leeds, near Maidstone, Mr. Thomas Finch, 70—Littlebourne, Mr. Christopher Deval—At Sydenham, Richard Sauter, esq. 67—At Kenardington, Mrs. Pearce, 86—At Mersham, Mrs. Mitchell, 45—At Eltham, Mrs. Mary Highsted, 60—At Thanington, Mr. Robert Paine, 51—At Dover, Mrs. Carter, wife of Mr. G. Carter—Mr. E. Back, of Mersham, 65.

LANCASHIRE.

Births.] At Liverpool, the Lady of Lieut. Col. d'Augular, of a son.

Married.] At Liverpool, Wm. Purser, to Anna Tryphosa, only daughter of the late W. Dobb, esq.—Mr. George Clare, to Mary youngest daughter of the late B. Norbury, esq.—At Broughton Gifford, John Chapman, to Sarah, daughter of the late Thomas Bussey, esq. deceased—John Colliver, esq. of Quebec, to Margaret, daughter of Mr. John Carter—Mr. Samuel Nathan, to Miss Yates, second daughter of the late Rev. B. Yates.

Died.] At Manchester, Edward, youngest son of Mr. S. J. Smith, of Caythorpe, 18—Mrs. Dalton, wife of John Dalton, esq. of Thurnham—At Bishop Auckland, Charlotte, wife of Mr. T. Parkington, 42.—Mr. Howard, surgeon, of Nutsford, 44—At Liverpool, Elizabeth, only surviving daughter of the late Thomas Wedgwood, esq. of Etruria, Staffordshire.—Thomas Parker, of Alkincoates and of Newton Hall, Yorkshire, esq. one of the Deputy Lieutenants for Lancashire.

LEICESTERSHIRE.

We are glad to hear that there is about to be erected in the vicinity of the Fish-Ponds, parish of Stapleton, a new Church, under the Establishment. Great part of the money requisite for this undertaking has been raised by the benevolent inhabitants of Stapleton. Much good must result from this measure, as the neighbourhood is chiefly inhabited by colliers, who have no place of religious worship to resort to.

Births.] The Lady of Wm Blundell, esq. of Crosby Hall, of a son.

Married.] The Rev. T. Burnaby, jun. M. A. of Misterton, Domestic Chaplain to the Marquis of Anglesea, to Sarah, youngest daughter of the late Andrew Meira, esq. of Davenport.

Died.] At Waltham, T. Frisby, esq.—At Bean Manor Park, John Herrick, esq. 69—Wm Collins, esq. of Frowlesworth, and of Fisherwick, Staffordshire.

LINCOLNSHIRE.

The present lambing season is generally allowed to be wonderfully productive. Of the many published instances of increase, perhaps not the least remarkable, is that of a small flock of Mr. Benj. Dickinson, of Great Ponton, near Grantham, Lincolnshire; this gentleman had only seventeen ewes, and they have yeaned the surprising number of 30 lambs.—Mr. James Warberton, of Grimsby, has an ewe that has produced him within the last two years *thirteen* lambs, all living at this time, and likely to live; and an ewe in the flock of Mr. Parker, of Waltham, last week yeaned 4 lambs, all living.

Births.] At Grantham, the Lady of the Rev. B. Smith, of a son—At Edlington Grove, the Lady of R. S. Short, esq. of a daughter.

Married.] At Hull, T. Dungworth, esq. of Glentworth Hall, to Mrs. Dunning, late of Saxby, near this city—Mr. George Wales, of Nassington, to Miss Charlotte Young, 5th daughter of Mr. M. Young, of Deeping Gate—At Botesford, Deputy Assistant Commissary General Daniel, to Mary, eldest daughter of Mr. Barratt, of Roxby Grange.

Died.] At Spalding, the infant child of C. Bonner, esq.—Neville King, esq. of Ashby House, near Sleaford—At Lincoln, J. Nelthorpe, esq.—At Boston, J. W. H. Burton, esq. of Billaboro'.

NORFOLK.

Celebration of Mr. Coke's Birth-Day, Thursday, May 6th.—The anniversary of the natal day of this distinguished individual was celebrated at Loddon by a highly respectable meeting of freeholders resident in that part of the county; by whom the festive occasion was marked with the strongest indications of personal respect and political attachment. Fifty-two gentlemen sat down to a sumptuous dinner, in the great room at the Swan inn. G. Watson, esq. in the chair, with Mr. Woolsey, of Yarmouth, as Vice-President; and supported by Messrs. Gooch, Farrow, Thurtell, Clarke, Nichols, Palmer, Taylor, Crow, Gilbert, Fowler, &c.

Births.] At Cosgrove Rectory, in this county, the lady of the Rev. H. L. Mansel, of a daughter. —At Redworth House, the lady of R. Surtees, esq. of a son.—The lady of J. Woolter, esq. of Whitfield House, Walsingham, of a seventh son.

Married.] At Cawston, the Rev. R. Bacon, D.D. to Susan, daughter of the Rev. R. Baker, D.D. late Rector of Cawston.—G. Whincop, esq. to Miss Green, Lynn.—W. Norton, of Holt-hall, to Miss Noble, of Burford.—The Rev. John Jowett, Vicar of Ancaster, Lincolnshire, to Mary, daughter of J. Clarke, esq. of Swaffham.—At West Walton, near Wisbeach, the Rev. S. Cross, M. A. Vicar of Hunstanton, to Anna Maria, youngest daughter of Capt. G. Baily, of Lynn Regis.—At Norwich, the Rev. P. Hudson, rector of Metton and Felbrigg, to Mary, eldest daughter of Isaac Wales, esq. of Walberswick.—Rev. B. Binley, to Hamilton, only daughter of the Right Rev. George Gleigh.—Mr. J. Goodrich, of Stanningfield, Suffolk, to Miss U. Holland, of South Lopham.—At Fakenham, F. Wheatley, esq. of Mundesley, to Marian, youngest daughter of the late Rev. Thos. Martin, of Colkirk.—Mr. J. Sparrow, to Miss Mary Warren.—Mr. John Turner, of Castleacre, to Eliza Catharine, eldest daughter of Mr. John Baly, of Hillington.—At Walgrave, Mr. G. Porter, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Mr. George Judkins.—Mr. George Judkins, to Susannah Moore, late of Walgrave Lodge.—Late, at Amwich, the Rev. John Owen, of Llanelon, to Hester, fourth daughter of Mr. Roose, of Brynterion, Anglesey.—At Houghton-le-Spring, Mr. Charles Hodgson, of Sheffield, to Miss Hudson, of West Rainton.—At Bishopwearmouth, Mr. Mann, to Miss Donnison.—At Keighley, Mr. W. Bradley, of Halifax, architect, to Mrs. Allen widow of the late Mr. John Allen, Cumberland.

Died.—G. B. Walford, 17; W. Walford, 50, sons of the Rev. W. Walford, Rector of Long Stratton.—John Hill, esq. of Gressendall Hall, 62.—At her father's house, Catherine-place, Ann, only daughter of Henry Lee Warner, esq. of Walsingham Abbey.—At an advanced age, Mrs. Ellis, of Downham Market.—At Aldby, 31, Mrs. Utting, wife of Philip Utting, esq. and daughter of Wm. Sayers, esq. solicitor, of Yarmouth.—100, Mrs. Hannah Scott, relict of Mr. Robert Scott.—Mr. Richard Bidwell, 60.—In the Close, Thomas Harvey, esq. late of Catton.—At Swaffham, 73, Mr. James Johnson.—16, William, the only son of Mr. Thomas Palmer, of Garveston.—85, the Rev. Durand Rhudi, D.D. Rector of Brantham cum Bergholt, and of Great Wenham, in Suffolk, and Chaplain in Ordinary to his Majesty.

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

Married.] At Rothbury, M. Redhead, of Whitton, to Margaret, second daughter of Edw. Fringle,

esq. of Suitter.—G. M. Tarleton, esq. of the 6th foot, to Louisa, daughter of the late George Best, esq. of Chilton Park, Kent.—Mr. Atkinson, of Fimdon hill, to Miss Lofthouse, of the Market place, Durham.

Died.] At Long Backby, 31, Mr. Wm. Richard Denny, solicitor.—At Wellenborough, Mrs. Deborah Flintam, 77.—At Eydon, Mr. Page, surgeon, 41.—At Wells, John Hill, esq. of Gressendall Hall, Norfolk.—At Irthingborough, 53, Mr. John Knight, of Smithers bars, London.—In London, Mr. John Cogan Gregson, late of Rothwell, in this county.—Miss Anne Hays, of Isham.—At Northampton, the infant son of Mr. T. Gibson, of Saville court, in Percy street, in this town.—Joseph Mills, esq. of Cornhill House.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

Subterraneous Garden and Natural Hot-bed.—A curious account of a subterraneous garden formed at the bottom of the Percy Main Pit, Newcastle, by the furnace-keeper, was communicated to the last quarterly meeting of the Caledonian Horticultural Society, in a letter from Mr. Bold, of Alloa. The plants are formed in the bottom of the mine by the light and radiant heat of an open fire, constantly maintained for the sake of ventilation. The same letter contained an account of an extensive natural hot-bed near Dudley, in Staffordshire, which is heated by means of the slow combustion of coal at some depth below the surface. From this natural hot-bed, a gardener raises annually crops of different kinds of culinary vegetables, which are earlier by some weeks than those in the surrounding gardens.

Births.] At Bedale, the wife of Admiral Sir J. P. Boscawen, bart. of a daughter.—In Newgate street Newcastle, the wife of John Gray, esq. of a daughter.

Married.] At Alveston, Joseph Jackson, esq. of Manchester, to Mary Ann, eldest daughter of the late Edward Townsend Higgins, esq. of Bridge Town House, Warwickshire.—Mr. Francis Tinn, of North Shields, to Miss Mary Brown.—At Hexham, Mr. George Carr, to Miss Farrow.—At Newcastle A. P. Cunnebatch, esq. to Caroline, fifth daughter of the late William Challoner, esq. of Guisborough, in the county of York.

Died.] Mr. John Mitchell, printer of the Tyne Mercury. 47.—Cortachy Castle, near Newcastle, the Right Hon. Walter Earl of Anby. 80.—At Great Whittington, Mr. Joseph Dobinson, 83.—At Elwick, Mr. Richard Pickering, 91.—At High Felling, Mary McClay, 93.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.

Lewis Allsopp, esq. of this town, and Mr. Stuart, were returned Members to serve in the present Parliament for the borough of Camelford, in Cornwall, the former election for that borough, having been declared void by a Committee of the House of Commons.

Married.] The Rev. Thomas Paget, to Charlotte Dorothy, youngest daughter of the late F. Evans, esq. of Lenton Grove, near Nottingham.—At Newark, Mr. Joh. of Kirkby Lathorpe, to Catherine daughter of W. Parker, esq.—At Scalford, Mr. W. Kirk, of Wymonham, to Miss S. Hawley.

Died.] At Clifton, Lady Innes, relict of Sir W. Innes 86.—At Carlton, near Worksop, 96, Mrs. S. Brown, third daughter of Mrs. Thirkell.

OXFORDSHIRE.

At a General Meeting of the persons interested in the rebuilding of St. Martin's Church, held yesterday in the Council Chamber, a Select Committee was appointed to inspect the several Plans and Estimates then delivered in, and to recommend to the next General Meeting the plan to be adopted. Many Plans were submitted to the Meeting, which were highly creditable to the ingenuity of the several Architects, who appeared to have spared no pains in the execution of their designs. We understand the Members of the Select Committee intend meeting on Friday next.

Married.] Sanford Graham, esq. M. P. only son of Sir James Graham, bart. to Caroline, third daughter of the late John Langston, esq. of Srasden-house, Oxfordshire.—At Thame, Mr. G. Gordon, to Susanna, eldest daughter of the late Mr. J. Hurst.

Died.] Bt Wheateley. Mr. James West.

SHROPSHIRE.

As a proof of the admirable management and useful employment of the prisoners in Ilchester gaol, the assize courts at Taunton on the 29th ult. afforded the pleasing exhibition of two cloth covers for the counsel and attorneys' table in each court, entirely manufactured by the prisoners in this gaol from the staple in the pack, through the different processes in the picking, sorting, combing, carding, spinning, weaving, and dyeing, to the greatest perfection. The cloths are dark blue; and the centre of each bears the following inscription, worked in yellow silk:—"Manufactured by the prisoners in Ilchester gaol, 1819.

Married.] At Leintwardine, Mr. Urwick, of Beekjay, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Mr. Walter, of Stomerhall, Herefordshire.—Thomas W. Perks, esq. of Sutton Hill, to Sally, youngest daughter of the Rev. G. Hazlewood, of Bridgnorth.—At Strewsbury, Henry Andrews, esq. late of the 4th or King's Own Regiment, to Mary Emma, only surviving child of the Rev. Francis Kinchant, of Easton, Herefordshire.—The Rev. W. Jones Hughes, A. M. Vicar of Cardington, Salop, to Selina, eldest daughter of G. Corser, esq. of Whitchurch.—At Abergwilly, John Morgan Howell, esq. of Morfa, to Mary, only daughter of Henry Lewis, esq. of Galtgog.—At Yarpool, Mr. James Edwards, of Kingsland, to Ann, only daughter of Mr. Henry Connop.—At St. Chad's, Mr. John Evans, to Miss Howley, daughter of Thomas Hawley, esq.—Mr. R. S. Thomas, of Hambury, to Miss A. Pritchett, of Matley Court.

Died.] At Shrewsbury, Mr. Boudler.—Mr. Evans.—Mr. G. Boden, of Brockton, 81.—Jane, eldest daughter of Mr. Hartley, of Cleobury Mortimer, 14.—Richard Edwards, esq. of Farmcot, 49.—Mr. James Brownhill, of Nantwich, solicitor, 25. At an advanced age, Miss Elizabeth Mytton—Rd. Lyster, esq. of Rowton Castle, one of the Representatives in Parliament for Shrewsbury.—Martha, the wife of James Compton, esq. of Cleobury Mortimer.—At Sheriffhales, Elizabeth, wife of the Rev. R. Dean.—At English Frackton, Mrs. Burlton, relict of the late John Burlton, esq.

SOMERSETSHIRE.

At a public meeting of ladies and gentlemen, held at the Guildhall, Bath, it was re-

solved to establish an asylum for unprotected females, not less than 12 year of age, nor above 14, in order to qualify them for situations of inferior domestic service.

Married.] At Clifton, the Rev. Liscombe Clarke, Fellow of Winchester college, to Mary, eldest daughter of the Rev. T. Stonehouse, Vigor.—At Chilcompton, Mr. Peter Webber, to Miss Sarah Gullifer.—At Bristol, Mr. W. Sims, of Welton, to Miss Coombs, eldest daughter of Mrs. Coombs, of Tinsbury.—Mr. Robert Gough, of Whitley court, to Elizabeth, youngest daughter of John Knight, esq. of Kena court.—Mr. W. White, to Ester, youngest daughter of the late Mr. Bloxsome, of Stroud.—William Burge, esq. of Pawlett, to Ann, only daughter of Thomas Hooper, esq.—Joseph Rich, esq. to Martha, daughter of W. Cox, esq. of Steart-Marsh.—Joseph Winter esq. of Marlock, to Catherine, fourth daughter of the late Mr. H. S. Brice, Surgeon of Sherborne.—Mr. James Mun Buckland, of Abbot's Leigh, to Sarah, second daughter of Joseph Smith, esq.—John Race Godfrey, esq. of the Hon. E. I. C.'s service, to Jane Octavia, second daughter of Mr. R. Woodhouse, of Duke street.

Died.] At Bath, Mrs. Seyer, wife of the Rev. Samuel Seyer, M. A. of Bristol—John Daniell, esq. banker, of Hentford House, Yeovil.—At Over Stowey, the Rev. W. Holland, M. A. 73, Rector of Monkton Farleigh, Wilts, and Vicar of Over Stowey.—On the South-parade, 77, Isaac Todd, esq.—Mr. Benjamin Perry, 77, Mr. Nathan Atherton, of Ramsbury, Wilts.—22, Elizabeth, wife of Mr. W. Cuff, of Bathwick.—73, Lady Burton, widow of the late Sir Robert Burton, Bart.—95, At Henstridge Bowden, Mark Wilks, esq.—17, At Woodcombe, Maria, eldest daughter of the late Henry F. Arbous, esq.—22, At Clifton, Miss Emma, 4th daughter of Sir Fitzwilliam Barrington, bart. of Swainstone, in the Isle of Wight.—Mrs. Lloyd, at the rectory, Compton Durdon.—At Shepton Mallet, the Rev. Charles Brown.—Frances, the wife of Lieut. General Stovin, of Chilworth Lodge, Hants and daughter of the late Arthur Arlaud, esq. of Fairfield.—Mrs. Allen, relict of Philip Allen, esq. of Bath Hampton.

STAFFORDSHIRE.

A singular accident occurred a short time ago; two men employed, in the neighbourhood of the Pottery, to divide a field with posts and rails; while they were at work, a horse, which was in the pasture came wantonly galloping towards them, and went with such force against the rail at which they were employed, as to break it in the centre; each of the broken parts struck its man with so much violence as to break one of the legs of each, and it was some time before their unfortunate situation was discovered.

Married.] At the Collegiate Church, Wolverhampton, Mr. F. Gresley, of Birmingham, to Charlotte, fourth daughter of the late Mr. Samuel Proud, of Bilston.—Thomas W. Perks, esq. of Sutton Hill, Shropshire, to Sally, youngest daughter of the Rev. G. Hazlewood of Bridgnorth.—Mr. John Coates, of Manchester, to Catherine, daughter of Mr. Thos. Jackson.—At Lichfield, W. Scott, esq. of Penn, to Miss Haywood, of Lichfield.—At Dudley, Lieut. J. W. Eyre, of the Royal Engineers, to Ann, only daughter of Mr. W. Jenkins.—Mr. W. Mytton, of Stourport, to Mary Ann, only daughter of Mr. S. Swann.

Died.] Mr. James Colclough, solicitor, of Sandbach.—Mr. Thomas Morton, of Wolverhampton.—Mary, relict of Mr. J. Warren, sen. Vicar Choral of Lichfield Cathedral.

SUFFOLK.

Births.] The Lady of W. B. Tuffnell, esq. of Chatham Hall, Great Walsham, of a daughter.

Married.] The Rev. Wm. Thorpe, of Stetchworth, to Elizabeth, youngest daughter of Thomas Smyth, esq. of East Dereham—Mr. Robert Martin Corsa, of Little Wetherham, to Miss Garnham, of Kougham—At Walberswick, the Rev. P. Huisson, Rector of Metton and Felbrig, in Norfolk, to Miss Wales, daughter of Isaac Wales, esq.—Mr. Wm. Coleman, of Needham Market, to Miss Wright, of Walton—Mr. J. Goodrich, of Stanningfield, to Miss Hugh Holland, of South Lopham.

Died.] At Stanground, Mr. Thomas Warwick, late of Ipswich—Elizabeth Broke Kirby, relict of John Kirby, esq. at Ipswich, 77—Mr. Charles Borley, of Berham, 84—At Rickingham, Mrs. Mary Fisher, formerly of Ipswich, 76—Mary, wife of John Dalton, esq. of Thornham—Mrs. Ann Scarlett, widow of Mr. James Scarlett, late of Ipswich—Elizabeth, relict of Mr. Johnson Naylor, of Icklingham, 78—Mr. Jacob Hauschildt, late of the 2d Hussars, K. G. L.—Elizabeth, wife of Mr. J. Middleton, of Rickingham—At Downham Market, R. Newell, 49—Mary, eldest daughter of Mrs. Keeble, widow, of Stowmarket, 25.

SURREY.

There is at this time, in the garden of a Mrs. Roberts, of Rotherhithe, a pear-tree, on parts of which the fruit is set and properly formed, and on other parts a second blossom is fast making its appearance, as fine and full as at first.

Births.] At Easterly End House, the lady of G. W. Lawrence, esq. of St. James's, Jamaica, of a daughter—At Dulwich, the lady of H. Glusbrook, esq. of a son—At the Manor House, Wandsworth, the lady of Alderman Magnay, of a son.

Marrings.] At Fulham, Henry Andrews, esq. late of the 4th reg. to Mary Emma, only surviving child of the Rev. Francis Kinchant, of Easton, Herefordshire—Alexander Grant, esq. of Clapham, to Helen, youngest daughter of the late Rev. V. Thorold, of Wrealsby-house, Lincolnshire—Mr. A. Drew, of Bermondsey, Surrey, to Jane, second daughter, of Wm. Langton, esq. of Chippenham-house—James Manson, esq. of Lambeth-terrace, to Henrietta, third daughter of the late R. F. Sutt, esq. of the same place—Charles David Gordon, esq. of Dulwich-hill, to Marian, eldest daughter of Robert Phillips, esq. of Longworth, Herefordshire.

Died.] At Guildford, 72, Mrs. E. Booker, relict of the late C. Booker, esq.—Upper East Sheen, 86, Mrs. Hawkes, relict of the late Jeremiah Hawkes, esq. of Cecil-street—Mrs. Barker, late of Croydon, Surrey.

SUSSEX.

Births.] At Earsham Parsonage, Mrs. George Day, of a son

Married.] Charles Ridge, esq. of Chichester, to Anne Letitia, second daughter of Thomas Cawthright, esq. of Lower Grosvenor street—Robert Taylor, esq. of Brighton, to Maria, eldest daughter of the late B. Brunmell, esq. of the Treasury—Mr. Robert Thurston, to Miss Stoliday, both of Cley next the Sea—Mr. Aldis, of Rackheath, to Miss Brown, daughter of Mr. Brown, of Ilfordfield—Mr. Baker, of Beccles, to Miss Palmer, of Hoxno—Mr. Robert Gedge, to Mrs. Rhoda Semmence.

Died.] Mr. T. H. Hale, of Coxbottom Farm, near Petworth—At Lewes, Mrs. Shelley, widow of Henry Shelley, esq.—At Hastings, Wm. Fitzey, esq.—At Esher, Mrs. Hughes, wife of E. Hughes, esq.

WARWICKSHIRE

Married.] At Alveston, Joseph Jackson, Esq. of Manchester, to Mary Ann, eldest daughter of the late Edward Townsend Higgins, Esq. of Bridge Town House—At Birmingham, Mr. William Mitton, of Stourport, to Mary Ann, only daughter of Mr. Samuel Swann.

Died.] Mrs. Winterton, relict of Mr. Winterton, of Wolvey Hall—At Rugby, Louisa, youngest daughter of the late Rev. Dr. Gilbee, rector of Barby—At Henley in Arden, Major Hilton, late of the 95th Light Dragoons, 38—John Bohun Smyth, Esq. Mayor of Warwick—60, Mrs. Selwin, widow of Henry Charles Selwyn, Esq. Lieutenant Governor of the Island of Montserrat—Mrs. Hannah Beale, of Hyde Court, near Minchinhampton.

WESTMORELAND.

Married.] At Kendal, Captain Waters, to Miss Branthwaite, both of Kirkland—Mr. Thomas Palmer, jun. of Liverpool, to Miss Ratcliff, daughter of Mr. Richard Ratcliff.

WILTSHIRE.

The first ploughing match for 1819, for the premiums offered by the Bath and West of England Society, took place on Tuesday, in a grass layer, on a stony stiff soil, belonging to Sir J. Hawkins, bart. at Kelston. Seven ploughs started, only two of which performed the work in the given time, viz. 2½ hours.

Births.] At Gatcombe, the Lady of Sir Lucius Curtis Bart. of a son—At Burgate House, the Lady of J. Green Wilkinson, Esq. of a daughter—The Lady of the Rev. Francis B. Astley, of a son, at the Rectory House Manningford Abbots.

Married. George White, Esq. of Devizes, to Miss Clifford, of Cherrill—Mr. J. B. Sherring, to Esther, daughter of the late J. Boulter, Esq. of Queen Charlton—Mr. John Bryan, of Westerleigh, to Miss Elizabeth Hall, of Fackelchurch—Mr. Henry Bush, of Wick, to Miss Stibbs, of Stouts Hill, Bittton—John Nathaniel Williams, Esq. of Castlehill, Cardiganshire, to Sarah, daughter of James Loxdale, Esq. of Kingsland, Salop; at Salisbury.—At Corsham, Henry John Smith, Esq. of Marlborough, to Jane, only daughter of Samuel Mountjoy Esq. of the former place.

Died.] At Salisbury, Thomas Dickenson, Esq. of Pickwick-lodge, near Corsham—Lieut. M'Dermott, of the 9th Regiment of Foot, 22—Henry Penruddocke Wundham, Esq. 83—At Bashley Lodge, Thomas Jones Esq. 65.

WORCESTERSHIRE.

Birth.] At Worcester, the Lady of Edward Mostyn, Esq. of a daughter.

Married.] Mr. Joseph Morris, of Oulton, to Miss Elizabeth Whitesides, of Stotterdon—Mr. Owen, of the Tything, to Winifred, youngest daughter of Mr. Hooper—At Whittington, Captain Holbrow, of the Royal North Gloucester Militia, to Elizabeth Anna, only daughter of the late Mr. George Parker, of the Old House—Lieutenant J. W. Eyre, of the Royal Engineers, to Anne, only daughter of Mr. William Jenkins.—At Ombersley, Mr. W. Cotell, of Stourport, to Letitia, fourth daughter of the late Mr. John Taylor.

Died.] Mrs. Hartwright, formerly of Clerkenleap—At Worcester, Charles, third son of the late Thomas Whieldon, Esq. of Fenton—Mrs. Ann Hiff, of the Tything—Mr. Walter Chandler—17, Harriet, fifth daughter of the Rev. James Hastings, rector of Martley—At Holt Fleet, Mr. William Evans, 22—61, Mrs. Allies, wife of Mr. Thomas Allies, of Foregate-street—At Powick, 30, Margaret, wife of Robert Duda.

YORKSHIRE.

A beautiful specimen of the art of cutlery was manufactured by Joseph Rogers and Sons, Sheffield. It is an elegant knife in miniature, containing 30 instruments, moving on 11 springs, and 14 joints, of the most exquisite workmanship; it employed the workmen 28 days of close application to complete it; does not exceed 5-eighths of an inch in length, and weighs only one-quarter of an ounce. The following is a list of the articles contained in the above knife: 1 stick-knife blade, 1 pruning-knife blade, 3 penknife blades, 1 nail-knife blade, 1 silver fruit-knife blade, 1 silver tooth-pick, 1 bow-saw, 1 doubled-tooth saw, 1 leather-punch, 1 button-hook, 1 pair of scissors, 1 gun-picker, 1 pair of tweezers, 4 files of different sizes, 1 nail-file, 1 chisel, 1 cork-screw, 1 reuder, 1 timber scribe, 1 gimblet, 1 bodkin, 1 brad-awl, 1 horse-hook, 1 gun-screw, and 1 auger.

Births.] The lady of Dr. Bodley, of Charlotte-street, Hull, of a daughter.—At Ratcliffe-house, Thorne, the lady of Ralph Cleyke, jun. esq. of a daughter.

Married.] At Holderness, John Laing, M.D. surgeon, to Christiana Eliza Gibb, both of Forfarshire.—Geo. Wrangham, esq. of Bridlington, to Letitia, only daughter of R. Porter, esq.—Thos. Walker, esq. of the Scotch Greys, to Constantia Frances Anne, eldest daughter of John C. Beresford, esq.—At Ilkley, W. S. Bettey, esq. to Miss Mary Bell, daughter of R. Bell, esq. of Sutton.

Died.] At Eborac, 69, Miss Mary Lonsdale.—At Old Lambton, the wife of John Charlton; and while attending the funeral of Mrs. Charlton, Mr. Thomas Charlton.—Mrs. Mary Hodgson, relict of the Rev. Richard Hodgson.—Mr. Thomas Clay, 78.—Near Northallerton, Mrs. Hutton.

WALES.

From the unusual mildness of the season, Aberystwith can already boast of several visitors, many houses being occupied, and others engaged. The new public rooms are in a state of forwardness, and every exertion will be made to complete them this season.

Births.] At Radnor, the lady of Edw. Evans, esq. of a son.—The lady of Colonel Geo. Rice, of a daughter.

ERRATA.—In our *present* number, page 454, line 25, for “*painted* besides his other studies,” read “*exhibited* besides his *unexhibited* studies,” &c.—The paragraph containing the notice of Mr. Collins’s admirable “*Sea Shore*,” and of some other artists’ pictures, was omitted by mistake, under the head of Fine Arts—Under the head of Fine Arts, in p. 262, of our Magazine for April, the transposition of a sentence produced the following error: “Until the middle of the last century there was little change. But from the restoration of Charles the Second, the example of his present Majesty, and the progress of knowledge, the force of prejudice in the highest circles.” The above ought to have been thus: “From the restoration of Charles the Second, until the middle of the last century, there was little change; but the example of his present Majesty, and the progress of knowledge, abated the force of prejudice in the highest circles.”

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

We are sorry to be compelled, for want of room, to defer our Dramatic Article till next month. Our limits oblige us also to postpone the insertion of many other valuable contributions; our friends, however, may be assured that they will meet with the earliest possible attention. We shall endeavour to make room, in future, for our Stocks Table, as usual; it was never our intention to omit this useful feature of our Miscellany—**SOUTHRON** is requested to say how a letter will reach him.

Married.] At Ross, Francis Fisher, jun. esq. of Bristol, to Elizabeth, youngest daughter of Dr. Lewis, of the former place.—At Swansea, Henry Morgan, esq. R. N. to Miss R. Jenkins, of Neath. At Meole Brace, John Nathaniel Williams, esq. of Castle hill, to Sarah Elizabeth, second daughter of Joseph Loadale, esq. of Kingland, Shropshire.

Died.] At the Rectory House, at Aber, the Rev. Richard Griffith, D.D.—In Swansea, 19, Frances Charlotte, daughter of Capt. Gascoyne, R. N.—The Rev. Hector Bowen, Rector of Llanmadock, Glamorganshire.

SCOTLAND.

Shower of Salt-water in Dumfries-shire. Some weeks ago, a severe shower of salt water fell in the parish of St. Mungo, in Dumfries-shire. The day after, when the water was evaporated, the leaves of evergreens, and branches of hedges, glistened with crystals of salt.

Births.] At Edinburgh, Mrs. Campbell, of Dalserf, of a son.—The lady of Capt. Clark, adjutant of the Forfar militia, of a daughter.

Married.] At Kirkcaldy, Mr. Robert Stewart, Glasgow, to Janet, eldest daughter of Mr. John Walker, of Kirkcaldy.—Geo. Scott, esq. of Daldowie, to Miss Lilly Bayne, of Concnig.—At Rutherglen Bridge, David Law, to Isabella, eldest daughter of Mr. Archibald Notman.

Died.] In Glasgow Barracks, Mary Lowry, wife of Capt. Lowry, 40th regiment, 64.—At Carron Vale, Mrs. Margaret Hendry.—At the Manse of Lochcarron, 66, the Rev. Lachlan Mackenzie, minister of Lochcarron.

IRELAND.

Births.] At Mountath, the lady of the Rev. Geo. Wm. Rogers, of a daughter.—At Wexford, Mrs. Ormsby, wife of Major Ormsby, late of the 5th Dragoon Guards, of a daughter.

Married.] At Dublin, the Hon. and Rev. E. Wingfield, to Louisa Joan, third daughter of the late Hon. Geo. Jocelyn.—Alexander Crookshank, of Londonderry, esq. to Miss Mahella Smith, of Mountjoy-square.—Purfoy Fox, esq. of Rosemore Lodge, county Kilkenny, to Margaret, second daughter of James Izard, esq. of Kells.

Died.] In Dublin, Mrs. De Joncourt.—In Dawson street, Mrs. Catharine Stannard, eldest daughter of the late Eaton Stannard, esq.—In Gloucester street, Mrs. Margaret Simpson, relict of the late R. A. Simpson, esq.—In South Great George-st. Mrs. Miller, 61.



Engraved by Henry Meyer from an original Drawing.

MADAME DE GENLIS.

London Published July 1840 by Henry Colburn & Co. Strand.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

ON THE TRADE OF THE UNITED STATES
OF NORTH AMERICA WITH CHINA.

MR. EDITOR,

OF all the phenomena which occur in the history of commerce, from its earliest period to the present time, the most extraordinary, perhaps, is the intercourse between Europe and the East, chiefly through the medium of the English East India Company. This intercourse, as far as we are concerned, may be divided into two grand branches, the first with our own empire in Hindoostan, the second with the great Chinese empire, and the latter chiefly for the sake of obtaining a single article, the use of which has become so habitual to all ranks of society, that it has long ceased to be a luxury, and may be now fairly classed among the chief necessities of life. The immense importance of both these branches of our Asiatic commerce is universally acknowledged; and therefore, you may, probably, not be indisposed to admit into your valuable miscellany some observations on the danger with which one of them—the trade with China, appears to be threatened. I am induced to communicate them to you, because they are chiefly collected from conversation with intelligent Americans, and though they may be thought in some respects exaggerated, shew us at least the sentiments and views of our rivals in a point of such great importance. We all know the enterprising spirit of the merchants of the United States, the boldness and intrepidity of their seamen, the astonishing and rapid increase of their maritime power, and the peculiar local advantages of that great continent. The American government beholds with pleasure the increasing commerce of its subjects with China, which promises to become more and more important to the republic, and has undoubtedly been much encouraged and promoted by numerous articles in American newspapers, and other periodical publications, minutely pointing out its great advantages.

It would not be easy to find another instance of an intercourse with so remote a country, which so amply rewards the activity of the merchant and the seaman,

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as this trade with China, and the Americans possess such great advantages above the English, that well-informed persons do not hesitate to prognosticate, that the latter will not be able, in the long run, to maintain the competition with the former, but will be, in the end, obliged entirely to abandon to them the trade of the Chinese seas. If this opinion be just, it must be confessed that a great danger threatens the British commerce; a very productive source of gain would be lost—a great many seamen in Great Britain would be thrown out of employment—and even the commerce with the European continent could not but decrease, since Europe would have no occasion to draw from Great Britain its supplies of Chinese produce, which it would receive directly, and upon more advantageous terms from the Americans.

On the other hand, the vast advantages which the American republic may derive, and most certainly will derive, from an active intercourse with the Chinese Empire, are almost incalculable. Considered merely as an excellent school for the marine, it is of the highest importance to a state whose external security wholly depends on a numerous and formidable navy. The goods which find a ready sale must partly be fetched from very remote countries, and the dangers and privations with which the seaman has to contend, in seas hitherto but little frequented, and on unknown coasts, call forth all his energies, enrich him with useful experience, and increase his dexterity. Thus, a large number of sailors may be kept in constant employ, and the prospect will not only excite in the natives, particularly the inhabitants of the sea-coasts of America, a continually increasing propensity to a sea-faring life, but also attract crowds of able seamen from foreign countries, especially from the British islands, who will settle with their families in America, and promote the population, the increase of which is so favorite an object with the American Government. In the country itself a new source of gain will be opened at the same time, to thousands of industrious persons; the spirit of speculation will

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receive a new impulse, and numerous merchants, even from England itself, will settle in America, in order to share in so promising a prospect of gain, and to acquire riches in a short time. The nations of Europe are too much accustomed to the use of many Chinese productions easily to renounce them, and the possession of the trade with China will therefore give the Americans an opportunity for a most advantageous commercial intercourse with Europe, and to double their gains.

Not only have the Americans a much shorter way to China than the English and the other nations of Europe, but they are able to obtain the produce and merchandise of that Empire on much more favourable terms. The Europeans are obliged to purchase all they want of the Chinese for the most part with ready money, or silver bars, and China is therefore considered by Europe, as the country to which the precious metals chiefly flow, so that the gold and silver of Mexico and Peru go again from Europe to Asia, where they are swallowed up by a gulph from which they do not easily return. The Americans on the contrary, are not obliged to carry on the Chinese trade with the precious metals: they carry to the Chinese market either various articles of their own produce, which are highly esteemed there, or others which they have obtained in exchange for them; and are thus able to employ for other purposes, the money which they must otherwise take to Asia. If the trade which Europe carries on with China may be called in the highest degree passive, that of the United States is very far from being so.

China is an immense market, which now offers itself to the activity of the American merchant, the more this trade increases, the more persons it will employ; and the gain which it gives is so very great, that even on account of this single branch of American commerce, the speculative merchant is perhaps no where in a situation so favorable for becoming soon and easily rich, as in the United States. By this commerce, which is capable of being greatly extended, and has numerous concomitant advantages, America will enrich itself more and more, at the expense of Great Britain; and the turn thus given to a main branch of the commerce of the world, cannot but be very advantageous to the rest of Europe.

An article that is especially in request, in the Chinese provinces from Canton to Peking, and to the extreme frontiers of

Chinese Tartary, is fine furs. Both the Chinese and Manchews are eager to possess them, and the more distinguished and wealthy the Mandarins, the richer and finer must be the furs which they require for their oriental dress. This article of trade can therefore never fail of a certain sale in that vast and populous Empire; for the use of it is inconceivably extensive, and the wearing of furs, not merely a luxury, but a habit, which has rendered them indispensably necessary. But the Americans by their almost exclusive trade with the north-west coast, and their great Continent extending from California to the North Pole, possesses an inexhaustible source from which to supply the Chinese market with this favorite article, and the competition which they have to fear from other nations, particularly the English and the Russians, cannot do them any injury worth mentioning. The Americans, therefore, seem to be destined by nature to be the chief factors in this trade with China, which is inconceivably profitable, and must in time monopolize it entirely; as the period is certainly not remote, when the population of the United States, taking its direction from east to west, will extend to the shores of the great South sea, and their ships be then able to navigate directly from thence to the Pacific ocean.

On the north-west coasts of America, above California, which are but thinly inhabited by wild tribes, there are sea otters, black, dark brown, and white bears, wolves, foxes, beavers, deer, racoons, white American lynxes, or great wild cats, ermines, seals, rabbits, martins, and other wild animals, whose fur is more or less beautiful and precious, in such abundance, that the natives can procure them with little trouble, and in their uncivilised state, willingly exchange them for the most insignificant trifles. The American ships bring to these savages, pieces of iron, nails, knives, chisels, shovels, buttons of copper, and of coloured glass, little looking glasses, tobacco, brandy, powder, arms, coarse cotton, and woollen goods, old clothes, and all kinds of toys which look shewy, but are of no value. Most of these things are purchased, by the American merchants at very low prices, and the vessels which sail with cargoes of this kind from the American ports, may be sure of obtaining in exchange the richest cargoes of furs and skins. With these they proceed directly from the north-west coast of America to China, and exchange their goods for Chinese

produce with which they return, always with great gain, to the United States.

It is evident how greatly America must gain by this simple mode of intercourse, which does not even require a large capital, not to mention other advantages attending it. First the merchant gains in the purchase of trifles of little worth, which are agreeable and useful to the savages, and the manufactory of which employs many hands and promotes internal industry. For goods, the purchase of which requires but a small capital, there is an opportunity of procuring articles which are of great value in a remote and extensive Empire, and then exchanging them for other articles which may be disposed of with great profit both in America and Europe. The trade may be carried on too, in small vessels, of 100 or 150 tons burden, the equipment of which is not expensive, (America being so rich in materials for ship building,) and which require but a few sailors to man them; so that an American merchant may carry on so profitable a trade with a very moderate capital. Even those who have no capital, may carry it on upon credit, since the expence of the articles to be provided for bartering is so very small, that means are easily found to obtain them. If one will share the profit with the ship owner and the captain, it is not necessary to advance any money, and profit may be made without the smallest risk. A few cannon and muskets, are sufficient on board a ship that sails to the north-west coast of America, as a defence, in case of need, against the natives; and small vessels are even better than larger ones, because they can sail up the creeks. If several vessels sail at once on such an enterprise, which in case of need can assist each other there is not the least danger.

The north-west coast is now so well known to the enterprising and experienced sailors of the United States, that they do not consider a voyage to it as more important and dangerous than one to Europe, or even to the West Indies. The smallest American vessels, brigs, and even schooners under a hundred tons burden, sail thither without any apprehension. They have no need of spending a long time after their arrival, to procure the necessary cargo of more or less valuable skins and furs; in China they have not long to wait to exchange their cargoes for the productions of the country, and it may be calculated, that unless some extraordinary accident

happens, the return cargo gives a profit of from three hundred to five hundred per cent. including the articles for barter, provisions, pay of the sailors, and other expenses.

This trade, which so amply rewards the activity and enterprise of the merchants and mariners, continues to engage the attention of more and more persons in almost all the American sea-ports. Many merchants at Boston and Salem in New England, at Bristol, in Rhode Island, at New York, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Charlestown, &c. have thus attained great wealth, in a few years, and the more intimate and various the relations with China become, the greater advantages does it promise in future. The friendly footing on which the Americans are with the natives of Nootka or King George's Sound, and of many other parts of the north-west coast, of the New World, so fully secures to them this rich fur trade, the basis of the intercourse with China, that they may be said to have it entirely in their own hands, and to have no rival to fear.

In this trade to the north-west coast the British Merchant is greatly impeded by the East India Company, which possesses the exclusive privilege of trading with China. With the active spirit of the Americans, the exportation from the United States to the north-west coast, will continue to increase, and they must bear away the prize, as their principal rivals cannot carry on the trade with the same advantages as they can. Hence the American trade with China will become more active and extensive, while that of Great Britain will continually decline. The price of sea otter skins is now so high at Macao and Canton, that £20 sterling are often paid for a single skin: many an American sailor brings home a profit of several thousand dollars for his own share; we may judge then, what must be the gain of the American merchant.

The valuable and beautiful furs, which the north-west coast of America supplies in such great abundance, are not the only articles which the Americans furnish the Chinese with. They are in want of many other things with which they are furnished from the United States, and thus the ties formed by commerce between China and America, must become more firm and durable. Above all, a remarkable production deserves to be mentioned here, which grows in America itself, and is almost peculiar to the United States; a production which is almost wholly unknown in Europe, but has been in use in

China from time immemorial, and is held there in extraordinary esteem. This is the root *Panax quinquefolia*, or Ginseng. The Chinese writers call this plant a precious gift of nature, sweeter than honey and the honey-comb, more valuable than fine gold, and jewels, and pearls, a glorious gift of heaven, bestowed by the gods upon mortals for their happiness, and their enjoyment on earth. Placed on a par with the philosopher's stone, it is called the food of immortality, and it passes among the priests and physicians for a universal remedy, wholesome for all weaknesses of the frail body, applicable to all diseases; nay, it is even said to prolong life, invigorating the nerves, strengthening the understanding, cheering the soul, soothing the mind, taming the wild passions, and bestowing inexhaustible delights upon our mortal existence.

The reigning dynasty of the Manchews, in China, were proud that Nature produced this wonderful root, with such magical powers, in their original country; for it was found in Chinese Mogul Tartary; but sparingly scattered in certain places and single districts. Here it was considered as one of the regalia of the crown, only the emperor had the right to have it gathered, and guards were posted at the places where it grew, that no one might presume to take openly, or by stealth, what was for the emperor alone. How fortunate was it for the Americans that they accidentally discovered, not very long ago, that this root, so highly esteemed in China, and paid for there with its weight in gold, which it had been always supposed was only to be found in Tartary, as the Chinese had always boasted, was indigenous in the United States, and might be there collected in far greater abundance than in China, hitherto the only country where it was known to grow.

It grows in the United States, in the whole of the immense tract from the Canadian Lakes to Georgia; is found even in the northern states of New York and Pennsylvania, and flourishes in Virginia and the two Carolinas. Nature has spread it here, particularly in the tract between the Alleghany Mountains and the sea, and it thrives especially where the mountains take a south westerly direction. It loves a fertile soil and cool shady spots on the declivity of the mountains.

While Europe produces nothing which it can offer to the Chinese in exchange for their productions, America possesses

in this remarkable plant an article peculiarly its own, which is, above all others, proper for the trade with China.

Many of your readers may, perhaps, be curious to be better acquainted with a plant so esteemed by the great Chinese Mandarins, and in the Harems. The stalk of this plant, which attains the height of about a foot from the ground, is of a dark red. It is adorned with elliptical leaves, three of which always grow together, and each of which is again divided into five little leaves. On account of the symbolical meaning attached to the numbers three and five, which these leaves present to the eye, the plant obtained, in ancient times, in China, the character of particular sacredness. The growth of this singular plant is extremely slow, but then it attains an age unusual in plants of this kind: when it has stood fifteen years or more, the root is not yet an inch in diameter. Every year the stalk makes at the upper part of the root, as each new shoot marks, which show by their number the age of the plant. The root itself is of an elliptical form, and commonly consists only of one piece. The plant bears but a few seeds; two or three grains are all that can be gathered from one stem; these are of a bright red colour, in shape and size like those that may be collected from the honeysuckle. They ripen in America, in the latter half of the month of September, and their taste is more aromatic than that of the root itself, but less bitter.

In China the greatest care is taken in gathering this valuable root. It is not done till it has attained the highest perfection and maturity: this is during the autumn and winter. In America they long committed, from ignorance and inattention, the great fault of collecting the root from the spring to the first frost. As it is always soft and watery at this season, it naturally shrunk together in drying, became very hard, and lost not only in weight but in goodness. This mistake is still committed in some parts of the United States, where the inhabitants make the collecting of the root only an occasional object; and when they are hunting or travelling, dig up the plant at all seasons when they happen to meet with it. But by this they deprive the ground of a valuable production, which would be far more valuable if it were tended and cultivated with due care. Though the Ginseng roots thus collected by ignorant persons do not fetch in China the high prices which are given

for such as have attained their proper maturity, yet the demand for them is not the less brisk. The American merchants in the interior purchase large quantities by the pound, or the hundred weight, of the country people, who employ themselves in collecting and digging this root, and gain by exporting it to China, about one hundred per cent.

But the profit is incomparably greater when Ginseng roots, perfectly ripe, and carefully gathered at the proper time, are brought to Macao or China. The Americans begin to be more sensible of this advantage, in proportion as the intercourse with China becomes more active. They have made themselves better acquainted with the nature of the plant, and the taste of the Chinese; employ greater care in gathering, and acquire more skill in digging it. One man can gather about eight or nine pounds daily. Hence the quantity of this article exported from the United States increases at the same time that its quality improves; and the trade with Ginseng roots in the Chinese markets continues to become more and more profitable to America. The exportation already amounts to at least 500 cwt. annually.

In China they understand the art of preparing the Ginseng, in such a manner, that it appears semi-transparent: in this case a much higher value is set upon it. In America they have also learnt this art, and the process employed is very simple. The merchants in the American commercial towns purchase the roots so prepared, and rendered partly transparent, at six or seven piastres a piece; and sell them in China, according to the quality, at from fifty to a hundred piastres a piece. Even in Louisiana and Kentucky, they carry on this extremely profitable export trade to China.

A great part of the East India trade, in which such large capitals are now employed, by the merchants of the United States, is also calculated chiefly with a view to China. The Americans have found means to obtain in the East Indies, a considerable sale for many of the productions of their country; and for these, they take in return East India goods, which they dispose of to advantage in the Chinese markets, and, at the same time, gain the freight. Besides their own produce and manufactures, they carry, also, manufactured goods which they have purchased in Europe, directly from the ports of the United States to Canton. Articles particularly in request there, are opium, Indian birds' nests, benja-

min, scarlet berries, gum lac, Russia leather, cordovan, coloured linen, white, black, and spotted lamb skins, writing paper, razors, grind stones, carpets, penknives, coarse cloth, buttons, axes, scythes, locks, watches, and numerous other articles, which the Chinese have hitherto received almost exclusively by the ships of the English East India Company.

The American merchants, on the other hand, bring back from the Chinese seas, partly for home consumption, partly for the supply of Europe, immense quantities of tea, of the most various kinds, porcelaine, indian ink, lackered articles, pearls both genuine and artificial, coral, paints, half silk stuffs, fans, cowries, various kinds of silk, pictures and drawings in India ink, &c.

I have thus, Mr. Editor, given a sketch of what may be called the American view of this important question; though it is, doubtless, partial, and may be in some particulars exaggerated, it still seems to merit the serious consideration of those who appreciate the importance of our China trade: I forbear from examining what may be said to weaken the force of the reasonings above stated, in the hope that some of your readers, better qualified than myself, may be induced to take up so interesting a subject, and either shew them to be ill founded, or else point out what change (if any) in our system, may enable us to avert the threatened loss of so valuable a branch of our commerce.

H. E. L.

ON HEARING THE BELLS RING OUT THE OLD YEAR.

THE love of life and of its enjoyments is so deeply imprinted on the heart of man, that the lapse of each stated portion of time is viewed with a feeling of melancholy regret, by no means consistent with our actual condition of "strangers and pilgrims on earth." It is this feeling, perhaps, in a great measure, which inclines us to dwell on the painful occurrences of the past year, to contemplate the situation of those against whom the very elements appear to have leagued with poverty, cutting off the labours of their honest industry, without a friend to sooth the agonies of famine or avert the horrors of despair. Such it is too true is often a faithful picture of the state of many of our fellow creatures, and when such representations produce something more valuable than the unavailing sympathy of sensibility—when they induce the rich who are at this particular season indulging in pleasure and luxury,

to rejoice at the smiles of the indigent—to share their plenty with the stranger, and to make an alliance with the poor against the inclemency of the season—When they produce such blessed effects as these, they are indeed divine! But although the inconsiderate mirth of the voluptuary may be startled, and his better feelings of humanity awakened by shifting the scene from the table of excess to the dark and cold abysses of a prison, yet the heart most susceptible of pity and benevolence, wants no such prodigies of horror to provoke a tear, or to excite to acts of charity and compassion: and as a sense of gratitude is one of heaven's best gifts, and the expression of it one of our most acceptable services, we must be careful, lest in dwelling on the general and individual distress around us, we overlook the innumerable instances of mercy and beneficence of which we and multitudes of our fellow mortals have been the objects within the same period of time. It cannot be denied that the comfort and happiness of mankind is at least in proportion to the want and misery, and that in the same space of time, as many have been rescued from distress, as depressed by sorrow; and there are, doubtless, many of our brethren at this moment, who, having shut out the dismal prospect of a winter's night, are enjoying their blaze of comfort and conviviality, surrounded by those most dear to them, who, a few months ago, were themselves the objects of the charity and commiseration of others.

Many a selfish being, who, having hitherto lived to himself alone, a stranger to the influence of compassion—deaf to the cries of importunate misery—now, weary of satiety and convinced of the unsatisfactory and criminal nature of unparticipated enjoyments, is proving, that to cheer the sad heart, to minister to the necessitous, to lighten the chains of the oppressed, and to lead the wanderer aright, are the only means by which the superfluities of life can afford to their possessors the title of comforts. While thousands who have been the objects of spiritual mercies, may now be offering up the tribute of a grateful heart. Some such sentiments as these, appear to have dictated the following lines on hearing the bells ring out the old year.

Hark! to the sounds that from yon gothic tower

Bid their last farewell to the closing year,
Those solemn peals that mark its dying hour
"Awake the pensive tribute of a tear."
'Tis as a friend were passing to the tomb,

Our joys and sorrows who had equal shar'd,
Had with us journey'd thro' life's deepest gloom,

Our hopes had cherish'd and our perils dar'd,

But here the semblance fails—in realms above

Shall kindred spirits meet from sorrow free,

Together knit in bonds of hallow'd love

With endless songs shall hymn the Deity.

E'en frail mortality, that fills yon urn,

Again the vital spark shall re-illumine,

But time's allotted portions ne'er return,

No day shall break the silence of their tomb.

For ever gone! with all its hopes and fears,

Which scarce existed e're they ceased to be,

Moments in hours absorb'd, hours, days, in years,

And all entomb'd in dread Eternity!

There are, on whom the year's first sun arose,

In all the pride that health and beauty gave,

Who amid pain and anguish mark its close;

Or happier fate! have found an earlier grave!

There are, who o'er their infant's bier have wept,

Or a lov'd partner to the grave consign'd,

Who many an anxious midnight watch have kept

E'er was each cherish'd hope of life resign'd.

Perchance, e'en now, some pensive mourner hangs

In speechless anguish o'er the couch of death,

To soothe, with pious care, life's ling'ring pangs

Or catch a dying parent's latest breath.

The scene is closed—the pulse of life's no more!

And the pure soul from sin and sorrow free,

In hope reposes; till the destin'd hour

When death is swallow'd up in victory.

But are there none, who, when the year began,

In pain and penury neglected lay?

Fy hope deserted and forgot by man,

With Job had dared to curse their natal day!

Who now relieved from want, and woe, and pain,

With grateful bosoms hail the dawning year,

And health-illum'd, those eyes beam bright again,

That long were dimm'd with sorrows bitter tear?

None—who 'mid dissipation's mad career

The paths of vice and error long have trod,

By faith inspir'd and awed by holy fear,

Implore the pardon of a pitying God?

Yes—'mid the multitudes that sorrowing view

The year's decline, myriads their voices raise

To that great source whence they their blessings drew.

And pour their grateful hearts in hymns of praise.

Oh! may these thoughts awake my slumbering powers,

Remind my soul how much is to be done,

Teach me to value the fast fleeting hours,

And every vain pursuit indignant shun,
 Lord! if thou chast'nest, may I kiss the rod,
 On thee in joy and grief alike rely—
 Thus may I live—and thus, oh, gracious
 God!
 In humble hope of Heaven's acceptance—
 die!

NOTICES OF DANISH LITERATURE.

MR. EDITOR,

PRESUMING that any communication on a subject so little known in this country as the recent literature of Denmark, will, however defective it may be in other respects, possess sufficient novelty to interest your readers, I send you the following extracts translated from "*Lettergesichte Dänemarks in den letzten jahren der reziierung Christian VII. von Jens Kregh Høst. Kopenh. 1816.*" After enumerating the principal literary journals, of which Copenhagen has produced no inconsiderable number during the last thirty years, the author commences his sketch (for it is no more than an outline, and that in many places very faint and imperfect) with a list of the poets and belle-lettrists, the first of whom is Rahbek; who, at the commencement of the period under consideration, sustained an important part among the Danish literati, no less as a critic and as the editor of the *Minerva*,* one of the most interesting journals which have appeared in Denmark, than as a poet, in which character he delights by his polish, his wit, and his feeling. In light occasional songs and *vers de société* he was surpassed by none of the numerous cultivators of this species of poetry, neither with regard to the number or merit of his productions. But he was particularly successful in elegy and heroic epistle; also, in the versified tale or ballad. In 1803 he published a collection of his poems with the title of *Poetiske Forsøg*, (Poetical Essays) in 2 vols. His tales inserted in the *Prosaiske Forsøg* partake of Marmontel's style, and discover not only the experienced pen of a master, but an intimate acquaintance with the human heart, and with the manners of the middling classes.

Pram, the friend of Rahbek and his coadjutor in the *Minerva*, although he has never published an entire collection of his poems, has produced some very excellent ones. At the age of 29 he enriched the literature of Denmark by *Stær-*

kodder, an historico-romantic epic in fifteen cantos, published in 1785; a noble poem, yet rather to be classed with the wizard strains of Ariosto, than with the serious Homeric *Epopœe*. The chief of his lesser pieces belong to the *Idyll-Heroid* and satiric epistle. Tale, in prose, received from his pen the light graces of Voltaire.

He moreover honourably distinguished himself in various departments of the drama. Thus he presented to Melpomene some versified tragedies, which terminate by a happy catastrophe; viz. *Damon and Pythias*, 1789; *Frøde and Fingal*, 1793; and *Olintho and Sophronia*, inserted in Rahbek's *Dramatic Collection*. He enriched the musical drama with *Legurtha*, an opera, in three acts, published in the *Minerva*, 1789:—comedy, by three pieces, viz. *Negiren*, *The Negro*; *Ægteskabsjolen*, *The School for Marriage*; and *Brønden*, *the Well*; all which remain unpublished:—and, lastly, the comic opera in 1795, by a piece entitled *Serenaden Mer de Sorte Nøser*, *The Serenade, or the Black Noses*.

1785, the same year which had been distinguished in the literary annals of Denmark by the appearance of *Starkodder*, produced Baggesen's *Komiske Fortællinger* (Comic Tales), which rendered their author, then only 21, a favourite with the public. His fancy, his wit, and his humour, have subsequently developed themselves in many productions, of which he has published different collections; for instance, *Nugdomdarbejder* (Works of my Youth), 2 vols. 8vo. 1794; *Santlige Værker* (Collected Works), 1801, and another collection (the preceding one not being continued), which appeared in 8 vols. 1807 and 8. It was more particularly in comic satire, poetical epistle, and lyric poetry, that he gathered his laurels: among the dramatic muses he sacrificed only at the altar of *Polyhymnia*, namely, two operas, *Holger Danske* (Holger the Dane), 1789, which has been parodied by Heiberg, and translated into German by Cremer; and *Erik Eged* (Erick the Good), 1798. Baggesen's merits in German poetry need not be mentioned here.

Thaarup, the poetical contemporary of Pram and Baggesen, was also their rival: more mature in age, he did not proceed with their impetuosity, but displayed his talent chiefly in less extensive yet valuable productions. In the *Hymn* he is not inferior to Baggesen, as we may be convinced by a perusal of that

* Begun in 1785 by Pram and Rahbek, and published monthly; but for a few years previous to its termination in 1807, appearing only quarterly.

noble piece, which has been so masterly translated by Voss, and which, set to music by Schulz, was performed in the royal chapel of the palace of Christiansburg, on the birth-day of the king, 1792. In the cantata, Thaarup deserves to be noticed as the successful rival of Ewald; while his three lyrical dramas descriptive of rural manners, viz. *Høstgildet* (Harvest-home), *Peter's Bryllup* (Peter's Wedding), and *Humkomsten* (The Return Home), contributed still more to secure him a place among the favourites of the public. A collection of his poems has been long promised, and anxiously expected.

Amongst those authors who had commenced at an anterior period, many still continued their poetical career. In Norway, Claus Frimann (whose brother, P. H. F., had now hung up his lyre, never, alas! to resume it,) published in 1788 his first collection of poems, which, besides an alteration of some earlier pieces, contained several quite new, belonging to serious narrative, and to the epistle in verse. Storm, who was likewise a native of Norway, produced his *Samlede Digte* (Collected Poems) in 1785; and supported his reputation as a satiric,* as a didactic, and as a descriptive poet; while the heroid, the hymn, and sacred poetry, are also indebted to him for many contributions. On his death, 1794, in his 45th year, Rahbek promised to edit a new collection of his works, but it has not yet appeared. Danish literature would have readily resigned, in exchange for them, the edition of the works of the late poet Riber; since, independently of his masterly translation of Voss's *Louisa*, his merit is confined to a correct versification.

The lovers of comic poetry were presented with a far more valuable gift by Monrad, Baggesen, and Pram, in their collection of Wessel's works, (who died 1783 at the age of 41,) published in 2 vols. 1787; from which Soldin, the bookseller, afterwards printed some extracts.

A longer life, although not always under the most favourable circumstances, was granted to the witty and amiable Joh. Clem. Tode, who was born at Zollespiker, in 1736, and died in 1807, a professor of medicine and physician to the court. He was one of those men, who, not only born but educated in another country, have nevertheless completely

acquired the genius of the Danish idiom, and contributed to its cultivation by their writings as poets. Although nearly all the poets of Denmark have employed their pen in the composition of songs, and light convivial pieces, many of them with great success, and have much cultivated this species of writing, yet none can vie with Tode, neither with respect to the number nor excellence of their productions. In 1797 he published a complete edition of his songs, with the title *Viser og Selskabs-sange* (Ballads and Convivial Songs), forming the second volume of his poetical writings. The former part consists principally of fables and tales, many of which are on classical subjects, and are adapted as well for youth of both sexes, as for more mature readers. The author knew how to wield the poetic scourge with a master-hand.

Brunn, who had distinguished himself by a different species of humour, yet handled the lash of satire very effectively in two pieces, entitled *Skriftemaal* (The Confession) and *Omvendelsen* (The Conversion;) he also displayed considerable humour in his *Comic Tales*; yet continued too often to offend decency when he could no longer excuse himself on the plea of youthful indiscretion. He published several collections under various titles, viz. *Rimerier* (Rhymes) 1788; *Blandinger* (Medley) 1795; and *Smaating* (Trifles) 1801; but during this period composed nothing for the stage. In this respect the pen of the ingenious Falsen was more prolific; among his comedies, which are chiefly imitations, the piece of *Hvad vil Folk sige?* (What will Folks say?) borrowed from Florian's *Tale of Selmour*, had great success. But his *Comic Opera of Dragedukken* (The Supposititious Child) surpassed not only all his own comedies, but every other Danish Opera. Excepting the above, he wrote only a few trifles, such as war-songs, &c. He died in 1808, holding an official situation in the government.

Fasting, almost the only Danish author in this class, published a continuation of his excellent *Epigrams* in the *Provinzialsamlinger*, 1791, vol. i. which volume, however, was also the last, as he died in the same year.

We now proceed to notice those authors who made their debut on the Danish Parnassus at the period of which we are treating, and shall commence with P. A. Heiberg, a writer now residing at Paris; whose comedies *Heckinborn* and *Vous og Vans*, although by no means chefs-d'œuvre, yet rank much

* A character in which he also appeared with equal success in many contributions to the *Minerva*, both in prose and verse.

higher than his other dramas published 1792-4, in 3 vols. under the title of *Skuespil*. These form his only pretensions to the title of poet; his other productions possess too much personality and too little poetry.* Heiberg, who had parodied an opera of Baggesen's in 1789, in the following year himself experienced a similar treatment from Professor Olufsen, who in the play of *Jochum og Maxen* paid a like compliment to his *Selim og Mirza*. Olufsen also contributed to the theatre by the comedy of *Guldaasen* (*The Gold Box*) which betrayed an intimate acquaintance with the very refuse of society—in other respects abounded with comic situations, and excited expectations which ten years afterwards were frustrated by another piece of a more sentimental cast, entitled *Rosenkiederne* (*Chains of Roses*). In addition to these he has also occasionally produced some elegant trifles.

Previous to the close of the 18th century the Danish theatre was still farther enriched by the labours of two writers, whose pieces, notwithstanding subsequent neglect, still remain un eclipsed.

Samsoe had already attained his 37th year, when in 1796 he deposited upon the altar of Melpomene an offering which, by the peculiar delicacy of feeling it displayed, addressed itself more particularly to the female sex, and which retained the favour it had acquired with the public, in spite of the severity of Baden, Baggesen, and other critics. The author died a few days before its first representation. It was soon afterwards edited by Rahbek along with three *Tales*, whose subjects, like that of the tragedy taken from Danish history, were treated in a manner equally worthy the reputation of the poet. This tragedy forms the first volume of Samsoe's posthumous works—the tales are contained in the other.

Sander's Tragedy, *Niels Ebbensen of Norrerics eller Dannemark's Befrielse*, (N.E. of N. or the Liberation of Denmark) was of a more masculine character; it was first inserted in the *Scandinavian Museum*, afterwards (1799) was separately printed. Independently of its conspicuous poetical merit, *Niels Ebbensen* possesses no little value from its patriotic sentiments. In his *Eropolis*, a lyric drama, which appeared in 1803, Sander has placed the scene in a very dif-

ferent climate: the beauties of this piece were greatly enhanced by the exquisite music of the composer, Kunzen. Sander has also the merit of bringing Germany acquainted with the *Belles Lettres* of his country by his translations of various productions of Ewold, Pram, Rahbek, &c. &c.

Less successful in his attempts to add to the lyric department of the drama, Haste yet discovered indisputable talents, especially for elegiac and pastoral composition; and he was, moreover, for several years, the favourite of many circles in the metropolis, on account of his charming *vers de société*. At the very commencement of his literary career he published a collection of his poems, which obtained for him a reward from the Institution for the promotion of the *Belles Lettres*; but since he quitted Copenhagen for an office in the collection of the revenue at Fiihnen, he wrote but seldom, and his former productions are now remembered but by few.

Doctor Rasmus Frakhman,* a contemporary writer, participated also with Haste in the neglect experienced from the public, after having long been a favourite author with the higher circles of society at Copenhagen: his forte consisted in elegy and convivial song: his productions had frequently appeared in miscellaneous collections, as well as in many periodical publications, but were not printed separately till 1815, when they appeared in one volume. A more permanent reputation was acquired by Jens Geulitz, a native of Norway (who early in life returned to his country in the profession of a clergyman). He took his seat among the poets of Denmark in 1789, with an entire volume of poetical pieces; but although he has since occasionally embellished many journals by his contributions, he has never added to his former admirable publication. He excels in various species—in satire; in epistle; in convivial pieces; in the heroic ode, and in travesty. As the poetry of Geulitz was characterized by a careless and lively view of things, that of his compatriot, Jonas Reins, who rivalled him in the descriptive class, was generally stamped by gloomy and serious reflection. He displayed his powers more especially in *Elegy* and *Heroide*, but has also successfully cultivated other species—hymn, epistle, bal-

* Among these are the *Adventures of a Rixdollar-note* (*Rigsdaler sedlens Hændelser*), 2 vols. 1787.

* He died at Slagelse in Zealand, 1814, in the 48th year of his age.

led, and narrative in verse? He published his poems in 2 vols. in 1802, and again another collection in 1808, but these cannot contend with the earlier children of his pen for the prize of beauty.

Of C. A. Lund, the worthy associate of these two Norwegians (although a native of, and still a resident in Denmark) the poems remain unedited in a collective form. He is the author of many charming pieces; in one he describes the grove at Jagerspries, consecrated to the memory of celebrated and meritorious Danes; in another he depicts a country church-yard. Here he addresses a sprightly letter to a friend, and now again he evokes some one from the dead to communicate his tender wishes to his departed companions. Most of these poems are inserted in the various journals, edited by Rahbek.

F. Plum, the present Bishop of Fühnen, has been successful in elegies and other species of poetry, but he retired from the service of the Muses too early. Gulfield, also belonging to the ecclesiastical profession, and the present Dean of Copenhagen, published in 1802 an entire volume of fugitive pieces, forming a part of Seidelin's Danish Classics; this has secured to him a place amongst the best elegiac poets, but his subsequent reputation, as an orator, has somewhat eclipsed his fame as a poet. The present Bishop of Ribe, Victor Chr. Hiort, has not only produced some very successful specimens of sacred poetry, but has obtained celebrity as a charming writer by his popular songs.

Schmidt, also a clergyman of Norway, became eminent by his songs, the subjects of which are borrowed from events in the history of his native country; he has also made a very successful attempt at descriptive poetry, which was published together with his songs in 1811. The poetical reputation of Jens Smith, a country clergyman of Denmark, is founded principally on his romantic narratives, and his skill in metrical composition; whilst by his poems published 1807 he has not only shewn the perfection to which he has attained in both these respects, but also proved himself capable of attempting with success other branches of the art. It was in *Idunna*, an almanack published by him 1799, in conjunction with Guldberg, that he first displayed his genuine talent.

Guldberg, who was formerly preceptor to the Princess Caroline, improved his natural ability by assiduous practice: he

may be regarded, in a certain degree, as the founder of the domestic Idyl, and has succeeded in satire, whilst his Patriotic Effusions have obtained for him the regard of his countrymen.

Among the contemporaries of the two last mentioned authors, the Danish muses sustained the loss of many able poetical geniuses. Thus Otto Horrebow, who by his poems on the Existence of God, the Destiny of Religion, the Pursuits of the Voluptuary had acquired an eminent rank among didactic writers, gradually declined when in the full maturity of his powers.

M. C. Brunn was pre-eminent in lyric composition; he has displayed his genius in two Odes, reckoned among the noblest effusions of the Danish Muse, namely, that on the Death of Bernstoff, and on the Engagement at Tripoli, the former of which has been translated into German by Sander. In 1797 he published a volume of Poetical Essays, of which another number has subsequently appeared; but since that period he has been obliged to quit his native land, in order to pursue elsewhere those literary studies by which he has distinguished himself.

Lundbye, another youthful poet of considerable promise, whose rhapsodies have been inserted by Serdelin among his Danish classics, went to Africa as secretary to the Danish Consul. Africa deprived us also for some time of Olsen, who had signalised himself by his satires, and who, since his return, has manifested a more matured talent, especially in his epigrams, which are dispersed among various literary journals. The south of Europe also detained for a season from his native land Staffeldt, one of the most industrious of its poets, but he reappeared with increased powers. It was in the ballad, canzonet, and sonnet, that he chiefly exercised himself, yet without entirely neglecting the other departments of lyric composition; he was, for instance, more than ordinarily successful in elegy. This highly-gifted poet was, however, particularly attached to the difficult and artificial forms of composition adopted by the Spaniards and Italians; yet in endeavouring to attain metrical perfection, he often sacrificed to rhyme and the structure of his verse more important considerations, and became at times obscure, at others affected. Nor did it happen unfrequently that he gave too free a rein to his rich and lively fancy. Since 1795 he has produced many excellent poems, of which

the most perfect and finished appear among his *Nye Digte*, published at Kiel, 1806.

Many female votaries of the muse have rendered themselves conspicuous in Denmark during this interval, among whom may be mentioned the names of Biehl, Bogi, Buckholm, and Lindenkroner.

All the above-mentioned writers, besides many others of less repute, had appeared previous to the close of the last century. Since the commencement of the 19th, others have made their poetical debut: among whom Adam Ochenschlager, a native of Copenhagen (born 1779), is to be particularly noted, as not only sustaining the principal character, but also forming an epoch in Danish literature. His first essays were by no means remarkable for their value, or even free from defects; but in 1802 he produced an idyl in the manner of Voss, far from being destitute of various detached beauties: it was not, however, till the following year that he can properly be said to have commenced his present brilliant career. He displayed himself to most advantage in compositions of the ballad class; and a critic has assured us, that among all the productions of Danish literature, none are to be found which display a more fanciful imagination, or are more strongly tinged with the characteristic qualities of the gothic muses of the north, than the ballads of this youthful poet, whose talent is so congenial to his subjects. In the following year he presented to the public as a specimen, the first canto of a new version of the *Edda*, which excited the most pleasing expectations of the complete work: these, however, remain as yet ungratified. Instead of a continuation of the projected undertaking, his next production was two new volumes of poems, among which *Aladdin* (well known in Germany by the author's own translation) manifests a copious store of poetical ideas, and a rare degree of playful fancy. In his attempt at comedy, entitled *Fecias Alter* (*The Altar of Freja*), he was less fortunate, since humour does not appear to be his province. He has subsequently applied himself with far greater success to the tragic muse: and in his *Noodiske Digte* (*Northern Poetry*, 1807), beside a rificamento of the ancient legend of *Thor's Journey to Jotunheim*, two tragedies proceeded from his pen, namely, *Balder's Death*, which adheres more closely to the narrative of the *Edda* than *Ewald's* piece on the same subject; and *Hakon Jarl*, which was re-

presented upon the stage, and which has brought again into vogue dialogue in verse, which had been disused since *Pram's Damon and Pythias*, and *Trode and Fingal*. He afterwards produced many tragic compositions, that attest the fertility of his pen; but it may be doubted whether, in his latter pieces, he has reached a height equal to that which he attained in *Hakon Jarl*.

But few of the writers who commenced their authorship within the present century, have struck out of the beaten track. *Jens Michael Herz*, now Dean of *Roeskilde*, is indisputably among the most conspicuous of those who have done so; and he it is to whom Denmark is indebted for the only serious epic that she possesses. His *Befriede Israel*, 1804, has for its subject the departure of the Israelites from Egypt. He has not, however, availed himself so effectively as he ought to have done of the Biblical tradition. And it is principally owing to this defect, as well as to others arising from the construction of the poem, that, notwithstanding the abundance of genuinely fine passages—the correctness and richness of its poetical expressions—the elegance of the style, its interest is frequently languid. Its beauties are rather rhetorical than of the strictly epic form. This poem, however, must be allowed uncontestedly to form an epoch in the language. Doubts had been entertained whether the Danish tongue was susceptible of hexameter verse: yet, since the appearance of the *Israel Delivered*, or, rather, for some time previous, especially after *Baggesen's* translation of the first book of the *Iliad*, every one has admitted that beautiful hexameters may be constructed in it; particularly if the artist knows how to touch his instrument with the skill of Herz. To some future Varro, of whose services the language has so much need, this poem will furnish excellent assistance in enabling him to form a standard for Danish prosody.

We have now enumerated the most remarkable authors belonging to the interval of whose literary productions we purposed to take a survey. Several miscellaneous collections have also been published, to which the best poets have contributed; besides anthologies, extracts, and selections. *Seidelin* undertook to publish a series of the classical poets of Denmark, but it was distinguished neither by judgment in selection, nor excellence in execution, and was soon discontinued. In 1799, *Rahbek* published for the use of young persons, two vols. of

"Elegant Extracts," being a selection of pieces both in prose and verse, arranged under different heads, and containing brief notices of the writers from whose works the compilation was made.* While publications of this nature tended to bring their readers more intimately acquainted with their native poetry; while they, in some instances, gave existence to really beautiful productions, and, in others, preserved them from oblivion, the habits of the nation, and the events of the times caused the cultivation and the extension of certain departments of poetry. It was thus, more especially towards the close of the 18th century, that the custom of introducing singing at private parties and convivial meetings has occasioned such a multitude of songs of a gay, yet innocent character, that in this respect Denmark can rival any other country whatever. Those who have most distinguished themselves in this species of writing are Rahbek, Tode, Baggesen, Zetlitz, Thaarup, Abraamson, Heiburg, M. C. Bruun, Haste, and Frankenau.

The cultivation of another branch of lyric poetry—the hymn, was greatly promoted by an institution, which had for its object the publication of a new Psalm book, towards which the best poets were invited to contribute, with which request most of them complied. In order to effect their intention more completely, previously to the appearance of the work itself, the conductors of it published a specimen, and having listened to the opinions of those best qualified to judge of such an undertaking, they edited the *Evangelisk-Christelig Psalmebog*, a work which has produced such beneficial effects in the moral education of the people. The hostilities on the part of England excited many men of talents to the composition of patriotic and martial songs: many, who had hitherto touched the lyre with more or less ability, now seized the war-trumpet; those who most distinguished themselves on this occasion were Abraamson, Falsen, Nycrup, Olsen, Pram, Sander, Thaarup, &c.

The society instituted for the promotion of literature and the fine arts, under the patronage of the king, had indeed ceased to publish such writings as had obtained prizes. But after an interval of torpidity, it appeared to rouse itself, and again proposed prizes both for original compositions and translations in the class of belles lettres. At the end of Christian the Seventh's reign, this so-

ciety was composed of only the following members, viz: Jacobi, Malling, Professor Rahbek, Thaarup, Captain Abraamson, and Professors Sander and Baden, the latter of whom was secretary and treasurer.

Here terminates the catalogue of those Danish poets who have flourished during the last 35 years; the partiality of patriotism, for which due allowance must be made, may perhaps have somewhat over-rated their merits; yet, upon examination, some might doubtless be found worth translating. Many years have not elapsed since German literature might be said to be quite unknown in this country; and few conceived that it contained sufficient to repay the labour of acquiring it. Even now, judging from the translations which have been made from it, we could not estimate it very highly: in too many instances the most contemptible of its productions have been re-manufactured for the English market, while, in several others, with perhaps the single exception of Oberon, there has been substituted, for the untranslatable graces and idiomatic beauties of the originals, little more than an outline filled up with crude colouring. The literature of every nation possesses numberless works of science, which never are translated; on their account a knowledge of modern languages will always be serviceable to the scientific student, while, to those who desire to become acquainted with the poetry and belles lettres of foreign nations, they are indispensable. A coloured engraving may be rendered a fac-simile, if not of a painting, at least of a tinted drawing; but translation never can become fac-simile; it may present us with an accurate outline, with exquisite chiaro oscuro, with a beautiful execution, and with graces of its own, yet the identical colouring of the original it never can convey: or, in other words, we may be highly gratified even by a translation, nay, in some instances, be more delighted than by the original; but that we should be affected precisely in the same manner is utterly impossible. While, therefore, I would recommend versions of some of the choicest specimens of Danish literature, it is rather from a desire to excite an acquaintance with the originals, than from a wish that the former should supersede the latter.

The recent poetry of that country may at least be regarded as a mine yet unexplored by the literati of Great Britain.

INCÓGNITO.

Yarmouth, May 2, 1819.

* It is entitled *Dansk Læsebog og Mødpelsamling*.

ENGLISH MANNERS IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

MR. EDITOR,

RESEARCH into British manners and customs, in times long past, is now become such a fashionable pursuit, that I am surprised it does not occupy a larger portion of your interesting pages. I have lately met with some memoirs and observations upon the subject, descriptive of London at the close of the 17th century, which afford a very curious contrast with the present day, and not the less remarkable for being the opinions of a Parisian. They have been long out of print. I now consign the most important part of them to immortality in your columns.

Though it will be allowed that a stranger, writing of a country where he has been but a short time resident, or perhaps but a bird of passage, must often commit whimsical blunders, not only in the idioms of language, but also in the idiom of manners, yet still will his work be a mirror to those who are not so far warped by national prejudices as to shut their eyes to reflection; and though we may have occasion sometimes to laugh at the mistakes of the author before us, yet we must allow to him the palm of candour most strongly exemplified in his parallel between the two rival cities of

LONDON AND PARIS.

He observes, that having been at a party, all of whom were well acquainted with the two capitals, the conversation came to an enquiry as to which of them was the most dissipated; one said, that the extreme mildness of the laws and of the police, not only in London but throughout England, operated as an encouragement to many vicious actions, which otherwise would not have been committed. He argued that the only terrific punishment in use was that of death—that torture was unknown—that the examinations on trial were mild towards the prisoner—that the judges were always in favour of the accused—that perjury was only exposed to a slight punishment, and that there was a relaxation so general that it might be called a non-execution of the laws. He added, that as in regard to fraudulent bankruptcies, and such like rogueries, the city of London was full of places of sanctuary, where all sorts of robbers were protected, so must it be confessed that a man incurs less danger by wickedness in London than in Paris.

Notwithstanding all the force of this reasoning, observes the honest French-

man, the party at last acknowledged, and very justly, that there was more roguery, and more vice, more infamous occurrences, more cruelty, more actual enormity in Paris than in London.

In perfect unison with this candid admission is his estimate of the

BRITISH CHARACTER,

where he describes the inhabitants of this "excellent country" as tall, handsome, well made, fair and of good complexion, active, robust, courageous, meditative, religious, lovers of the fine arts, and as well qualified for the general pursuits of science as any nation in the world. He adds, with great simplicity, that during the whole of his own residence in France, he had often heard it asserted that the English were all traitors! "Strange indeed," says he, "that such an unfounded report should spread respecting a nation so generous, that they will not permit two men to fight without an equality of arms, whether offensive or defensive, or if not apparently near to a match in other respects; so that he who should attempt to draw, or to lift a cane against a man unarmed, would be in danger of being torn in pieces by the passing crowd." It is therefore unjust to reckon treachery amongst the common vices of Englishmen; and equally so for other nations to accuse the populace of rudeness and incivility, merely because they accost each other without taking off the hat, and do not possess that flow of useless compliments which issues from the lips of Frenchmen and Italians.

This he illustrates pointedly, by stating, that on a race course he remarked a plain and humble individual, who had lost a bet with a man of the highest rank, come up to the peer without form or ceremony, and pay him his money, without even taking off or touching his hat. Such a proceeding, he observes, would have been unpardonable in France, but in England it passed without censure.

This writer adds, that it is unfair to judge of the feelings of the English by too literal a comparison with other nations. Each country has its own ideas; and that of the English is that real civility does not consist in mere exterior manners, which are too often mere hypocrisy and false colours. English manners, to speak of them generally, are certainly very different from those of France, and no doubt all their neighbours will say the same, for each has its own peculiar style.

As it is natural for man to find fault

with whatever differs from his ordinary customs, we must not be astonished if the English and French, when they come in contact, should be severe critics upon each other, which only affords amusement to men of liberal minds, who look at things as they really are, and who are convinced, that whatever depends solely upon fashion must be in its own nature a matter of indifference. "We must do at Rome as Rome does," remembering that peculiar national customs are like hoop petticoats, and opera hats, which are very becoming on some occasions, though they would be ridiculous on many others.

He then sums up by observing, that although the English nation, like all others, must doubtless have some particular defects, yet all things considered, and taking a general view, he was fully persuaded by his own experience, an experience of several years, that the more Englishmen are known by foreign nations the more will they be esteemed. "What fine fellows have I known in England! what moderation! what generosity! what rectitude of heart! what piety! what charity! Yes, there are in England numerous individuals of a character and disposition which may really be called accomplished and perfect—men who are wisdom and goodness personified, if we may so speak of any but the Almighty God of all! Peace and prosperity then for ever to England!" After such an eulogium, who would suppose that there were

DANDIES

at that day in England? yet our writer confesses it, for he observes, that although we must acknowledge that there are more Gascons in Gascony than in any other part of the world, yet still are there some to be found in other places. The same may be said of those ridiculous *petit maitres*, who then were not very rare in France, and abounded in Paris. England also, says he, has an extensive collection of these animals, and London in particular is well supplied with them. The English call these curious nondescripts *Fops* and *Beaux*. The theatres, the chocolate-houses, and the parks, swarm with them. They are the cutters out of all new fashions; with perukes and coats loaded with powder, as millers are with flour; lips bedaubed with snuff; airs of negligence and disabille; in short, a set of fellows who affect superior rank, and who want nothing but the title of marquis, which they would doubtless assume in any

other country, but cannot, without detection, in England. "An Englishman said, one day, to a friend of mine, that he could not put up with our *long bow men*; and I, replied the other, have an equal dislike for your dandies!" Luckily, however, these fops, adds he, are easily distinguishable, and of course avoidable, in England, where the people of all ranks, in general, dress themselves in a simple and uniform manner. Of the

LADIES,

indeed, this gallant Frenchman speaks in a handsomer and more decisive manner, observing that much honour is due to them in England, and they are permitted to enjoy a great and praise-worthy liberty; though still they receive not advantages nor honour equal to what they deserve for their beauty, good figure and address, neatness, and the admirable assemblage of all their charms.

He states however, and evidently on good authority, that before the Reformation the English of both sexes dressed in a style both extravagant and indecent; even in the time of Elizabeth, the ladies still retaining doublets, cork appendages, &c. Indeed in those days they used to wear dresses, Spanish, Turkish, or Moresque; but when he wrote all the world was French, still does he add, with a degree of good sense, which we trust our fair readers will not pass over unheeded: "the English ladies do not adopt our French costume, but under certain restrictions; they say that we invent, but that they refine upon our inventions." That observation indeed he does not apply to the patches with which the human face divine was then disfigured; a custom which he merely marks as not unknown to the ladies of France, though worn only by the young and pretty; whereas in England, young, old, handsome and ugly, are patched to an extreme. "I have often counted fifteen patches, nay more, upon the black and wrinkled face of an old harridan of seventy. Thus the English certainly refine upon our fashions!"

In addition to this he mentions a horrid custom, which certainly could never have existed any where but in the age of barbarism, that those who had warts or blotches upon their faces, cultivated the long hairs which grew upon them, with extraordinary solicitude, informing him, when he asked the reason, that they considered them as symptoms of good luck!

With all his deference for the fair sex, he acknowledges that *scolds* are some-

times to be met with, whom he states to be subject to punishment "in a way pleasant enough." This very agreeable mode of domestic discipline for the preservation of conjugal harmony, is described as consisting of an arm-chair fixed at the end of two parallel spars about twelve or fifteen feet in length, so that the two spars support the chair which is between, and hung upon an axle-tree, which allows the chair always to retain its horizontal position at any degree of elevation or depression. The next process in this interesting operation is to fix two posts by the side of a horse-pond, where the apparatus is hung in exact equipoise. *The speaker is then called to the chair, not indeed to be annoyed by the long arguments which sometimes puzzle other speakers, but to enjoy a little of the ups and downs of life, until the fair one's superabundant caloric is exhausted.*

Thank heaven such pleasant operations are now become unnecessary—just as the extirpation of roguery has caused the abrogation of the pillory!

Doubtless we may say as much of another species of exhibition, which he describes by saying that he has sometimes met in the streets of London a female carrying a male effigy crowned with a superb pair of horns, preceded by a drum, and followed by a dozen blackguards, making a most hideous harmonic pell mell with tongs, pokers, gridirons, kettles, pots, and pans; and when he has enquired the cause of these unharmonic chromatics, he was informed that it was some fair one of the neighbourhood who had well beaten her husband for suspecting that he had been qualified for an unconditional entry into heaven, whilst the fair one's character was thus re-established!

BODE'S OPINIONS ON METEOROLOGY.

MR. EDITOR,

THE opinion of a distinguished astronomer (which I take the liberty of sending you) respecting meteorology, deserves the more attention from those who employ themselves in the investigation of the weather, as meteorology, hitherto a science only in name, since it is destitute of every thing that constitutes the essence of a science, cannot be raised from its state of childhood and tutelage, except by endeavouring to follow the same difficult and tedious, but only secure path, by which astronomy has risen to an elevation that justly commands our admiration. Astronomers at first direct-

ing their exertion to the grand outlines, only endeavoured, above all things, to determine the mean motions of the planetary bodies, and it was not till they had, in a certain degree, accomplished this, that they sought to determine the anomalies, or greater and smaller deviations; thousands of years passed away before they changed the circle, in which all bodies were presumed to move into an ellipse, and this again some centuries later into an ellipse variously disturbed by attraction. But has meteorology been yet able to determine even the mean motions, the mean course of the weather in general, and in the gross, to say nothing at present of the partial interruptions in different places, and from very different reasons? Nor shall we ever be able to attain even this commencement of a scientific process, the view of a mean probable course, unless (for which we, however, see at present no measures taken,) observations are made daily and hourly, for fifty years together, with unabating zeal, and with similar instruments, on all parts of the inhabited globe, at the same time, between the north and the south poles, and in all the five zones of both hemispheres, and these combined observations, compared and examined with the most rigorous care, in order to obtain some general and positive results as a foundation for further researches. But to come to the point in question: Mr. Bode, in his *Astronomical Calendar* for the year 1820, has given us some remarks on the great solar eclipse of Nov. 19, 1816, which, as far as they relate to meteorology, appear to be worthy of attention, and generally interesting even to those who are not astronomers. Great solar eclipses incidentally furnish an opportunity to have a general view of the weather at the same time in many, often distant places, by a comparison of the accounts of such a phenomenon, by astronomical observers and spectators, which come to the knowledge of the public. With this view Mr. Bode has arranged, under one meteorological point of view, the various accounts which he has either received in writing, or found in public journals, respecting that eclipse.

On the 19th of November, 1816, there was at the time of the eclipse either, 1st, *an entirely gloomy sky*, so that it could not be seen at all; or, 2nd, *mixed weather*, where the eclipse could be partially seen; or, 3d, *fine weather*, so that it could be clearly observed in its whole duration. Among the places of the first

class were, Leipsig, St. Petersburg, Nuremberg, Wilna, Mannheim, Danzig, Hanover, Dorpat, Mietau, Hamburg, Cracow, Cassel, Riga, Dunaburg, Marburg, Göttingen, Gotha, Augsburg, Schwedt, Soldin, Stettin (on the Harz,) &c. Among the places of the *second class* were, Kloster Hradisch (in Bohemia,) Königsberg, Copenhagen, Kremsmünster, Culm, Warsaw, Bütow (in Pomerania,) &c.: and of the *third class* were, Berlin, Vienna, Paris, Ofen, Dresden, Milan, Prague, Tangermünde, Glatz, Thorn, Stolpe (in Pomerania,) Zetmin (in Mecklenburg,) the Isle of Rugen, &c. (To these places of the *third class* mentioned in the Almanack, may be added Marseilles, Toulouse, Viviers, Mirepoix, Genoa, Madrid, Bilbao, Cadiz, Abo, Stockholm, &c.)

Now if in the collective sum of the weather, such as it takes place at every time upon the whole surface of the globe, there were *any thing* like regularity and connection, we might reasonably conjecture, that over a certain extent of country fine weather, and over another cloudy or bad weather should on the whole prevail. But here upon a considerable tract, between Cadiz and St. Petersburg, we have fine and cloudy weather distributed and mixed together without any appearance of regularity—fine at Dresden, cloudy at Leipsig; fine at Thorn, cloudy at Danzig, &c. Let any one mark upon a map, by three different columns, for instance, all the abovementioned places, where the eclipse, on account of the weather, was observed either not at all, or imperfectly, or in its whole duration; certainly it must make a most motley appearance, because those places present in this view a mass of confusion. “I should like,” says Bode, “to lay such a map before the meteorologists, in order to convince them how various and irregular the weather was at one and the same time on this part of the surface of the globe, that they may not expect too much order in it. If the eclipse occurred at a season of the year in which not much fine weather was to be expected among us, yet the weather was favourable in many places, but those places sometimes close together, sometimes very remote from each other, so that in many intermediate places the sky was obscured with clouds. I think I may venture to affirm, that there are upon the earth, at the same time, all possible kinds of weather, and (as all the different seasons are likewise to be found

at once in different places) also every possible degree of heat and cold, a thousand fold, but irregularly mixed together. Now the surface of the whole globe (including both land and water) amounts to above 9,280,000 square miles (Mr. Bode of course means German miles;) and as experience everywhere shews, in each single country, even in a tract of a few square miles, a different and often quite opposite weather and temperature of the air prevails. But if this be the case, who would venture with this infinite diversity, in the course of the weather in single parts, to guess, or determine beforehand, the partial changes in such or such a place or country, since these particular changes are mostly effected by chemical processes (not sufficiently known to us) in our atmosphere and on the surface of the earth, chiefly in our own neighbourhood (that is to say chiefly by local causes).” Every careful enquirer into Nature, and particularly the attentive and unprejudiced observer of the weather, will certainly not hesitate to subscribe to this opinion, as they must have been long since convinced by experience how fruitless all attempts have hitherto been to reduce to certain rules, the general nature of the weather, the character of it, prevailing sometimes for a longer, sometimes for a shorter time, in more or less extensive of country, and its unstable, mutable, indefinite character, and its often sudden changes, or even to lay down with any degree of certainty something periodical, returning after the lapse of a given time. That many meteorologists, and of these chiefly those who are not astronomers, seek for a main cause of the weather in the stars, is, in truth, merely a make-shift of human weakness and ignorance, which, from the most ancient times, when it could not find close at hand any means of explaining a natural phenomenon, thought it was to be found in the heavens. What influence the planets, and especially the sun and moon, may have on our weather, it is not our present business to enquire. An essay on this subject, by Bode, very well worth reading, is to be found in the second volume of the Magazine, of the Berlin Society of Enquirers into Nature. Berlin, 1808.

I have just learned that Mr. Bode has very lately published something further on the subject. Should the present communication be deemed by you likely

to prove interesting to your readers, I may perhaps be able to send you another for your next Number. L.

**MEMOIR OF THE LIFE AND WRITINGS
OF EWALD CHRISTIAN VON KLEIST.**

E. C. VON KLEIST was born in March, 1713, at Zeblin, a village in Pomerania, near Coeslin. He was descended of a very ancient and noble family, which had given the state no inconsiderable number of brave warriors and faithful servants. His father resided on his estate, where young Kleist remained under the direction of a tutor till he was nine years of age. His father intending him for the civil service, sent him in his tenth year to the Jesuit's school at Cron, in Great Poland. There he learned only what he was obliged to learn, particularly Latin, not for want of ability, but because, being a vigorous and high-spirited youth, he was fonder of all kinds of gymnastic and bodily exercises and games than learning.

In 1729 he went to the Gymnasium, or High School at Dantzic, where, without any extraordinary efforts, he laid the foundation of the knowledge which he afterwards acquired.

In 1731 he went to the University of Königsberg to study jurisprudence: with a firm resolution to apply diligently, he entered with cheerful prospects upon this new period of his life. He soon began to appreciate the value of learning, and to be sensible that it was something more than barely a means of advancement in the world. He attended lectures upon mathematics, natural philosophy, law, ethics, &c. and prosecuted his studies with eagerness, and a laudable spirit of emulation. His industry while at the university is attested by numerous quarto volumes of his handwriting, in the collection of his friend Gleim.

After completing his studies at Königsberg, Kleist returned to his father's estate, where he passed some time, full of youthful confidence in the knowledge he had acquired, and in sanguine expectation of having his talents soon recognised and employed in the public service. But the brilliant hopes and bold plans of the ardent youth were but too soon overthrown, and were succeeded by the painful necessity of looking about for patronage and employment. In order to provide for him (who was the youngest son) in the cheapest manner, his parents sent him to Denmark, recommended to the protection of their great and wealthy

relations. Generals Von Staffelt and Von Folkersahm, his uncles, either did not rightly understand the views of young Kleist, or had not sufficient confidence in their own influence, to attempt to obtain employment for him in the civil service. They represented to him that he must go into the army, if he thought to make his fortune, and he accordingly accepted a commission in the Danish service in 1736. The intercourse with several highly accomplished officers reconciled Kleist, in a great degree, to a profession which was in fact not well adapted to the education he had had, and still less to the love of independence, and dislike of all restraint, which had distinguished him from his youth. His sense of honor and duty led him to devote himself zealously to his new vocation, and he applied to the study of the military art, with the same zeal that he had shown at the University in the study of the law.

In 1738, Kleist was sent to Danzig, to recruit. Here he again felt his desire revived to try his fortune in the civil line. Having soon completed his recruiting, he requested a furlough, and went to his little estate of Ruschitz, ten leagues from Danzig. From hence he paid a visit to his two sisters, in Polish Prussia, and was by them made acquainted with a Madame Von Golz, and her daughter. The latter, a young lady highly accomplished in mind and person, inspired young Kleist with a tender attachment, which was approved by her mother, who highly esteemed him, and entertained great hopes from his talents. She sent him, with many recommendations to Fraustadt, where the whole Saxon court was at that time assembled, that if possible, he might obtain an employment either in Saxony or Poland. He returned, however, without accomplishing his object, and was obliged to part from his mistress, without any hope of one day calling her his own, and returned into the Danish service. From this time he lost the cheerful sanguine spirit of youth, which looks forward upon life as a scene of varied pleasures, and in the consciousness of untried powers, regards even the most difficult enterprises as easy.

In 1740, Frederick II. of Prussia, claimed Kleist from the Danish service, because he was a Pomeranian nobleman, and gave him a lieutenant's commission in the regiment of Prince Henry, at Potsdam. His way of life at Potsdam was very unpleasant to him, and his let-

ters shew how disgusted he was with it. He was fond of amusement, and possessed the happy art of converting trifling pleasures into greater, by his mode of enjoying them. Like most persons of his disposition, he was careless in pecuniary concerns, which involved him in difficulties before he was aware. Youth, however, made all care sit easy; he hoped to be rapidly promoted, and was unconcerned if his few creditors were but patient. His acquaintance was chiefly confined to his comrades, to whom however his superior education was in general, as unwelcome, as their want of it was disagreeable to him. It was no wonder that a thousand disagreements and disputes arose between them. Thus, in 1743, Kleist fought a duel with another officer, in which he was severely wounded in the arm. This proved to be a fortunate circumstance, both for Kleist and for the public, by being the occasion of his first acquaintance with the celebrated Gleim, with whom he contracted a most intimate friendship, which was among the greatest blessings of his life, and to which we are, probably, indebted for the poems which have gained him such distinguished reputation. In the house of Colonel Von Schulze, where Gleim was intimate, the young wounded officer was spoken of with such particular regard, that Gleim was induced to call on him, and found him very weak in bed, with "*Cæsar de Bello Gallico*," lying open on a table near it. The patient complained that he was forbidden to read, and accepted with joy Gleim's offer to read to him. Once he happened to read to him a comic poem of his own, which made the patient laugh so heartily that his wound broke out afresh, and a violent hæmorrhage ensued. The surgeon who was sent for declared that the loss of blood would greatly tend to promote his recovery, and, in fact, the wound healed rapidly after this accident. "To poetry, and you," said he, with a smile of gratitude, to Gleim, "I owe my recovery." Henceforward, the most tender friendship unfolded itself in the hearts of both, and became the source of the charming effusions by which Kleist afterwards acquired so great a reputation. Gleim's example gradually awakened in him a new inclination for poetry, which he had loved even in his youth. Inclination gives courage. After some fruitless attempts, he sent to Gleim his first essay, which he called *Anacreontic*, on the 4th December, 1743.

But the cheerful tones of his young

lyre soon died away. He received the unexpected news, that Miss Von Goltz, had been obliged by her relations, to consent to a very advantageous marriage. This deeply affected him; at the same time his friend Gleim was separated from him, so that he felt himself quite forlorn in the dull town of Potsdam. He indulged himself in his grief, till it relieved itself by tender complaints; his heart was revived and refined by the soothing tones; but the cheerful, careless temper of his youth was fled, and never entirely returned. Here it is, that the life of the poet properly begins; with his two elegies "*To Wilhelmina*," (Miss Von Goltz) and "*Longing for Repose*." In 1744, and 1745, he made the campaign of Bohemia, where his bravery and prudence, on all occasions, gained him the approbation and confidence of his superiors. After the peace of Dresden, he returned with his regiment, in 1746, to Potsdam. The fatigue of the campaign, and still more, an illness which seized him at Hirschberg, and in which he nearly lost his life, by the unskilfulness of a surgeon, had much weakened his constitution, and at the same time, increased his melancholy. His only consolation was found in his correspondence with Gleim, and in poetry. He had already suffered some smaller poems to appear, without his name, in various periodical journals. He now began his great poem, "*The Spring*," fragments of which he sent, from time to time, to Gleim, for his opinion. The work, however, proceeded slowly, chiefly on account of his ill health. In 1749, Kleist was made captain on the staff, and became acquainted, in Berlin, with Ramler, and then printed, for the first time, at his own expence, "*The Spring*;" but only a few copies for his friends, and without his name. As soon as it was known, the fame of the author spread rapidly, and repeated editions hardly sufficed to gratify the impatience of the public. Seldom, if ever, did a German poem, and that too by an author before unknown, obtain such rapid and brilliant success. In 1751, Kleist obtained a company. In 1752, he went to Switzerland, to recruit, and on this occasion, became acquainted, at Zurich, with Bodmer, Breitinger, Wieland, and others; and took particular pleasure in the company of Hirzel, with whom he had contracted an intimate friendship in 1747, at Berlin. In 1756, the King gave him a majority in the regiment of General Von Hausen, which was put in garrison, at Leipsig. Here he became

acquainted with Leasing and Weisse; and during the tranquillity which he enjoyed there, he composed several new poems. After the battle of Rossbach, the King, in a letter of his own handwriting, gave him the superintendence of the great military hospital, which was established at Leipsig. His humane character was unanimously applauded by the sick and wounded of both parties, and his disinterested conduct, by all the inhabitants of the city. In 1758, he served with the army of Prince Henry, where he could not fail of opportunities to distinguish himself, which he did on many occasions. Yet amidst all the fatigues and dangers of war, he never abandoned the muses, sometimes correcting the poems he had already written, sometimes composing new ones.

In the beginning of the following campaign, 1759, he went, with Prince Henry's army to Franconia, and remained with it till he was detached with the corps of General Fink, to join the King's army, against the Russians. On the 12th of August was the bloody battle of Cünersdorff, where he was to die gloriously, as he had often wished, for his King and country. The day before, and in the morning of the battle, as the army was advancing against the enemy, he was observed to be uncommonly cheerful. Under the command of General Fink, he attacked the right flank of the Russian army. Kleist with his battalion, had already assisted in taking three batteries, when, besides twelve severe contusions, he was much wounded in the two first fingers of his right hand, so that he was obliged to wield his sword with the left. Not seeing any longer the commander of the battalion, he galloped forwards as his men were putting to flight an Austrian battalion, with the bayonet, and thinking only of victory, led them, amidst a dreadful cannonade, against the fourth battery. He collected the standards of his regiment around him, that his men might follow him courageously—took an ensign by the arm, who had already three pair of colours to carry, and so advanced towards the battery. A musket ball passed through his left arm, which was immediately disabled; he therefore again took his sword in his right hand, holding it with two fingers and the thumb. Every fresh wound seemed to redouble his ardour, and he fancied himself already triumphant, in possession of the fourth battery. He was only about thirty paces from the object of his efforts, when a grape shot shattered his right leg,

so that he instantly fell from his horse. Anxious for the victory—animated by the confusion of the battle, and the unparalleled bravery of his men, he twice attempted, with the assistance of those around him, to remount his horse, but in vain, he fell exhausted to the ground, exclaimed, "*My lads, do not forsake your King!*" and fainted. He was carried to the rear. A surgeon was procured, and Kleist recovered from his fainting fit, when the surgeon began to wash the wounds with brandy; but while he was employed in binding a handkerchief round the patient's leg, he was shot through the head with a musket ball, and fell lifeless by the side of the wounded hero. Soon after, some Cossacks came, and stripped him of his clothes, even his hat and shirt. Had he not spoken Polish to them, they would have killed him; but taking him for a Pole, they spared his life, and threw him into a ditch. Quite exhausted by the fatigue and loss of blood, he sunk, towards evening, into a profound sleep. During the night, some Russian hussars found him, and filled with compassion for his sufferings, drew him upon a dry place, made him a bed of straw, near to a watch fire, covered him with a cloak and hat, and gave him some bread and water. Towards morning, when they left him, one of them offered him a piece of money, worth about an English shilling; but Kleist refusing it, the generous hussar threw it into the cloak with which he had covered him, and rode off with his companions. Cloak, hat, and money, were soon the prey of other Cossacks, who, however, left Kleist on his bed of straw. Thus he lay, uncovered, and in great pain, till ten in the morning, when a Russian officer of the name of Stackelberg, riding by, he called to him, and let him know his rank. This officer had him conveyed in a waggon to Francfort on the Oder, where his wounds were, for the first time, properly dressed. The next day, at the urgent desire of Professor Nicolai, he was removed to that gentleman's house, where every possible attention was paid to him, and the physicians had some hopes of his recovery. He read frequently, and conversed with much cheerfulness with the Francfort professors, and the Russian officers who visited him. On the 11th day the shattered bones separated, and tore an artery, which bled profusely before the surgeon could staunch it. He now grew evidently weaker, and the severe pain even caused convulsion. But he still

retained full possession of his faculties, and expired with the fortitude of a soldier, and the composure of a philosopher and a christian, on the 24th of August, 1759, in the forty-fifth year of his age. Two days after, he was buried with all possible solemnity, by the care of Professor Nicolai, seconded by the Russian Colonel Von Schettnow, who commanded the corps of the enemy that occupied the city. The principal Russian officers, the members of the University, &c. followed the hero to the grave, where an affecting funeral discourse was delivered by Professor Nicolai. Captain Von Stackelberg, seeing there was no sword upon the coffin, laid his own upon it, saying, "No; such a warrior must not be buried without this mark of honor." Thus fell Kleist, in life beloved by all who knew him, and in death honoured even by the enemy. The king and country lost in him, a brave and experienced officer; Germany, an admirable poet; and his friends, among whom were all the distinguished literati of the time, one whom they never ceased to regret.

Kleist was of a lofty stature, and of a noble martial appearance. His eye was large, and full of fire, and the whole expression of his countenance friendly though serious, a faithful index to the virtues of his soul. This is not the place to enter more fully into the subject. His "Spring" bears in every sentence the stamp of his character, which is equally evident in his other works.

As a poet, Kleist ranks very high among those to whom Germany is chiefly indebted for the polishing of its language, and the refinement of its taste. His great talent lay in the description of the beauties of nature, and the charms of a country life; and his "Spring" still maintains the first rank among the German poems of the same class. But he cultivated with success, other species of poetry, particularly the elegy. Of the Spring, the reader may form at least, a tolerable opinion, from the translation inserted in the last number. Whatever may be the defects of that translation, nobody can be more sensible of them than the translator himself, who, however, having kept it above twenty years in his port-folio, may perhaps be allowed to say, that he thinks it, on the whole, a pretty fair representation of the original, not a literal copy, but as near as the different genius of the two languages, and the different measure of the verse would allow. (The original being in a kind of hexameter, and indeed so called by the

author.) As a proof of the esteem in which the Spring is held abroad, I will add, for the information of the English reader, that, besides the numberless editions in German, translations have been published in Italian, 1755, in elegant, but too free translation; in French prose, in the *Journal Etranger*, 1760; in French verse, by M. Beguelin, 1781. There are, I believe, other French translations, besides an imitation by Leonard, under the title of "*Journée de Printemps*," without mention of the original poem. In Dutch, "*De Lente*," 1772. In Latin there are four or five translations, by Spalding, Neide, Dietrich, Murling, &c. Some of those translations have gone through several editions. I have heard, that there are translations of the Spring, in Danish, Polish, and Russian, but have no means of ascertaining the fact. The prodigious success of "Spring" gave birth to numberless imitations, most of them, however, like the imitations of Thomson, serving but as foils to shew in a more striking light the matchless beauties of the original.

H. E. LLOYD.

London, June, 1819.

ON THE ESTABLISHMENT OF A BANK
FOR SAVINGS, AT HAMBURG, IN
1778.

MR. EDITOR,

MUCH has been said, and not a little written, respecting the first establishment of these admirable institutions; and yet the question should appear to remain at this moment undecided, if we are to judge of it by a claim recently urged in one of our daily journals, on behalf of a Mr. Beaumont, who has been the institutor of a Savings' Bank in Covent Garden, and is said to have set it on foot, if I recollect aright, in the year 1807. Allowing the assertion to be correct, the priority will still belong to Mrs. Priscilla Wakefield, the benevolent founder of the "Children's Bank," in 1799, and the "Benefit Bank," at Tottenham, in 1804. It is, however, foreign to my present object, to detain your readers with the discussion of a point which is of such trivial importance; and, I must beg to refer such of them as are any ways desirous of entering more at large upon it, to a recent work,* which will be found to contain unquestionable data on this subject.

It is somewhat singular, that these banks should not have been earlier

* The *Annals of Banks for Savings*, pp. 50, 68, and 133.

known amongst us; for we are a nation by no means slow in discovering what remains *undone*, towards improving the condition and happiness of our labouring classes, or in applying the experience of other countries to the amelioration of our own: and yet none of our philanthropists seem to have been aware of the existence of a bank for savings, in the heart of the most considerable commercial city on the continent, for nearly forty years. It is *Hamburg*, which appears to me to deserve the credit of having laid the first stone of one of the most useful, if not the most splendid, of the noble edifices which, in our days, adorn the extensive field of christian benevolence. I am indebted to the amiable and eloquent, to the earliest, and perhaps the most enlightened public advocate of these banks, the *Reverend Henry Duncan*, of *Ruthwell*, for the subsequent details, which were communicated to him, some years after the publication of his own masterly essay. They will serve to shew that philanthropists, like poets, may think and act, in different ages and climes, as twin brothers in sentiment and deed, without being plagiarists! Those also, who are acquainted with the administrations of these institutions, will be gratified by observing the coincidence it presents with a branch of that of the *HAMBURG "PROVIDENT INSTITUTION."*

"This establishment was founded in the year 1778, and was principally on the plan of annuities. The tables, however, having been constructed on false principles, were found not to answer, and the scheme was consequently dropped for a time. It was revived afterwards on an improved footing, and continued to succeed, until the *champion of liberal ideas* laid his benevolent hand on its funds!

"One of the subordinate branches of the establishment was a bank for savings, of which the following were the rules:—

"Tit. xii. Of the *SAVING FUND*; or 9th class of this *Provident Institution*.

"§ 109. The "*Savings' Fund*," in this *Provident Institution*, which is wholly distinct from the other branches of the establishment, and consequently does not confer on the depositors a right to vote in a general meeting, is intended to be of general use, and, especially, to be of advantage to *frugal and industrious persons* of every description, such as *servants, day labourers, mechanics, sailors, &c.*, by affording them an opportunity to accumulate little by little, a small fund, and to place out their savings securely at interest: it is, therefore, hoped, they will

avail themselves of the means thus held out, for the purpose of encouraging them to rise by industry and frugality, until they become useful and important to the state.—It is likewise hoped, that those who have small sums of money unemployed, which they may have occasion for after a short period, or have no early opportunity of applying to advantage, will perceive the benefit they may derive from it.

"Money will be received into this fund throughout every month, and the interest will be computed from the first day of the succeeding month.

"§ 110. Every one who deposits any money in the *Saving Fund*, must preserve a receipt, made out and signed by the directors appointed for the time by the *Provident Institution*; which receipt is a full security for the sum deposited, bearing an increase of one shilling banco, per annum, for each *rix-dollar* banco; payable upon drawing out the money and delivering back the security receipt. The amount of the sum to be deposited is optional; yet nothing less than fifteen marks banco can be received, and every larger sum so lodged must be divisible by five.

"§ 111. No further gain will be derived from this fund by the *Provident Institution*, than one half per cent. for charges of management, to be levied on deposits as fixed by rule 30th."

I regret that my information does not extend further; but I should hope, that some one of your numerous readers will be able to acquaint us how far this useful institution succeeded, and particularly that branch of it, to which the foregoing belongs. It would, also, be interesting to know, whether any steps have been taken to revive it, since the expulsion of *Davoust* and his party of *Anti Legitimates*. I remain, Sir,

Your faithful servant,

May 7, 1819.

S.

OF BLIGHT, AND THE TRANSMIGRATION OF INSECTS.

Rerum Natura nusquam magis quam in minimis, tota sit. Plin. Nat. Hist. xi. 2.

THE prolific vegetation of the opening Spring, leads us, almost instinctively, to admit the truth of the above observation of *Pliny*. In every step of our researches into the works of an all-bounteous Providence, we find it amply verified: but when we discover an almost innumerable tribe of insects, varying in their different powers and objects, we are also led to conclude, that this exten-

sive provision has not been made for the use of man alone,—creatures of every other race, must also subsist and partake of part, at least, of the great feast which nature bounteously spreads before all. Hence, I have been led to enquire into the birth of insects, and while my garden furnished me with a copious index, my attention was fixed upon those which are found on the under side of the leaves of cabbages and currant trees. These are commonly called BLIGHT, and it is supposed, that they are brought by, or in the easterly winds, which usually visit our western shores at this period of the year. Now, from the evidence which I have gathered, and from some analogous reasoning, I am inclined to question this principle, and to consider it as a vulgar error; and I shall be well satisfied to find, that the following observations may attract the notice of some one of your more informed readers, who may be induced to offer his explanation of my doubts.

Ray, and Malpighi, and Derham, agree in their designation of those insects to be of the *Phalena* or *Ichneumon* fly kind. Under whatever leaf they are found, the upper surface is incrustated with tumours, or, as Ray calls them, strumous swellings, of a reddish-brown colour. When the embryo, or egg, is deposited (Der. ii. 328 note) on a leaf, the leaf is observed to bend, as if purposely to inwrap it, and defend it from cold and other injuries; and Malpighi accounts for these, by the eggs being laid in as far as the pith, while the plant is young and tender, which causes their shoots to tumify, and become knotty and gouty. It is by this outward sign that we discover the blight.

This disorder in plants seldom happens but upon the blowing of sharp easterly winds, which are most frequent in the month of March; Mr. Bradley says, that “this does not explain why one plant should be blighted more than another—standing all in the same row, and being of different kinds;” he observes, that caterpillars, and other insects generally attend those winds, and that they infest some one kind of tree more than another, and even some particular branch more than others: and thence, he infers, either that their eggs, or the insects themselves, are brought to us by the easterly winds; or, that the temperature of the air, when the eastern winds blow, is necessary to hatch those creatures supposing the eggs to have been already laid on the infected parts. Now, each of these causes seems to have its separate effect:

those blights attended with large worms, or caterpillars, seem hatched by the easterly winds; and these others, which only produce the small insects, that occasion the curling of the leaves of trees, may proceed from swarms of them, either ready hatched, or in the egg, brought with the wind. Every insect has its proper plant, or tribe of plant, which it naturally requires for its nourishment, and will feed on no other; and in which, or near to which, it therefore lays its eggs: this accounts for some being infected while others escape; this also, accounts for a reason, why all kinds of plants should not be blighted at the same time. They travel to us from the north east part of Great Tartary, &c. where the cold is intense enough to give them life, and from whence there is not sea enough by the warmth and saltness of whose vapours, they might be suffocated: those brought from the north east parts of America, are probably destroyed by passing the vast Atlantic Ocean, which may be the reason why the south-east wind is not so infectious.”

Dr. Hales, ascribes blights to the obstruction of perspiration in blossoms and leaves, occasioned by a continued dry easterly wind, without showers or dew: in consequence of which, the perspirable matter becomes glutinous, and adheres to the surfaces of leaves, hereby affording a nutriment for insects, which prey on the leaves and tender branches of the fruit trees, where the blight happens, though they are not the first cause of it; and he recommends, as a remedy, the washing and sprinkling them with fair water, and if their shoots seem to be much infected, washing them with a woollen cloth, so that their perspiration may not be obstructed. Another blight arises on sharp frosty mornings, &c.

I have gathered my information thus far from the Cyclopædia; but it does not afford a conclusive answer to my question. I have for this purpose, therefore, carefully watched my currant trees from the time that they have not a bud, till the time of the fruit being set, and ready for gathering. I have observed their gradual progress till their youngest leaves expand, free of the least perceptible insect or egg; and also, after a blighting easterly wind, which one should suppose would sweep the stem and upper part of the leaves and branches; and I have discovered, agreeably to the above naturalists, the upper surface to be incrustated, and crumpled up, and of a reddish colour, and the under part of the leaf, which

was apparently free from the wind, entirely possessed with eggs, some entirely dormant, and others just moving on their legs, but not bursting into a worm or fly, as I expected. Now, it can scarcely be conceived, that the leaf should generate eggs, or that these insects should have found a residence in the bud, or at the joints of the branch where the leaves shoot from; and if there was no other objection to this doubt, their size would at once contradict these suggestions: it is presumed also, that any wind will not bear along with it any insect, or number of insects, undiscoverable, which should, after a journey from Tartary, deposit their ova of such a size, most carefully and methodically, and not one upon another, in the curled and under surface of a gooseberry-bush leaf in my garden at D.; for if I can be led to believe that it may bring myriads of insects full charged with eggs so far, those insects must be discoverable to every observer of the dark clouds which are called blight; because the eggs are, even at the first observance of them, of a size far too large to admit of this probability from an insect not perceptible either in its flight, or in taking up its abode, or after this incubation. One of the small leaves will contain upon its inward surface 500 eggs, but no insect appears to hatch them, or to be lying near them, or to be taking its flight from them; but the smallest eggs are nearly the size of a minikin pin's head, and others of the size of a middling pin's head; now if they can be supposed to grow so rapidly in a single day, the insects whence they came must be too large to escape observation. I am also at a loss to discover a reason for their being sent on so long and perilous a journey, to find a provision here which they do not find on their native soil; and this fact rather proves that they are not sent on any such errand, but are indigenous, wherever the same plants are cultivated.

If insects travel by such a wind so near to the earth as to meet with fresh small trees in their way, one might allow them the instinct of nature to select their own choice in the garden, but then their sagacity must be also allowed to extend itself to the crawling from the upper to the under surface, in order to avoid the very blast which brought them so far, and left them there. From these doubts I am rather inclined to question the fact of the flight of insects, and to suppose that the eggs are deposited under the leaves by an insect which has been drop-

ped in a chrysalis state upon or against the stem of the plant after it had devoured its moisture, and remained there during the winter, until the new leaves put forth again. But this may account for them as relative to any shrub, but not to any deciduous plant like a cabbage, whose expanded leaf, especially at the bottom of the stem, furnishes space for a very numerous family of these oval-like insects; I call them so because they are not entirely in an egg-state at the time, when I have examined them, but are furnished with feet which bear their egg-like body along, and in this state they do not seem to be yet strong enough to expand any part of it, so as to shew any wings; though it must be admitted that many insects, like the earwigs, are furnished with wings, so curiously concealed and inclosed that they are supposed to have none; and this opinion is favoured by the upper part of them being of the same crustaceous texture as the rest of their body, to which they are closely fitted and compacted.

The world are generally convinced that insects are not bred of corruption, but *ex ovo*, though the contrary was believed by the ancients, because they could not discern the manner of their propagation: the instinctive care which they observe to deposit their eggs in secure places, where they may find sufficient incubation, and where also their young, when hatched by either the wind or the sun, may have the benefit of proper food till they become able to repeat the same unvarying course of their parents and ancestors, are proofs of the undeviating wisdom of a superintending Providence; and that these, not by many degrees the smallest of creatures, are perfect in their forms and properties for all the purposes for which they are designed! If then this origin be adopted as the more natural, the popular opinion of their transmigration seems to fail of its due authority; and though I am conscious that analogy is not evidence in any case, yet it bears me to a tolerable conclusion, that when they have carefully laid up their eggs their purpose is accomplished, and Nature preserves their seed in places not seen by man; that the easterly winds which accompany the opening of every spring, hatch to life these little unseen ova, which are then instinctively led to possess their appropriate place under the leaf of their plant or shrub; and that the same beneficent Nature thus assumes, as it were, the guardianship of that unparalleled

care, or maternal tenderness of the departed parent ! The same divine sagacity which assigns to each its proper place throughout all the members of creation, also provides a concealed retirement for it during the winter season, and obviates the danger of a weary transmigration, for which the parent's strength is too feeble to subsist, and whose allotted period of life is too short to effect this its ultimate purpose.

A. H.

ON THE CONDITION OF THE HIGHLAND PEASANTRY BEFORE AND SINCE THE REBELLION OF 1745.

STATES and nations, as well as individuals, have their periods of growth and maturity, of decay and of dissolution. The constitution and forms of government which are reared by human wisdom, and which have received all the fundamental strength and stability that a brave and reflecting people could impart, reach, after all, but a certain point of eminence, on which they either dissolve at once by some dreadful convulsion, or gradually crumble away like our own, by frequent underminings and impairment. Like a tall pillar which has been the work of centuries, the constitution of a country bears upon it the character of every age that has rolled over it. We recognise in its rough and clumsy base the rock-like hardihood of a virtuous ancestry ; but as the structure rises these features of durability disappear, and one story shades away into another, till we descry on the flimsy pinnacle, the fineries, and the gaudy stucco-work of a degenerate and a decaying people.

The bearing of this simile may not appear in the present case sufficiently obvious to many : but it must be observed by all those who acknowledge the operative and moral causes on the character of a nation, who allow that the nature of any government, and the change of public affairs, can impair or improve the happiness and the interests of any people.

A very limited knowledge of the history of our country will show that our own importance and character, as a nation, is fast on the decline. In support of this assertion, it is needless to detail the late checks and overthrows, and insults received from a rival people, nor the chain of causes by which these disgraceful humiliations were brought about. It is needless to compare the present with the illustrious past, when a Briton could walk respected and feared, firm and unembarrassed, through every corner of the civilized world ; suffice it

at present at least, to consider the decay of our nation as it appears in the circumstances and misfortunes of a small indeed, but a very important portion of our countrymen—the natives of the Highlands of Scotland, that brave and interesting people, who have so lately deserved and obtained the praise of the whole kingdom.

No people, of whom any record has been handed down to us, have undergone so great and so sudden a change as the Highlanders. Surrounded by their mountains and forests they lived, from the remotest ages, detached from the world, a fearless and impetuous race. The barriers which nature had built around them, as they prevented access to their southern neighbours, so they prevented them from keeping pace with their improvements. The appearance of their country was dark and desolate, and exposing no attractions but to its own inhabitants. It is obvious that neither the idea nor the uses of agriculture would readily occur to a people, the general aspect of whose country presented such an obstacle to the powers of cultivation, and who had abundant sources of subsistence in their mountains, woods, and lakes. The nature of the country, therefore, and the habits of its people, so far from furnishing any thing attractive or desirable, served only to repel their more civilized neighbours from their territories. They were shunned as a race with which no dealings could be made, and on whose faith no dependence could be placed ; who had no law but the word of a proud chief, and no sense of moral obligation but that capricious feeling of honour which frequently obtains even among a community of robbers. The Highlanders, on the other hand, proud of their independence, and professing obedience to no ruler but whom every individual tribe selected from its own number, looked so late even as the last century with contempt on the Lowlanders as a degenerate people, who preferred the ease and effeminacies of a peaceful life to the fatigues of the chase and the hardships of a predatory warfare.

But with all that fierceness of character which unrestrained liberty, chieftain rivalry, feudal wars, and mutual plunder had disseminated from the earliest times among the Highlanders, there were virtues which they possessed in a superior degree to their neighbours. Fidelity to their chieftains, for instance, and attachment to each and all of their quarrels,

were never so remarkably exemplified in the history of any people. The honour of the chief was inseparable from that of the clan; and whatever act or word was supposed to affect his dignity, was deemed also derogatory to theirs.

In the relations of parent and child, of husband and wife, instances are recorded and handed down by tradition, of gratitude, esteem, and love, which have not been surpassed in the visions of the novelist; and regarding the virtue of hospitality, the Highlandman, even in his rudest state, threw open his door, and spread his table to the benighted traveller; and so far down as the present day, notwithstanding all the hardships of their condition, the homeless vagrant, who vainly implores at the rich lord's door the relief to which every law of God and of nature has given him a right, is never known to want the shelter of a night, and even a diet which they cannot well spare. As for their loyalty it is needless to say any thing. Their behaviour, when opposed to the enemies of their king, can best speak for itself; and instances of this are of too late occurrence to require any detail.

The commotions of 1745-6 pressed the necessity of curbing the spirit of clanship and the ascendancy of chieftains. The almost despotic power of these persons (though seldom or never wantonly exercised) was well fitted to inspire awe, and yet to secure the respect of their vassals. Every individual could trace up to his chief some line of consanguinity. He approached, therefore, the mansion of his lord with pride and pleasure. He appeared in his presence at the daily banquet with respectful familiarity, and with expressions of submission and fidelity, at the same time, with a consciousness of his own importance as a relative and a member of his tribe, the poorest clansman would step forward to salute his chief and shake him by the hand. The chief, on the other hand, knew too well the character of his countrymen to withdraw his courtesy in any degree. If, therefore, he was at any time, or to any vassal, affable from no feeling of affection, he was so at least from motives of policy. Civility, courteousness, and hospitable treatment on his part, was repaid with services the most devoted on the side of his dependants. The chieftain's will was also theirs; and wherever he ordered or led them, they went or followed with heart and hand.

It is obvious that the nature of this connection was by no means calculated

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to advance the real interests of the Highlands, or, (where the chieftains were so proud and capricious) to insure the peace of society. It cherished idleness, and kept alive a spirit of rivalry and ferocity which hurried one tribe against another with a fury that often could not be quenched but by the destruction of one or other of the parties.

The sway of the Highland chieftains among their tribes was never believed nor observed, till it shewed itself to the world in the adventure of Prince Charles Edward. The bravery, the faithfulness, the hardihood, which the circumstances of that lamented period developed, raised the mountaineers in the eyes of the nation to a character and a consequence they never possessed before. The value of their services was readily appreciated, and to render their warlike spirit beneficial to the state, there was only wanting an opportunity of giving it a proper direction. The American war, which broke out soon after, while it called their energies into busy operation, gave signal evidence of prowess and of loyalty; and from that period downwards, Britain is indebted to the mountains of the north for the hardiest and most virtuous of its defenders.

After the rebellion had subsided it is well known how active government had been to facilitate a communication with the Highlands. Lines of road were cut through rocks, over mountains and moors, where previously there had not been even a footpath to direct the traveller's way. Bridges rose, as if by enchantment, over streams and rivers which formerly afforded but the tedious and often hazardous crossings of fords and ferries. Travelling thus became more general, more expeditious, and more comfortable. Vigorous enactments too were levelled at the root of feudal power. The connection between chief and clan was in a great measure dissolved. The ascendancy of the one, the blind affection and partialities of the other, grew less every year. Old habits were by degrees abandoned; and Highlandmen began to feel that there were more honourable modes of living than by plunder, and that there was an arm in the land still stronger than that of LOCHIEL.*

The way to civilization was thus

* It is a fact, that previous to 1745, the chiefs of the Camerons and the Campbells were regarded by at least three-fourths of the Highlanders, as the most powerful leaders in the kingdom.

thrown fairly open to the natives of Caledonia. Comparatively cultivated they now certainly are, but that they are one degree happier than in their most barbarous state, must be denied by all who know their past history and their present condition.

Habits, manners, and principles, are completely changed; but, excluding their propensity to feud and plunder, very far from being improved. If civilization be said to bring blessings among a people, the case of the Highlanders furnishes a melancholy exception. Connections and dealings with the world have generated a love for money, and this passion has introduced vices that were never heard of amongst them in their rudest state of nature. The chief has lost his affection for his clan; the proprietor for his peasant. The poor wretch now regards his lord as a stranger whom he is never permitted to see nor to address, who feels no interest in his concerns, and cares not for his fate; and his chief, as a person who, from being the protector and the host, has become the oppressor and tyrant of his dependants.

It is candid, however, to state, that the more opulent land-owners, moving amid the gay licentious scenes of fashionable life, seldom have any tidings of their people but through the medium of factors and men of business, persons who, in those distant regions, are not unfrequently devoid of every humane feeling, and who find it their interest to conceal the real statement of cases and facts from their employers. For this purpose they studiously over-rate the value and virtues of the soil, and represent the toiling peasantry as an idle indolent race, that would never without the spur of necessity turn an inch of ground, but what was barely sufficient to support life. Proprietors, ever willing to listen to representations that favour their own interest, give ready credence to such accounts, and regard the unprincipled tale-bearers as men of sagacity and good faith, as deserving and conscientious servants. Under these circumstances it is evident that the petitious and complaints of the poor people are seldom heard by the landlord; or, if they be, they are almost, in all instances, attributed to a wrong cause, and dismissed accordingly without redress and without enquiry.

It is true that during the short summer months the wealthy reside, for the most part, among their people, and have an opportunity (had they the inclination) of examining the condition of their tenan-

try. But a few weeks' residence in the country does not remove impressions of long standing, nor the illusions with which the constantly surrounding gang of rent-gatherers and land-officers hide the miseries of the people. And hence, if any individual urged by absolute want musters courage to approach the princely edifice of his master, to prefer in person his complaints, he is invariably referred to the factor, who seldom fails to send him back broken-hearted and hopeless to his half famished family, to his pickaxe and his plough.

These observations, however, are by no means intended to justify the behaviour of the Highland proprietors. If they are not aware of the condition of their peasantry, whose business is it to know it? No: extortion is a vice of too black a colour, and of too baneful a consequence to be justified on the grounds of either ignorance or credulity. At any rate they cannot but know that residing on their estates two or three months out of the twelve, cannot much, in the way of spreading money, avail a dispirited and a starving population. The truth is, that in many places this short period is entirely taken up in collecting rents, and in prosecutions for the payment of arrears; and when all is amassed that law and threats of displacement can procure, the parties enriched leave the parties impoverished, to squander their earnings and to forget their woes amid the luxuries of the metropolis.

It is quite obvious that nothing but poverty and hunger can prevail in a country, where there is such an unceasing and merciless demand for money; and that a people, who are thus left without help and without hope, must unavoidably be driven to many schemes and stratagems to save themselves and their families from beggary and imprisonment.

Emigration will naturally occur to them as the likeliest method of relief. This, however, is always the last resource; for though to them their country be in every sense a land of bondage, still they feel that it is the land of their birth and the country of their fathers. Its streams, its rocks, its mountains, its lonely heaths, its green glens and its solitary lakes, are dear to the bosom of every Highlander. It is the land for which his fathers fought, and for which a brother or a son has fallen; and when he is compelled to leave it for a foreign country, the agony of his heart is far more severe than if the thread were breaking which binds him to the world.

The alternative, therefore, which is most generally embraced, is the distilling and smuggling of *whisky*. This liquor, when it is prepared in small stills, is invariably of a better quality, and consequently is more highly valued than that which is made by the large licensed distilleries. And if the smuggler succeeds in conveying a quantity to the low lands, or to any market, he never fails to dispose of it to great advantage. Here, therefore, is an expeditious way of meeting the demands of the land-owner; that is, of mustering up the remainder of the rent which his meagre farm, with all his exertions, cannot yield. The temptation is powerful, and his wants are urgent. He is certain that in a few nights, supposing he escapes detection, he can realize a sum of no contemptible magnitude, when he considers his circumstances and necessities. The allurements are obviously too strong for the chance of detection or the consideration of fatigue to resist it. Now the whole process is attended with the highest risk. Excisemen are stationed in every village to prevent the operation of illicit stills; and the more they inform upon the greater is their emolument. While, therefore, the excisemen is stimulated by the love of gain, the smuggler forgets his little chance of success in the hope of being able to pay his arrears at next rent day, and prevent the sale of his scanty stock and furniture, and the dismemberment of a helpless family. Here then are opened scenes of animosity and violence, which, originating in despair on the one hand, and rapacity on the other, seldom fail to conclude in bloodshed. The evils that must arise from such proceedings, and from the practices that lead to them, are easily seen. Tippling, drunkenness, swearing and irreligion, are scarcely avoidable. That craftiness and those systems of deceit which must be practised to elude search and observation in the business of smuggling grow into habits which cannot but accompany them into their transactions with one another. Frequent seizures too, and heavy penalties, bring on insolvency and ruin; but let it be kept in mind, that all this unhingement of morals is not owing to any original want of principle in the people, far from it, but to a practice which never could have found its way amongst them, but for the exactions of land-owners. Thus the once industrious farmer, whom necessity had driven to smuggle, is hurried on the road to ruin. With his credit gone, and

his principles relaxed or overturned, he repairs to the nearest town; establishes a liquor-shop among the lowest orders; imbibes in that capacity all the low cunning and trickery of his calling, and drives away the remainder of his life in vice, misery, and insignificance.

It were an insult to the understandings of the great Highland proprietors to suppose that they are ignorant of this sad falling off in the character of their people, when every day affords additional and more aggravating proofs of it; and it were equally affronting to think that they know not that such must be the case, wherever such evils are combined as a stubborn unproductive soil, a rapacious landlord, and an impoverished people.

To palliate all this tyranny, it is often given out that the country is overstocked, insinuating thereby that a riddance of the superfluous number is at all events and by all means desirable. It is forgotten that the present population of the Highlands is less numerous than it was one hundred years ago, when provisions were more scarce, and agriculture much less attended to. The expulsion of the natives, whatever nominal cause be assigned, is attributable only to the avarice of proprietors. These gentlemen have conceived, or have been made to conceive, that, by throwing several small farms into one, by converting tracts of arable ground into pasture, and by razing to the ground the dwellings of poor cottagers to make room for "the rich new tenant," their rents can be paid with more punctuality. The experiment has been tried in various places, sometimes with success, and sometimes with all the failure and disappointment it deserved. Granting, however, that this system succeeded even to the wishes of its supporters, shall it be maintained that a paltry addition of income to the proprietor is a compensation for the miseries of thousands who are yearly disinherited, robbed of their patrimony, and then cast upon the world? Can the emolument of a few counterbalance a loss to the interests and vitality of the country so heavy as this perpetual draining of the most virtuous of its inhabitants? At first sight the depopulation in the north may appear of little or no import to the kingdom, as the aggregate number of its people continues apparently unabated. But, situated as Britain is at present, looked on with no respectful eye by the continental nations, and regarded with a look of defiance by

America, the land which receives our countrymen, and flourishes by our system of extermination, the loss is of most material consequence. It is not the overplus which the land is found inadequate to maintain that are driven from their homes; for in those districts, where there are reasonable landlords, emigration is never thought of, and there is abundance of food and clothing, and comfort. It is not the worthless and the vicious who are expelled from our shores, but the most sober and industrious of our countrymen; and who, at every removal, communicate to the growing energies of a rival nation the healthy arterial blood which is drained from the vitals of our own.

It may appear surprising that the Highlands labour under such a weight of oppression, when so many societies are on foot with purposes and views ostensibly so full of philanthropy, and so purely national. We have the Royal Highland Society dispersed and branching through the kingdom; a *soi-disant* society of "true Highlanders" assembles every year, or oftener, at Fortwilliam; and will it be credited that many of the persons who at these meetings are most clamorous about Highland manners and Highland spirit, and whose mouths are fullest of the virtues of port, patriotism, and *piobrachds*, carry back to their properties the greatest want of feeling.*

* Witness the disgraceful scenes that lately occurred in Sutherland, Glengarry, and various other districts.

The wanton barbarity related in the following interesting narrative, may be regarded as a fact of very recent occurrence:

"It was a lovely day, in the month of July, when I entered one of the most romantic glens in the Highlands. My road lay mid-way up a precipitous hill, and gave me an extensive view of the country before me. The air was motionless; and a narrow lake far below, formed by the spreading of a stream half dried up by the sun, exhibited an inverted view of the opposite steep, with the forms of its sheep and goats distinctly reflected as they flitted among the rocks. At some distance, where the valley assumed a less rugged character, I observed groups of cottages, and tracts of cultivated land which, with their soft fresh verdure, formed a fine contrast with the dark heath of the higher grounds, and presented one of those scenes which convey to the traveller's mind the idea of snugness, peace, and comfort. Silence itself seemed to have taken up its abode in the place. As I proceeded the notes of a distant bagpipe fell faintly on my ear, as they died away

Fumes and fine purposes generally vanish together. Orations are made about the

among the surrounding precipices. The music was becoming more and more distinct; yet I could not distinguish the quarter whence it proceeded. In a short time I observed a few individuals coming in sight on the other side, as they turned a sudden angle in a path that ran quite close to the lake. And all at once the loud swell of the great pipes filled the space around me, ringing and echoing from every cliff of the amphitheatre in which I was moving. Group after group continued for a quarter of an hour, rounding the little headland, and making in all an aggregate of a hundred souls. The loneliness of the place, the peculiarly plaintive cadency of the music, the slow and melancholy movements of the people as they followed the narrow road (if it can be called so) that continued to straggle for a mile onwards, by the side of the lake, would have given the whole the appearance of a burial throng, were it not that a few carts filled with women and children, which appeared here and there in the procession, told but too plainly that they were emigrants. I could not help gazing on the interesting train, advancing and receding among the curvatures of the way that still endeavoured to comply with the indentures of the shore. At last, when the preceding groups had gained a height which was to afford them the last view of the valley, they halted till those behind came up. When they were all collected, they faced about; and, after setting up a shout somewhat betwixt an halloo and a wail, such as I have often heard at Irish wakes and funerals, they silently pursued their way. The sound echoed loud and long among the cliffs that seemed to retain amongst them, as long as could be, the voices to which they echoed so often. But all soon became silent as before. Group after group disappeared, and thus bade adieu to their long-frequented glen for ever.

"I had not proceeded far, ruminating on the affecting scene that had passed before me, when my notice was attracted by a volume of smoke, together with the loud crackling noise of flame. On a nearer advance I observed, to my amazement, a cottage on fire, and an aged hale-looking man leaning on his staff, standing near the conflagration, and apparently motionless with grief and bewilderment. I expressed my surprise to him that he made no attempt to quench the flames, when a black brawny figure, half emerging from a coil of smoke, exclaimed with a strong lowland accent—'Wha dares stop this wark, or throw upon it the squirt of his mouth; and wha dares to say that the . . . of . . . will ever rue the deed that is this day doing in Glenchoineachau?' After this extraordinary string of interrogatories, the being who ut-

preservation of the dress and language of the Gael, and flaming reports of proceedings are published to the world; but little mention is made of the ways in which their spirit is broken and impaired.

tered them disappeared; but I could perceive at intervals, amid the smoke, the end of a long pole, with which he aided the devouring element, and plied it so effectually against the walls, that in a few minutes the habitation was a formless ruin.

" 'Now,' said he, as he reappeared and strode over a heap of demolished turf, looking grimly through the dust that lay black and thick on his face—'now where's your house, an' where's your hame, M'Ruarie. Three times have I gien you warnin', and three times have ye refused. Now ye may gang hither, an' ye may gang yout, but never mair shall ye byke or build in Glenchoineuchau.' On this, the fiend moved hastily away, without waiting for remonstrance or complaint. The aged M'Ruarie bore his hard fate with the most serene and philosophic submission. Not a muscle of his face was altered. On requesting him to explain the meaning of the unparalleled scene, he, looking intently on the flaking ruins of his dwelling, replied, as well as broken English and a broken heart would permit, 'One-and-sixty years did I dwell under the roof of that fallen cot, low and lowin* as it now lies. Never again shall it cover the grey head of M'Ruarie. Hard were my times, and hard was my labour; but harder were they who drove me and mine out of its doors. I gave them all they wanted, and double what my bit land was worth: and though I saw my poor neighbours hunted out like foxes from their holes, I never believed that this fate would have been mine. But now it is all over. Come death, or come banishment, it is all one to M'Ruarie.'

"The poor old man then turning to me, mentioned that he had been several times warned to quit the estate of —, but, from a natural fondness for his country, had hitherto refused to comply; and on the morning of that day he had been preparing to remove, but owing to his wife's infirmity, his movements were not performed so expeditiously as was demanded by the merciless delegate who had just departed, and his cottage was set on fire, the more speedily to unhouse him. His wife, owing to the fright, and the hurry of removal from the flames, was seriously hurt, and conveyed to a house in the vicinity by her son and daughter; and the party waited her recovery to set out for America."

This woman died a short time after, in consequence of the violence and brutality of her dislodgement. The case had almost become the subject of *serious* investigation, but the affair was hushed up.

* Flaming.

The inconsistency is so barefaced and void of principle, that it merits publicity and reprobation.

If the welfare of a state rests in any degree on the happiness and character of its people, surely the condition of the Highlanders calls loudly for the interference and consideration of government:—for it is to decide whether the advantage of a few is preferable to the comfort of the many; and whether the physical strength of the land is to be sacrificed to wide-wasting greediness, which, open-mouthed as the grave, is ever receiving and ever devouring, but never says it is enough. Government may delay, and add another proof of baneful apathy and impotence: rapacity may go on in those remote quarters with impunity; a hardy race of men may suffer, and complain, and emigrate, without notice: but let it never be forgotten how much the safety of any country depends on the force and bravery of its inhabitants; and that though a few years of peace may pass over us, we know not how soon the period may come, when we shall vainly regret the absence of the banished thousands, who are now the inhabitants of another nation.

B. G.

BISHOP OF NORWICH AND THE MORAVIAN EPISCOPACY.

MR. EDITOR,

THE good and venerable Bishop of Norwich, in his zeal for unqualified concessions to the Roman Catholics, most unfortunately stumbles upon illustrations in the way of argument, to support the cause which he has at heart, that directly militate against it. Thus, on a former occasion, the learned prelate quoted Locke as an advocate of unlimited toleration, when, on the contrary, that great writer most unaccountably excludes Roman Catholics from the privilege of toleration in Protestant communities, merely on account of their submission to a foreign jurisdiction. In Locke's judgment, no religious body is entitled to the protection of government, if the allegiance of its members is divided, which he contends is the case in regard to those who acknowledge the papal supremacy in matters of conscience.*

In the late discussion of the Catholic claims, the bishop, with the same precipitancy, endeavoured to bolster up the cause, of which he is the strenuous defender, by alleging the parliamentary indulgence granted to the Moravians, not-

* Letter I. page 46. Edit. 1812, London.

withstanding the peculiarity of their tenets, and particularly their submission to a foreign bishop. This is as great a blunder as that of quoting Locke in favour of the Romanists. The Moravians, or *Unitas Fratrum*, never were governed by an ecclesiastical head resident out of the kingdom. From the time of their first settlement here, till the death of Archbishop Potter, they were under the special protection of that great prelate, Count Zinzendorf, who had been consecrated bishop of the church of the brethren, by the venerable David Nitschmann, in 1737, now taking upon himself the title of their advocate. Sir Hans Sloane,* who joined himself to the society soon after their establishment here, procured by his interest an act of Parliament in their favour, and which received the royal assent in 1749; but it should be observed, that archbishop Potter, before his death, mainly contributed to the good work. From that time, Count Zinzendorf continued, as far as his health permitted, to superintend the affairs of the community over which he had so long presided. After his death, in 1760, Count Dohna exercised the same powers; and to him succeeded Mr. John Gambold, who resigned the living of Stanton Harcourt, in Oxfordshire, on embracing the ministry among the brethren; next, Mr. Benjamin Latrobe became their bishop, and his son now discharges the episcopal office. Such is the simple succession of this truly apostolic church in Britain, which is totally independent of all foreign authority, ecclesiastical or civil: so that in no respect whatever can the case be considered as analogous to the Roman Catholic communion, which is throughout, from the bishops to the priests, and the laity, under the immediate and arbitrary direction of the Pope.

June, 11, 1819.

MELANCTHON.

WHO WAS JUNIUS?

No. II.

THE first letter of Junius, and the correspondence which resulted from it between that writer and Sir William Draper, will, upon close investigation, be found to exhibit some very material elements by which we may be led to a determination of this perplexing question.

* As a proof of his attachment to the brethren, Sir Hans nominated Count Zinzendorf and four other principal leaders of the society, curators and trustees of his celebrated Museum.

Junius began his famous operations against ministers at the commencement of the year 1769, when he opened his attack with a most dismal picture of the state of the nation, in regard to its finances, the colonies, and the army, which led him very naturally into a severe denunciation of the heads of those departments. His first attention is directed to the Duke of Grafton, the prime minister, and who is represented as a broken gamester and an apostate, of whose "talents or resolution for business the world knew nothing, unless a wayward, wavering inconsistency be a mark of genius, and caprice a demonstration of spirit."

Having thus dispatched the principal of the treasury, Junius directs his artillery upon Lord North, the chancellor of the Exchequer, in a vein of sarcastic irony that forcibly reminds the reader of the biting satires of Swift. "His lordship," says Junius, "is yet to give us the first fruits of his abilities. It may be candid to suppose, that he has hitherto voluntarily concealed his talents; intending, perhaps, to astonish the world, when we least expect it, with a knowledge of trade, a choice of expedients, and a depth of resources, equal to the necessities, and far beyond the hopes of his country."

It is observable, however, that Junius treats Lord North with much more lenity than he does the Duke of Grafton; but when he comes to the Earl of Hillsborough, who was at the head of the colonial department, the effervescence of his personal resentment breaks forth with a violence that knows no bounds. This is a most important part of the letter, and evidently shews, that though America was only incidentally mentioned, its grievances, real or supposed, were uppermost in the writer's mind. "Under one administration," says he, "the stamp-act is made; under the second it is repealed; under the third, in spite of all experience, a new mode of taxing the colonies is invented, and a question revived which ought to have been buried in oblivion. In these circumstances, a new office is established for the business of the plantations, and the Earl of Hillsborough called forth, at a most critical season, to govern America. The choice at least announced to us a man of superior capacity and knowledge. Whether he be so or not, let his dispatches, as far as they have appeared, let his measures, as far as they have operated, determine for him. In the former, we have some strong assertions without proof, declama-

tion without argument, and violent censures without dignity or moderation; but neither correctness in the composition, nor judgment in the design. As for his measures, let it be remembered, that he was called upon to conciliate and unite; and that, when he entered into office, the most refractory of the colonies were still disposed to proceed by the constitutional methods of petition and remonstrance. Since that period, they have been driven into excesses little short of rebellion. Petitions have been hindered from reaching the throne; and the continuance of one of the principal assemblies rested upon an arbitrary condition, (that they should retract one of their resolutions, and erase the entry of it,) which, considering the temper they were in, it was impossible they should comply with; and which would have availed nothing as to the general question, if it had been complied with. So violent, and I believe I may call it, so unconstitutional an exertion of the prerogative, to say nothing of the weak, injudicious terms in which it was conveyed, gives us as humble an opinion of his lordship's capacity, as it does of his temper and moderation. While we are at peace with other nations, our military force may, perhaps, be spared to support the Earl of Hillsborough's measures in America. Whenever that force shall be necessarily withdrawn or diminished, the dismissal of such a minister will neither console us for his imprudence, nor remove the settled resentment of a people, who, complaining of an act of the legislature, are outraged by an unwarrantable stretch of prerogative, and supporting their claims by argument, are insulted with declamation."

The length of this quotation must be excused, on account of its immediate bearing upon the question—"Who was Junius?" There is, in this passage, not only a remarkable feeling for the American interests, but a minute acquaintance with the colonial assemblies, and the spirit of the people in general. This is, therefore, evidently the language of an experienced man—one conversant in practical politics, and possessing much local knowledge of the concerns of the plantations. He speaks of Lord Hillsborough in terms of disappointment, as of one who had defeated the hopes of the colonists, when it was expected that he would have conciliated and united the most refractory of them. Lord Hillsborough is accused of interposing between them and the throne, and with

having gone so far, by his haughtiness and presumption, as to have rendered the breach irreparable. Whoever Junius was, he certainly had a thorough insight into his lordship's character; and it is obvious, that he had not contemplated it at a distance, or through the medium of public reports. While he inveighs, in general terms of reproach, against the other ministers, he comes to specific, and even minute points of accusation in denouncing the secretary for the plantations.

But what is to be said of the writer's enmity to the Marquis of Granby, upon whom scurrility is poured out without the least regard to common decorum? This has induced some to conclude, that Junius must have been, if not a military man, yet one intimately acquainted with the department of the army, and the system on which it was then conducted by the commander-in-chief. That idea, however, vanishes, when the correspondence with Sir William Draper is read, in which Junius confesses his ignorance on what he had before alleged, by avoiding farther discussion of the charges against the marquis, and diverging to other matters, particularly the Manilla ransom, which affords him a fine scope for shifting from the defensive position, and becoming an assailant; in which capacity he has always the advantage.

But the imprudence of Sir William Draper, in coming forward with his name as the champion of his friend and patron, enables us to examine more accurately the character of his masked antagonist. Junius, undoubtedly was not prepared for such an opponent; but having the advantage of his coat of darkness, he contrived, with the dexterity of an old stager, to shame the knight, though he could neither foil his arguments, nor rebut his facts. One thing observable, in the attempt of Junius to justify his abuse of Lord Granby, is the indirect, but severe condemnation passed on the German war, and our interference in it. The reason of this, when coupled with the reflection upon the commander-in-chief for "suffering Sir Jeffery Amherst to be sacrificed," will have its due weight in ascertaining "who was Junius?"

There is yet another incidental passage in this controversy, which serves to let in a portion of light upon the question, and that is the sneer upon the classical attainments of Sir William Draper, and the confession of his antagonist, that he was himself "a plain, unlettered man." This last acknowledgement, parentheti-

cally introduced, may be considered by some as a sportive play upon the knight's pedantry; but there is more reason to take it as a blunt, honest statement of the truth, in which the writer made it his boast, that the learning he possessed was of his own acquisition. All the letters of Junius display a mind naturally strong, fertile, and enriched by laborious application, evincing, in short, many years spent in active life and observation of the world: but there are no traces of classical culture throughout those elaborate compositions. Junius was evidently more conversant in English than Roman writers, and his style is consequently more flowing, easy, and expressive. He now and then, indeed, throws out a Latin and French phrase, but they are such only as a long course of extensive reading might have rendered familiar to any man of quick parts and retentive memory. But after all the meaning of Junius, in calling himself "plain and unlearned," was obviously no more than this,—that he had never been favoured with the advantages of an academic education. He takes a pride in his natural simplicity, and the knowledge to which he had attained by the strength of genius and the force of industry. This, then, is a confession of great importance in removing the swarm of pretended claims to these letters, and in coming to a direct solution of the question

WHO WAS JUNIUS?

ANECDOTES OF JOHN CLELAND.

MR. EDITOR,

THE article of JOHN CLELAND, in the last edition of the *General Biographical Dictionary*, being very imperfect, I am induced to request a corner of your Magazine for one or two particulars of that licentious writer.

It is not true that he was applied to by some bookseller for the scandalous work which has conferred perpetuity on his name; since if that had been the case, no doubt he would have made a better bargain with them for the copyright. The fact is, that Cleland, being in great distress, offered the work, as far as it was then written, to Mr. afterwards Dr. Griffiths, then an enterprising publisher, on the north side of St. Paul's Church-yard, near the corner leading to Cheapside. Though Griffiths was a dissenter, he made no scruple about purchasing the manuscript, for which he gave the author twenty pounds, but conditionally, that he was to add another volume, if the continuation should be called for. This was

in 1748, and about the very time when the *Monthly Review* was on the stocks, in an early number of which journal appeared a pompous eulogium upon the novel, as a *moral tale*, admirably calculated to give young persons a knowledge of the world, and comparing it, at the same time, to Fielding's excellent story of *Tom Jones*, then in the flower of its popularity. The impudence of this puff exceeded every thing recorded of the arts of Edmund Curll; but it could not secure the book from proscription. Complaint was made of the nuisance to Dr. Sherlock, Bishop of London, who laid the information before the privy council, and as special warrants were then of authority, one was issued to seize all the copies in the bookseller's warehouse, and another to call the author before the board. When the messenger came to the shop, Griffiths took an objection to the warrant because it was not backed by the signature of the Lord Mayor, to procure which, the messenger instantly proceeded to the Mansion-House, leaving his deputy behind. But as soon as the messenger was gone on this errand, Griffiths turned the man out of his shop, which he had an undoubted right to do, then closed the doors, and before the principal returned with the warrant, every copy of the book was conveyed out through the back way into the houses of some neighbours, in Paternoster-row, by which means the publisher escaped punishment. Cleland, on his appearance before the privy council, was questioned how he came to write so infamous a book, when, instead of denying it, he confessed the truth at once, alleging poverty as his excuse. On this, Lord Granville, the president, asked him whether, if this necessity was removed, he would cease to prostitute his talents in so scandalous a manner for the future? Cleland readily and gratefully expressed his willingness to comply with the condition, and accordingly, instead of ordering the Attorney-General to prosecute him, the minister settled upon him a pension of one hundred pounds a year, which he enjoyed till his death, at the beginning of 1789, when he was full four score years old.

The biographer, however, is rather incorrect in saying that he dedicated the rest of his life to political, dramatic, and philosophical studies, thereby insinuating that he in some measure atoned for the crime which he had committed. I have reason to know, that though Cleland took care to avoid detection, he exer-

cised his pen oftener than once upon meretricious works; and it is a fact, that the noted "*Essay on Woman*," fathered by John Wilkes, was the entire production of this writer. The original manuscript in Cleland's hand-writing, and illustrated, to make use of a common phrase, with appropriate drawings, worthy of ornamenting Mr. Knight's erudite dissertation on the Phallic worship, is now in the possession of a well-known publisher, who obtained the same with the manuscripts of Wilkes, from the late John Almon.

The anonymous author of his life in the Dictionary, says, that "Cleland lived within the income of his pension, with some addition from his newspaper labours, in a retired situation in Petty France." The latter part of this paragraph is accurate, but the former is not so; for, such is the retribution of Providence, this man a few years before his death, being deserted by every acquaintance upon earth, actually spent some hours every day sitting on a bench in the Bird-cage-walk, with his hat before him, to receive the charitable contributions of passengers, some of whom had been his contemporaries at Westminster school. Such is the reward of vice, and the stability of that friendship which vice procures. But though Griffiths, the publisher, is supposed to have realized some thousands by the book which Cleland wrote, it does not appear that he took any notice of the author in his distress; nor did Wilkes, who certainly made considerable use of his pen, relieve him in his necessities. Cleland might truly have been called the English Petronius, for his manner indicated the gentleman: and when reduced to mendicity, there was something in his language and figure which commanded respect while it excited commiseration.

June, 3, 1819.

X. Y. Z.

REMARKABLE EVENTS IN ENGLISH HISTORY.

MR. EDITOR,

IN reading the very interesting and copious Memoir of her late Majesty, just published, by Dr. Watkins, I was much struck with the following observation on the death of the lamented Princess Charlotte of Wales:—

"The reader of history who traces the causes and consequences of great events, will find, in perusing the annals of this country, that there never yet occurred an instance bearing a resemblance to the present, but what was productive

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of incidents, the effects of which have extended to distant generations.

Thus, to name a few only, the death of Prince Arthur, the eldest son of Henry the Seventh, occasioned the abolition of the papal authority in these realms;—that of Edward the Sixth, by giving the same power a temporary revival, rendered it so odious, that Elizabeth was enabled, through a long life, and a vigorous administration, to establish the reformed church of England on a steady basis:—in the succeeding reign, the demise of Henry, Prince of Wales, gave the crown to his brother, the unfortunate Charles, and thus prepared the way for two revolutions:—and last of all, when the hopes of the nation rested upon the young Duke of Gloucester, the last child of Princess Anne of Denmark, his premature removal left the succession open to the house of Brunswick;—in which line of hereditary right, may the throne continue to flourish, under the Divine protection, till all earthly dominion shall attain its consummation!"

This method of considering historical events is so very instructive, that it were to be wished some one would pursue it farther, throughout the whole of our annals, from whence much more might be learnt than can now be gathered in reading those writers who have contented themselves with narrating facts chronologically, and applying their own reasoning to them. A history of England compiled in this manner would tend to moral improvement, and produce, even in the minds of persons little disposed to serious reflection, the profoundest admiration of the ways of Providence.

To the instances adduced in the above quotation, might have been added, the no less remarkable one of the death of Arthur of Bretagne, nephew of King John, and the rightful heir to the throne of England. The murder of that young Prince embroiled his unnatural uncle, first, in a war with the King of France, then in a dispute with the Pope, and lastly, in a contest with the English barons.

The surrender of the crown to his holiness, and the usurpation of the latter over the church of England, in the appointment of Langton to the Archbishopric of Canterbury, contributed to increase those troubles; and as the conflicting parties alternately fell out with each other, like hungry wolves over their common prey, the miserable monarch, sorely against his will, ratified Magna Charta,

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for which the people were neither indebted to him for his goodness, to the refractory barons for their patriotism, nor to the pope and his agent for their piety.

The deposition and death of Edward V. in the Tower, whether by violence or disease matters not, may also be mentioned as having been productive of the most important and extensive consequences. By making the way clear for Henry, Earl of Richmond, an end was put to the destructive wars between the rival houses of York and Lancaster; a spirit of trade and commerce was kindled; the opportunities afforded by a long peace, and the invention of printing, prepared men's minds for the light of the Reformation; and from the marriage of Henry's daughter, Margaret, with James IV. of Scotland, resulted the union of the two kingdoms.

Thus, in the language of an elegant writer, "History is Philosophy teaching by example:" and were the study of it recommended in a proper manner, by shewing the remote, as well as the immediate benefits that have sprung from particular events, young persons in particular would be taught to estimate things and characters in a very different, and more profitable manner than they now do. Mrs Hannah More, I understand, has touched upon this subject in one of her valuable books; and as a good History of England is certainly now a great desideratum, there being none that I know of constructed upon the true basis of impartiality, I hope some able writer will take the hint, and favour the public with a work of moderate extent, adapted for the use of families and the instruction of the rising generation.

June 4, 1819.

N. SYMMONS.

SABINA;

OR, SCENES AT THE TOILETTE OF A
ROMAN LADY OF FASHION.

SCENE V.—*Sabina at breakfast—Her pages serve up warm wine and figs—Myrrhina given in charge to Zenothemis, the domestic Philosopher.*

TWO pages, the most beautiful in the household of the rich Sabinus, dressed in the finest Egyptian linen, and with their hair elegantly curled, this morning brought the Domina her breakfast earlier than she was accustomed to order it. In general Sabina did not take this repast till just before she went to the bath. But as she had resolved to go abroad at an early hour, that she might

be present at the review, the pages were ordered to serve up their mistress's breakfast while she was at her toilette. One carried a silver kettle, from which issued the vapours of the hissing water. The other had in his hand an elegant basket, in which eight of the finest figs, of the kind called *collistruthus*, which were particularly esteemed for their rose-coloured seed, were spread upon fresh vine leaves. On an elegant salver, of African citron wood, he brought a small flask of Chios wine, and two silver goblets, one for hot water and the other for wine, to be handed to the Domina, after she had eaten as many of the figs as she wished. For in regard to the quality of her breakfast Sabina most implicitly observed the prescription of her young physician, the Greek Archigenes;* who was himself, at least in this point, a faithful follower of Heraclides of Tarentum, who strongly recommended figs to be taken with hot wine.

But this would not have saved Latris from ill-treatment, had not the faithful domestic philosopher, the Stoic Zenothemis, presented himself, in the most ludicrous habiliments that can possibly be conceived, before the whole assembly in the dressing-room of the Domina. Let the reader picture to himself a man pretty far advanced in years, with a bald head, and a long bushy beard, reaching almost down to the waist:—let him farther imagine the whole stock of the wardrobe of a philosopher of those days, the Grecian mantle, and one single under-garment, or woollen shirt, without sleeves, scarcely descending to the knees, affording a full view of legs covered only by hair, and feet, the soles of which were protected only by a board;—in a word, a philosopher in a mantle and beard, a Græculus, such as were then to be found by hundreds in the houses and retinue of the haughty Romans. They were, indeed, as essential a requisite in the household of a person of distinction, as a Capuchin formerly was in the family of a Polish grandee, or a domestic abbé in the houses of the French nobility before the Revolution, for the amusement of a beautiful marquise. This venerable gentleman from Zeno's gallery, half out of

* Juvenal mentions the complaisant services which Archigenes rendered to ladies of fashion. He flourished during the reign of Trajan, and probably prescribed to his fair patients the use of amulets and other superstitious remedies.

breath, and animated with duteous zeal, is now bringing in his mantle to the Domina, the whole hopeful litter of the much-beloved Myrrhina, Sabina's Maltese bitch, together with the mother. He therefore surprises the Domina with the most convincing proof that the charming, delicate, lovely, intelligent Myrrhina, who barks only at strangers, and her mistress's husband, has been delivered the preceding night of three young lion-dogs, beautiful as loves, and which not even Praxiteles or Myron could have imitated in marble or bronze. Nothing, indeed, could be more ludicrous, than to see the diminutive mother, wrapped in a green cloth, peeping out from the mantle of the grave Zenothemis, and alternately licking her young ones and the hairy chin of the grave philosopher. The fact was, that no inconsiderable relics of the supper of the preceding night still adhered to the bushy beard of the Stoic.*

That the reader may not be astonished at this description, we shall introduce an extract from Sabina's private journal, which gives the most satisfactory explanation on this subject. It is there related that Sabina did not return from her country seat, in Campania, till two days before, and had, as usual, brought to town in her suite the domestic philosopher Zenothemis. Before their departure he had been brought into the most mortifying dilemma. Instead of accompanying the Domina in her comfortable and convenient carriage,† he was obliged to resign his place to her cousin, Saturninus, and to content himself with the company of Sabina's ugly dwarf,‡ Thersites, in a two-wheeled Gallic

cabriolet. But this was far from being the worst. The Domina desired to speak with him before they set off. "Dear Zenothemis," said she, "I have a particular favour to ask of you: you have it in your power to oblige me exceedingly. It is, to be sure, taking a great liberty; but I know that you never refuse me any thing, nor want many intreaties." Zenothemis, of course, could make no other reply than that the Domina had only to signify her commands.—"I would not ask it of you," continued the lady, throwing back her veil with a graceful air, and displaying all her charms, as the full moon appears more brilliant when issuing from behind a cloud—"I would not ask it of you, but I know you possess the best heart in the world; and you are a man on whose attention and good-nature I can place perfect reliance. Will you have the goodness to take my Myrrhina in the carriage with you, and to see that she may want for nothing? The poor creature is indisposed. I cannot trust her with my servants—the careless rascals pay no attention to me: how then would they behave to the poor animal? You will do me a parti-

and other *lusus nature*; a passion which, after the reign of Alexander, was transferred from the degenerate Greeks to the Romans, who had themselves degenerated. A distinction was made between the dwarfs properly called *nani* and *pumili*, and those diminutive monsters with large heads, which Suetonius designates by the term *distorti*. The dwarfs were little pigmy figures well proportioned; and the Romans learnt from the oriental nations (who in all ages have been distinguished for despotic refinement in the mutilation of the human species), a method of stopping the growth of children, by confining them in boxes invented for that purpose. St. Clement, of Alexandria, expressly speaks of the depraved taste of the Roman ladies of his time, who carried their passion for these Thersites like figures, to the most ridiculous excess. They even taught them to dance and play on the castanets. There are several images of these deformed beings among the Herculaneum bronzes.

* The veil worn by the Roman ladies was called *rica*. From what the ancient writers say concerning the mode of wearing the veil, it would appear that the women of antiquity well understood the arts to which coquetry might render it subservient. Tacitus relates of Poppæa, the beautiful wife of Nero, that when she went abroad, which, however, rarely happened, she veiled only one half of her face, either to excite curiosity, or because she thought that style of head-dress became her.

* The reader will pardon whatever may be thought disagreeable in this picture, which is taken from Lucian. It is far short of the description which the Emperor Julian gives of his own beard (in his *Miscopagon*). The Abbé de la Bléterie would not translate it, because some of his friends conjured him not to suffer so disgusting a passage to appear in the French language.

† *Travelling carriages of the Romans*. All carriages of this description were, as Quinctilian observes, included under the denomination of *Redæ*, a Gallic word, the root of which still exists in the old Saxon words, *reiten*, *ride*, &c. They were carriages with four wheels, capable of conveying every thing requisite for a journey. When arranged for the accommodation of ladies, these carriages received the name of *carruca*, which is likewise a Celtic word.

‡ *Dwarfs*. The ancients carried to an extravagant point their passions for dwarfs

cular favour by undertaking this commission. I should be inconsolable were any accident to befall Myrrhina. Yes, dear Zenothemis, I read compliance in your eyes, and, in fact the animal deserves as much for her attention to you. You know she made not the least noise the day before yesterday, when I was at the bath, and you read me the affecting essay on the perishable nature of our earthly bodies, and proved, with such eloquence, that this body is only animated clay, and no better than a leathern case.*

How could Zenothemis, when intreated by such a lady, in so moving a manner, with all but tears, and at the same time reminded of one of the most interesting situations of his *Villegiatura*, do otherwise than promise every thing she wanted. Myrrhina, carefully wrapped up, was placed in the old gentleman's lap, and the group of the philosopher with the prodigious beard, the little Maltese dog on his lap, and the big headed dwarf by his side, was so unique in its kind, that as the carriage proceeded along the *Via Appia* towards Rome, there was no vetturino, no passenger, either on horseback or on foot, but stopped and burst into a loud fit of laughter. On their arrival in Rome, the lady sent her trusty Clio to Zenothemis, urgently requesting him to keep the poor animal, which had now grown acquainted with him, under his care; adding, that the favourite must neither want for well-fed goose's livers, nor for sesamus cakes. Sabina knew, that though he talked so loudly in praise of virtue, yet, notwithstanding all his animadversions on epicurism, and the pleasures of the palate, he was by no means an obstinate contemner of good living. She had observed how much he had privately given in a napkin to the servant, at the last great entertainment,† and was aware that he would not be able to resist the temptation of dividing the

above delicacies with the lap-dog. Nor was she deceived. Zenothemis shared the inconveniences of his charge, and the pleasure of the messes prepared for her, and now came to give an account of the rich produce of the preceding night.

The muscles of the sternest Medusa-head must have relaxed at this spectacle, and have commanded silence to its hundred hissing snakes. Sabina herself, was obliged, against her will, to assume a gentler air, and to suffer her female attendants to indulge their risibility unpunished. "The finest of these figs, dear Zenothemis, shall be yours,* if you, whose poetic talents are so well known to us, can recite a pretty little Greek poem on this most happy occurrence." Thus exclaimed Sabina to the philosopher, whilst she took the largest fig from the basket. Zenothemis, who, like almost all his industrious countrymen, could exercise a dozen other arts and sciences besides his proper profession, the Stoic philosophy, immediately produced the following epigram, which has been introduced, by what accident we know not, into the Grecian garland, among the epigrams of a certain Adæus:—

"When the little Myrrhina was ready to drop with her heavy burden, Diana immediately sent her relief. The goddess does not merely appear to thriving women: she likewise assists mothers of the canine race, which is under her especial protection as the goddess of the chase."

"What did Carmion whisper to you, Clio, at which you laugh so immoderately?" said Sabina. Clio, who was heartily vexed at the bearded philosopher, because he had, with his awkwardness, a few days before, broken a beautiful vase which Sabina had received as a present from one of her admirers at the bath of Baïæ, and had directed it to be preserved with all the care requisite for so brittle a memento of love. Clio replied aloud, and without reserve—"Carmion was only asking me, how long our Stoic preacher of virtue had belonged to the canine sect, and had become a cynic (a dog-philosopher)?"

The officious Cypassis being directed by a sign of her mistress to relieve the

* A favourite expression of the Stoics, as may be seen from the works of Marcus Aurelius, (iv, 41; viii. 37, with Gatacker's annotations).

† In Lucian's *Feast*, (one of the most bitter satires against the philosophers of that age,) a character is introduced of the same name and belonging to the same sect as Zenothemis, and one of the guests snatches from him a napkin, which he had filled with all the most dainty pieces he could collect from the table. It was customary for every guest to take with him to the house where he was invited, a napkin and a slave: to the latter he gave the fragments which he wished to carry away with him.

* Figs formed a constant article of food among the ancients; and the Athenians eat them in the streets. Hence arose the custom among the philosophers of promising a fig when they proposed questions to each other. Thus the cynic Crates offered a fig to Stilpo. The fig was the pledge of the question.

philosopher from the burden of his charge and her litter, the saucy girl took this opportunity, under the pretext that poor Myrrha had entangled herself in the old gentleman's bushy beard, to pull it handsomely, and at the same time to give the philosopher repeated slaps in the face, first with one hand and then with the other, and to play a hundred tricks under the appearance of shewing respect. The most singular circumstance was, that a parrot, which had been perched the whole time in profound silence in his cage, adorned with gold, ivory, and silver, just at this moment, as though it had been preconcerted, exclaimed, "Bravo, bravo!" screaming and making a most hideous noise.

This scene, not a little mortifying to our domestic philosopher, Sabina suddenly terminated by a single thunder-threatening contraction of her well-blackened eye-brows. The little Myrrha was placed in a small basket, where she was wont to repose on pillows filled with soft feathers: and as she shewed signs of thirst, a cup of the asses milk was given her, which remained after supplying the purposes of the Domina's toilette, and stood in a silver ewer on a small side-table.

"Has Tryphon, the bookseller,* published the poem of Aristippus, addressed to Lais on her looking-glass?" As her Stoic friend was unable to give a satisfactory answer to this question, because he had not stirred a step the preceding day, that Myrrha might not be left unattended, Sabina requested him now to make the necessary inquiries concerning the new publication, which she expected with the utmost impatience.

"And inquire, also," said she, as he was just going to draw the curtain of the door behind him, "whether any new Milesian tale has appeared?† Tuc-

cia talked a great deal at Baise, about a new production of one Xenophon, of Ephesus. If I recollect right, the title was, 'Amours of Anthias and Habrokom.' You would exceedingly oblige me, if you could bring it with you."

Thusspoko Sabina. But it did not escape her penetrating eye that Zenothemis was filled with indignation against the looking-glass of the licentious Aristippus, and had muttered to himself something about "puppy" and "good for nothing fellow." For this disobedience, it was necessary that the much mortified Stoic should receive immediate punishment. He was therefore charged with the commission to enquire for Milesian tales, and to pander for the vitiated palate of his mistress, instead of Clio, who else was accustomed to select the most licentious works for the perusal of the Donna, and who had only the day before brought her a new edition, with curious figures, of the noted Matæotechnia of Elephantis. Poor Zenothemis, what would thy glorious ancestors, Zeno and Cleanthes, have said to their degenerate descendant, who, spite of his philosopher's beard, was obliged to humble himself to the offices of a chamber-maid, or rather, of a lady's gallant! How low would thy skin have sold at the auction of philosophers.*

SUPPLEMENT TO THE FIFTH SCENE.

Allegorical Declarations of Love.

LOVE reigns in every climate;—he is always the same: but the manner in which the lower declares his sentiments, and does homage to the charms of his mistress, differ in every nation, and in every age, according to the received ideas of delicacy and refinement. The daino of a Lithuanian—the song which a Spaniard accompanies on his guitar—the serenade which a Sicilian shepherd sings from the third Idyl of Theocritus, be-

* A celebrated bookseller during the reign of Domitian, of whom Martial makes frequent mention.

† *Door-curtains.* The interior apartments of the Romans were not provided with doors; but were usually separated from each other by curtains formed of coloured tapestry, as may be seen in Pollux. Thus Seneca, when observing that all is tranquil in his house, and that nobody disturbs him, says—*Non crepuit subinde ostium*, (the house-door,) *non allecatur velum*.

‡ *Milesian tales.* Miletus, the seat of riches and luxury, supplied the harems of the Persian Satraps with the most beautiful Odalisk women. The city was to ancient

Asia what Georgia and Circassia are to the Turks of the present day. These Aspasies related stories to the sultans; and there were Scheherazades even in the ages of antiquity. From these stories were derived the *Milesian tales*, the oldest romances known among the Greeks.

* A witty satire of Lucian, in which he supposes that Jupiter, through the medium of Mercury, announced an auction of the different sects of philosophers. Wieland, in his translation of it, observes, that this railery against the heads of the various sects could not be pleasing, because it was unjust. But it was against buffoons, such as Zenothemis, that Lucian directed the shafts of his ridicule.

fore the grotto of his Amaryllis, breathe the same sentiment, though the words and the melody be different. The progress of a young peasant of Appenzell over precipices-- the nocturnal visits of the Slavonian of Upper Lusatia, who with difficulty reaches the uppermost step of the ladder which he has placed before his mistress's window, that he may enjoy the happiness of declaring his sentiments--the hieroglyphic language of flowers, employed in the Levant, where the hyacinth or the narcissus is a declaration of love to the imprisoned fair one, where an orange-flower signifies hope, and a marigold despair--that language by which a Moorish gardener writes a love-letter to the mistress of his heart while he arranges the flower-pots of his parterre;--all these are merely modifications in the expression of the same sentiment. Such scenes would be well worthy the pencil of some skilful painter, and might form a little gallery of pictures which would not, certainly, be destitute of interest.

In the hope of contributing to such a collection, we here present to the reader a custom of the Greeks, which seems to have escaped the notice of our most studious antiquaries; a custom which bears the impression of the character of that people, who were endowed with the most delicate organization and sensibility, and who so well understood how to represent every sensation under some fascinating form. Their earthen vases were adorned with designs and paintings, and were placed in the apartments most frequented by strangers. At Samos, Corinth, and Scio--and particularly in the rich and flourishing cities of lower Italy, called Græcia Magna--there were probably manufactories which rivaled each other in giving to these vases the most light and elegant forms, and adorning them with the richest paintings. If a lover wished to make a declaration to his mistress, he procured a vase, adorned with some emblem or allegory, which the Greeks, accustomed to enigmas of this kind, could readily divine, and availed himself of the first favourable opportunity of presenting it to the object of his passion. This custom explains the designs on many vases, which have been buried in the bosom of the earth, and after sharing, during a long series of ages, the tranquil abodes of the dead, now constitute the chief ornaments of those collections formed at enormous expense in France, Italy, England, and Germany. A vase of which

Passeri has given a design,* represents a lover attired as a slave, presenting three apples to a young female at a window, whilst a third figure holds a torch. On the other side of the same vase, the young woman is standing opposite to her lover; the hand in which he holds the three apples is stretched forth towards her, in the attitude of a suppliant, and with a flower in his bosom, he appears to be relating his sufferings. It is easy to guess that a declaration of love forms the subject of these two designs. Apples, but particularly quinces and pomegranates, were sacred to Venus, and were frequently employed as messengers of the Paphian goddess.† Sometimes these vases bore inscriptions explanatory of the motive of the present. The Abbé Mozochi has given a design of one on which are inscribed the words--*Callicles is handsome*. A winged genius, wearing a long robe embroidered with flowers, pours a libation over a flame burning on a small altar, and the words are inscribed in the ancient Greek character below the design. The object of this present is precisely marked by the libation, which indicates a birth-day. The Abbé Vincenzo di Nola has in his collection a beautiful vase with this inscription--*To the fair Clymena*; and after a lapse of many centuries, the lovers of art, by admiring this vase, still do homage to the beauty of Clymena. A modern love-letter, even though written with sympathetic ink on paper perfumed with roses, and moistened with the tears of joy, will scarcely outlive a month, far less a century. To these painted declarations we may, however, compare the gallantry of one of the pupils of Raphael, whose work is preserved in the curious collection of the Brunswick Museum, and who, as the story goes, received the tenderest reward from the potter's daughter, whom he had immortalized by painting her portrait. Our porcelain manufactories are filled with cups and basins, ornamented with cyphers surrounded by wreaths. The progress from thence to a love-letter, in the antique taste, is not

* Passeri, *Pictura Etruscorum in vasculis*.

† In Sicily, the pomegranate is still called, *Il pomo di zitto* (the bridegroom's apple). Many fragments of antiquity are totally inexplicable, if we do not take the apple as the emblem of love. In the bas-reliefs which represent the nuptials of Jason and the vengeance of Medea, Creusa holds an apple in her hand, to shew that she is a bride.

difficult. A fragment of such a vase might, perhaps, a thousand years hence, become an object of industrious research to an antiquary of the new world.

A PEEP INTO A BARBER'S SHOP OF ANTIQUITY.

THE words *κουπερ* and *tonsor*, together with all others derived from them, sufficiently prove that the profession which the moderns designate by the term *barber*,* chiefly consisted in cutting hair: for the Greeks, as well as the Romans, were accustomed to cut their hair long before they adopted the practice of shaving the beard. This latter fashion was borrowed from Asia and Egypt, and was introduced among the Greeks during the conquests of Alexander. Consequently there were people whose business it was to cut hair before barbers were known. Some enquiries on this particular, however trifling they might appear, would nevertheless prove serviceable to the history of customs and art, and might be connected with a history of the beard, a work which is still wanting to literature. Besides what is contained in the little treatise of Hotoman (*De Barba*), and some other fragments on the same subject, such a work might combine the views of an antiquary with others of still greater interest to mankind. There is wanting, above all, a *Technology of Antiquity*, which might be rendered very complete with the assistance of the *Onomasticon of Pollux*, the *Glossaries*, and the *Greek Anthology*. Beckmann and Schneider have already furnished some very important ideas on the subject. We shall merely observe, that the profession of a barber was, in ancient times, far more important than it now is. In barbers' shops men finished their morning toilette, for at home they had neither combs, mirrors, nor any other necessary article † Consequently these shops *tonstrina* were much frequented, and were the constant resort of idle gossipers. The trade of a barber consisted in dressing hair, shaving, and cutting nails. Only rich individuals could afford to

purchase the instruments proper for all these operations, and to keep particular slaves to perform the functions of a barber. Even people in easy circumstances had no mirrors in their own houses, but resorted to the public shops, to see whether their hair was properly cut. A barber had three principal occupations: The first was to cut hair; for this purpose, instead of scissors, razors of different sizes, and of various degrees of sharpness, were used. Lucian, speaking of the apparatus of a barber's shop, mentions a quantity of razors *πλῆθος μαχαίρων*. It may be observed, that one of the most elegant modes of cutting hair was termed *μία μάχαιρα*, the cut with a razor. Sometimes two razors were used forming something like a pair of scissors. This fashion was called *διπλὴ μάχαιρα*. The razor for cutting hair, whether single or double, was termed *ψαλς*, but the most usual term was *μάχαιρα*, whence is probably derived the German *scheere*, and the English *shears*, with the suppression of the first syllable. The essential point in all these various modes of hair-cutting, was to make it exactly even, as may be seen from *Horace's Satires*. The most skilful barbers, after having cut the hair, took especial care to clip all those parts that might be longer than the rest. Pollux styles this operation *παράλγεσθαι*. Men who were desirous of assuming a youthful air, plucked out their grey hairs *ἐκλέγαν ποτίας*, and the flatterers of the rich humbled themselves so far as to perform that office for their patrons. Barbers likewise dyed hair, and were continually inventing recipes for that purpose. Shaving was the second operation of the barbers, and they wiped the faces of those whom they shaved with a hairy kind of napkin. The Greeks called this napkin *ἀμύδιον*, because it was made of unprepared flax. Their third office was to cut the finger nails (for the toe-nails were usually cut at the baths), which the Greeks expressed by the words *δουχίζειν* *ἀπιδουχίζειν*. However a distinction was afterwards made, *δουχίζειν*, signified merely the act of presenting the nails, whilst *ἀπιδουχίζειν* was that of cutting them. But it appears, from a passage of Artemidorus, that this distinction was rather a grammatical subtlety, than founded on the ordinary mode of speaking. The *ad unguem factus homo* of Horace is the *ἀκροῦς ἀπιδουχισμῶν* of the characters of Theophrastus. According to Artemidorus, it would appear that the word *δουχίζειν* was often used in a meta-

* From the word *barbatorius*, which is found in Petronius as an expression of the language of the common people, *lingua rustica*.

† See Artemidorus's *Onirocriticon*, in which it is expressly mentioned, that every man of fashion goes to a barber's shop, and that he must be poor indeed who cuts his hair at home.

phorical acceptance, as one might say *to shave a person*, meaning, to deceive him. The little knives used for cutting the nails were called *ονυχία μαχαίρα*. We may be allowed to quote here the following lines of Plautus in his portrait of the Miser Euclio :—

Quin ipsi pridem tonsor unguis dempserat,
Collegit, omnia abstulit præsegrina.

Gruter seems to have forgotten that persons even of the lowest class had their nails cut by a barber. Martial, addressing an effeminate man who applied pitch-plasters to his face, and consequently was not under the necessity of shaving, asks :—"But who cuts your nails?" (*Quid facient unguis*). Tibullus, in his portrait of Marathus, says, *ungues artifices docta manu sectos*. All these considerations are necessary in order to understand Martial's epigram on a barber's instruments (*serumenta tonsoria*.) There is likewise a very humorous little poem by Phanas, on the barber Eugathes, which contains a comic enumeration of all the apparatus necessary for the toilette. He mentions a piece of felt, the remnant of an old hat, which served for a razor-strap. Toup seems to have misunderstood this expression for a barber's cap, *shaving cap*, and it would appear that even Jacobs, in his excellent commentary, has not perfectly understood this passage.

JOURNAL OF A TOUR IN ENGLAND, IN
1815-16, FROM MS. NOTES OF THE
ARCHDUKES JOHN AND LEWIS OF
AUSTRIA.

(Continued from p. 402, Vol. XI.)

SOME details respecting the coals which are of such vast importance to England for fuel, may not be misplaced here. In the year 1239, King Henry III. granted to the inhabitants of Newcastle the liberty to dig for coals in their territory. A document, bearing date in 1290, says, that the trade in coals had so increased the revenues of the town, that they amounted at that time to above 200 pounds sterling.

The use of coals had become so common in London, so early as the year 1306, that the Parliament made a complaint to the King, stating that the air was infected by the exhalations produced by them : in consequence of these complaints, two proclamations were issued, prohibiting the use of coals. But necessity and experience soon triumphed over ignorance and prejudice, and the use of this valuable combustible was resumed.

Pope Pius II. relates in his Commentaries, that in his visit to Scotland, he had observed stones distributed at the church doors, by way of alms to the poor; that these stones were impregnated with combustible matter, and that they were burnt instead of wood, which was very rare in that country.

We subjoin a table of the coal trade of Newcastle, during a period of ten years. This document, which comes from an authentic source, may give some idea of the extent of the mines of this country :—

Years.	Interior of the Kingdom.	Foreign Countries.	The Colonies.	Total consumption to Chaldrons.
1802	404,438	41,151	2,844	538,489
1803	405,137	42,808	1,516	549,461
1804	379,929	48,737	3,852	632,518
1805	552,827	47,213	2,360	602,400
1806	587,719	44,858	1,249	633,826
1807	534,371	25,494	1,848	561,713
1808	613,716	14,633	1,026	629,447
1809	550,221	12,610	1,992	564,823
1810	622,573	16,951	2,310	641,834
1811	634,371	15,818	2,136	652,325

The question, whether the various strata of coal, and their envelopes (coverings) of clay or chalk, are to be reckoned among the primitive substances created at the same time with the earth, or among secondary productions, produced either by inundations and alluvion, or by volcanic convulsions, is still a subject of doubt and inquiry among naturalists. It is, however, certain that the remains of animals and vegetables are often found in the envelopes of the coal, and that the coal itself sometimes retains the form of the organic bodies from which it is derived. The coal in the parish of Bovey, near Exeter, is found in large masses, representing the trunks and branches of trees heaped together. Similar phenomena have been remarked in Iceland, at Brull, near Luxemburg, at Cologne, at Bonn, and at the foot of the mountains which are on the road from Lyons to Strasburg.

All the strata which cover the coal, contain a great diversity of vegetable substances, or at least bear the impression of them, particularly of the Bamboo of the Indies, of the Euphorbia of the Indies, of ferns, vetches, &c.

The strata of slate in the mine of Helling Hill, near Felling, furnishes fine specimens of pine cones, ears of barley, and turnip roots; the latter are changed into ferruginous stones: in the strata of

slate in the coal mine of South Shields, sea shells have often been discovered. Whole trees are found, which pass from the strata of hardened clay to the strata of sand-stone. At Kenton, seats have been cut of this substance, in which we can distinguish the concentric circles which mark the age of the trees. The inequalities of the bark are also seen in them. It has been possible to follow the most delicate ramifications of a tree, and the stratum in which its roots were found appears to be an uninterrupted tissue of impressions of vegetables. This circumstance seems to favor the opinion of those who believe that in some revolutions or inundations the earth may have been covered with a fine clay, and that this clay has received the impressions of the plants which were buried in it.

It is remarkable that the upper strata contain ferruginous stones, coal, and vegetable impressions, but no trace of marine animals; whereas the lower strata, composed of calcareous stones, contain remains of marine animals, and no vegetable impressions.

We will quote here the words of the learned Whitehurst:—"As all the strata which accompany coal are filled," says he, "with impressions of vegetables, it may be hence inferred, that all the coal is formed of vegetable substances, which have been inclosed in the stone or in the clay; and the same might be said of the origin of iron, for the same strata contain also iron ore; and when we find vegetables in a state of putrefaction in stagnant waters, those waters are ferruginous."

Coal, considered as a particular mineral substance, is a solid, combustible, bituminous matter, which, when the oil and other volatile parts are expelled, can bear a red heat without changing its form. Williams distinguishes six different kinds of coal:—

1. *Newcastle, or Caking-coal*, which, from its fat and bituminous quality, cakes in burning, and gives out a thick smoke. The best kinds give very little ashes. Kirwan says that this species is composed of *carbone* and bitumen, mixed with a very small quantity of clay. Its specific gravity is 1.25—1.37. This species abounds in the counties of Northumberland and Durham, and is the chief article of the trade of Newcastle and Sunderland. Considerable quantities of it are found also at Balnulloch near Dunfermline, in the county of Fife.

* We preserve the Imperial Writer's orthography.

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2. *Rock Coal* gives but little ashes; but it does not form itself into a mass in the fire like the *caking coal*. It is found in great abundance in the counties of Edinburgh, Linlithgow, Fife, and Stirling, and in other parts of Scotland, and also in Shropshire and other parts of England.

3. *Splint Coal* gives a very brisk fire, and is found in very regular strata. This kind does not readily break crosswise, but lengthwise it may be easily split into flat thin pieces, which give as bright a fire as resinous pine-wood; a variety of this kind, of a brilliant black, is excellent for domestic use: the Scotch miners call it *run-splint*: this species is very common in all the mines of Scotland, and in some parts of England.

4. *Cannel Coal*, called also *Parret Coal*, has this name on account of its bright and clear flame, which burns like a candle. As this kind is of a beautiful black colour, of a fine compact and uniform texture, and is susceptible of a fine polish, vases of different kinds are made of it with the lathe, and it can supply the place of jet. A great deal is found in many parts of Scotland; the best is near Wigan, in Lancashire, where it appears in large blocks; the layers are about three lines in thickness, and inclined one yard in twenty. They are very deep. At Haigh Hall there is a country house built of Cannel Coal.

5. *Culm, or Blind Coal*. This variety has the peculiar property of not emitting either flame or smoke, and yet it produces a much more ardent and violent heat than charcoal. "It is remarkable," says Williams, "that when a certain quantity of this combustible is lighted, and heated to such a degree that every little particle is kindled, if you extinguish it, the surface of all these little fragments is as black, and retains the same texture and the same lustre as if it had not burned."

6. *Jet*. This species has almost the same appearance as the finest varieties of Cannel Coal, except that the latter has a more equal texture, without a visible grain, and breaks easily in every direction: whereas Jet has a woody texture, and does not easily break across, but readily lengthwise, like Splint Coal. It is found in England, and almost every where in separate masses, of different sizes, inclosed in other strata of coal or in clay.

We visited at Lympington the great foundry, known by the name of the *Lympington Tyne Iron Company*. The

ore is common clay ironstone, which is partly procured in the neighbourhood, and partly brought from Whylleby,* on the sea coast.

The ore is roasted and melted with coke, in three furnaces, whence it is taken out in bars: each melting is about two and half tons. As the ore leaves a great quantity of scorize, the furnace must be cleansed after every melting. A steam-engine sets in motion the cylindrical bellows, which have a double action; that is to say, the piston draws in and expels the air both above and below; the air is regulated by water. The regulator is an iron chest six feet long, and from two feet to two feet and a half broad. At the lower part this chest has a ledge (*rebord*), and the upper part is three feet broad, retaining the same length: the whole is seven or eight feet high; the air enters at the lower part, and the water rises or falls according as the air enters or escapes: there were two of these regulators. Hence, the air is conducted to the furnaces in larger or smaller quantities, according as it is wanted. The iron bars are afterwards broken and taken to be remelted to reverberatory or to cylindrical furnaces: in the first they melt it with coal, for articles of a large size, making it issue from several reverberatory furnaces at the same time; in the second it is melted with coke, for finer articles. The bars are also carried to a kind of forge of considerable depth, which has an iron roof: here they are melted in an open fire, and with a double pair of bellows, and formed into oblong pigs five or six feet long, twelve or eighteen inches broad, and three or four inches thick. They are covered with sand, and left to cool; then they are broken and thrown into the reverberatory furnace, where they are melted by the flame of a coal fire. I saw the iron flow like water, boil, and bubble up; the workman stirs the mass with an iron rod: by this continual fire the mass begins to thicken, and the workman puts the parts which have become thick, partly into the furnace, partly on one side. We were told that this process takes two hours. The workman forms

the pieces, which are then placed either in the flattening machine or under great hammers. I counted eleven or twelve reverberatory furnaces for the various operations of melting, five or six of which are always at work, and two cylindrical furnaces. The iron is mostly flattened under the hammer; the anvil and hammer are used to beat it out in all directions: in the flattening machines it is reduced to the greatest possible degree of thinness. In this foundry there are machines for boring cannon.

We saw at Gateshead, one of the suburbs of Newcastle, another great foundry, which employs five hundred workmen. What appeared remarkable to us was the great forge for anchors and chains. The mechanism for making chains deserves attention.

The chains are formed of links almost like those of a watch-chain; that is to say, like a figure of 8. The machine first makes the hole, and then gives it the form by means of a punch driven in by force. Each link of the greatest chains, intended for ships of war, weighs 2 cwt. They are bent by means of a machine. The links are carried to the sea ports, where they are joined and soldered.

On the road from Lymington to Newcastle, we visited also a tar manufactory.

It is well known that the Newcastle coal contains a great deal of tar. In six furnaces the coal is distilled in close retorts. The tar and oil, as well as the water, pass through two barrels to be cooled, and afterwards they are received in a third barrel. The tar, still unpurified, is distilled on plates of iron, and purified in this manner. Lampblack is produced by closing the chimneys and leading the smoke, disengaged by combustion, from the retorts into a system of pipes resembling the buildings erected for the sublimation of arsenic: it is formed by a double channel, five feet high and three feet broad, in which the smoke circulates and deposits the lampblack on all sides. This manufactory produces pitch, tar, lampblack, and coke, for the retorts.

(Concluded for the present.)

* We here preserve the Imperial Writer's orthography.

MEMOIR OF MADAME DE GENLIS.

(WITH A PORTRAIT.)

STEPHANIE FELICITE DUIREST DE SAINT AUBIN was born in the year 1746, near Autun, in the department of Saone et Loire. Though without fortune, she was distinguished on her entrance into life, for her personal attractions joined to a singular talent for music, and she soon gained introductions to several families of rank, though rather in quality of an artist than as a young lady of condition. Her situation afforded her the means of observing society, before fortune enabled her to fill that rank in fashionable life to which her acquirements so justly entitled her; thus, a perfect knowledge of the forms and etiquettes of the upper classes is discernible even in her earliest productions. Her accomplishments and personal graces soon attracted the notice of several exalted individuals; but, as it frequently happens, chance was the disposer of her hand. The Count de Genlis, afterwards Marquess de Sillery, though he had never seen her, being struck with the style of a letter which accidentally fell in his way, conceived so high a sentiment of admiration for the writer, that he immediately made her an offer of marriage, and Mademoiselle de Saint Aubin became the Countess de Genlis before she had completed her fifteenth year.

Whilst her superior talent commanded the admiration of the distinguished circles in which she moved, her ardent love of study induced her to shun the court and the frivolous society connected with it, and to devote herself wholly to the cultivation of science and the arts. She was too well aware of the advantages of a cultivated understanding, to neglect the education of her children. At an age when most young women of fashion think only of shining in the world, Madame de Genlis retired to the convent of Bellechasse, and devoted herself entirely to the education of her two daughters. In the year 1775, the eldest, who was then scarcely fourteen years of age, was united to the Count de Valence, but shortly after her marriage the young lady was attacked with a dangerous fit of illness. Madame de Genlis was thus plunged into the deepest distress, and anxiety of mind joined to the fatigue occasioned by affectionate attendance on her child, produced a change in her health the effects of which she experienced long after her daughter's convalescence. As she suffered considerably from a pulmo-

nary affection, her physicians prescribed the use of the Bristol waters, and having consigned her eldest daughter to the care of her mother-in-law, she departed for England accompanied by her second daughter, Natalie, who was then in her thirteenth year. During her residence at Bristol, Madame de Genlis adopted her interesting protégée *Pamela*, of whom frequent mention is made in her writings, and who was afterwards married to Lord Edward Fitzgerald.

On her return from her first visit to England, the Duke d'Orleans, then Duke de Chartres, eagerly embraced the opportunity of placing his children under the superintendence of the accomplished and beautiful Countess de Genlis. During her retirement in the convent of Bellechasse, she had written several moral and entertaining dramatic pieces, which her children performed successfully in the presence of the Duchess de Chartres. She published the three first volumes of her plays in 1779, under the title of *Theatre for the use of young persons, or Theatre of Education*, and the three last volumes appeared in January 1780. Among the most esteemed of these little dramas we may mention, *La bonne Merc*, *la Rozière de Salency*, *le Magistrat*, *la Marchande de Modes*, and *la Colombe*. The latter contains images worthy the graceful touch of a Guido, or an Albano: the celebrated Buffon, after having perused it, addressed the following letter to the authoress, which has been quoted as highly complimentary, but which is, nevertheless, somewhat hyperbolic:—

“I am no longer a lover of nature, I leave her for you, Madam, who have done more, and are worthy of higher admiration. Nature only forms bodies, but you create souls. Were mine of your happy creation, I should possess the powers of pleasing, which I now want, and you would be pleased with my infidelity. Pardon, Madam, this moment of transport and love. I will now speak reasonably.

“Your charming Theatre has afforded me as much pleasure as though I were of the age to which it is dedicated. Old and young, high and low, all must study those delightful pictures in which the virtues acquired by education, triumph over vice and folly. Every line bears the stamp of your heavenly mind. It appears in every scene under a different emblem, and clothed in the purest morality. Your pen is guided by a perfect knowledge of human nature, by all the charms of wit and the graces of style;

and though you have not spoken of God, yet you nevertheless make me believe in angels. You are one whom heaven has most highly endowed. In that quality, I beg you will receive my adoration; and no mortal can offer it with more sincerity."

In the same year (1780,) Madame de Genlis quitted the convent of Bellechasse, and retired to a charming country house, at Berey, accompanied by Mesdemoiselles d'Orleans and de Chartres, where she continued her literary labours with the greatest success.

The *Theatre of Education*, was followed by *The Annals of Virtue*, *Adelaide and Théodore*, *Tales of the Castle*, and other works of the same kind, forming successively twenty-two volumes, the sole end of which is to adorn the understanding and form the hearts of young persons by interesting and amusing them at the same time.

Notwithstanding her numerous literary occupations and the important functions of a duty of which she acquitted herself with the most scrupulous fidelity, Madame de Genlis neglected no opportunity of serving those who stood in need of her assistance. She rescued from indigence the two grand-nephews of Racine, and procured for them a pension from the Duke d'Orleans; and the Marquess de Ducrest, her brother, having had the misfortune to lose his wife in the year 1781, she undertook the education of his son, who was then only five years of age. This is the young man whose premature death she laments in her preface to the last edition of the *Tales of the Castle*.

Such were the occupations of Madame de Genlis until the commencement of a revolution, the horrors of which plunged her country in ruin, and which spread its evils to the remotest corner of the civilized world. Foreseeing the misfortunes that awaited France, as soon as the States General was convoked, in 1789, Madame de Genlis anxiously wished to retire with her pupils to Nice. This step met with the approval of her family; but she subsequently abandoned the design on consideration that her departure might weaken the credit of the house of Orleans, and she was too fondly attached to her pupils to be induced to separate from them by any consideration of personal safety or advantage.

Meanwhile it was proposed that she should proceed to England; but from time to time, various causes occasioned the journey to be postponed. At length it was fixed in the year 1790, but on the

eve of her departure, M. de Valence, her son-in-law, brought her the unexpected intelligence that the Duke of Orleans had himself set out for England during the night. Thus Madame de Genlis was once more compelled to renounce her design, for the departure of the father would undoubtedly have occasioned the arrest of the children, had they attempted to quit France at that time.

The Duke was absent nearly a year. A few months after his return, Madame de Genlis resigned the situation of governess to his children, and made a tour through several of the French provinces which she had not before visited. She soon however received letters informing her that Mademoiselle d'Orleans was dangerously ill, and entreated that she would return to Paris without loss of time. Madame de Genlis yielded to her solicitations; and the state in which she found the young princess induced her to resume her situation; but on the express condition that she should immediately depart for England with her pupil.

In October, 1791, she left Paris accompanied by Mademoiselle d'Orleans and two other young ladies, and she soon reached England in safety. She first spent three months at Bath, and next fixed her abode at Bury St. Edmunds, where she remained nine months, at the expiration of which she visited several parts of Great Britain. During one of her excursions, in 1792, she visited the delightful cottage of Llangollen in Wales, the residence of Lady Elinor Butler and Miss Ponsonby, of which she gives so interesting a description in her *Souvenirs de Felicie*.

On her return to London in September following, Madame de Genlis received a letter from the Duke of Orleans, enjoining her to return to Paris without delay, on account of the decrees issued against the emigrants by the National Convention.

Madame de Genlis no sooner reached Paris than she restored Mademoiselle d'Orleans to the care of her father, and resigned her charge of governess: but on the day following, she and her pupil were placed on the list of emigrants, and received orders to quit Paris in forty-eight hours, and to retire from the French territory. She then resolved to return to England in quest of that repose which her own country denied her: but the Duke of Orleans could not be prevailed on to permit his daughter to accompany her. However, no waiting maid could be procured to follow Made-

moiselle d'Orleans in her exile, through the fear of being placed on the list of emigrants, and the Duke conjured Madame de Genlis to accompany the young Princess to Flanders, and to remain with her three or four weeks at Tournay, until he could engage a proper person to supply her place.

On reaching Tournay, Madame de Genlis determined seriously to prepare for her departure for England. Three weeks after her arrival at Tournay, Pamela, her adopted daughter, was married to Lord Edward Fitzgerald; but as the person promised by the Duke had not arrived, Madame de Genlis was unable to set out with the new married pair as she had at first proposed.

About a month after their departure, her husband, who at the commencement of the revolution had taken the title of Marquess of Sillery, communicated to her from Paris, the dreadful catastrophe which terminated the life of the unfortunate Louis XVI. She immediately dispatched a faithful messenger, conjuring him to quit France: but he declared in answer, that he would never abandon his native country, adding, that the events to which he was then a witness augmented his indifference for an existence which the crimes of his fellow-citizens rendered odious. M. de Sillery remained in Paris though he had every opportunity of escaping; but so far from thinking of concealment when he learnt that he was proscribed by the sanguinary Robespierre and his adherents, he voluntarily surrendered himself and shortly afterwards perished on the scaffold. His last instructions to his unfortunate wife were, that she should retire either to Ireland or Switzerland, but a serious indisposition by which Mademoiselle d'Orleans was seized, prevented Madame de Genlis from observing the prudent counsel of her ill-fated husband.

Mademoiselle d'Orleans had no attendant except Madame de Genlis and her niece. Her convalescence was extremely slow, and at the expiration of four weeks she experienced a relapse. In this situation Madame de Genlis could not think of leaving her. Meanwhile Flanders was united to France: General Dumouriez arrived at Tournay, and though he had no knowledge either of Madame de Genlis or Mademoiselle d'Orleans, yet he felt interested for their unfortunate situation. To have remained at Tournay, where the Austrians were momentarily expected, would have been in the last degree imprudent; and

their return to France must have exposed them to certain death. Dumouriez offered them an asylum in his camp. They followed the army, and procured a lodging at St. Amand, in the city, whilst the head-quarters were established at the Baths, about a mile distant; the defection of Dumouriez was however declared the day after their arrival at St. Amand. Dreading the consequences of this event, and fearing lest they should be included in the general list of fugitives, Madame de Genlis determined to depart, without loss of time, for Mons, representing herself as an Englishwoman, intending to proceed immediately to Switzerland, by way of Germany; and notwithstanding the urgent intreaties of M. de Chartres, she resolved to depart without Mademoiselle d'Orleans: however, at the very moment when she was stepping into the coach, M. de Chartres presented himself, with his sister, bathed in tears. Mad. de Genlis could no longer resist her intreaties, she pressed her to her bosom, and they departed in such haste that they forgot to take with them Mademoiselle d'Orleans's baggage, the whole of which was lost.

After encountering many dangers, they arrived, by cross roads, at the Austrian posts, where they passed for two English ladies, and by that means obtained passports, and an escort to conduct them to Mons. Madame de Genlis was now assailed by a new misfortune. The day after her arrival at Mons, she discovered that Mademoiselle d'Orleans and her niece had both caught the measles; and being unable immediately to procure a nurse she was obliged to attend on them herself, day and night. However, in the midst of this disaster, she enjoyed the consolation of having saved the life of Mademoiselle d'Orleans, who would infallibly have suffered for her brother's desertion had she fallen into the hands of the French. The Duke de Chartres after having fought against the enemies of his country, under Dumouriez, accompanied that General in his flight from St. Amand.

The delay occasioned by the fatal indisposition of the young ladies, afforded the Austrians time to discover that they were natives of France, but they nevertheless experienced the most generous treatment. General Mack procured from the Prince of Coburg passports which enabled them to proceed in safety through Germany. Madame de Genlis left Mons on the 13th of April, 1793, though her young companions were still

in a state of extreme debility, and they arrived safely at Schaffhausen, in Switzerland, on the 26th of the same month. There they were joined by the Duke de Chartres, and they proceeded together to Zug, where they hired a house on the banks of the lake, at a short distance from the town.

Here, under assumed names, they enjoyed tranquillity, but for a short time; for M. de Chartres was soon recognized by the French emigrants, passing through the town. The magistrates, fearing lest they should incur the displeasure of the French government, politely urged the necessity of their seeking an asylum elsewhere. This unexpected occurrence convinced M. de Chartres that his presence must unavoidably prove fatal to his sister's safety, and he took leave of her to travel through Switzerland on foot. M. de Montesquieu generously procured Madame de Genlis and her two protégées a safe retreat in the convent of St. Clair, at Bremgarten, where they all three passed for Irish ladies returning from France, compelled by the troubled state of that country and the dangers of war, to return to their homes as soon as an opportunity should occur.

Madame de Genlis passed a year at Bremgarten in profound seclusion, devoting her whole attention to her pupil, and concealing from her the knowledge of her father's tragic death, which took place during their residence at the convent of St. Clair. Their days passed away in sadness, but not without occupation, until their repose was once more interrupted by the intrigues of their enemies, who at length forced them to quit Switzerland.

Madame de Genlis having determined to depart, began to think on the means of procuring some other place of refuge for Mademoiselle d'Orleans. She prevailed on her to write to the Duke of Modena, her uncle, to request that he would receive her in his territory; but he replied, that political considerations prevented him from acceding to her solicitation. Madame de Genlis shortly after ascertained that the Princess de Conti, her pupil's aunt, was in Switzerland, and residing at Friburg. To her she advised Mademoiselle d'Orleans to appeal for protection, which the Princess most readily granted, and at the expiration of a month, sent the Countess de Pons St. Maurice to escort the young lady to Friburg.

After this separation from her pupil, to whom Madame de Genlis was most

sincerely attached, her residence at Bremgarten became irksome to her, notwithstanding the kind attention of the nuns, who proved themselves in every respect worthy of her gratitude and friendship. She quitted the convent on the 19th of May, 1794, accompanied by her niece, whom she placed under the protection of a respectable family in Holland, and thence she proceeded alone to Altona. There she remained unknown upwards of nine months, and having met her son-in-law, M. de Valence, at Hamburg, she went to reside with him at Silk, a village in the duchy of Holstein, about fifteen miles from Hamburg. There Madame de Genlis at length enjoyed repose, and she resumed her literary occupations, which had been so long suspended. In this retreat she wrote several novels, namely, *Rash Vows*, *The Rival Mothers*, *The Little Emigrants*, and *The Knights of the Swan*. She also published a narrative of her conduct during the revolution, in answer to the calumnies by which she had been assailed.

In the year 1800, the French government called Madame de Genlis from her retreat, and granted her permission to return to her country. She thankfully embraced the opportunity of being restored to her daughter, her grand-children, and such of her friends who still survived. She has ever since resided at Paris. Having been deprived of her fortune by the events of the revolution, she has principally supported herself by the honourable exertion of those talents which she successfully cultivated in happier days, when they formed merely the amusement of her leisure hours. Since her return to France, she has published several historical novels, remarkable for elegance of style, and faithful delineations of manners, but among all her productions, that with which she has thought proper to terminate her literary career, has, perhaps, excited the greatest interest. We allude to *Les Parvenus*, ou *l'Histoire de Julien Delmour*; a translation of which has just appeared under the title of *The New Era*.* In this work she has given an interesting picture of the state of society and manners in France for the last thirty years, and she adduces amidst all the horrors of the revolution examples of sublime piety and devoted attachment, which will, doubtless, throw a gleam of lustre on that unhappy period.

* There is still another work of Madame de Genlis' forthcoming, but it was written prior to *Les Parvenus*.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

LINES

On reading the last Canto of "Childe Harold."

AND has Childe Harold bade us, then,
farewell!
The gifted being, in whose deep felt woes
A thousand hearts have shared? Is then
the spell
Wherewith he bound the nations doom'd
to close,
While his departing strain more sweetly
flows
Than all that charm'd before? Lone bird
of night,
Ere melts thy thrilling music in repose,
So dost thou kindle more intense delight,
Winding the raptur'd spirit to its utmost
height.
Offspring of Truth and Fancy—undefin'd,
Childe Harold, thou dost flit before mine
eyes,
Link'd with whatever leads th' admiring
mind
In blest captivity : and as I see thee rise,
Soaring o'er snowy Alps through starry
skies,
Watchful I strive thine inmost soul to
know,
And mark if Fate reserves some lofty prize,
To pay the mighty debt we mortals owe,
Whose bosoms in thy radiant sunshine melt
and glow.
Nor to this age is circumscribed the boon ;
Ever enlarging, as the tide of time
Sweeps all away beneath the changing
moon,
Save man's immortal thought, and lofty
rhyme ;
While empires vanish, *they* shall rise sub-
lime,
Their aye-increasing boughs shall spread
in air,
For ever blooming in the greenest prime ;
And in the flower and fruit their branches
bear,
Myriads unborn, with grateful orisons, shall
share.
Lord of the lyre! why banish from our
eyes
One thou hast thus enrooted in the heart,
And with thyself combined in such a guise,
That none have found the keenly-sought-
for art,
To trace the wav'ring boundaries that part
The brilliant halo from its parent star ;
In whose Promethean ray past feelings
start
Into young life, though dimly seen, and far
Glimm'ring through Time's dark cloud their
causes are.
Oh, deem not all ungrateful to thy muse,
Though she has forced—not won—the
world's applause,
Which many an envious tongue would
fain refuse.

A searching spirit—with an eye that awes,
And heart that beats in Freedom's holy
cause,

Are of light value to the sons of clay,
Who scan the diamond but to seek its flaws,
To them more welcome than its brightest ray,
Easing the deep respect their hearts perforce
must pay.

High priest of beauty !—thou whose gifted
eyes,

Her lightest step through secret haunts
can trace :

Whether on Nature's snowy breast she lies,
In Alpine solitudes, with awful grace—

Breathes a sweet sadness o'er Medora's
face—

Flings from the cool cascade her silvery
spray ;*

Or linked with death, in strange sublime
embrace,

O'er icy features sheds a parting ray,
Moulding, in marble loveliness, the cold
transparent clay.

Thou poet's poet!—for they most admire
Who best adore the powers of sacred song,
Thy thoughts condens'd—thy words of
purest fire,

The breathing sweets that to thy strain be-
long,

Shedding their fragrance—e'en when dark
and strong,

Dismay and terror bind us in the chain
Thine hands have wrought—and bring a
countless host

Of images we seek to chase in vain :
In dreadful beauty they maintain their post,

And he most feels the barbed shaft, who
struggles most.

Thou poet of Remorse!† thy moral strain,
Searching our hearts, e'en to the inmost
core,

Stern in its sweetness—is not heard in vain :
Thy warning voice, that bids us sin no
more ;

Painting th' internal fires that o'er and o'er,
Burn in the bosom of the guilty man ;

(Burn but consume not)—and from shore
to shore,

Cling to the pilgrim in his fruitless plan
To fly from mem'ry's grasp, on earth's con-
tracted span.

When thoughts, too full their likeness
words to find,

Press'd on this o'er-fraught heart, and
bade it break,

Thy strong expressions cas'd my tortured
mind,

And gave my struggling sorrows power to
speak.‡

* See the refreshing description of the
Fountain in Hassan's Haran.—*Corsair*.

† Manfred.

‡ See Medona's bed of death in "*The
Corsair*."

Nor vainly at thy hands shall Passion seek,
The soul-felt language of delight or pain,
But hanging o'er thy page with changeful
cheek,

And flashing eye—find thine unearthly
strain,
Like a clear mirror—give the life of life
again.

Perhaps 'tis well thy varied song should end
With him—the glorious image of the day:
Thy verse personified. 'Tis thine to blend,
Opposing graces with harmonious sway,
Like that embodied emblem of thy lay.
As conscious power, and beautiful disdain,
Are there attemper'd with the purest ray
Of loveliness—e'er lent on earth to reign;
So to forgiveness melts thy strong indig-
nant strain.†

Farewell a while! for we shall one day
meet,

Perchance in brighter spheres, if not in
this.

Oh, who can see Hope's early visions fleet,
Nor turn to other worlds for views of bliss!
Where Malice cannot sting, nor Envy hiss!
Nor Merit rise, a mark for Folly's dart,
(Her dart, though blunt, is seldom known
to miss);

Nor Love be deemed the weakness of the
heart;

Nor souls, in tenderest bonds entwined, fore-
doom'd to part.

THE NORTHERN STAR.

*Written at Tynemouth, Northumberland,
on the loss of a ship so named in the
Baltic Trade.*

The Northern Star,
Sail'd o'er the bar,
Bound to the Baltic sea;
In the morning grey
She stretch'd away,—
'Twas a weary day to me.

And many an hour,
In sleet and shower.
By the Light House rock I stray;
And watch till dark,
For the winged bark
Of him that's far away.

The castle's bound
I wander round,
Among the grassy graves;
But all I hear
Is the north wind drear,
And all I see the waves.

O roam not there,
Thou mourner fair,
Nor pour the fruitless tear;
Thy 'plaint of woe,
Is all too low,—

The dead, they cannot hear.

The Northern Star
Is set afar;
Set in the raging sea;
And the billows spread
The sandy bed

That holds thy love from thee.

BIRTH-DAY STANZAS.

*Addressed and Inscribed to a Young Lady,
who became of age on the Anniversary
Birth-day of her Royal Highness the
late Princess Charlotte, January the 7th,
1819.*

Still dear to that love, which e'en time can-
not change,

And 'shrin'd in the mem'ry which ne'er
shall decay;

And fix'd, like those planets whose orbs
never range,

Is the fond recollection that hallows to-
day.

For this morning beam'd bright on our
Princess's birth,

And when dazzling with splendour its
day-star arose;

Oh! who that rejoic'd in its dawn o'er the
earth,

Could dream of the darkness that shroud-
ed its close.

Yet as dear, and as welcome it still shall
remain,

Still gladness shall hail it with minstrelsy's
lay;

And friendship, and love still unite in the
strain,

That hails the returning of Beauty's birth-
day.

Whilst to thee, ROSABELLE! may each hope
of thy heart,

Each wish of thy lov'd natal morning be
given;

Till, like her whom we mourn, when call'd
hence to depart,

Thy life's sun set on earth, to rise purer
in Heaven!

JAMES.

PITT.

*A Song, written for an Anniversary Fes-
tival of the Pitt Club, May 28, 1819.*

Hail to the morn, that claims our lay
To deck the Patriot's fame!

When Glory sheds her purest ray
Round PITT's illustrious name:

That name to every heart is dear,
It lives on every tongue;—

And still shall each succeeding year,
His virtue's praise prolong.

While PITT's lov'd memory yet we own,
The bulwark of his monarch's throne!

* The resemblance of Lord Byron's Poetry to the Apollo Belvedere appeared too fanciful to the writer of these lines, until justified by the beautiful comparison of his genius to Grecian sculpture in general, which has appeared in prose so energetic and poetical, that to quote it would throw the preceding address too far into shade.

† See Child Harold's sublime soliloquy in the Coliseum, ending with—Forgiveness.

Like Albion's cliffs he met the storm,
Her thunders fill'd his hand;
When trea-on, mask'd in angel form,
Spread terror through the land.
Then England's peace his firmness sav'd,
'Midst states to ruin hurl'd;

And Britain, by his counsels, brav'd
That wrath which shook the world!
Then Pitt's dear memory still be known,
The ægis of our Monarch's throne!
JAMES.

CRITICAL REMARKS ON NEW PUBLICATIONS.

COLONEL FITZCLARENCE'S overland Journey from India to England.

(Concluded from p. 439.)

ON the 7th of February, Colonel Fitzclarence sailed from Bantry in a vessel belonging to the East India Company, and on the 26th of the following month he landed at Copeir on the coast of the Red Sea, from whence he set out the same day for Khennè on the Nile, in order to proceed down that river to Cairo. At Khennè, he was entertained by a gentleman named Anderson, who, though of British parentage, was completely ignorant of the English language, having been born at Constantinople. In company with this person, our author paid a visit to Dendera, of which he gives a description, but without taking any notice of the celebrated zodiac.

A long disquisition is here introduced on the similarity between the ancient religion of Egypt, and the present one of the Hindoos; but though the subject is treated ingeniously, nothing of course can be decided upon the question, whether the Asiatics borrowed from the Egyptians, or, as is more probable, the latter were indebted for their myths to the Indians.

From Khennè the Colonel proceeded down the Nile, hoping to overtake the English Consul, Mr. Salt, who had passed along in his return from Thebes a little before; but in this he was disappointed; and after a tedious passage of ten days, reached that gentleman's house at Cairo. At Rhodomon, he stopped to inspect an extensive sugar manufactory, carried on by Mr. Brine, an Englishman, who is in partnership with the pacha.

"The improvements under contemplation were very considerable, and the whole manufactory had an appearance of success. Mr. Brine told me he got his coppers principally from Trieste, but had several English. He also gave me a glass of his rum, intended for the European market; for the pacha is more a money-making man than a Mohometan, and has no objection to compound intoxicating liquors for infidels, if we pay well for them. It was very excellent; equal to any rum I ever tasted. I met many Europeans in every part of the manufactory, and learnt that there were no fewer than

forty, principally Italians. Sanguine hopes were entertained of underselling our West India Markets in the Mediterranean, and furnishing the coasts of the Black Sea, Greece, Dalmatia, and Italy, with sugar and spirits of a superior kind, at a very reasonable price. Should this system be carried on to any large extent, which I think highly probable if the present pacha lives, I have no doubt it will make a serious change in the vent of our West India produce."

A high character follows of this chief, and the Colonel says,

"I have no doubt, should the son of the present pacha be as great a man as his father, that Egypt will be separated from Turkey for ever."

At the house of Mr. Salt, the Colonel found Mr. Belzoni, whose important discoveries have justly excited universal admiration.

"He possesses to an astonishing degree, the secret of conciliating the Arabs, and literally makes them do what he chooses. His commanding figure, amazing strength and height, aid him much in his enterprises. In moving the head of the young Memnon, which has been sent to the British Museum, and the bulk of which made the French despair of carrying it away, he had nothing to assist him but what he found upon the spot. He projects some most extraordinary researches, and every success is to be expected from his genius; but he intends previously to return once more to Thebes, and bring down the alabaster sarcophagus. He at the same time means to complete a work he has undertaken, which will be the first of the kind ever carried out of Egypt. It is the entire model of a suite of rooms lately discovered in the tombs of the kings of Thebes, all the walls of which being covered with beautiful carving, facsimiles will be taken of them in moulds of wax, and the whole so exactly executed, and put into their respective places, that no difference or deficiency will be found in the representation. This work has been commenced about two or three months, and he hopes in another year to accomplish all the models, which will give, when completed, a most correct and distinct idea of the grandeur and magnificence of the Egyptian sepulchres. His attachment to the British nation has been, he says, the principal spur to his endeavours. I am convinced, if Mr. Salt and himself are properly supported by

the trustees of the British Museum out of their yearly parliamentary grants, that in the course of a few years, every thing worth removing in these parts will have found its way to this great national repository. All that these gentlemen have done has been at their own charge, the former having expended 2000*l.* of his private fortune within the last two years, in obtaining what will tend so much to the credit of our country. Belzoni is married to an Englishwoman, who is at this time gone on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem."

Accompanied by these two intelligent persons, the Colonel set out soon after his arrival on a visit to the Pyramids, of which, as well as of the Sphinx, he gives a very lively description, together with an account of Mr. Belzoni's researches. Speaking of their approach to the second Pyramid, our author observes—

"It was particularly interesting to hear on the spot, the remarks of one gentleman who had deeply studied the subject, and of the other who had immortalized himself by discovering the entrance to the chambers contained in the enormous mass before us. In the area under the opening, which is on the north side, at the foot of the rubbish, are many large stones which had been removed by this enterprising Italian, and afforded us an idea of the vast difficulties he had surmounted. He had made through the crumbling rubbish, a firm footing with large stones to reach the openings; but though he began his operations on the 10th of February, it was not till the 19th that he fell in with the forced passage. On the following day, he got in about five feet, when the stones and rubbish began to fall from above, and though constantly cleared away for some days, continued to descend in great quantities, till at last an upper forced passage was discovered, communicating from above with that which entered horizontally into the pyramid. He then perceived another entrance, which was evidently a continuation of the first passage. This passage was cleared from its numerous obstructions, and extended above 100 feet into the centre of the pyramid. About half way from the entrance, another forced descending passage was discovered, forty feet in length. Though the work, in the horizontal passage was continued to the length I have stated, it ended abruptly. The workmen had been exposed to the danger of being crushed by the hanging stones over their heads, which had been loosened by their operations; and, for myself, I felt anxious to change my position every instant, as some stones, of several tons weight, appeared to threaten our destruction.

"We next proceeded to the real entrance, and I cannot understand by what indication Belzoni dug so directly down upon it, for it was no less than thirty feet to the eastward

of the forced passage. This sagacity is the more remarkable when it is considered that in his great discoveries at the tombs of the kings of Thebes, he dug down immediately on the entrance, though it had in the course of time, been covered by a cascade, or stream of water, falling over the entrance, and yet his index was equally successful. After many days hard work, on the 28th of February, Belzoni discovered the corner of a block of granite in an inclined direction, towards the centre of the pyramid, and was convinced from the inclination being the same as that of the first pyramid, that the object he desired was near being accomplished; and the subsequent discovery of other large blocks on the 1st of March, gave him almost certain hopes of succeeding.

"On the 2d of March, he opened the true entrance to the pyramid of Cephrenes."

Having thus given an account of the labours of the indefatigable Belzoni, Colonel Fitzclarence narrates his own journey into the interior of the pyramid, but as the description is accompanied by a section of this stupendous structure to which of course references are continually made, we are debarred from any other extracts, than what is said of the great chamber, which is forty-six feet three inches long, sixteen feet three inches wide, and twenty feet six inches high.

"The architect has taken advantage of a large mass of native rock to fill up the centre of the pyramid, as almost the whole of this chamber is cut out of it, excepting a part of the roof towards the western end, which is of masonry. The floor of this chamber is exactly level with the base of the pyramid: the roof is also of a pent-house form. On the wall, immediately opposite where we entered, Belzoni has inscribed in the Italian language, in large letters, which extend from one end to the other, his name and the date of his discovery. In the west end of the chamber, a sarcophagus of granite is buried in the ground to the level of the floor, and placed due north and south. This sarcophagus is eight feet long, three feet six inches wide, and two feet three inches deep inside, surrounded by large blocks of granite, placed there in all probability to prevent its removal; but Belzoni has determined upon that measure, though it must be attended with much labour. The lid is placed diagonally across it. Belzoni, however, found in it the bones of a human skeleton, which are in all probability, if one of the accounts of Herodotus be correct, the bones of king Cephrenes, who is supposed to have built this pyramid. He presented me with three or four pieces; and on learning it was my intention to deposit them in the British Museum, he added others,

making in all seven piéces * The floor of the chamber has been forced up in several places, doubtless in search of treasure. Under one of these stones he found a piece of metal, evidently the head of an iron mallet or hatchet. This, which he was so good as to give me, I also intend for the British Museum. Very high up in the centre of the wall, there are two small square holes, about two feet in diameter, one to the north and the other to the south. They are of considerable depth, like those in the great chamber of the first pyramid, and I cannot conjecture what can possibly have been their use.

"On the wall of the western side of the chamber is an Arabic inscription, which declares 'This pyramid was opened by the masters, Mahomed El Aghar and Otman, and inspected in the presence of the Sultan, Ali Mahomed, the 1st Yugluck.' Belzoni stated there were several inscriptions on the walls, but I was not satisfied as to the character in which they were written. The crystals on the walls had formed most beautiful shapes, and so hard that it was with great difficulty I broke some off to keep as relics of my interesting excursion. On the left hand side of the passage, on returning a few feet from the great chamber, two Arabic inscriptions give the names of two men who had visited this pyramid; the last thing worthy of note which I remarked in the interior of this stupendous fabric: issuing from which we revisited the light of day."

On the 12th of April, the Colonel quitted Cairo for Alexandria, where he embarked on board the *Tagus* frigate, in which ship he found his brother, serving as an officer under Captain Dundas. This vessel came thither for the purpose of conveying home the two sons of the emperor of Morocco, who had been on a pilgrimage to Mecca: of which journey they gave an account that serves to diversify the present narrative. But the most important information derived from this source, and here detailed, is that relating to Timbuctoo, which city had been often visited on commercial speculations by Hadjee Talub Ben Jelow, the governor of the Princes. This man appears not only to have been extremely intelligent, but very communicative; and there can be no doubt of the verity of his statement, since he could have had no inducement to practice deception.

"Upon enquiring about Tambuctoo, the Hadjee laughed at our pronunciation, the name of the city being Timbuctoo; it is situated about two hours' journey from the great river. He says, the king of Timbuctoo is a negro, and resides at Kabra, which is the port of Timbuctoo, being upon the Niger. The houses, he states, are low and mean; the inhabitants have no shops, but there are stalls for selling the necessaries of life under leather tents. The habitations are built of clay and loose stones, though some of them must be two stories high from their having stairs. He says, there are mosques at Timbuctoo; which agrees with the evidence of Hadjee Benater, who asserts 'that there are Mahometans there,' and some of 'no religion at all;' while Hadjee Talub's account is that all religions are tolerated; the majority of the inhabitants are, according to his description, negroes. The cow at Timbuctoo has a hump upon its shoulder, and appears rather larger than the Indian cow; those the natives ride on."

With respect to the Niger, he states that it runs towards the east, or, as he terms it, towards Mecca. He has invariably called it the Nil, but another person on board, of the name of Hadjee Benater, calls it Dan, but confirms the interesting fact which was so long contested, of the river running to the east. The Niger is reported to be a quarter of a mile broad at Kabra, but in the sunner it is much more considerable. Hadjee Talub has understood that the river runs into a large fresh water sea in the interior of the country, which he calls Behur Soldan; that from this sea the Nile of Egypt takes its rise, so that he calls it the same river; and that half way to Cairo there are great falls and cataracts which prevent boats from passing. This account of the source of the Nile, may, however, be reasonably doubted. The boats in the river are of a middling size, flat-bottomed, having no sails, and constructed without nails. They are formed of the bark of trees, and some of them are as large as a frigate's launch, or about twenty-eight feet long. Our informant, Hadjee Talub, adds, that crocodiles abound in the river, are very voracious, and are taken by being harpooned with an instrument with five prongs. There are vast quantities of fish in the Niger, which, from their colour and size, are supposed to be salmon. Hadjee Benata states, that Timbuctoo is three times the size of Alexandria; and Hadjee Talub conceives the population to be about 60,000, and represents their cha-

* Unfortunately for antiquarian conjectures, these fragments are found to have belonged to an animal of the *bos* genus, probably the remains of an apiu.—Ed.

racter as being good and friendly, though he has heard of people being shot for theft, and of offenders being beat on the back with the skin of an animal dried and cut into thongs. He says there are cocoa nuts and dates in abundance, and water-melons in great plenty, but all grow wild, there being no garden whatever. The woods in the neighbourhood of Timbuctoo are described as being full of game, and lions and beasts of prey are often seen in the neighbourhood of the town. Hares and rabbits are in vast quantities, and the only dog they have is a greyhound, which is trained to catch those animals: cats they have none. The city is well supplied with every kind of provision, and it is customary for the natives to eat elephant's flesh, which animal is stated to exist in immense herds in the vicinity. Their flesh appeared palatable to Hadjee Talub, tasting like beef, but being quite white. They are ferocious animals, and will attack single persons, which obliges men who ride alone to carry a horn to frighten them away. There are two methods of hunting the elephants, one by driving them into the river, where men by swimming get on their backs, and cut and destroy them: the other by driving them into pits, and there butchering them: a few are tamed.

"As to their commerce it is carried on between Fez and Timbuctoo generally by caravans, which leave the former place in March and October, as does that of Mecca at the same season. The articles which sell best at Timbuctoo are salt, tobacco, European scarlet cloth, and English painted cottons, besides pistols and guns. This traffic returns elephants' teeth (of which two are so large as to be a load for a camel,) slaves, and gold. The gold is generally in small bags, in each of which is an ounce, valued at fifteen dollars: it is extremely pure and fine: they have also pieces of gold weighing about five ounces. This precious article is very common, and comes from the south-west, where it is found in great quantities. The negroes wear bracelets and other ornaments of this metal, and Hadjee has presented Captain Dundas with some gold articles, consisting of part of a necklace, a pair of ear-rings, and some braids for the hair, similar to the filagree work of the Archipelago of the Eastern Seas; which he states that the workmen manufactured as they do in Java and Sumatra, in the house of their employer, by whom they are hired like journeymen.

"He speaks of a tribe called Shullahs, who are a savage race, living in leather tents, and of a warlike and brave spirit.

They dress with the turban, and place it in many folds round their head and face, so as to project a great way, serving as a guard, and leaving only the eye uncovered. They are armed with a long sword, sharp on both sides, though some of them carry a javelin. For defence they have a shield made of leather, about five feet long and four broad, which covers their whole persons. Their dress consists of a blue shirt and white trowsers. He represents the women as being very fat, and having a protuberance behind like the Hottentot women, of whom we have heard so much. The Shullahs receive a certain tribute from the negroes of Timbuctoo, and never cross the river. During the summer they remain two day's journey to the east, but in winter come close to the city. Their women perform all the agricultural labours in the field.

"We made inquiries respecting the caravans from Fez to Timbuctoo, and from Timbuctoo in various other directions. He says he travelled by the regular caravan in three months and ten days from Fez to Timbuctoo, but the year after he went the same journey with a guide and two guards in twenty nine days, on a herrie, performing four days' journey in one. There is no want of water during the winter time; but hordes of Arabs attack travellers at that season. The herrie is mentioned as being the fleetest animal that can be conceived; it is like a dromedary, but is as superior in speed to the generality, as a race horse is to a cart horse.

"There runs a tradition that there was at one time a regular caravan from Timbuctoo direct to Cairo, but the disturbed state of the country has of late rendered it so unsafe as to prevent it altogether. Indeed, as two Shullahs accompanied the caravan from Fez to Mecca, having come from Timbuctoo for that purpose, Captain Dundas thinks, in which Hadjee Talub agrees with him, that there is now no direct communication between that city and Cairo. With respect to intercourse toward the east and south-east, our traveller speaks of Houssa being a considerable city, but at such a distance from Timbuctoo that the latter city is only half way between it and Fez. It is described to be a place of great traffic, where the cloth used by the inhabitants of Timbuctoo is manufactured. Neither he nor Hadjee Benata know any thing of Wassana, although they are acquainted with a large place, twenty days' journey south-east from Timbuctoo, called Massana. Beyond this place, to the south-east, are a people who eat their prisoners.

"During our various conversations, Hadjee Talub mentioned, that eleven years ago, in 1807, when at Timbuctoo, he heard of two white men, who came from the sea, having been near that city. This was the year before he arrived at Timbuctoo, and

he understood that the white men sold beads, as they had no money to purchase grain. He adds, that they went down the Nile to the eastward, and that general report stated that they had died of the climate. This appeared to Captain Dundas and myself to allude to, and certainly all circumstances tend to prove that these persons were Mr. Park and Lieutenant Martyn, who could have arrived there about that period. However, the pacific conduct and friendly intercourse mentioned by Hajee Talub disagrees with the journal of Amadi Fatonna, who speaks of hostility taking place off Timbuctoo, which city is not in the Niger; and in what regards the fate of these gentlemen, they differ as to the mode of their death.

"It was natural that we should attempt to ascertain if it was practicable for a Frank to pass from Fez to Timbuctoo, and if he thought the Emperor of Morocco would assist the views of any Englishman in reaching that city, which he answered with the greatest confidence in the affirmative. As to any danger with the caravan, he expresses a conviction that there is not the slightest; but singly, he thinks, that great risks would be hazarded. I further asked him, whether, if duly rewarded, he would accompany me to Timbuctoo, to which he assented with the utmost readiness; and added, that we could reach that city in forty-seven days from Fez on horseback, and that he would forfeit his life if he did not bring me back safe."

Our author, after a tedious voyage up the Mediterranean, got on board the packet at Gibraltar, and arrived on the 14th of June at Falmouth.

The copious extracts we have made from this interesting volume render any observation upon the composition of it superfluous, and therefore we shall conclude with saying, that it is elegantly printed, and that the plates do equal credit to the author and the artist who engraved his designs.

*Letters of Advice from a Lady of Distinction. addressed to the late Duchess of ***** shortly after her Marriage. 12mo. pp. 248.*

Instead of introducing this inestimable little volume with any formal language of commendation, of which it stands in no need, we shall only observe, that the letters were written in the year 1774, by one of the most excellent and accomplished ornaments of the British court, to her relation, whose attractions and talents long gave her an ascendancy in the fashionable hemisphere. Of the nature and value of the banquet here displayed, our readers will best form an

opinion for themselves from the table of contents, which is as follows:—

"Concerning the disposition or inclination of a Wife—On the inclination or disposition of a Husband—Respecting those who visit through Ceremony—Concerning the visits of intimate Acquaintances—On the continuation of Affection—On irresolution or weakness of Disposition or Temper—On Disputes which arise upon trivial occasions—On what may be termed Absolute Quarrels—On Fickleness of Disposition—On Confidence and Secrets—Of natural Imperfections or Defects—On the proper government of the Thoughts—Of agreement of Thoughts in the Concerns of Life—The necessity and propriety of Circumspection in a wife's Behaviour and Deportment—On similitude or agreement of Tempers—On agreement or conformity of Sentiments—Of being in public and in private in the presence of a Husband—On the government of Conversation—Of the proper Management of a Family."

Though this correspondence passed between persons in the highest station of life, the advice is equally adapted for the conduct of the humblest members of society; and the style is of that level, familiar description, which is best suited to give effect to friendly monition. Having said thus much in a general way, we shall confirm the remark by some detached passages, taken from the letters as they occur, without any attempt to classify them under any arrangement.

"When a woman becomes pleased with flattery, she is not displeased with the flatterer. She may therefore shew him marks, though innocent, of her favour; but rest assured, that the husband who hears a man compliment his wife, and perceives that he is rather a favourite with her, will become uneasy. If an explanation should take place, there will be disquietude; for suspicion, however slight, on so nice a point, will affect you materially. If, however, he should remain silent, he will continue to observe with circumspection, and the jealous eye always sees more than there really is."—"Be not in haste to appear the married woman, nor think that a look of care or intense thought becomes you, or is the mark by which it may be known. Care approximates very nearly to sorrow: at least in the indications by which it shews itself upon the countenance. I would not have you entertain a thought of sorrow because you are married, nor would I have you look as if you repented of it. It would be doing injustice to your husband, and it is a measure calling for compassion to yourself: but if you have the true spirit of a woman, you will know that there is no insult so great as the pity which other people pretend to have for us."

"Remember that the love which the marriage vow authorises, and which it should inspire, is no flight of idle fancy, wild, irregular, and uncertain; it must be firm, perfect, and inviolable. It must be the fruit of consideration as well as imagination; and it must be known as a virtue as well as a complaisance."

The tenderness of affection, and the expression of it, must never be chastened; for, as this excellent monitor observes—

"Since nothing is so honourable to a wife as fondness of her husband, when alone, so nothing is more unbecoming, when there are witnesses to take notice of it, it is really an offence against the company, and it may be suspected by your husband, that you may have some end to answer in so doing, and that you do it to obtain a character, which to you may seem an amiable one, although it be not so in reality. There is nothing which ought to set a woman so low with her husband as this prostituted mark of fondness; and there is not any thing that will set her so low in the eye of the censorious world. That love, which is thus ostentatiously shown before others, may be affected; but that which is in secret must be real, it is from the heart. There can be no disguise."

The necessity of watching and governing the thoughts is thus beautifully enforced and illustrated:—

"It has been my province to observe that faults in a wife generally arise upon slight foundations; indeed, the worst of them proceed from things in themselves very trifling, but their increase is certain. The acorn is small when it is planted in the earth, but he must be very ignorant indeed who affects to wonder at the large oak tree that grows from it. Watch the first motions of your heart in secret—correct them, if they be amiss; encourage and continue them if they be good, for upon these every thing will depend. They are the first shoots of every flower that can adorn the garden of marriage, and of every weed that can deform it. They may be rooted up with ease while they are young, or they may be cherished with a little trouble, and all the future prospect will depend upon them."

The following anecdote, introduced to shew the danger of receiving any wrong impressions, or forming a low opinion of those whom it is our duty to esteem, above all others, is extremely appropriate:—

"I will mention a circumstance from my own experience. Your uncle had a defect in one of his legs it had been broken when he was an infant, and badly set. When he first visited me, I could not keep my eye from this imperfection; not good nature, no,

nor good manners, could influence me to do what I ought; but, believe me, when I was sufficiently acquainted with him to perceive the uprightness of his heart, and the goodness of his disposition, I never saw the ill shape of this limb afterwards. I was in danger, from an incident, which I cannot remember without desiring it most completely. Some officious friend, after I had many years forgotten it, said, she had often thought it was a pity that there was such a blemish about such an otherwise agreeable man as my husband was. I had more pain to get over this second difficulty than the first. My eye was again involuntarily cast towards it, and the peace of my life was never so much endangered as by this officious person, because it renewed in my mind what I had long forgotten."

We could easily have enlarged our bundle of gleanings from these delightful letters; but, *manum de tabula*, and what we have exhibited will be sufficient to give the reader an idea of the value of the whole correspondence, for the appearance of which, and the portable form of the volume, the public is under great obligations to the Editor.

The Banquet; a Poem, in three Cantos, with Notes. 8vo. Plates, 5s. 6d. London, pp. 144.

We are sorry that our numerous and more pressing, though not more pleasing, avocations, should have so long prevented us from affording our readers the satisfaction of partaking of the entertainment which this lively and witty writer has prepared for us.

Though the subject does not appear at first sight, of the most promising cast, and is, perhaps, not altogether adapted to the highest flights of fancy, yet our author has shewn that it is extremely susceptible of poetical embellishment, and has contrived to support the dignity, and add to the interest of his theme in a way we could hardly have expected. In doing this, he thus expresses the intention of his muse:—

"O'er trivial matters 'tis her care to haste,
She pays her homage to judicious taste."

He has, therefore, neither entirely confined himself to the description of a modern feast, nor taken the utmost extent of the range which the didactic form afforded of delineating the manners and customs of every age and nation. In this respect, he has prescribed, perhaps, too narrow limits to himself, and left out many pleasing ornaments, which might, with propriety, have been introduced.—We do not mean to say that the poem,

constituted as it is, is a faultless composition, but where "*plura nitent*," and there is much to admire, we do not wish invidiously to dwell on trifling defects.

After a short exordium, and sprightly exposition of the subject,

But now my modest invocation less
Invites the Muse to catch the game than
dress, &c.

the author proceeds to notice the repasts of the ancients, which is the title and subject of the first canto, and in which we have the fruit of much reading, observation, and selection condensed into a small compass, without ostentation of science, or parade of learning: and, to have succeeded in this, is equally agreeable to the reader, and honorable to the discernment and talent of the writer: for, as, on the stage, those who assume the most simple and *naïve* characters, ought to be endowed with the finest parts and most consummate skill, so, in the walks of literature, he who hopes to adopt the light, easy and graceful style, must possess a fund of information, guided by a discreet and mature judgment.

As this elegant work is already, no doubt, in the possession of many of our readers, and we can safely recommend it to them all, our extracts shall be very short.

We read, one evening, as he took his wine,
Marc Antony (mark, not Marc Antonine,) Whose cook would half the Roman empire
stew,

In honour of a delicate ragout,
That pleased the palate of the Egyptian queen,
(The finest thing, perhaps, that had been
seen!)

Presented to the artist that had made it,
(An author of veracity has said it.)
A spacious city, with the streets and houses,
All its inhabitants, and all their spouses;
A free imperial borough on the spot,
With all dependencies, both scot and lot?
Such was the grandeur of the Roman name,
What borough-monger now would do the
same?

But rather, for a seat in Stephen's walls,
Barter his dinner, stews, his cook, and all?

Canto I. l. 487.

Of the spirited manner of the piece, the following from the second canto—

Would you eat long, voluptuously, and well,
Let, at the royal twelve, your silver bell
Summon from park, from pleasure-ground,
or lake,
With welcome sound, your wholesome meal
to take.
At twelve?—was ever such a monster seen;

'Tis twelve at night, sir, surely you must
mean?

At twelve!—why all the fashion of the age,
Will on the gothic author vent their rage:
Send me to *Corentry*, or some lone cot,
To dine with rustics on their hodge-podge
pot.

I fly with pleasure—with Hygeia sup,
And dine with her—an hour before they're
up;

And when they wake the night with clamorous
roar,

On my hard bed contentedly I snore.

Canto II. l. 392.

Of the more serious, the opening of the third canto affords a favourable specimen—

Ah, where is now the care-constructed pile,
On which the blooming valleys used to
smile?

Whose firm foundation bedded in the rock,
Seem'd to defy the elemental shock;
Whose lofty head, on taper columns rear'd,
Towering o'er thick surrounding mists appear'd;

To shield whose sacred walls, vast hills
arose,
Capacious walls—as high almost as those,
Far from whose towers, incensed with frequent
smoke,

The raging tempest howl'd, and harmless
broke:

Whose glittering spires the lake would oft
behold,

Deck'd, by the orient suns, in flaming gold:
While, with inverted honours seen to droop,
To kiss her polish'd bosom they would
stoop;

Whose roofs were shelter'd by the guardian
woods;

Whose feet were wash'd by tributary floods
That pour'd, before them, on their yellow
sand,

The exhaustless treasures of a fertile land.—
That pile, alas! now moulders fast—where
those

Long moulder in decay, by whom it rose;
With threatening nod, and with prophetic
gloom,

Their ashes shrouds, and consecrates their
tomb.

Both in one common dust soon fate must lay,
And mix *this* stony rubbish with *their* clay.

E'en now—behold, the broken key-stone
thrown

Far underneath the arch in which it shone,
While its dependant brothers, o'er their
mate,

Bend trembling forward to partake its fate:
The emboss'd entablature, enrich'd with
gold,

Beneath the shatter'd pedestal is roll'd:
The shaft, propensive from the lightning's
stroke,

In vain outlives its taller rival, oak;
The fretted bossage, from the ceiling ript,
Crumbles to powder in the yawning crypt.

The concluding pages are devoted to the affecting story of Vatel, from a letter of Madame de Sévigné, which is given in a translation among the notes in a style worthy of the elegant original. The rest of the notes contain many humorous and classical allusions and entertaining anecdotes.

The author has since added a "Desert" (which our limits prevent us from

entering upon at present, though it is fully worthy of succeeding to the Banquet before us); and still more recently a mock epic poem, called the Vestriar, or the Opera, in five cantos; which, from what we have heard and seen of it, seems likely to prove one of the most engaging and popular works of this class in the language.

MONTHLY REGISTER.

AGRICULTURE.

Communications to the Board of Agriculture, on subjects relative to Husbandry and internal Improvement of the Country. Vol. 1. Part 1. 8vo. 14s.

ARCHITECTURE.

Illustrations of the Architectural Antiquities and Sculpture of Lincoln Cathedral. By C. Wild. 16 plates. Atlas 4to.

In the general advancement of British arts the topographical department of all others is universally admitted to have attained the nearest approximation to perfection, a superiority which may probably result from the general encouragement it derives from that species of patriotism which makes every man more or less a lover and collector of our national antiquities. In this class the work before us has considerable claims to our commendation, both as it conveys a comprehensive, and we doubt not, a just idea of one of the most magnificent edifices of which our country can boast. It exhibits, on a scale hitherto unprecedented, the various excellencies of our most eminent architectural engravers. In this illustration the scientific and the picturesque are judiciously combined, the leading features of each part of the fabric being given geometrically and in detail, and their general effect by perspective representations possessing that precision in drawing, and soberness of chiaro-scuro for which Mr. Wild's pencil is so justly admired. In the historical and descriptive account, the author has with great propriety confined himself most scrupulously to his subject, and by this means has given us a very large portion of real information in a short compass. It would be impossible to give our readers any idea of the work by extracts, but we cannot forbear to glance at a portion of the earlier history of that celebrated building. The cathedral church of Lincoln was originally erected by Raimundus, one of the first bishops appointed to an English see by William the Conqueror, and that part of the present west front is undoubtedly of that age. In 1124, the larger portion of the church having been injured by fire, it underwent a thorough repair by Alexander (the patron of Henry of Huntingdon), whose style of architecture is also exemplified in the west entrance.

The present choir and chapter house, with some other parts specified, were built by Hugh de Greynoble, better known by the title of Saint Hugh, between the years 1186 and 1200, the nave, transept, and tower, in the first, and the presbytery in the last part of the thirteenth century, so that it exhibits the progressive advancement of the pointed style from its first adoption to its arrival at a state of comparative excellence. This cathedral is particularly rich in sculptural embellishment, and the bas-reliefs and statues given in this work seem to

possess surprising merit, and prove that the study of the antique which prevailed in Italy during the 13th century was common to this country also. Of the execution of the plates we cannot speak too highly, but as in a number executed by different artists, some must be better than others, we are compelled to say that the views of Messrs. Byrne, Lee, and the two Le Keux, appear to deserve particular notice; nor would we wish to be invidious, but truth demands it of us to say, that the choir by Mr. John Le Keux ranks pre-eminent not only in this collection, but of any of the plates that we have seen executed by this celebrated artist.

ARTS.

Liber Veritas, or a Collection of Prints after the original designs of Claude de Lorain, in the collection of his Grace the Duke of Devonshire, Earl Spencer, Richard Payne Knight, Benj. West, Charles Lambert, Edward Turner, George Gosling, and Joseph Farrington, esqrs. Executed by Richard Earlom. Vol. 3, folio, 7l. 17s. 6d.

Views in Greece. By E. Dodwell, esq. Part 1, imperial folio, 2l. 12s. 6d.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.

Bibliotheca Britannica By Rob. Watt, M. D. Part 1. No. 1. 4to. 1l. 1s.

A Catalogue of Old Books, being vol. 2 of the second part of Longman and Co.'s Catalogue for 1818-19. 8vo. 2s. 6d.

Earrington's Catalogue of scarce books in all Languages. 1s. 6d.

BIOGRAPHY.

The Life of Sir Thomas Bernard, bart. By the Rev. James Baker, his nephew and executor. 8vo. 8s. 6d.

A Biographical Dictionary of the Worthies of Ireland. By Richard Ryan. 8vo. vol. 1. 12s.

This specimen of a work truly national is deserving of a place in the library of every Irishman who is a lover of his country. Many of the lives in this volume are now for the first time printed, and even more that are not of that description contain much new information, and the whole appears to have been compiled with the most indefatigable industry and care. Much entertaining anecdote is displayed throughout the volume, but still we cannot help thinking that the witticisms so liberally scattered in each succeeding page are incompatible with the sober gravity of a biographer. The preface has considerable claims to attention, as it contains much curious matter relating to Ireland; it is written with great energy, and bears the stamp of a superior and classical mind.

The Life of the Right Reverend Father in God Thomas Wilson, D.D. Lord Bishop

of Sodor and Man. By the Rev. H. Stowell. 8vo. 12s.

COMMERCE.

Bold's Merchant and Mariners' African Guide. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

The Traveller and Merchants' Financial Guide in France and Flanders, with Tables. By John Nettleship. 12mo. 5s. 6d.

CONCHOLOGY.

Index Testaceologicus, or Catalogue of Shells, British and Foreign, arranged according to the Linnæan System, with the Latin and English Names. By W. Wood, esq. 8vo. 14s.

DIVINITY.

Cambrian Excellence; a Sermon on St. David's Day, preached at the Visitation, in Caermarthen, on the 1st of March, 1819. By John Taylor, A. B. Vicar of Llanarthney. 8vo. pp. 23.

There is a novel feature in this visitation sermon which we hail with pleasure. In general the clergy appointed to the office of preaching on these occasions, take some general topics connected with the ministerial duties, which being treated in nearly the same manner from season to season, lose their effect, and are considered as mere things of course. The mode here adopted is admirably calculated to rouse not only the clerical body to a proper zeal, but the laity to the exercise of Christian obedience. Mr. Taylor, who we take to be a young man, has given an excellent specimen of what may be done in this way, by setting before his hearers a neat eulogium on the character of the apostle of Wales, founded on genuine history, and utterly freed from legendary romance. He has also added an affecting narrative of the martyrdom of Bishop Robert Farrar, who was condemned to death in that very church where the sermon was preached, and burnt soon after in the public street of Caermarthen. From these instances of piety in the see of St. David's the preacher descends to our own times, in a passage which we quote with feeling.

"Does not a striking similarity occur to you, betwixt David and one of his later successors, our celebrated Bp. Horsley, who for his able confutation of the same self-heresy (that of Pelagius) received for his reward the mitre of St. David; which mitre is still worn by a prelate no less learned than Horsley, and no less zealous and skilful than the Archbishop David himself, in combating this most pestilent and deadly doctrine. Did our famous archbishop build a considerable number of churches throughout the diocese? And have they not all been adorned and beautified by the care of his present successor? Through whose exertions that reproach no longer lies on our nation, 'Ye dwell in ceiled houses, while the house of the Lord remaineth desolate.' And if I might allude to other causes of exultation, in which we may safely indulge, I will add, that this see has never shone brighter, as to the learning and discipline of its school, the zeal, seriousness, and orthodoxy of its clergy, than at the present moment."

We have observed that the preacher appears to be a young man, and this is confirmed by the inaccuracy of his observation on the character of Pelagius, and his opinions, which certainly were neither so obnoxious as he has represented them, nor at all approximated to the Arian and Socinian heresies which the Bishops Horsley and Burgess have opposed.

NEW MONTHLY MAG.—No. 63.

The Revival of Popery, its intolerant character, political tendency, encroaching demands, and uncessing usurpations, detailed in a series of Letters to William Wilberforce, Esq. M. P. By William Blair, Esq. 8vo. pp. 252.

That popery is always the same the members of the Roman church never deny; but on the contrary, they glory in the position as a proof of the unchangeableness of their church, and the firmness of their principles. Nor should we be disposed to blame them for this stability, as far as regards the dogmata of their creed, and the ceremonies of their worship, were it not that while an increasing spirit of liberality has marked every other church and sect in Christendom, the intolerant pride and bigotry of the Roman communion remain unsubdued by time or circumstances. It is passing strange that the advocates of unlimited concession to the Catholics should be so blind to the real character of the Roman church, as to imagine that political power may safely be entrusted into the hands of those who are radically hostile to the ecclesiastical establishment of the united kingdom. Would to God that the Protestants, as a body, high and low, rich and poor, the laity as well as the clergy, were half as steadfast to the principles of their forefathers as the Papists are to the decrees of the Tridentine council. But so long as the former continue to relax and conciliate, so long will the latter encroach in their demands, and increase in numbers. The plain truth is, though it has not been mentioned by either party in the parliamentary conflicts that have taken place, that the Roman Catholics are looking to the establishment of their church in Ireland, which chance they will justify by the precedent of Scotland. We are surprised that the opponents of these iterated claims do not force their antagonists to an explicit declaration upon this point.

The perusal of Mr. Blair's work has drawn these remarks from us, and deeply are all true Protestants indebted to this gentleman for the interest which he has taken in a subject that affects the vitals of our constitution. To that subject he has brought a mind of singular acuteness, and he must have exercised uncommon industry in his researches to place the question in the proper point of view which he has done. We are fully convinced that neither the Romanists, nor any of their auxiliaries, will venture upon a refutation of this book, for the best of all reasons, that no sophistry can disprove the mass of evidence here accumulated.

DRAMA.

The Irishwoman, a Comedy, by Lady Clarke (sister of Lady Morgan,) performed at the Theatre Royal, Dublin. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

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The Art of French Conversation, with an Introduction. By D. Boileau. 4s. 6d. half-bound.

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VOL. XI.

3 Z

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A Critical Examination of the First Principles of Geology, in a Series of Essays. By B. G. Greenough. 8vo. 9s.

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HISTORY.

The Medalic History of Napoleon. 4to. 3l. 13s. 6d.

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LAW.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

A Letter, respectfully addressed to his Royal Highness the Prince Regent, on occasion of the death of her late lamented Majesty. By Lysias. 8vo. pp. 20.

There is a singular admixture of delicate politeness and spirited freedom in this address. The writer is evidently a moralist of the good old school, and one thoroughly conversant with the refined manners of the world. His language is elegant and prespicious; yet there is a piquancy in it which pierces without giving offence. The character of the late lamented Queen is touched with a masterly hand, and the picture is brought before the Regent to remind him not only of his loss, but of his duties.

We close our notice of this admirable performance, with an extract, which will abundantly convince our readers that the account which we have given of it is sincere and correct.

"There are those who appear to conceive, that the court, while a female sovereign presided over it, admitted of a strictness and correctness of decorum, which it cannot be expected to exhibit under the superintendence of a Prince. The opinion of the world certainly sanctions a degree of laxity in the social habits of a house where there is no female head; and it may be argued that the same license must, under the same circumstances, be allowed to a court. The force of this reasoning, I own that I am utterly unable to perceive. Let it be granted, for argument's sake, that a Prince, in his strictly private habits, in such parts of his life as are unseen, and into which the public cannot pry without impertinence, may claim to himself privilege of measured laxity, which opinion, (though, in my judgment, most unjustifiably,) grants to individuals of the same sex in stations less exalted. But a Prince at the head of a court; a Prince acting or appearing on state occasions; a Prince even on such social occasions as are of a more formal nature, and which only half divest him of his robes of state; a Prince even in such parts of his properly private and domestic life, as are conspicuous to the public eye, and must be influential on public fashion; seems to me to be at least as much bound by the laws of decency, and by the obligation of paying respect to appearances, as a private gentleman at the head of a table at which females of rank and character should be the guests."

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Popular Observations on the Diseases of Literary and Seditary Persons. To which are added, Hints for their Prevention and Removal. By W. A. Pearkes. 8vo. 5s. 6d.

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MUSIC.

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Considerable praise is due to the author of this little publication, for the clearness and brevity with which he has explained the first elements of the theory of music. The instructions are conveyed in a series of twenty diagrams, which being all exhibited in a single sheet, are placed immediately under the eye of the learner. Our limits do not, of course, enable us to enter into a detailed de-

scription of the various plans of explanation adopted by Mr. Relfe. We must however, observe, that his mode of exhibiting the major and minor scales—of marking the situations of the semitones, (diagrams 9 and 10,) and thereby enabling the student to make an immediate comparison between each major key and its relative minor, is certainly the best of the kind that we have had the good fortune to meet with; and dia. 11, in which the enharmonic scale is shown by three notes, placed in different staves of the same bar—presenting identity in sound, but difference in rotation, forms a useful practical lesson to the piano-forte performer. But the most novel and important feature in the *Musical Scroll*, is Mr. Relfe's new plan of thorough bass figuring. It is matter of surprise, that no fixed system for designating the chords of thorough bass has hitherto been established. Its utility must be obvious to every musical composer; and, besides, what advantage can be gained from burthening and perplexing the memory of the learner with the various modes of figuring which have heretofore been employed. Mr. Relfe's plan seems adequate to every purpose for which it is intended, and we see no reason why it should not be generally followed. A desire to avoid the tedious and inelegant diffuseness so common in the writings of musical professors, has, perhaps, led the author into the opposite error of extreme brevity. The publication is, however, admirably calculated to facilitate the acquisition of the rudiments of harmony; and, we accordingly recommend it as a useful assistant to beginners, whilst at the same time it affords improving exercises to the student more advanced in musical theory.

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'Tis pleasant through the loop-holes of retreat
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd.

Cowper.

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The author of this feeble performance appears to be too good-natured for a satyrist, like Peter Pindar; and he is equally deficient in the requisite qualifications for being a panegyrist. If his pallet is not more productive than his pen, we are afraid the observation may be applied to him in a sense not very flattering—"Ut pictura poesis." That we are not uncharitable in the remark, we shall shew, by letting the bard speak for himself and his friends. "*Chantry's* a worthy name! those children slept A lovely sleep in marble. *Bone's* enamels Are precious things. And what should intercept My mentioning thee, *Kenton*, as the lay swells; Rich, classic, vigorous, thy works have crept Around, and hold my mind in gentle trammels. *Edridge's* portraits are rich and powerful, Like some in oil, or gardens when they're flower-full."

Alas! this is neither poetry nor painting!

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VARIETIES—LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

Geology.—THE following circumstance is well worthy the attention of those who study the philosophy of the globe:—At the back of the castle of Namur there is a hill, at the foot of which was formerly a spring of water. During the construction of the new fortifications of the town and citadel of Namur, the spring was, however, blocked up, and it subsequently disappeared. The farmers in the vicinity observed some violent commotion under ground, on all parts of the hill; and nothing could equal their surprise on ascertaining that the action of the waters of the spring had undermined the hill, and that it was moving in a mass, without either sinking or cracking. In a short time all that part of the road leading to Dinant was completely covered by the hill, and it has been found necessary to throw a bridge across the Meuse to the bank leading to Ivoir. The country people in the neighbourhood have given it the name of the *walking-hill*; and it has been observed, that the weight of the water, which daily augments, moves it in the direction of the bank of the Meuse. This is a circumstance worthy the curiosity of the learned.

Astronomical Conjecture.—The celebrated astronomer Bode, of Berlin, says—"Enquirers into ancient astronomy and chronology often speak of the four periods into which the ancient Indians divided the duration of the world. The first is said to have contained 1,728,000 years; the second 1,296,000; the third 864,000; and the fourth, in which we live, will 432,000 years. Great pains have been taken to attribute to these numbers (which the Indians call Yug,) mysterious astronomical significations; and, in modern times, attempts have been made to connect them with the periods of the magnetic poles of the earth, of the precession of

the equinoxes, of the moon, of the planetary influences, of the accidents of the weather, &c. According to my opinion, they contain nothing more than the 2d, the number of seconds in a circle; the 1st, 3d, and 4th, the decimal seconds in two days, one day, and half a day: for

$$2d, 360^\circ \times 60' \times 60'' = 1,296,000.$$

$$1st, 48h \times 60 \times 60 = 1,728,000.$$

$$3d, 24h \times 60 \times 60 = 864,000.$$

$$4th, 12h \times 60 \times 60 = 432,000.$$

Some old Bramin and Mystic has probably made of these seconds, years; and this is probably the origin of these chimerical four ages of the world. As far as I know, none of those who have hitherto attempted an explanation has hit upon this idea.

A little volcano has recently made its appearance on a mountain near Morbio, a village in the Swiss canton of Tessin. The explosion was preceded by an earthquake. The flames ascended to a considerable height above the summit of the mountain, and masses of stone were hurled to a great distance. On the following day a large opening was observed in the mountain, from which the flames still issued with a strong smell of sulphur. Great damage was sustained by some houses in the neighbourhood, but no lives were lost. The date of this event corresponds with that of the late disasters in Sicily.

The Electricity of the Human Body.—Dr. Hartmann, of Francfort on the Oder, has published in a German Medical Journal, a statement, according to which he is able to produce at pleasure an efflux of electrical matter from his body towards other persons. You hear the crackling, see the sparks, and feel the electric shock. He has now acquired this faculty to so high a degree, that it depends solely on his own pleasure to

make an electric spark issue from his fingers, or to draw it from any other part of his body. Thus in this electrical man, the will has an influence on the development of the electricity, which had not hitherto been observed, except in the electrical eel.

Antiquities.—It is well known that the French department of Jura contains a vast number of antique monuments, either Celtic or Roman. During some recent diggings on a piece of uncultivated ground, near the high road between Strassburgh and Lyons, the remains of some edifices were discovered, equally remarkable for their extent and singularity. They consist of brick closets, twelve or fifteen in number, furnished with leaden columns or pipes, air holes, and a vaulted stove made of stone. The latter contained ashes and charcoal, in such a state of preservation, that it was easy to ascertain from what species of wood it had been produced. The monument resembles *Hypocausta* of the Romans, and there is reason to suppose it has been an edifice of that kind.

Mr. Henderson has discovered, in New Siberia, the claws of a bird measuring each a yard in length; and the Yaknts assured him, they had frequently, in their hunting excursions, met with skeletons, and even feathers, of this bird, the quills of which were large enough to admit a man's arm. This is a fact in support of the tradition, that the earth was formerly inhabited by giants, for men, not exceeding ourselves in stature, would have been helpless against birds of prey of this magnitude. Captain Cook mentions having seen a monstrous bird's nest in New Holland, on a low sandy island, in Endeavour River, with trees upon it, and an incredible number of sea fowl; he found an eagle's nest with young ones, which he killed, and the nest of some other bird, of a most enormous size; it was built with large sticks upon the ground, and was no less than six and twenty feet in circumference, and two feet eight inches high.

A circumstance of a singular nature, and likely to attract the notice of mineralogists, especially in Ireland, is at present the subject of conversation among the literati of Dublin. An exceedingly fine specimen of diamond crystallized, has been found in the sand of a small stream in the north of Ireland. It is of the species called by lapidaries the yellow diamond, of extreme beauty, and remarkable size.

Russia.—A German Journal contains the following extract of a letter from an officer in the service of the United States, concerning St. Petersburg, and Russia in general:—

"Though I was prepared to find St. Petersburg a magnificent city, yet, the reality exceeded my utmost expectations. I was astonished at the long streets, lined with palaces, and intersected by canals, with quays, built of granite, and innumerable bridges. There is nothing old in St. Petersburg, for

the city has not existed above a century. I was informed that the Emperor Alexander annually expends a million of roubles in embellishing his palaces, and the nobility vie with each other in the splendour of their residences. From an accurate observation of the power and resources of Russia, I am persuaded that that empire has acquired a preponderance which will enable it in future to brave every coalition. The Russian government can raise a million of troops, and nothing is spared for the discipline and maintenance of this force. The imperial guard, which is quartered in St. Petersburg, may be considered the finest military corps in Europe. It consists of 45,000 men, and, as they are well paid, and enjoy certain privileges, it is considered an honour to belong to the corps. A fine figure is a great recommendation to those who wish to enter the imperial guard. A singular custom of this corps is, that the officers wear corsets, which contract their waists, and give them somewhat the appearance of insects.

"The emperor passes whole hours at the school of horsemanship, and frequently reviews the army in person. From what I could learn, the Russian navy consists of 90 ships of war; and, though its sphere of action is extremely limited, and it has to contend with various obstacles, yet new ships are constantly building, and there is every reason to believe that Russia is determined to establish an immense navy. Cronstadt, at the head of the Gulph of Finland, is a great maritime depot. The dock-yards, arsenals, barracks, &c. are kept in the best order. In the building of ships, the Russians seem principally to attend to strength and beauty; but, whether owing to the bad quality of the materials, or the effect of the climate, they seldom last more than 10 or 15 years, and frequently stand in need of repair. The number of foreigners employed in the Russian navy is a serious drawback. They consist of English, Scotch, Irish, Americans, Germans, &c. It is probable the Russians will seek a more extended theatre of operation, that they may not be obliged, as at present, to leave their ships for one half the year in the dock yards. If ever they should become masters of Turkey and the Greek islands, they will experience no difficulty in manning their ships; for the Greeks are excellent seamen, and they are already very numerous in Russia."

Paris, May, 1819.—The English Journal published here with the title of *Galegnani's Messenger*, stated some days ago, that the remains of the celebrated actress, Mrs. Jordan, who was buried at St. Cloud, had not yet any secure asylum, because nobody had paid for the ground, for which the municipality asked the trifling sum of sixty francs. The journal added, that this sum would soon be raised if every Englishman whom Mrs. Jordan had delighted by her performance on the stage would contribute a penny. Immediately a great many

English came forward to pay the price of the ground, and in three days after, the publication of the article, the remains of the celebrated actress were in safety.

Among the new productions of French literature, a work by Mr. Charles Pongens, is particularly worthy of notice. It is called *Specimens du Tresor des Origines de la Langue Française*, 1 vol. 4to. printed at the Royal Press. Few authors have entered into such extensive researches into Etymology as Mr. Pongens, who is member of the Academy of Belles Lettres. For these forty years he has been engaged on an Etymological Dictionary of the French Language. Every word of the language is the subject of a learned dissertation, in which the author enumerates all the opinions that have been given upon the word, compares and discusses them. He follows the origin of all the known languages of the East and West, making use of the characters peculiar to each language. Hence this volume would not be printed any where except at the *Imprimerie Royale*, which possesses the type of all languages. The volume which Mr. Pongens has just published, is only an extract from his great work, which will form six volumes in folio, independantly of a *Dictionnaire grammatical raisonné*, in 4 vols. folio. which the author has also finished in manuscript. The utility and great merit of the *Specimen* give reason to hope that he may soon publish these two important works.

Mr. Ravul Rochette, Conservator of the Cabinet of Antiquities, has published in 1 vol. 4to. Two Letters addressed to Lord Aberdeen, in which he defends, against Mr. Knight, the authenticity of the Greek inscriptions of Fourmont. It is well known that several men of letters, and particularly Mr. Knight, have accused Fourmont of having forged, or of having passed off as true, false inscriptions which he had brought back from his travels in Greece. Mr. Ravul Rochette, on the contrary, maintains that there is nothing in these inscriptions which should raise a suspicion of their authenticity; and that Fourmont was not even learned enough to compose Greek inscriptions.

The Society for the Amelioration of Elementary Instruction, has lately held a public sitting to give an account of the result of its labours. During the four years that have elapsed since its foundation, it has spread the new method of *mutual instruction* all over France, and after the example of this kingdom, the neighbouring countries begin also to adopt it. A thousand new schools have been formed in France. In the great towns, associations have been formed to support and direct them; the method has been introduced into all the French Army, and extended to the colonies belonging to France. The Society of Paris keeps up an

active correspondence with that of London. These two establishments are now two foci from which light is diffused over the whole Globe. Thanks to their zeal, we shall soon be acquainted with the moral condition of all nations, by the means of instruction which they employ. The Society of Paris at presents directs its attention to the elementary books. With this view it is endeavouring to collect the elementary works in use in different nations, in order to choose the best, and to have similar ones composed.

The Academic Society of Rouen, has proposed as the subject of a Prize Essay, "The exposé of the civil and military administration of Normandy, under Rollo, or the other chiefs or dukes of the Normans who came from Denmark.

Amongst the individuals composing the Mission from Rome to St. Helena, now in this country, there are two possessed of considerable literary and scientific attainments. The Abbé Bonavita, a Corsican by birth, independant of being a profound classical scholar, and historian, is an excellent botanist, and well versed in natural history. M. Antomarchi, also a Corsican, but domiciliated in France, and professor of anatomy to the Great Hospital of Florence, is editor of the three posthumous works of the celebrated Mascagni, one of the greatest and most indefatigable anatomists of his age, and whose first pupil this gentleman was at the period of Mascagni's death, which took place in 1815. Two of these have been already published; one in 1816, entitled "Anatomy for the use of Painters and Sculptors;" the other this year, called "The Prodirome," of the great anatomical work of R. Mascagni, containing numerous microscopic and other illustrations of the human body and its various organs. M. Antomarchi had commenced editing the grand work, which terminated his late master's valuable life, when the precarious and declining state of Napoleon Bonaparte's health induced him to join the present mission. He, however, takes out all the plates of this stupendous acquisition to medical science, in order to prepare them for final publication, during his residence in St. Helena. Several of the larger plates are six feet in length, presenting at one view the different parts of the human body, drawn with incomparable accuracy, and the natural size. The minor illustrations represent details as novel as they are important to science, in which the immortal author has illustrated the formation of the teeth, hair, nails, &c. in a manner that has excited universal admiration amongst medical men, while they promise discoveries of the most important nature in Pathology and Physiology. Several highly distinguished members of the profession have seen these plates, since Mr. Antomarchi's arrival in London, more particularly Mr. Ash-

ley Cooper did not fail duly to appreciate the singular combination of talents and perseverance necessarily employed by the original author and his worthy co-adjutor, in the preparation of this wonderful work; to the more elaborate examination of which, we shall, most probably, return in a future number.

RURAL ECONOMY.

Mildew in Wheat prevented at a very small expense.—"Salt, one part: Water eight parts. With this mixture, sprinkle the diseased corn. Where the corn is sown in drills, this may be done with a watering-pot; but the best and most expeditious mode is with a flat brush, such as white-washers use, having a tin collar made water-tight round the bottom, to prevent the mixture dripping down the operator's arm, and running to waste. The operator having a pail of salt and water in the one hand, and dipping the brush into the mixture with the other, makes his regular casts as when sowing corn broadcast. In this way he will readily get over ten acres in the day. About two hogheads will do one acre: wherever the mixture touches, in three or four days the mildew will disappear; upon those parts that escape, the sprinkling must be repeated. If judiciously cast, the mixture falls in drops as uniformly as rain."—This would, at all events, be an unexpensive experiment; and

where the properties of salt for farming purposes are at present so much canvassed, its virtues in this way may be fairly submitted to trial. That salt will destroy sadlock (*sinapis arvensis*) growing amongst wheat is certain; that it will eradicate moss from grass land is also ascertained: it is useful in hay which has suffered from bad weather, and is wholesome for sheep, even to the prevention of the rot.

A new method of destroying Slugs and Snails from Fruit-Trees.—Melt the necessary quantity of tar, to which add sufficient pitch to make it dry quickly, and give it tenacity, and while melting, stir into, and completely incorporate with it, such a portion of horse-hair, cut very small, as will pervade every part without making it too thick. Apply this with a coarse painter's brush to your walls, a foot from the ground, and in a band of about three inches in width, twice or three times over; the last time it must be dabbed on, to render it as rough as possible, and to allow the ends of the hair to project. A circle must also be made with these ingredients round the stem of each tree, so that no communication be left free from it between the ground and the fruit for the slugs to crawl up. This method is perfectly effectual, attended with little trouble, and not a tenth part of the expence of the hair-bands so much in use.

FINE ARTS.

REVIEW OF THE EXHIBITION AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

(Continued from our last.)

153. "The Penny Wedding," by D. Wilkie, R. A. This is a marriage festival, once common in Scotland, at which each of the guests paid a subscription to defray the expences of the feast, and enable the new-married couple to commence house-keeping. Music, mirth, and good cheer contribute to enliven this company, and render it a favourable subject for the display of character and expression. Every stool and chair in the apartment is filled by the young or old of both sexes and various degrees. On the right, the howdy, or midwife, sits in very consequential form amidst a group, who are rather looking on than partaking of the sport or refreshments, though in their turn to share in both, according to their wishes. A young fellow beside them is pouring out ale in a wooden noggin; and close to him, a couple of ranting young blades, a buxom young woman, and a jolly dame, upwards of thirty, are laying violent legs on the floor, in all the fury of a Highland dance. The robust agility, frolic, glee, and grouping of these four are admirable. Their

limbs whirl, their eyes sparkle, their lips speak: the mad enjoyment of the pastime possesses them from head to foot. In truth of nature these may have been equalled by some of the best Flemish painters, but no Fleming ever equalled them in vivacity of expression. Nothing can come up to that young fellow in blue: his features are, as it were, on fire, and his very soul is ready to fly out of him with delight. In front of this happy group, a tub of whiskey punch, with a ladle, a pewter vessel, a bottle of cherry-brandy, lemons, and glasses, and the sugar bowl are laid, for the dancers to moisten with occasionally. A number are coming in at a door behind them, and eagerly jostling forward to partake in the good things of the entertainment.

Refreshments are laid out on a table in the centre, which is crowded with a motley assembly of well-disposed guests. At one end, a respectable looking man is busy in cutting up a huge pie; and a Lowlander is seated next the spectator, with his head bowed and hand raised before his face in reverence, saying grace. A Highland bag-piper stands near him, looking back, and the true Caledonian character is depicted, with all its genuine

shrewdness, upon his hard and weather-beaten features. A man is busily employed in handing a chair to a person behind, over the heads of the regalers, and his bustling anxiety to avoid incommoding the company is ludicrously depicted. Around the table the bottle and glass are not forgotten; and nods, and winks, and sly looks, that speak a single and double meaning, announce the hilarity inspired by the wedding and the entertainment. Near the left side of the apartment, the bridegroom, a hale, fresh-coloured young farmer, is leading out the bride to join the dance, and the bridesmaid is beside her, stooping to draw up the heel of her shoe. A young man is drawing on his gloves and whispering some amorous secret in the ear of his partner, the bride's sister: a part of his face and one of his eyes are concealed from view by her head; but the arch sparkle and roguish meaning of the eye which is seen, are sufficiently intelligible. A giggling girl who has over-heard him, is seated on a stool, busily employed in pinning up the sister's gown. The mother at a table with bottles, glasses, and cakes, is looking back to her with a face of happiness, urging her to hasten to the dance; and behind the good dame, the fiddlers are seated on high, close to a window.

We do not pretend in this brief outline to enumerate a tenth of the beauties of this admirable performance. In variety of character, chastity of humour, and spirited expression, we have no hesitation in pronouncing this to be the very best of Mr. Wilkie's productions. The subject awakens all the mirth and happiness of domestic society, and draws within its centre all the boisterous animal spirits of the laughter-loving youth and jovial elders in the rural vicinity. The artist has given it a full share of festive pleasantry and sprightliness, and yet selected his incidents with so much correctness, as to preserve all the humour and archness, which pervade a wedding in ordinary life, without admitting any thing too broad, equivocal, or indelicate. If Addison, or Goldsmith, or Dr. Johnson, had been painters of these subjects, they could not have displayed a finer vein of thinking. It was so customary for a wedding in Scotland among this class of people to be productive of inebriety and its consequent license, that many artists would have been tempted to introduce such circumstances from a mistaken notion of their being necessary to paint the manners and customs of the

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time and occasion: but Mr. Wilkie has seized the moment when all the incidental frolic and unbridled levity are chastened by the religious act of grace. Thus the life and pleasantry are kept up, and the sense of decorum is preserved. The composition may be divided into several members or groups, which are duly connected, and each sustain the other. The figures at the door meet the eye in general as a crowd. Round the table the characters and incidents are more distinctly marked, and retain their full share of importance. The Lowlander pronouncing the blessing, the Highland piper, the man lifting the chair, and the girl tittering behind, are among the important actors. These two parts of the composition are subordinate to the groups in front. The company beside the midwife, possess the advantage of place and force of light and shadow; but they are chiefly spectators. The principal merriment of the action is with the dancers, and the chief interest is where it ought to be, with the bride, the bridegroom, the bridesmaid, the sister, and her sweetheart. The bride is a rustic beauty, in whose clear complexion the freshness of youth and health, and the look of gaiety and innocence, are blended with gentle touches of abasement and unaffected modesty, which throw a lively interest into her character. The look of the bridegroom is that which a fond mother would like to see in the husband of her daughter: his well-set figure, and florid, good-humoured countenance, speak highly in his favour. There is a simple purity in the expression of these two figures, which we never saw equalled in any picture of this class. The bridesmaid is pretty, and her stooping action and the contour of her face and outline of her whole figure, are in an excellent taste. The sister is known by her likeness, but it is a resemblance without a sameness in character, and the warm suffusion of her cheek and her look, throw a light upon the laughing mischief in the arch eye of her whispering partner. The drawing is good; the light and shadow are broad; the colouring, in general, richer than this artist has produced; the perspective of the apartment correct; and the disposition of the whole judicious and masterly. Having noticed all these essentials, we come to a very subordinate concern, and that is in the mere handling. Mr. Wilkie's devotion to his art affords a laudable example to other artists. Far from having permitted his well earned fame to relax his efforts, he has from year to

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year, increased in diligent study. We are aware that even this commendable aim at excellence may sometimes be carried too far in certain details, so as occasionally to affect the *purity of tint* and *brilliant decision of the touch* in some important particulars. But although in one or two heads we fancy we can discover something of an over anxiety of hand, we admire the cause too highly to do more than state our supposition, which, after all, may have an existence in our own defective judgment and not in the picture.

175. "Morning—Fishermen on the look-out," by William Collins, A. R. A. A robust fisherman, in a red cloth cap, a dull, reddish jacket, short grey trousers, and large sea-boots, is standing on a high bank of earth, on the sea-shore, with the glass to his eye, looking out to sea at some light vessels which glitter on the line of light on the distant horizon.—He stands on the fore-ground, near the left side of the picture, and his face and figure are seen nearly in profile. He is about forty, and his athletic figure, his rough dress, and manly countenance are a perfect study of character. His black dog is sitting behind, looking wistfully up at his master's motions. Beside the first, a young lad, in a striped red and yellow cap, light jacket, dark trousers, and boots, is lolling on the ground, and seen in a back view. The implements of fishing, baskets, nets, a lantern, oars, and a tarpaulin, are scattered on the bank, in front of these figures. It is ebb-tide, and several distant boats and fishermen, and the remains of an old wharf, are seen in the shallows, which lie low and stretch across from the fore-ground to the sea. All here is still and cool, as if the morning had not yet wholly dissipated the last misty obscurity of night. A faint tinge of purplish shadow mellow the transparent olive and dark greyish hues, which spread nearly across the whole extent of the middle ground, and unite all its objects in one undivided breadth. These retiring hues are combined with the grassy and earthy tints of the fore-ground, which are also of a subordinate tone. There is nothing so neutralized in this commanding mass, as to become cold, or lose its vital importance, although its sobriety produces a brilliant contrast, without any gaudy colouring in the brighter masses of the picture. The sun rises near the centre, just above the waves; and the yellow light illumines the skies, the dark blue sea, the distant headlands, the vessels in the offing, and the figures and objects on the fore-ground,

with a glowing splendour, of which we can convey no adequate idea. The sunrise, which is so deservedly admired as one of the most perfect pictures in Sir John Leicester's gallery, is fresh, cool, and ruddy. But this artist has proved that he can represent the same time and give it a different aspect: here the morning is warm and calm; the radiance is golden, and the clouds almost motionless: its enchanting simplicity and chastity are its spell. It is not enough to say that it is an effect of Nature; it is one of her most delicious effects. The hour is one, when all her purest sensibilities are newly arisen, and with a livelier feeling for intellectual enjoyment. The scene, too, is congenial. A sea-shore, or a majestic river, is a spectacle of inspiration to a poetical fancy. The sublime image of man's immortal spirit hastening to the bosom of his Creator, or of time pressing forward to merge in eternity, presents itself to the imagination, on beholding a mighty body of waters rolling onwards to lose itself, as it were, in immeasurable space. How many painters are incapable of leading the spectator's mind beyond the exact number of square feet or inches of panel or canvas, on which their scheme of harmony and dexterity of pencil are displayed! How few, like Collins, can realize the hour and the scene with all their relative illusions, bring back our most soothing recollections, and awaken a warmer sensation in the heart! But in every part of this fine picture, the execution is subordinate to the sentiment of locality; the hand directed by the mind.

Mr. Collins has also, the small whole-length portraits of Lords Charles and Thomas Pelham Clinton, twin sons of his Grace the Duke of Newcastle, in this exhibition. This artist has a charming taste in whatever he paints, and this is a pleasing picture; but the subject does not afford sufficient scope for his fancy or feelings.

263. "The Post Office," by E. V. Rippengill. This is the first time that we have met with the name of this artist; we have been told, it is the first picture which he has exhibited, and it certainly introduces him to the public, in a point of view so very favorable, that we gladly congratulate him on his success. It is full of matter, and we must be brief. In the right corner, an old postman is seated beside his white horse, with an air of jaded indifference to all around him. A genteel and interesting girl stands near him, looking with an air

of timid confusion at her father, who has just received a love letter to her, by mistake, and is examining the seal through his glass. Her agitation, the heart on the seal, and the bit of sealing wax close to it, in token of the kiss with which it was sent, reveal this mystery. Two doves billing above her head, on a part of the house, are an applicable emblem to this well told incident. A girl, with vegetables, a boy, looking at a basket of fish, and a servant with dead game, kneeling to buckle up the strap of the fish-basket, are, in this place, detached from the general interest. The same may be said of a carter, close to them, with a shilling in his mouth, and two in his open purse. Two genteel young men are engaged with a letter close to the post-office, and the invitation, "*Billiards*," painted above, announces the accommodating business followed next door. The keeper stands in the door-way, talking with a glum-looking blacklegs, who is chewing the cud of disappointment on the top of his stick. Above, at the windows, the scorer and the implements of the game are seen. In front, a genteel woman, who has been disappointed of a letter from her husband, is walking away with a look of interesting dejection; and her daughter, with all the sprightly thoughtlessness of childhood, is looking up, laughing and calling her attention to the stage coach, which is driving off, loaded with passengers. A group of politicians stand near. A portly old man, whose dress announces his importance, holds the Times newspaper in his hand; and while he is preparing his spectacles to begin reading, the barber, impatient to snatch a mouthful of news, has caught the corner of the newspaper. One of these statesmen, who is seen in a back view, has the political register, marked "*Cobbet's, &c.*" sticking out of his pocket. A genteel young man holds up, in great joy, an open letter and a twenty-pound bank bill, just received in it: and a man behind him is waving his hat, which is decorated with laurel: the laurel on the coach horses and one of the figures, with the blue ribbons on the coachman and guard, and the royal flag on the church tower, furnish reason to suppose that a victory has been obtained, either at an election or over a foreign enemy. A torn letter, and the fragments of a blank lottery bill are scattered on the fore ground. In the right corner, the clerk of the parish is reading with great solemnity a letter to an honest rustic and his wife, who are

themselves incapable of deciphering it. A boy, on the left side, is holding up a letter and opening it at the end with his finger, to look in and discover its contents. A street in the town or village forms the back-ground, and the church-spire, from which the royal flag is displayed, rises in the distance. This brief sketch which necessarily does not include all, will show that this picture is full of thinking; it is the production of a man of genius, who has displayed much taste and judgment in the selection of the incidents; and considerable knowledge of nature in the discrimination and variety of character and expression. The agitation of the girl whose love-letter is detected, and the unfeigned sorrow of the disappointed wife, are painted with gentle feeling and feminine delicacy. The joy of the little girl is equally well expressed. There is a degree of elegance in these figures which essentially heightens the interest of the picture. The other characters are duly varied and well sustained. The poking curiosity of the lank barber, the swagger of the democrat, the grave solemnity of the bolt-upright parish clerk, and the heavy rustic characters of the husbandman and his wife, who are listening to their letter, are brought home to nature with no common fidelity. The want of studied composition, of a principal incident, or character, or group, or mass of light, is not altogether chargeable upon the artist, but upon the subject. The penciling is careful and delicate; but wants a little fullness and freedom. The colouring exhibits traces of the style of Bird, but is in a very small degree deficient in mellowness and breadth. We recommend the study of colouring and *chiaro-scuro*, particularly, to this artist. Having noticed these trivial defects, we are happy to say, that the picture, taken altogether, exhibits a greater fund of sterling merit than we ever remember to have seen in a first performance exhibited by a young artist.

W. C.

(To be continued.)

INTELLIGENCE.

Our readers will perceive by an advertisement in our present number that the Grand Series of National Medals, which has been publishing for some years past, is now completed. Mr. Mudie, under whose superintendence the designs have been arranged appears to have expended a large sum of money in this undertaking, but there can be no doubt so patriotic a work will meet with national encouragement and support.

THE DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.

IN our last, we were obliged to omit our remarks on a well-merited success at this house. On the 13th of May, a new tragedy, called the *Carib Chief*, written by Mr. HORACE TWISS, was performed with unanimous applause, and we deem it our duty to introduce a brief notice of it here, as a bold and judicious attempt to restore nature, truth, and probability, to the stage. The scene is laid in Dominica, in the time of Queen Elizabeth, and the story is founded in the conquest of that island by the French. The manifold wrongs of Omreah, the Carib Chief, form vigorous materials for tragedy. The murder of his wife in his presence, and the loss of his infant daughter, amidst the destruction of his subjects and their dwellings, by fire and sword, had occurred sixteen years before, but they are kept alive and fresh in his breast up to the very moment of representation, by the seizure of his dominions—by his having been sold as a slave, and a price set upon his head. These accumulated injuries are brought, with unimpaired dramatic force, before the audience; and Omreah himself, enters upon the stage with all the burning vehemence of his passions in action; he springs into view like a wild beast hunted by his lurking enemies, eager to obtain the reward for his blood.

Brancho. See!—

What murderous spies are those?—two Frenchmen, lured

By the proclaim'd reward.—Oh, save him! save him!

[Brancho rushes toward the spot where Omreah is supposed to be attacked, and begins to climb the rocks. The clashing of swords is heard.]

Logamah. He turns!—they strike!—he fights!—he warms!—he rages!

The foremost is disarmed—Omreah grasps And hurls him down the gulph!—

Brancho. (stopping in his ascent.) His fellow flies,

And leaves the prince in safety!

Omreah. (without.) Chase the villain—Quick!—let him not escape to tell the tale Of our approach—quick—follow!—

Enter Omreah, not recognizing them, and rushing wildly on, as if against an enemy.

More assassins!—

What ho, there!—to the rescue!

[Recovering himself, and recognising Brancho and Logamah.]

Pardon, friends!

I'm chafed, and hunted, till my dizzy sight Scarce knows its office. Twice within these six hours

Have I escaped the European bloodhounds Montalbert baits against me.

Brancho. Thank the Gods!

The brave attempts of this injured chief to avenge his own wrongs and those of his country constitute the principal ground-work of the plot. The discovery of the French commander's perfidious imprisonment of his friend, Trefusis, an English officer, in order, by spreading a report of his death in battle, to obtain the hand of his affianced bride, Claudina, forms an interesting under plot, happily connected with the principal. Claudina is a Carib, who had been saved by Montalbert, when an infant, from the sword of a French soldier, amidst the slaughter of her kindred. He had educated her carefully, and, after having consented to her marriage with Trefusis, had fallen in love with her himself, and by working on her gratitude, deceived her into a marriage, in the belief that her intended husband was two years in the grave. The discovery of these perfidies by Trefusis and Claudina, is happily brought about and depicted with much genuine nature. The natural feelings of Kathelrade, a Carib, the foster mother of Montalbert, are an important instrument in producing the catastrophe. After Claudina, as the wife of Montalbert, in the untaught spirit of retributive justice, had received, by Omreah's orders, the stroke of death at the altar; the unhappy chief discovers, by a gold chain, which drops from her neck, that the victim whom he had just sacrificed to the manes of his wife, is his daughter, that infant whom he had supposed put to death by the French soldiers, sixteen years before: she confirms this, and dies in his embrace. Omreah, disappointed of his revenge on Montalbert, and taken prisoner by the English soldiers, stabs himself, ejaculating curses on the oppressor of his race. We need not add, that this story is founded in probability. The circumstances are ingeniously contrived and flow out of each other, without constraint or interruption. The characters are well drawn and distinctly marked. The manners, the costume, the wild spirit of the Caribs, and their fierce thirst for vengeance, are, in a great degree, if not altogether, novel on the stage. The passions are continually in motion; the agents intently engaged in pursuit of important objects, and the interests of the piece so well sustained—so justly connected, and following each other in such quick succession, that the attention of the audience

is never permitted to flag, and their sympathy is gradually wrought up to a high pitch, in behalf of the chief characters. Montalbert, although he had been tempted by the force of love to obtain the hand of Claudina perfidiously, is, in the end, a sharer in our pity, with Trefusis, Claudina, and her brave father, Omreah. Although all the Carib energies are called forth, the gentler passions of the audience are chiefly touched. The death blow of Claudina is concealed, and the mind meets with no black and horrid villainy to revolt from in the representation. The author's good sense, correct taste, and generous strength of feeling, are discoverable through the whole piece. The language is characterised by an unaffected vigor, happily free from the polish of false refinement, and from negligent common-place or coarseness. The author has wisely employed it as a means of accomplishing an end, and, if we may judge from the effect upon our own feelings and those of the audience, his success has been complete. The scenes were the worst daubings we remember to have noticed upon a London stage; but in the part of OMREAH, that admirable actor, Kean, roused the whole of his astonishing powers, and never produced a deeper impression upon his audience. Mrs. West was well received in Claudina; Bengough in Montalbert, and Holland in Maloch, were respectable. Miss Boyce, in Kathelrade, was better than we have ever seen her; Mr. Henry Kemble is entitled to praise for his exertions only; he wanted power for the character of Trefusis. The tragedy possesses a strong interest in the closet, and even now, the heart-rending voice of Kean, still rings in our ears and thrills our blood.

On Tuesday, the 8th of June this Theatre closed for this season. The performance was the play of Henry IV. in which Mr. S. Kemble performed Sir John Falstaff. At the conclusion, he pronounced a farewell address, to a crowded house; announced the intention of new decorations, and an increase of the body of performers during the recess; and denied the existence of any plot, or undue exercise of power behind the curtain, as had been asserted, and generally believed.—The present debt of the theatre, with the additions of this season, is 90,922*l.* 7*s.* The receipts, up to the 25th of May last, are 35,966*l.*; the expenditure, 37,293*l.* 12*s.* the deficit 1297*l.* 12*s.* Mr. Stephen Kemble has resigned his engagement, and the house is now to be

let. Mr. Arnold, of the English Opera, is about to make proposals for the management, and should he obtain the lease, from his known abilities and activity much may be augured. Mr. Kean has offered to undertake it at 8000*l.* per annum.

COVENT GARDEN.

ON Wednesday, the 9th of June, Mrs. Siddons performed Lady Randolph, for the benefit of her brother, Mr. Charles Kemble. The house was filled in a few minutes after the opening of the doors, and we were happy once more to see this great actress display her powers. She was received with an enthusiastic greeting. Her delivery of the narrative relative to the birth and supposed death of Douglas was very fine, and her questioning of old Norval and her parting with Douglas, were equal to any performance in her prime. When Douglas enquired

“But did my sire surpass the rest of men
“As thou excellest all of womankind?”

the audience burst into a thunder of applause, which continued for many minutes. Her acting was excellent throughout.

NEW ENGLISH OPERA.

THIS house, which possesses in its national name and object, as well as in the spirit of the manager and the present strength of the company, a powerful claim upon the favor of a British public, was opened on Monday, June the 21st. We must do Mr. Arnold, the proprietor, the justice to say, that he has spared no expence of tasteful decoration and embellishment to fit it up in a style of attractive elegance. The whole is novel and fanciful, and the general effect strikingly brilliant. The orchestra has been reinforced by several performers from Drury Lane; and among the actors we are happy to see a valuable accession in Downton, who is himself a host; and Harley, whose various merits have rendered him a favorite. Mr. W. S. Chatterly, who, in antiquated foppish lovers is equal to King, and who possesses a happy versatility of talents; Wrench, a lively shewy performer of fashionable rakes; Wilkinson, a ludicrous, rustic simpleton; and Huckel, who possesses considerable broad humour in low life; are not new to these boards. Among the vocal performers are, Mr. T. P. Cooke, Mr. Pearman, Mr. Broadhurst, and a Mr. O'Callaghan, a young Irishman, of good figure. Among the ladies are, Miss Kelly, Miss Love, Miss I. Stevenson, and Mrs. Grove. The house has been well and fashionably attended; the pieces have been hitherto

got up with judgment and ability, and as lovers of the ENGLISH Opera, we congratulate the town upon this opportu-

nity of manifesting its genuine independence state, in the patronage of this truly national and delightful entertainment.

W. C.

PROCEEDINGS OF PUBLIC SOCIETIES.

SOCIETY OF ARTS, MANUFACTURES, &c.

On Tuesday, the 25th of June, we attended the annual distribution of the Rewards adjudged by this excellent Society. The great room, Freemasons' Hall, was crowded to excess, and a more gratifying display of talent, rank, and beauty, is not to be witnessed on any public occasion, than adorned this grand national spectacle. Owing to the indisposition of the Duke of Sussex, the President, Dr. Powell, one of the Vice Presidents, was called to the chair, and acquitted himself excellently in that arduous situation. He opened the business of the day by stating the cause of his Royal Highness's absence, and of his appearing as his substitute; at the same time paying a handsome compliment to the unwearied zeal and diligence of the secretary, Mr. Aikin, who, when he heard of the Duke's inability to attend, had exerted himself to the utmost to supply the vacant place with some nobleman, whose dignity and talents would have added weight to the solemnity they had to celebrate. Failing in this respect, the task had devolved on him, and though a humble individual, whose efforts must want the influence possessed by their Royal President, his great extent of knowledge and acquaintance with every subject before them, and above all, the charm which his condescension never failed to impart to the rewards bestowed, he trusted that, surrounded as he was by genius and elevated station, his services would be accepted by this brilliant assembly, whose indulgence he solicited.

The secretary now read an address, in which he took a view of the rise and progress of the society, and of the beneficial effects produced by its labours on the various departments of Arts, Science, Agriculture, and Commerce, to which its attention and encouragement were devoted. He adverted to the branching off of the Royal Academy in 1778, and to the detached provincial Agricultural Associations which had more recently sprung up, and relieved the parent stock from a portion of that charge which related to the Fine Arts and to Rural Economy. Still, however, the society retained to itself the privilege of fostering early talent, and of promoting the important object

of planting timber by honorary premiums; and many of the candidates for these distinctions would be found on the lists to-day.

Mr. Aikin having concluded this address, Dr. Powell proceeded to the distribution of the rewards. Dr. Thackeray, of Chester; Ralph Creyke, esq. of Dotterill Park; and C. Fyche Palmer, esq. of Luckley, had severally the gold, silver, and silver Ceres medals for planting 188, 187, and 115 acres of forest trees. Three other prizes were granted in the department in Agriculture and Rural Economy; viz. the silver Isis medal and 15 guineas to Mr. J. Beckway, of Lewisham, Kent, for a machine for weighing and binding hay; by this ingenious contrivance the hay is cut into trusses, bound, and accurately weighed at the same time; it has been tried on a large scale, and proved to be so eminently useful a machine for hay husbandry, that we have little doubt it will come into very general application:—to Mr. T. Lane, of Stockwell, for a fruit-gatherer, 10 guineas; this consists of a long pole, at the top of which a pair of forceps, something like tongs, composed of rings and covered with soft leather, open and shut by means of a spring at the bottom, and thus pull the fruit without injury:—to Mr. E. Roberts, of Mold, Flintshire, five guineas, for a churn, in which two actions work at the same time.

CHEMISTRY.—In this class, John Young, esq. surgeon, Edinburgh, received the gold Isis Medal for the cultivation of the poppy, and thence collecting and preparing opium in Britain; and Mr. W. Cook, of Prescott-street, London, the silver medal, for preserving anatomical preparations in brine. The chairman observed, upon the former, that it would be of great consequence, as perfectly supplying the place of an article of costly importation; and upon the latter, that it would save a large consumption of spirits of wine; had preserved subjects for more than three years; and would be of extraordinary utility for the preservation of objects of natural history in distant climates, where the ingredient hitherto employed could not be obtained.—The rewards in the class of Polite Arts amounted to no fewer than fifty-seven.

USEFUL ARTS.

PATENTS.

WILLIAM HORNER, of Howick, Northumberland, for a Machine or Apparatus for the purpose of acquiring a very high Mechanical Power in a small compass, and with little Friction, without the pos-

sibility of running amain if employed in raising or lowering Weights. Jan. 1818.

THE invention consists in a new combination of certain known mechanical principles and powers, and in their application or adaptation to various purposes, according to

the modes hereinafter detailed, and not in the separate parts of which the machine is compounded. Two wheels firmly fixed on the same axis, so as to be incapable of moving separately, are made to revolve round, within, or upon another wheel which is not at liberty to move with them, and which I call the primary wheel. One of these first-mentioned wheels (which may be called double-wheels) is connected with the primary wheel, by teeth, cogs, chains, straps, ropes, or the friction of rough surfaces, and they both are made to revolve round their own axis, by performing a revolution round the axis of the primary wheel; the primary wheel is not attached to the axis which passes through it, but is occasionally fixed to the frame of the machine. Another wheel is firmly fixed upon this axis, which I therefore call the axis wheel; and upon this axis is also fixed the barrel or any other mechanism, which is to produce the effect intended by the machine. The axis wheel is put in motion by the other double wheel, by means of a winch applied to the metal frame, in which the double wheels move. All the wheels abovementioned may be either circular, or of such other forms as to be capable of acting upon each other in the ordinary manner of toothed wheels or band-riggers; and if a wheel is employed broad enough to work both in the axis and primary wheel, one such wheel will in some cases answer the purpose of both the double wheels, that is, when both the double wheels are equal as to the number of teeth to each other, and the primary and axis wheels have a considerable number of teeth, the power gained by this machine is to unity, as the entire revolution of the axis wheel is to that portion of it which it moves during a complete turn of the winch; the radii of the barrel and of the winch being considered in this case equal.

JOSEPH MANTON, of Davis-street, Berkeley-square, Gun-maker, for certain Primers for Fire Arms, and also certain improvements in the construction of certain of the Parts of Fire Arms. Aug. 3, 1818.

The primers for fire-arms are small hollow tubes, made of very thin metal or other suitable substances. The dimension of the tubes must be according to the size of the piece to which they are to be applied as primers; but for a musket or fowling-piece they should be from half an inch to three quarters of an inch in length, and from one-tenth to one-eighth of an inch in diameter, and open at both ends. To prepare the primers for use, the interior of the tube is filled (or partly filled) with a detonating or fulminating substance or powder, which will explode and produce fire when struck with a sudden blow, which substance is well known, being already in use for discharging fire-arms by percussion. The open ends of the primers are stopped with bees-wax to

retain the fulminating substance in the tube, and preserve the same from damp. The metal or other substance of which the primer is composed must be thin, because the detonating powder or substance is to be exploded by a blow struck on the outside of the primer as hereinafter described. The primer being supported against a solid support, the tube is crushed or squeezed up by the blow, so as to explode the detonating powder or substance within it. My improvement in the construction of certain of the parts of fire-arms, consists in the form and arrangement of certain parts of the lock, which parts are adapted to receive one of the aforesaid primers, and hold it in a proper position to be struck by a projecting part of the cock of the lock, and in which position it will, on exploding or detonating, fire the gunpowder with which the piece is charged.

These improvements in the lock are as follows: In place of the pan of the lock is a piece of solid metal, projecting from the lock plate, and made with a flat surface, against which the primer is supported whilst it receives the blow of the cock. In place of the hammer of the lock, I apply what I call a primer holder, because it partly covers the primer, and holds it by the gentle pressure of a spring against the aforesaid flat surface, in such position that one end of the primer applies to the touch-hole of the piece, and the length of the primer is nearly in the line or direction of the touch-hole. On the under side of the primer holder is a groove, which enables it the better to hold the primer in its said position, and which permits the primer to be introduced between the said primer holder and the said flat surface. The primer holder has an opening cut through it, to expose the middle part of the primer which lies beneath it, and when the cock of the lock is let fly, the projecting end thereof passes through this opening, and strikes suddenly upon the outside of the primer with sufficient force to explode the fulminating powder or substance contained in the primer.

The flash of fire from the end of the primer communicates fire, by the touch-hole, to the gunpowder contained in the barrel of the gun.

PATENTS LATELY GRANTED.

EDWARD HEARD, of Brighton, Sussex, chemist, for certain processes, means, or methods, of hardening and improving tallow and other animal fats and oils, so as to manufacture therewith candles of a superior quality to those at present made from tallow. Dated Feb. 1819.

THOMAS BROCKSOPP, of Fore-street, Cripplegate, London, grocer and tea-dealer, for the application of certain machinery to the purpose of breaking or crushing of sugar. Feb.

JAMES JEFFRAY, of Glasgow, Scotland, professor of anatomy in the University of

Glasgow, for certain combinations of and improvements in machinery, to be moved by wind, steam, animal strength, water or other power, by means of which boats, barges, ships, or other floating vessels may be propelled or moved in water, and which invention is further applicable to other useful purposes. March.

WILLIAM MILLWARD, of Eaton, Bucks, shoemaker, for an improvement on skaites, and in fixing the same on the feet. March.

SAMUEL HAYCRAFT, of Birmingham, Warwickshire, spoon-manufacturer, for certain improvements in manufacturing spoons, forks, and other articles of iron, silver, or other suitable metal, by the application of certain machinery, hitherto unused for that purpose, and improvements in such machinery. March.

WILLIAM TYROR, of Liverpool, Lancashire, coachmaker, for certain improvements in the construction of pumps, and in the machinery for working the same. March.

WILLIAM NEALE, of Birmingham, Warwickshire, whitesmith, for combination of machinery calculated to increase power, to be worked by manual labour, or other suitable means. March.

ÆNEAS MORRISON, of Glasgow, writer, for a combination of certain processes and manufactures, whereby animal and vegetable food may be preserved for a great length of time, which will be of great benefit and advantage to our subjects both at home and abroad. March.

JOHN OUTHETT, of Vauxhall Walk, Surrey, civil engineer, for improvements in the construction, arrangement, and combination of the series of apparatus used for the production of gas from pit coal and other substances, and for purifying, storing, and delivering, for the purposes of illumination, and for the application of certain parts of the said improved apparatus to other useful purposes. March.

THOMAS MORTON, of Leith, ship-builder, for a method of dragging ships out of water on dry land. March.

WILLIAM ROBINSON, of Saffron-Walden, Essex, surveyor and builder, for certain new or improved apparatus to be attached to all sorts of doors and door jambs, and hanging stiles, for the purpose of preventing, when shut, the admission of external air into rooms, apartments, or other places. March.

NEW INVENTIONS.

Experiments have been made at Portsmouth, on the application of a grass a common product of New Zealand, to the manufacture of large and small ropes, of which a favourable report has been given. The grass is strong, pliable, and very silky in its nature, and may be cut thrice a year. It may be brought into this country at the estimated

price of eight pounds per ton, or about one seventh the price of hemp.

Captain Mauby of the Royal Navy, has invented and completed a light *fire cart* which was lately exhibited at the royal barracks at Yarmouth. It is provided with every necessary apparatus for extinguishing fires, to be applied by one man only on the first alarm.

SEA CLAMM.—Among the contributions to general knowledge, made by the historian of the expedition to Baffin's Bay (Capt. Ross,) not the least in value is his account of the instrument invented by himself, for taking the soundings at any fathomable depth. The following is a description of the structure and operation of this machine, the *Sea Clamm*, as it has been called by its inventor:—It is "a hollow parallelogram of cast iron, (1 cwt.) 18 inches long, six by six, and four by five inches wide. A spindle passes through it, to a joint of which the forceps are attached and kept extended by a joint bolt: when the bolt touches the ground the forceps act, and are closed by a cast iron weight slipping down the spindle, and keeping fast the contents till brought up for examination."

By this instrument the deepest soundings ever reached in Baffin's Bay, were taken at 1050 fathoms; and it was ascertained that the bottom of the sea, like the land, was very mountainous. The mud was extremely soft: lat. 72. 23.

"The instrument came up completely full, containing about six pounds of mud, mixed with a few stones and some sand. Although this mud was a substance to appearance much coarser than that which we had before obtained, it was also of a much looser nature, and had in it no insects or organic remains: but a small star-fish was found attached to the line below the point marking 800 fathoms. The instrument took 27 minutes to descend the whole distance. When at 500 fathoms, it descended at the rate of one fathom per second, and when near 1000 fathoms down, it took one second and a half per fathom."

It took an hour "for all hands" to get it up again from this prodigious depth, and the result of the experiments, by the self-registering thermometer which it took down, proved that the water was colder in proportion as it became deeper. The temperature at 660 fathoms was 25 and a half; at 400, 28; at 200, 20; and 100, 30.

The *Active* frigate, Capt. Sir James Alexander Gordon, K.C.B. was moved out of Portsmouth-harbour, against wind and tide, by means of Lieut. Jas. Burton's invention for impelling ships in a calm, with two paddle wheels, which are fixed on a spindle, or axle-tree, projecting from the ship's side, immediately under the main deck, and just before the gangway. The *Active* started from the upper part of the harbour about

first quarter flood, and succeeded in getting abreast of the platform, against an increasing contrary tide, running about two and an half knots, in a narrow channel, and a light breeze of contrary wind, when the wind freshening, and it being against the orders of that port that a ship of war should anchor in the narrows, she was dropped into the harbour again. In this movement the use of the paddles were seen, as they worked backwards with equal facility; neither warp nor boat aided her until she anchored again. Had she started from the harbour's mouth, and at an earlier period of the tide, she would easily have made her way to Spithead.

Steam Vessel.—The scheme to propel the vessel constructed according to Lord Cochrane's directions, by the application of steam to machinery operating under water, has, it is understood, totally failed. An experiment was last week made to compress the water by means of air tunnels fixed in the paddle-cases, but it was without effect. This is the second failure in the attempt to work machinery under water; and a considerable sum of money, besides a year, has been expended.

Musical Telegraph.—A young musician of Plymouth has, with much ingenuity, invented a curious instrument, which he calls the *musical telegraph*. The discovery appears of great importance, as by it the laws of harmony and the elements of thorough-

base are clearly and scientifically illustrated, and the study of the theory of the science simplified.

A new steam vessel, called *Savannah Packet*, of 800 tons burden, built at New York, for the express purpose of conveying passengers across the Atlantic, is now on her passage to Liverpool. She is calculated to bear 30 inches of steam. There are 32 state rooms: the cabins are on an entire new principle. Those for the ladies being entirely distinct from the gentlemen. She is commanded by a Capt. Rogers, one of the first engineers in the United States.

A curiously constructed vehicle, called the *Velocimanipede*, or phaeton in miniature, calculated to carry three persons, was shewn to the Duke and Duchess of Kent, at Kensington Gardens. The centre or body of the carriage, is supposed to be for a female; the front is for a gentleman, to sit on a narrow saddle to guide it. At the back is a small dicky, to work the hind wheels by machinery. It went over a distance of ground of one mile in three minutes; and it could be kept up with ease at eight miles an hour. Their Royal Highnesses expressed their astonishment at the ingenious contrivance of a vehicle to carry three persons without a horse, &c. They particularly admired the simplicity of the construction, and the ease with which it is worked. It only weighs 100lbs.

NEW ACTS,

PASSED IN THE FIRST SESSION OF THE SIXTH PARLIAMENT OF THE UNITED KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND—59 GEO. III. (1819.)

CAP. XII. An Act to Amend the Laws for the relief of the Poor.—Parishes empowered to establish select vestries for the concerns of the Poor.—The select vestry to consist of any number not exceeding twenty nor less than five—Members elected, to be appointed by a justice—Vacancies to be supplied—Continuance of the select vestries—Overseers (except in cases of emergency,) to give no other relief than such as shall be ordered by the select vestry—Justices empowered to order relief, in certain cases, for a limited time—One justice may order temporary relief, in cases of urgent necessity—Minutes to be kept of the proceedings of select vestries—Minutes of select vestries, and reports of their proceedings to be laid before the inhabitants, in general vestry—Notice to be given of vestries for the establishment and election of Members, and for receiving reports of select vestries—Every order for relief, in parishes not having a select vestry, shall be made by two, or more justices, except in cases of emergency—Limitation of order—Power to appoint non-resident overseers—Assistant overseer may be appointed—Security may be taken—Power to build or enlarge workhouses—Workhouses insufficient, may be sold—Where no

poorhouse, &c. can be procured in the parish, adjoining parish may be resorted to, but all questions relative to the settlement of persons born or lodged therein, be deemed as belonging to the parish on behalf of which the same was purchased or hired—Parishes may provide land not exceeding 90 acres, for the employment of the poor; and may let portions of that land to poor inhabitants, sum to be limited to 1s. in the pound upon the annual value of property, for building and repairing, and for such land—Gives power to raise money by loans or by sale of annuities—Future rates charged with loans and annuities to the extent of 1s. in the pound, but no more, unless with the consent of two-thirds in value of the proprietors of premises—Churchwardens and overseers may take and sue as bodies corporate—Incapacitated persons empowered to convey—Power to rate owners of certain houses instead of the occupiers—Goods of occupiers may be distrained for rates to the amount of the rent actually due—Occupiers paying rates empowered to deduct the amount out of their rent—Receivers may, in certain cases, be rated as owners—Persons rated as owners may appeal—No owner, not being an occupier, to be rated in places

where the right of voting for members to serve in Parliament depends on rating—Justices empowered, in certain cases, to deliver the possession of parish property or estates to overseers—Overseers empowered, in certain cases, to give relief by way of loan only—Pensions for service, in army or navy, may be assigned, in certain cases, for the indemnity of parishes—The pension assigned to be paid to churchwardens—Justices empowered to order payment of seamen's wages, for the indemnity of parishes—Gives power to remove chargeable poor born in Scotland, Ireland, &c. although they have not committed any act of vagrancy—Scotch or Irish vagrants may be removed without being whipped or imprisoned—This Act to extend to England only.—March, 31.

CAP. XIII. An Act to continue Two Acts of the fifty-sixth and fifty-eighth years of his present Majesty, for reducing the duties payable on horses used for the purposes therein mentioned, to the 5th day of April, 1821, and to reduce the duties chargeable under certain Acts of the forty-eighth and fifty-second years of his present Majesty, in respect of certain horses, mares, geldings, and mules. 31 Mar. 1819.—Fixes duty on horses used by butchers, &c.—Duty on horses not exceeding 15 hands high—Mares kept for breeding exempted.

CAP. XIV. An Act to continue, until the 1st day of July, 1823, an Act of the forty-sixth year of his present Majesty, for permitting the exportation of wool from the British Plantations in America. 31st May.

CAP. XV. An Act to continue, until the

1st day of July, 1821, an Act of the fifty-fourth year of his present Majesty, for granting certain duties on merchandize imported into Ireland from any place within the limits of the charter granted to the united company of merchants of England trading to the East Indies. 31st March.

CAP. XVI. An Act to carry into effect the Treaty with the Netherlands, relating to the slave trade. 31st Mar.—Treaty signed May 4, 1818—Article 1. Slave trade abolished—2. Merchant vessels with slaves may be detained—3. Mode—Reciprocal right of visit and detention; mode of making such visits, which are not to be made in the Mediterranean, or certain parts of the European sea—4. Indemnity for losses by unjust detention—5. Ships not having slaves not to be detained—6. Instructions to be given by the respective governments—7. Mixed courts appointed for adjudication of detained vessels—8. Punishment of naval officers for misconduct—9. Instructions and regulations declared part of the Treaty—Instruction 1. Mode of detaining ships—2. Search to be made in a friendly manner—3. Cargo, &c. shall be left on board detained ships—Regulations, Article 1. Mode of proceeding before the mixed courts—2. How such mixed courts shall be composed—3. Form of the process—4. Declaration of captor—5. Indemnity on liberation of vessels, &c.—6. Proceedings on condemnation—7. Compensation for detention of vessels not condemned—8. Judges, &c. shall not receive rewards from parties—9. Supplying vacancies of Judges.

LITERARY REPORT.

Dr. Harrington has in the press an extension of his *Theory and Practice of Chemistry*, elucidating all the Phenomena, without one single anomaly.

John Crawford, esq. late British Resident at the Court of the Sultan of Java, is preparing a History of the Indian Archipelago, with illustrative engravings.

The Rev. Dr. Nares is preparing for publication a volume of Sermons, preached before the University of Oxford, on the Three Creeds, the Trinity, and the Divinity of Christ.

A Treatise on the Modes of Restoring Vision by the formation of an Artificial Pupil, by Sir W. Adams, will shortly be published.

The Rev. Joseph Hunter is about to publish, in a crown folio volume, the History and Topography of the Parish of Sheffield, with Notices of Ecclesfield, Hansworth, Treeton, and Whiston.

Mr. James Ilbery is collecting materials with a view to publish a History of Waltham Abbey, Essex, from the earliest period to the present time, with Biographical Notices of the various eminent Characters either born there, or that have held high

appointments in the Abbey. Translations from Records in the Tower, &c. &c.

The Rev. H. D. Morgan is printing Eight Sermons preached before the University of Oxford in 1819 at the Bampton Lectures.

A History of the County of Northumberland, in six quarto volumes, may shortly be expected from the pen of the Rev. John Hodgson, of Jarrow.

Mrs. Taylor, of Ongar, has in the press, the *Family Mansion*, a Tale.

Mr. Griescke will shortly publish in German and English, and Account of his Eight Years' Residence in Greenland, illustrated by Charts and Views.

An Account of some of the principal Hospitals of France, Italy, Switzerland, and Netherlands, with Remarks on the Diseases of those Countries, will shortly be published by Dr. H. W. Carter.

Travels in the North of Germany, describing the present state of the Country, particularly in the Kingdom of Hanover, by Thomas Hodgskin, is in considerable forwardness, and may shortly be expected.

Sketches of a Tour in the Highlands of Scotland, through Perthshire, Argyleshire,

and Inverness-shire, in the Summer of 1818, will shortly appear.

The sudden death of Dr. Römer, of Zurich, though much and deservedly lamented, so far from interrupting the new edition of Linnæus' System of Plants, commenced by him and Dr. Schultes, has proved the means of calling forth the exertions of a society of eminent botanists, scattered all over the Continent of Europe. The advantages likely thence to accrue to the new edition, (4 volumes of which have appeared at Stuttgart, printed for J. G. Cotta) would be greatly increased, if the editors could prevail on some British botanists to contribute in the manner most agreeable to themselves towards the succeeding volumes, either by drawing up distinct papers on some genus, or by furnishing detached observations on species. They would also be happy to receive corrections of the four volumes already published. The name of each contributor to be specified in the title-page, and to be annexed to each individual remark, however brief. It is beyond the means of the editors to recompence the favours which they solicit in a manner suitable to their anticipated value; yet they offer some small compliment per sheet, and engage to defray every incidental expence. Those British botanists who, actuated by zeal for the promotion of science, may be pleased to attend to this address, are requested to direct their letters and communications either to Dr. Schultes, Professor of Botany in the Bavarian University of Landshuth, or to Mr J. G. Cotta, at Stuttgart.

From some interesting accounts respecting the advancement of Literature in Iceland, we learn that a translation has been made of Milton's Paradise Lost, and the first fourteen books of Klopstock's Messiah, into the language of that country; by John Thorlakson, a native. This poet is a minister at Baegisa, and lives in a little hut, situated between three high mountains, and in the neighbourhood of torrents and foaming cataracts. The room in which he studies and sleeps is scarcely large enough to contain a bed, a table, and a chair, and the entrance is not four feet in height. His whole income does not exceed six guineas a year, although he serves two parishes.

The Literature of Iceland has lately become an object of research in Sweden and Norway, and the Royal Library at Stockholm possessing a great number of Icelandic MSS. the Professor Lilliengren is now occupied in translating and preparing them for publication. The first volume of the series has appeared, and a second is in considerable forwardness.

A Geographical Manual of the Russian Empire, in two volumes, by C. M. de Broemsen; who, during twenty-five years active peregrination of that vast country, has been enabled to visit the greater part of it. The work includes particular observations on the soil, and on the industry, com-

merce, manners, and customs of its inhabitants.

Mr. J. N. Brewer, is preparing an Historical and Descriptive Account of the most interesting Objects of Topography throughout the whole of Ireland, to accompany "The Beauties of England and Wales."

Portuguese Literature.—In an æra like the present, so fertile in translation, and marked by so general a spirit of enquiry and criticism, it is surprising how little we have heard of Portuguese Literature. With the exception of Camoens, of whom we have a tolerable knowledge through the translations of Mickle and Lord Strangford, not a single writer of that nation has, we believe, been clothed in an English dress, or is known to English readers even by name. It should appear that this want of curiosity is by no means confined to our side of the water. We suspect that our ancient allies at least have their revenge, and that if we have not been very assiduous in watching their progress of literature and art, they have been totally unmindful of ours. We rejoice that an apathy on subjects so attractive subsisting in countries, between which the relations in every other respect are so intimate and advantageous to both, is now about to be dispelled. We are informed, that a Portuguese Nobleman has been long occupied in preparing a translation of Pope's Essay on Man into his native verse, in the ardent hope that the admiration which the favourite production of that distinguished poet must necessarily excite, may draw the attention of his countrymen to the treasures of thought and imagination contained in the wide field of our literature. As a stimulus to further enquiry, he has given in the notes annexed to his translation, passages from most of the English poets, from Chaucer up to nearly the present time; which passages, however familiar to the cultivated portion of our community, will open a new source of gratification to the student of Portugal and Brazil. He has also supplied abundant materials for satisfying the curiosity of those amongst us to whom the well of Lusitanian Poesy is still an untasted spring, as the same notes contain extracts from many writers of that nation, whose fame in the estimation of their compatriots yields only to that of the author of "Os Lusíadas." These extracts are interspersed with quotations from the works of the enlightened of other nations, besides a considerable portion of original matter, consisting of comments on the text and information relating to the subject. The Baron de Sao Lourenço, the nobleman alluded to, has, by express permission, dedicated his work in its completed state to his Royal Master, the king of Portugal and Brazil; and we have recently learnt that a Literary Society of this country are now on the point of publishing the same, with embellishments by English artists, and in a style corresponding to the value of the production and the rank of its author. We wish it the success due to the

public-spiritedness of the undertaking and the important ends it is intended to attain.

A Free Trade Essential to the Welfare of Great Britain; by John Clay, esq.

A Tour to Clermont; by a Clergyman, with reflections suggested on the occasion, serving to illustrate the peculiar genius character and pursuits of the late Princess Charlotte.

The Life of Sir Christopher Wren, which will contain the whole of the Parentalia.

A Treatise on Apoplexy, including Apoplexia Hydrocephalica; by John Cooke, M.D.

A work which has for its object a full explanation of the Commerce of Russia,

and particularly that of St. Petersburg; with the last export and import regulations. By Mr. Borisow.

Cornubia; a descriptive poem; in six cantos. By George Worckley. Author of Redemption, &c.

Designs for Churches and Chapels of various dimensions and styles, with estimates; also, some designs for altars, pulpits, and steeples. By W. F. Pocock, architect.

Narrative of the loss of the Hon. E. I. Company's ship Cabalva, which was wrecked on the morning of July 7, 1818, on the Cargados Garragos reef in the Indian Ocean; by C. W. Francken, sixth officer.

METEOROLOGICAL REPORT.

Communicated by Mr. ADAMS, Edmonton, Middlesex.

1819.	Ther.	Baro.	Wind.	Rain in ins.	General Remarks.
June 1	44	30.26	S. W. 2.	.035	Generally cloudy
	68	30.22	S. W. 3.		
	51	30.25	S. W. 1.		Morning cloudy, the rest of the day generally clear
2	70	30.19	S. W. 1.		
	43	30.19	S. W. 2.		Generally overcast
	68	30.15	S. W. 2.		
	54	30.11	S. W. 1.		Generally cloudy
	68	30.05	S. W. 1.		
	49	30.25	W. and		Generally clear
	70	30.22	S. W. 1.		
	39	30.21	S. W. &		Clear
	67	30.04	S. E. 1.		
	50	29.83	S. W. 2.		Generally cloudy
	70	29.73	S. W. 3.		
	44	29.82	S. b. E. 1.		Generally cloudy
	66	29.76	S. b. E. 1.		
	43	29.80	S. W. 1.		Generally clear
	72	29.83	S. W. 1.		
	46	29.88	S. W. 1.		Cloudy—heavy rain, thunder, and lightning about 2 in the afternoon.
	70	30.00	S. W. 1.		Morning clear, the rest of the day cloudy and showery.
	41	30.17	S. W. 1.	.4	
	64	30.16	S. W. 1.		Cloudy
	42	30.19	W. by S. 1.		
	60	30.20	& N. W. 1.		
	37	30.26	N. b. E. 1.	.175	Generally clear
	69	30.20	& S. W. 1.		
	44	30.16	S. W. 1.		Generally cloudy, with showers in the afternoon
	64	30.09	S. W. 1.		Rain till noon, the rest of the day generally clear
	46	29.92	W. b. S. 1.	.1	
	61	29.96	W. b. S. 1.		Generally cloudy
	43	30.10	N. W. 1.		
	60	30.15	N. W. 1.		
	45	30.24	N. and	.15	Generally cloudy
	66	30.27	N. E. 1.		
	51	30.21	N. b. E. &		Cloudy—raining most of the morning
	56	30.24	N. W. 3.		
	51	30.28	N. 2.	.475	Generally clear
	70	30.32	N. 2.		
	50	30.39	N. and		Generally clear
	67		N. W. 1.		
	41	30.34	S. W. &		Clear
	72	30.28	N. W. 2.		
	45	30.23	N. W. 2.		Morning clear, the rest of the day cloudy
	66	30.22	N. W. 2.		
	53	30.12	S. W. &		Generally cloudy
	68	30.20	W. 1.		
	45	30.05	S. W. 2.		
	52	29.92	S. W. 2.		Cloudy

DAILY PRICES OF STOCKS, FROM MAY 25, TO JUNE 25, 1819, BOTH INCLUSIVE.

1819 Days.	Bank Stock.	3 per Cent. Redu.	3 per Cent. Cons.	4 per Cent. Cons.	5 per Cent. Navy.	Long Anas.	Irish 5 per Cent.	Imp. per Cent.	Omnium	Imp. Anns.	India Stock.	So. Sea Stock.	N. S. S. Stock.	4 per Cent. Int. Bon.	Ex. Bills. 2d per Day	Consol for Ac.
May 2	214 309	60 51	67 51	74 43	101 98	16 17	83 70	65	—	—	206 205	—	—	5 pm. 10 dis. 2	7 dis. 0 1/2	5 1/2
26	310 317	64 63	65 78	78 43	99 101	16 17 1/2	70 82	64 1/2	—	—	205	—	—	9 14 dis. 6	1 dis. 6 1/2	8
27	321 318	67 63	67 86	77 43	103 100	17 1/2	83 4 1/2	64 3/4	—	—	208 211	—	—	12 5 dis. 1	1 pm. 4 dis. 6 1/2	0 1/2
28	321 319	66 60	67 108	77 43	101 100	17 1/2	83 5	64 3/4	—	—	211	—	—	9 12 dis. 2	4 dis. 0 1/2	5 1/2
29	318 194	65 63	66 4	78 43	100 99	—	83 4 1/2	—	—	—	211	—	—	10 7 dis. 4	1 dis. 0 1/2	5 1/2
31	319 218	65 63	66 178	78 43	100 99	—	83 4 1/2	—	—	—	211	—	—	—	3 dis. 0 1/2	0 1/2
June 1	319 317 1/2	65 63	66 51	78 43	100 99	—	83 4 1/2	63 1/2	—	—	210 211	—	—	4 dis. 1	3 dis. 0 1/2	5 1/2
2	318 163	65 63	65 67 1/2	78 43	—	16 17 1/2	83 5	—	—	—	210	7 1/2	0 1/2	7 dis. 5 dis.	par. 0 1/2	0 1/2
3	316 217	65 63	65 67 1/2	78 43	—	17 1/2	84 8 1/2	—	—	—	210 209	—	—	4 dis. 1 dis.	4 pm. 0 1/2	0 1/2
4	—	65 60	—	78 43	—	—	84 7	—	—	—	—	—	—	3 dis. 1 pm. 5	7 pm. 0 1/2	7 1/2
5	328 280	69 60	77 8	87 100	—	18 1/2	87 100	—	—	—	—	—	—	par.	3 pm. 0 1/2	0 1/2
7	—	68 60	77 8	87 100	—	17 1/2 18 1/2	87 8 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—	1 4 dis. 4	3 pm. 0 1/2	0 1/2
8	—	69 60	77 8	87 100	—	18 1/2	87 8 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—	4 dis. 6	1 pm. 0 1/2	0 1/2
9	326 223	70 68	77 8	87 100	—	18 1/2 17 1/2	87 8 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—	4 dis. 6	1 pm. 0 1/2	0 1/2
10	321 220	67 68	75 6	87 100	—	17 1/2 17 1/2	86 6	66 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	4 dis. 6	1 pm. 0 1/2	0 1/2
11	—	69 68	77 6	87 100	—	—	86 6	—	—	—	—	—	—	4 dis. 6	1 pm. 0 1/2	0 1/2
12	319 220	67 68	77 6	87 100	—	17 1/2 18 1/2	86 7	—	—	—	—	—	—	3 5 dis. 5	2 pm. 0 1/2	0 1/2
14	—	68 68	76 6	87 100	—	18 1/2	86 7	—	—	—	—	—	—	4 dis. 3 pm. par. 0 1/2	3 pm. par. 0 1/2	0 1/2
15	319 220	68 68	76 6	87 100	—	18 1/2 17 1/2	86 7	—	—	—	—	—	—	3 dis. 3 pm. par. 0 1/2	3 pm. par. 0 1/2	0 1/2
16	218	67 68	75 6	87 100	—	17 1/2 17 1/2	86 7	—	—	—	—	—	—	3 dis. 4 pm. par. 0 1/2	4 pm. par. 0 1/2	0 1/2
17	319 218	67 68	75 6	87 100	—	17 1/2 17 1/2	86 7	—	—	—	—	—	—	4 dis. 1 dis. par. 0 1/2	4 dis. par. 0 1/2	0 1/2
18	220	68 68	76 6	87 100	—	18 1/2 17 1/2	86 7	—	—	—	—	—	—	4 dis. 2 dis. par. 0 1/2	4 dis. par. 0 1/2	0 1/2
19	—	68 68	76 6	87 100	—	18 1/2	86 7	—	—	—	—	—	—	3 dis. par.	2 dis. par.	0 1/2
21	—	68 68	76 6	87 100	—	17 1/2 18	86 7	—	—	—	—	—	—	1 dis. 1 dis. par. 0 1/2	1 dis. par. 0 1/2	0 1/2
22	318 15	67 68	75 6	87 100	—	17 1/2 18	86 7	—	—	—	—	—	—	2 dis. 1 pm. 1 dis. 0 1/2	2 dis. par. 0 1/2	0 1/2
23	317 210	67 68	75 6	87 100	—	17 1/2 18	86 7	—	—	—	—	—	—	2 dis. 2 dis. par. 0 1/2	2 dis. par. 0 1/2	0 1/2
25	316 214	67 68	75 6	87 100	—	17 1/2 18	86 7	—	—	—	—	—	—	1 dis. 3	1 dis. 0 1/2	7 1/2

All Exchequer Bills dated prior to the month of March, 1818, have been advertised to be paid off, and the Interest thereon has ceased.

N. B. The above Table contains the highest and lowest prices, taken from the Course of the Exchange, &c. originally published by John Castaign, in the year 1719, and now published, every Tuesday and Friday, under the authority of the Committee of the Stock Exchange, by JAMES WENTENHALL, Stock-Broker, Angel court, Throgmorton-street, London,
On application to whom the original documents for near a century past may be read.

BANKRUPTS.

FROM MAY 23, TO JUNE 23, 1819, INCLUSIVE.

N.B. In Bankruptcies in and near London, the Attornies are to be understood to reside in London; and in Country Bankruptcies at the Residence of the Bankrupt, except otherwise expressed. The Solicitors' names are between parentheses.

A.

ARLIS J. Newgate-street, printer (Russen and Son—Adams J. Gloucester, jeweller (Manning, London—Amdeill W. Plastow, baker (Aspinall, London.

B.

Blanch W. & J. Bath, tinmen (Mant—Broomhead J. Sheffield, merchant (Parker & Brown—Bulmer J. sen. & jun. South Shields, ship builder (Chater, Newcastle-upon-Tyne—Biuns J. sen. & jun. Looe, Cornwall, bankers (Burfoot, London—Bradley L. Sandwich, brewer (Lodington & Co. Temple—Bowker T. D. Warmsworth house, merchant (Plumprtre, Temple—Browning J. Manchester, calenderer (Hurd & Co. Temple—Bond T. Arncliffe, Stafford, maltster (Stocker & Co. London—Bond J. Lichfield, maltster (Stocker & Co. London—Brown T. Newport, grocer (Hicks, London—Bonsor J. Spitalfields, coal merchant (Warrand—Brockliss J. Oxford, corn dealer (Pownall, London—Balmer T. & B. South Shields, rope maker (Bell & Co. London—Brown & Hunter, Wood str. Cheapside, warehousemen (Kearsey & Co.—Buckley J. Ashton under-Line, clothier (Battye, London—Bealey R. Cockey Moor, cotton manufacturer (Clarke & Co. London—Baldwin W. H. Liverpool, merchant (Clarke & Co. London—Birch J. Aston, Maltster (Egerton & Co. London—Bugden J. Dartford, paper makers (Flexney, London—Brade W. Preston, liquor merchant (Blakelock, London—Bryant H. Norwich, leather cutter (Taylor & Co. London—Bradley F. King street, Portman square, upholster (Vincent—Beattie G. Salford, dyer (Taylor, Manchester.

C.

Critchley J. Liverpool, merchant (Dacie & John, London—Coldwell T. S. Norwich, coach-master (Alexander & Holme, New Inn—Clayton J. Stockport, cotton spinner (Milne & Parry, London—Chapman W. Liverpool, hosier (Long & Austen, London—Case G. Devonshire, hop merchant (Robinson, London—Catterson J. Kingston-upon-Hull, leather seller (Dax, London—Cooper R. Rawcliffe, maltster (Wright & Co. Temple—Crandon C. Fenchurch street, merchant (Hutchinson—Chambers S. Rordale, Warwick, sword cutler (Bourdillon & Hewett, London—Chilcott T. Bristol, broker (Edmunds, London—Copland S. Holt, miller (Withers.

D.

Deakin & Oughton, Birmingham, wire drawers (Bourdillon & Co. London—Duke R. Gateshead, merchant (Bell & Co. London—Dyle R. Bayswater, jeweller (Hutchinson—Dauncey T. Cateaton street, warehouseman (Lake.

F.

Fletcher S. Doncaster, haberdasher (Rosser & Co. London—Frears W. jun. Liverpool, merchant (Battye, London—Frears E. Ravenglass, silversmith (Gregson & Co. London—Fanshaw H. R. Addle street, trimming maker (Thomas—Fell W. Watling street (Courteen & Co.

G.

Gaugain P. J. Church street, Sohn, jeweller (Hutchinson—Gibbs J. Bridgewater, maltster (Adlington & Co. London—Gregson E. & J. Liverpool, perfumers (Courteen & Co. London—Godard S. Cornhill, chart seller (Futerson & Co.—

Garnett, Nantwich, shoe maker (Hilditch, London—Goode T. Hinckley, hosier (Dickens & Co. London.

H.

Hadley T. Birmingham, merchant (Jennings and Belton, London—Hall W. Windmill street, Haymarket, upholsterer, (Courteen and Robinson—Heath H. Islington road, picture dealer (Robinson and Hine—Heginbottom J. Ashton-under-line, grocer, (Battye, London—Holmes and White, Chesterfield, and T. Tindal, Durlham, hat manufacturers, (Lowe and Cowborn Temple—Hayton J. B. Kingston upon Hull, merchant (Rossen and Co. London—Hawkins C. Gosport, grocer (Alexander and Holme, New Inn—Hunt H. Great Yarmouth, wine merchant (Swain and Co. London—Hedderie J. Leicester square, tailor (Naylor—Highman J. Duke street, Adelphi, victualler, (T. P. Lewis—Hayter J. Bristol, watchmaker (Heelis, London—Hunsley W. Wetherby, grocer (Smith, Temple—Harrison J. Spring Gardens, tailor (Clark.

I.

Izod W. Redditch, draper (Merrick and Co. London.

J.

Johnson S. Skinner street, Finsbury, cabinet maker (Gillibrand, London—Jordan J. S. Birmingham, dealer (Richards and Co. London—Jones J. Upper Brook street, tailor (Fieldler and Co. London—Johnson R. Freeman's court, merchant (Templer and Co—Jackson T. and W. Liverpool, merchants (Blacks, Wet, and Bunce, London—Jackson J. Duke street, Manchester-square, haberdasher (Towers—Joy E. Christchurch, fishmonger, (Allen, London.

K.

Kershaw G. Romford, Essex, shopkeeper (Badely, London—Kilvert R. Bath, linen draper (Jenkins and Co. London—Kerr W. Sherborn lane, wine merchant (Stokes and Co—Kegg E. Liverpool mariner (Dacie and Co. Temple—Kay T. Bath, dealer (Bourdillon and Co. London—Knight A. Wilson street, Moorfields, calenderer (Gibson.

L.

Lund and Walsh, Blackburn, cotton manufacturers (Milne and Parry, London—Lang H. G. and W. Ackerington, callico printers (Arison and Wheeler, London—Lanckester B. Blackman street, Borough (Young and Co.—Lamb J. James street, Bedford row, tailor (Lewis—Laughton J. Liverpool, earthenware dealer (Makinson, Temple—Leigh P. Wheelock, currier (Wilson and Co. Temple—Longworth D. Little Lever, bleacher (Adlington and Co. London—Lord E. Burnley, cotton spinner, (Ellis, London—Leveridge S. Clapham, merchant (Eiche and Evans, London.

M.

Marshall W. South street, Spitalfields, cheesemonger (Hutchinson—Marshall H. Holme, miller, (Rosser and Co. London—Moss W. Tadley, carpenter (Eyre, London—Montes S. W. Birmingham, tobaccoist (Swin and Co. London—Millicham F. Aston, maltster (Baxter and Bowler London—Murch J. Banwell, tanner, (Pearson, Temple—Musgrave J. Horsforth, cloth manufacturer, (Wilson, London—Morgan, W. Bristol, wool-broker (Hicks and Co. London—Millward J. Redditch, needle maker (Long and Co. London—Martin B. Middlessex street, victualler (Cross—Matthews J.

Pena, shoemaker (Bennett and Co. London—Marshall G. Bristol, corn factor (Bourdillon and Hewitt, London—Mole W. Worcester, and R. Locket, Hereford, carriers (Edmunds, London—Mackenzie C. Caroline street, Bedford row, merchant (Lowe and Bower.

N

Nowell J. Redbridge, infants, timber merchant (Hutchinson, London—Nathan S. Chandos street, butcher (L. Norton.

O

Ord R. Deptford, butcher (Price and Co.

P

Penny M. Shepton Mallet, corn factor (King and Lukin, London—Peake M. Handsworth, merchant (Hicks and Co. London—Pearly M. Lime street, square, merchant, (Poole—Perkins T. Chorlton, cotton spinner, (Hurd and Co. London—Pollitt R. Manchester, calico printer (Hurd and Co. London—Pilgase J. Bristol, provision merchant (Adlington and Gregory, London—Parker J. Norwich, bombazine manufacturer (Taylor and Co.—Pritchard J. D. Tipton, draper (Swain and Co. London—Patteson G. Vere street, corn dealer (Luckett—Peacock E. Finchley, victualler (Brewer, London—Parker W. Teignmouth, inn-keeper (Williams, London—Park R. jun. Portsea, coal merchant (Cope, London.

R

Riddall J. Liverpool, merchant (Clarke and Co. London—Riding J. Blackburn, cotton manufacturer (Armstrong, London—Rosser J. Wallingford, carpenter (Williams and Co. London—Ruffy J. D. Paternoster row, oilman (Hurst.

S

Simpson R. Crown court, Threadneedle street, merchant (Oakley and Birch—Shyon J. Malden, Essex, wine merchant (Day—Stunt T. Ludgate hill, carpet manufacturer (Whitton—Smith J. Stamford street, Blackfriars, horse dealer (Bissett—Simms W. Swinton, coal dealer (Price and Co. London—Stead M. Ludlow, stone mason, (Jenkins, James, and Abbott, London—Stafford J. Scrooby, miller

T

(Wigglesworth and Co. London—Smith T. Worcester, butcher (Fladgate and Co. London—Salter M. Salter street, glass blower (Tomson, Ratcliffe—Sutherland R. and R. Birmingham, gun makers (Tynal, Webb, and Co.—Sutherland S. South Shields, grocer (Bell and Co. London—Simmonds T. Maidstone, wine merchant (James, London—Sankey M. W. Canterbury, brewer (Collett and Co. London—Sewell S. Aldersgate street, plumber (Long—Sandell W. and J. Newport, brewers (Luxmore London—Seller G. Lime Regis, miller (Andros and Anderson London—Smith J. Bristol, tinman (Clark Richards, and Co. London.

U

Tadman G. New Kent road, straw hat manufacturer (Courteen and Co.—Townend R. and J. R. Fenchurch street, merchants (Hackett.

V

Vandermoolen V. L. Cannon road, dealer (Eyles.

W

Willan J. jun. Kenswick, Worcestershire, farmer (Candall and Young, London—Winstanley and Crole, Liverpool, auctioneers, (Blackstock and Bunce, Temple—Wilmott J. Manchester, grocer (Perkins and Frampton, London—Wrightley B. Manchester, merchant (Adlington and Gregory, London—Webb H. Bristol, pump-maker (Hicks and Co. London—Wood and Belwood, Sealcoats, timber merchants (Sandwith, Hull—Walker J. Harp Alley, ironmonger (Draper and Bird—Wright B. Birmingham, victualler (Platt, London—Wickwar H. and J. Colthorpe mills, paper makers (Hudson, London—Walker W. Norwich, bricklayer (Adlington and Co. London—White J. C. Fenchurch street merchant (Hackett—West J. Richmond, linen draper (Pickering and Smith, London—Wilson W. R. Crown court, Broad street (Birkett—Wilson W. Gateshead, ship owner (Spence, London.

Y

Yate J. Worcester, leather seller (Platt, London—Young A. Bishop's Wearmouth, ship owner (Swaine and Co. London.

DIVIDENDS.

A

Arney, G. Bury-street, June 22—Andree, D. Lotbury, June 26—Anderson, J. R. Throgmorton street, June 29—Amos & Sutherland, St. Helen's place, July 3—Atkinson J. Aldgate, July 3.

B

Bernard J. & C. Manchester, June 1—Besley W. & H. Tiverton, June 22—Barlow T. sen. East Retford, June 23—Brittons & Huxton, Barrowby, June 22—Baum J. Drury lane, June 26—Blundell W. Liverpool, June 30—Blurton J. Old Bond street, June 22—Bell J. F. Sealcoates, July 6—Barton R. Rickmansworth, June 26—Buckett W. Neithorp, July 2—Biddle J. Birmingham, July 3—Bogle sen. Bogle jun. & Scott, Love lane, June 26—Bett E. Rotherhithe, June 29—Brown & Forrester, Savage gardens, July 13—Badderley J. Nottingham, June 30—Barton A. Bristol, July 18—Burgess G. Manchester, July 5—Burn W. & R. Exeter, June 16—Brown J. jun. Rodborough, June 20—Brook J. Huddersfield, July 9—Bradley G. Houndsditch, July 20—Bass J. Castle Inn, Wood street, July 13—Bacon & Wilkin, Laverham, July 16—Barrett W. Broad street, July 10—Baylis C. W. Birmingham, July 10—Barraston W. July 12—Bamber J. Liverpool, July 15.

C

Caven G. Great Prescott street, May 29—Cau-

mont P. Old Broad street, June 22—Coates W. Skipton, June 9—Cutbush H. & W. Maldstone, June 22—Collen W. June 26—Cohen B. George street, Minorities, July 3—Chivers W. Commercial road, July 5—Clement H. Carter lane, July 10—Curtis & Griffin, Ludgate hill, July 6—Crowther W. Banner street, July 31—Coulter J. Chatham, July 20—Clarke F. Coventry street, July 17—Crippen C. Limehouse, July 19.

D

Dickens E. Eynsford, Kent, June 19—Durand J. N. Pentonville, June 26—Dixey E. Oxford street, July 10—Duckworth W. Manchester, June 29—David J. Threadneedle street, July 13—Downing R. Stockport, July 5—Dover J. Burnham, July 6—Dantsiger A. Change alley, July 6—Dewitt H. Stone, July 22—Dawson W. Wetherby, July 21.

F

Fothergill J. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, June 15—Frost J. St. Alban's, June 26—Flower & Mainwaring, Chancery lane, June 29—Furnival S. Liverpool, June 29—Ford H. Portsmouth, July 5—Fleming T. Liverpool, July 30.

G

Gooch W. Bury St. Edmund's, June 25—Gee W. Leeds, hosier, June 25—Garratt R. Speenham Land, June 30—Glennie, Glennie & Fry, New

Broad street, June 25—Godwin D. jun. Newport, June 30—Gerson & Goujohn, Fenchurch street, July 10—Gregory R. Old Jewry, July 10—Glenny J. Red Lion street, July 10.

H

Howard R. jun. Woolwich, Aug. 14—Handley W. Stretton en la-feld, June 19—Harvey R. Oxford street, June 19—Holland C. Lambeth, June 29—Holms T. Long acre, June 22—Hart J. Southampton, June 29—Herbert T. Hanway street, July 3—Hockey J. Langum, July 5—Hodgson W. Playhouse yard, July 5—Higgins J. Chipping Norton, July 3—Haggerty P. Goodman's stile, White-chapel, July 3—Hussell S. Bechton, July 7—Hambidge J. Stow, July 6—Hassluck, R. Philadelphia, July 10—Hurren J. Cratfield, July 10—Hudson E. Gibraltar, July 17.

I

Inglis J. Billiter square, June 29.

J

Jones L. St. Paul's Church yard, June 19, July 2—Jackson C. Upper Thames street, July 10—Jordan W. Barnwood, July 13—Jackson W. Hanley, July 22.

K

Knight J. Castle Cary, July 18.

L

Leeming R. Wray, Lancashire, June 15—Latham & Parry, Devonshire square, June 12—Long & Feltoe, Great Tower street, June 25—Lloyd W. sen. & jun. Peckham, June 29—Law W. Copthall chambers, June 22—Lomas J. Fetter lane, June 29—Laing G. City road, July 18—Lancaster T. J. Cateaton street, July 13—Long W. York, July 12—Year F. Strand, July 6—Lean J. H. Fenchurch street, June 26—Lloyd W. jun. Thames street, July 13.

M

Mackintosh E. Haymarket, June 19—Macklin J. Cheapside, June 26—Machin & Burton, Great Guildford street, Surrey, June 19—Moreton C. Croydon, June 26—Moat T. Cheapside, June 29—Merac T. & M. P. L. Queen square, June 22—McKenzie W. St. Paul's, Covent garden, June 10 & 26—Mathieson & Kaprack, Bishopsgate street, June 29—Macdonnell & Bushel, Broad street, June 29—Morrall and Borland, Liverpool, June 30—Mansell T. Pembroke, July 12—Mayhew J. jun. St. Oyth, Essex, July 10—Middleton R. D. Bishopsgate street, July 10—Mair T. Broad street, July 17.

N

Neat W. Sweeting's alley, June 25—Noble M. Battersea, June 19—North G. Brecknock, July 2—Norrison J. Rudston, July 12—Norris T. Cornhill, July 10.

O

Oakley T. P. Ealing, July 20—Oldacre W. Lea Grange, July 10.

P

Parker W. Whitechapel, June 1—Phelan R. Bath,

June 15—Powell T. Loominster, June 22—Palyast, J. Fenchurch street, June 19—Paterson M. Halifax, June 22—Pocock J. Southampton, June 30—Place H. R. Lime street, June 29—Prest & Woolner, Lawrence Pountney lane, July 3—Potts R. Hielborn Hill, July 13—Patterson & Nicol, Harrow road, July 10—Parke J. & F. P. Manchester, July 29.

R

Reed & Howard, St. Swithen's lane, June 15—Richards G. Sheard street, June 15—Reddall M. & T. Liverpool, June 16—Rose J. W. Bishopsgate street, June 26—Royston W. E. West Leigh, June 23—Raisy R. Size lane, June 26—Randall W. Hil-torn, July 3—Ridsdale E. Leeds, & W. Hamilton, Finsbury place, June 29—Roberts J. Wood street, June 15—Roome B. Carter lane, July 13—Reed & Howard, St. Swithen's lane, June 22—Ratray J. Finch lane, July 13.

S

Sewell R. Piccadilly, June 5—Swan W. Liverpool, June 17—Stockham W. Bristol, July 6—Sout-ten E. Snow hill, June 12—Surr J. Aldersgate street, June 19—Sundius C. Devonshire square, June 5—Smith R. Pontefract, June 26—Schafeld J. Blackney nook, June 30—Stead T. Blackfriars road, June 26—Smith T. Austinfriars, June 19—Sheaths, Steel, & Wray, Lincoln, June 29—Scott B. Hor-castle, June 29—Scott & Thimbleby, June 29—Steward T. Birchln lane, Dec. 18—Simpson G. Grosvenor street, June 22—Smith W. Stone, July 21—Smiggs J. W. Lime street, July 10—Stanley A. Birmingham, July 12—Sutton, D. jun. Brightling-sea, July 24.

T

Tootal J. B. Minories, June 12—Timothy W. Leigh, June 25—Toy T. Pearyn, June 26 & July 13—Taylor J. Cheapside, June 26—Taylor J. East Smithfield, June 26—Tory B. Southampton, July 9—Taylor S. Osmanden street, June 12—Thomas J. Bristol, June 30—Tongue R. Arnold, July 6—Thomas P. Milk street, July 10—Taylor J. sen. Old street, July 6—Taylor J. & J. T. Thames st. July 31.

W

Winship T. Mount Greenwich, Durham, June 15—Wallace W. Worlington, June 15—Wise J. B. Taplow Mills, June 26—Worthington R. Preston, June 28—West W. Faversham, June 29—Wardle G. & F. Allballewa wharf, July 10—Wilks J. Finsbury square, July 13—Wilkinson J. Barley, Herts, July 10—Whithead J. Cateaton street, July 18—Walter R. jun. Croydon, July 13—White & French, Devonshire street, July 10—Wilson J. H. Pimlico, July 27—Watts & Rigby, Oldham, July 30—Wilkinson G. Sutton-under-Whitestone-cliff, July 15.

Y

Younger J. Minories, June 26.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE continuance of showery weather at the beginning of the last month has pushed forward the most early and luxuriant vegetation ever known in this Island within the recollection of the oldest inhabitant. It is not one species of crop or product, or one particular soil that is so laden with abundance, but that of every kind. It cannot be said this year, that the sands or the clays have it, for they both have an uncommon burden of every species of crop.

The young wheats have blossomed kindly, and considering their very great bulk, are but very little down. Many fields, if the weather continues bright, will be ready for the sickle by the middle of this month. Nearly a month earlier than what is called a forward harvest.

Barley is a very large crop, and many breadths that were self-sown have shot into ear so early, as to be at this time in red row, and some will be ripe in a few days.

Oats are equally as great a crop, and in as forward a state.

Beans, Peas, and all the leguminous class have blossomed thicker and more kindly than ever known. No fly to be seen even in the closest situation.

The dry warm weather at the latter end of the last month, has enabled the farmer to secure the most abundant and early hay crop this island ever produced.

The pastures are fuller of grass upon all soils than is customary at Midsummer.

The Apple trees are loaded with fruit throughout the cyder counties, much more numerous than was ever recollected by the oldest person. It is impossible for the trees to bear their rich burdens without props. Last year produced a great crop; but nothing compared to this. It is not apple trees alone, but every species of fruit bearing tree that is so richly laden with fruit, with the exception of a very few narrow strips across the country which in some exposed situations in a north western direction, were a little affected by frost. Upon the whole, this may be recorded as the most promising season ever known in Britain.

DIGEST OF POLITICAL EVENTS.

THE political situation of England at this crisis demands our most serious consideration. To form a just estimate of the times, it ought to be every man's duty to keep his mind unprejudiced, neither warped by the representations of party men, or by the idle rumours and reports industriously circulated by the interested speculator, or the hot headed politician. If at any period a unanimity of sentiment is desirable, it is at present, when by the wisdom of the legislature, we are surmounting the difficulties brought upon us by the late war, and are looking forward with confidence to better times. We would not for a moment deny, that while the nation is thus righting itself, some very considerable inconveniences may be experienced, which it is not in the power of government either to guard against or to relieve when they occur.

But at the same time we are convinced that if those temporary distresses had not been made use of as a pretext by artful and designing men for raising the labouring classes of society into acts of riot, we should not have had to record such disgraceful scenes as have lately been witnessed at Glasgow, Hunslet Moor, &c.

The proceedings of those meetings are already before the public, and they serve but to confirm us more and more in the opinion, that no set of men are more cold and callous to the real distresses of the poor than the thorough-paced reformers.

Their object is not to relieve, but to aggravate distress—not to soothe, but to inflame—not to seek redress by legal constitutional means, but to induce rebellion and revolution. At these meetings the only business not discussed,

was the object for which they were understood to have been called. As this was lost sight of amidst the verbiage of the orators, we will briefly state what the real object of those who called the meetings, (more particularly that of Glasgow,) was. It was to petition the Prince Regent to grant the spare hands of the trade the means of reaching our North American colonies, together with the means of support for one year after their arrival; which money advanced, they proposed to repay by annual remittances of produce. This was not unreasonable, and so far has our fullest approbation.

But what was the consequence, and what the fate of the resolution?—it was immediately got rid of by an amendment in favour of Universal Suffrage and Annual Parliaments. The original resolution not being sufficiently strong and inflammatory.

The most remarkable feature in the occurrences in the House of Commons has been the discussions on the subject of breach of privilege, a subject which has more than once gone far towards setting this kingdom in a ferment. They were occasioned by a speech of Mr. Canning, in laying before the House a *Times Newspaper*, containing what he stated to be a gross misrepresentation. The proceedings upon this occasion furnish matter for deep reflection.

We would be the last to countenance any dangerous or improper infringement upon these privileges, or degrade the House in the estimation of the country, by holding up its proceedings in a way calculated to lower them to the familiarity of the rabble. But we cannot refrain from saying, that none of these effects are likely to flow from candid,

free, and intrepid strictures upon what passes within the walls of the House of Commons. If the publication of the debates be, as it is allowed to be a great national good, the liberty of examining those debates is almost inseparable from the perfect and entire enjoyment of that good. And we will be bold to say, that there is as much talent, as much general information, as much erudition out of Parliament, as in it; and by the collision of the intellect of the country with the intellect of the legislature, the path of sound practical wisdom has frequently been discovered, and the march of error resisted. We hope from the present occurrence that the House of Commons will feel, that as the great and solemn council of the nation, the nation has a vital interest in all its proceedings, and that interest, when excited in the breasts of free men, cannot be expected to hide itself in the silence and timidity of slaves. If the deliberations of the English Parliament are to be watched with a feverish jealousy, it were better that Parliament should deliberate with closed doors; for it would be a mockery to say to the nation, you shall know what we do, but you shall not dare to arraign it while it is doing, you shall not dare to question our wisdom, nor hint at our fallibility. The House of Commons assembled on the 2nd, after the adjournment for the Whitsun holidays. In a Committee of supply, the Navy and Ordnance estimates were voted. The sum of 2,483,313l. was proposed, by Sir George Warrender, for the ordinary services of the Navy, at the same time he remarked "that the Navy never had been, with reference to its extent, in a state of greater efficiency than at the present."

Sir Mathew Ridley made another ineffectual attempt to persuade the House, that the services of the two junior lords of the Admiralty, and one of the secretaries might be dispensed with. A division ensued, when the motion was rejected by a majority of 67. We are free to confess, that it appears to us, that constituted as the Admiralty board is, many of its members might be curtailed without any real loss to the country at large, or to the navy in particular. And we should feel great pleasure in seeing the various officers connected with the Admiralty filled by gentlemen who have devoted their better and earlier days to the active service of the sea.

The Bank of England Cash Payment

Bill was read a second time, and ordered to be committed.

The new plan of Finance was submitted to the House on the 3d, in a series of resolutions, by the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Those resolutions state, that since the peace 18,000,000l. of taxes have either been repealed, reduced, or suffered to expire; that the supplies voted for the present year may be stated at 20,500,000l., that the existing revenue applicable to those supplies cannot be estimated at more than 7,000,000l.; leaving a balance unprovided for of 13,500,000: that the Sinking Fund applicable to the reduction of the national debt, this year, is about 15,500,000l., exceeding the above sum, necessarily to be raised for the service of the year by about 2,000,000l. only. These two millions are found to be increased to five millions by additional taxes of three millions per annum, thus making a clear surplus beyond the expenditure of five millions. The principle of the plan submitted is simply this, that persons may be at liberty to pay a composition for three years of five per cent. upon the present amount of their taxes for houses and windows, and of two per cent. for their household establishments. Having done so, they will be exempted from any additional assessment for that period to which they might otherwise be liable, if they increased the number of articles included in the schedule of Assessed Taxes.

On the 7th, the Chancellor of the Exchequer submitted, in detail, the financial resolutions before referred to. Whatever differences of opinion may exist as to the causes which have produced the necessity for the present measure, we think there can be none as to the wisdom and policy of meeting the necessity by adequate and decisive remedies. The great object proposed by ministers is to create a clear and efficient annual surplus of revenue beyond the expenditure of the country, to the amount of five millions. Of these five millions, two are already provided out of the excess of the sinking fund. The first article is a consolidation of customs, which, including a duty upon foreign wool, to the amount of 100,000l., is expected to produce 500,000l. The next source is a malt tax, to the amount of one half the duty which was paid upon this article during the war, or 1s. 2d. per bushel. This is calculated to produce 1,400,000l. The remaining articles to

be taxed are—British Spirits, 500,000l.; Tobacco, 500,000l.; Coffee and Cocoa, 130,000l.; Tea, 130,000l.; Pepper, 30,000l. In looking at the above list, we cannot help making the remark, that, with the exception of tea and coffee, and the trifling article pepper, the exclusive burthen will be borne by the labouring classes of the community. These resolutions, with some little modification in passing before the House, were carried by a considerable majority.

The House was principally occupied, during the 12th and 13th, upon the subject of breach of privileges; as we have given our opinion on this subject in the early part of our review of political events, we shall not revert to it again.

Lord Castlereagh brought up certain papers relative to the cession of Parga, which had been moved for. This affords us another opportunity of remarking the inconsistency in the conduct of the opposition, who are constantly crying out for retrenchment, and in the present case retrenchment is intended by ministers, when they resist it.

In a short discussion on the 16th, upon the third reading of the Loan Bill, the Chancellor of the Exchequer confirmed the statement made in the House on the 15th, that ministers would not have occasion to raise any loan next year, and that any advance that might be required in future years, might, he trusted, be provided for otherwise than by a loan.

Mr. Peel brought in a bill for restricting the advances of the Bank to government, unless directly authorised by Parliament.

The Foreign Enlistment Bill was read a third time, and committed on the 21st.

The Insolvent Debtors' Bill was read a third time on the 22d, and after two or three clauses being added by way of riders, it was passed, of which the following is an abstract:—

“It authorises his Majesty to appoint three barristers of six years' standing, at the least, to be commissioners for the relief of Insolvent Debtors. It is to be a Court of Record. The commissioners are to appoint a chief clerk, four assistant clerks, and a provisional assignee; they shall have power to compel the attendance of witnesses, the production of books, papers, and writings, and of committing for contempt; as well as of fining their officers for negligence or delay.

“The said commissioners, chief clerk, and other officers, to take no fee, money, gratuity or reward, from any suitor; nor shall any part of the proceedings be liable to stamp or other duty whatever.

“Any person in custody for debt for fourteen days, may apply for their discharge. The petition to contain a schedule of their debts, as well as effects real and personal, in possession, reversion, or expectancy.

“In case any person shall have been in custody on mesne process for nine months, without claiming the benefit of this Act, or shall have been charged in execution upon a judgment, it shall be lawful for any one creditor, to the amount of — pounds, or for any two to the amount of —, to apply by petition to the said Court; and such prisoner shall be compelled to surrender his or her property for the benefit of all the creditors; and the same forms and conditions shall be observed as in the case of a voluntary application for relief. In case any person shall refuse to deliver such schedule of their effects, &c. the Court shall be empowered to imprison them in the common gaol, or house of correction, there to be kept to hard labour, until he shall submit himself to the said Court.

“All the estate of a prisoner shall be vested in the provisional assignee; an allowance to be made by such assignee for the support of the prisoner.—Notice of the petitions being filed to be inserted in the London Gazette, and two other newspapers, and a day appointed for the creditors to appear before one of the said commissioners, within one calendar month, to prove their respective debts, and to choose an assignee or assignees.

“The commissioners to be authorised to compel witnesses to attend to prove or disprove debts, and examine them on oath, and allow or disallow; claims not satisfactorily proved, an appeal to be from the decision of one commissioner to the Court, which shall finally determine the same. And in case a creditor shall neglect to prove his debt, he shall for ever be debarred from recovering the same.

“The provisional assignee shall make over to the assignees chosen by the creditors all the estate and effects of the prisoner. The latter to be authorised to sue for and recover the debts, to make sale of all the effects; and at the end of three months make a dividend.

“On the final examination of a prisoner, creditors whose debts have been allowed may put questions to him touching the matter in his petition, and such other matters as the Court shall judge to be fit and proper to enquire into. If the prisoner shall answer satisfactorily, the Court shall order his discharge at the end of six months from the date of his commitment. If the opposition shall be deemed frivolous and vexatious.

ous, costs to be granted to him. But if it shall appear that the prisoner has contracted any of his debts fraudulently, without having any reasonable or probable expectation of paying the same, the Court shall extend the term of confinement from six months to a period not exceeding three years. And in case the prisoner shall have put any of his creditors to unnecessary expense by vexatious or frivolous defence to any action, then his confinement may be extended to a period not exceeding twelve months; or if he shall have fraudulently and wilfully omitted in his schedule effects to the amount of 20*l*. then he shall not be discharged under a period not exceeding nine months.

"There are provisions for examinations at the Quarter Sessions of Counties and Ridings in furtherance of this Act; the magistrates to remit the proceedings to the Court.

"The Court, upon application by three-fourths of the creditors in number and value, may order the immediate discharge of the prisoner from custody, provided that such prisoner shall not have contracted any of the debts fraudulently.

"Prisoners taking a false oath to incur the penalties of perjury.

"In case any person discharged shall come into the possession of any stock in the public funds, which the judgment entered up could not touch, the assignees may apply to the Court, setting forth the case, and the Court may remand the debtor to custody, in the actual gaol, not rules or liberties, until he shall surrender such funds.

"None but attorneys or solicitors in the superior Courts to be allowed to act in this Court."

FRANCE.

The debates on the Budget continue to occupy the Chamber of Deputies. Some curious light was thrown by M. Dupont de L'Eure on one of the numberless quackeries of Buonaparte. One Pourée, a grenadier of the old Imperial Guard, petitioned the Chamber to pay him up a pension of 600 francs, which had been granted to him by Buonaparte, for saving his life when it was said to have been attacked by some of the Council of Five Hundred, on his bursting into their hall at the head of a guard of soldiers. M. Dupont declared, that the alleged consideration had never been

paid to M. Pourée, that he had never saved the fallen tyrant's life, for that his life, on that occasion, had never once been threatened. The pension, therefore, was given to M. Pourée for being base enough to attest an attempt at assassination which never took place. It may be considered as an epitome of the whole imperial annals.

SPAIN.

It is now quite certain that the Spanish expedition, which has been so many months under preparation at Cadiz, will not sail until the beginning of September next. The Commissioners appointed by Ferdinand VII., to undertake the management of it, have sent instructions to their agents in London to contract for 5,000 carbines, which are intended for the use of the cavalry, to be shipped on board the armament; and the government at Madrid have determined to increase the number of horse regiments, and have in consequence ordered this additional quantity of arms. Official accounts from the Viceroy of Lima state, that he is in daily expectation of an attack from the squadron under Lord Cochrane, but that there was a sufficient force at Lima to prevent that city from being molested by the invaders, should they make a landing at Callao.

SOUTH AMERICA.

Porto Bello was captured on the 10th April, by Sir Gregor M-Gregor. It appears that an express arrived at Cartagena on the 1st of that month from General Hoare, at Panama, requesting the governor would send over 500 men to protect Porto Bello and Chagres against any attempt of the insurgents. This request, however, could not be complied with, in consequence, as it is alleged, of the troops being in a very mutinous state, not having received any pay for the last fifteen months. The garrison consisted of 468 men, whites, mulattos, and blacks. A number of the regulars of the Royalist army are said to have joined the Insurgents. Sir Gregor intends to push forwards immediately for Panama.

INCIDENTS, PROMOTIONS, BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, DEATHS, &c. IN LONDON AND MIDDLESEX.

BULLETIN OF THE KING'S HEALTH.

Windsor Castle, June 5th, 1819.

His Majesty has passed the last month very quietly, though still exhibiting the same continued marks of disorder. His Majesty's general health is unimpaired.

(Signed as usual.)

Preferments.] The Rev. Bransby Francis, was instituted to the Rectory of Long Melford, in Suffolk.—The Rev. P. Bronte, curate of Thornton, has been nominated to the perpetual Curacy of Haworth, vacant by the death of the Rev. James Charnock.—The Rev. Henry Wiles, M. A. Fellow of Trinity College, nominated to the perpetual Curacy of St. Michael's, Cambridge.—The Rev. Joseph Kirkman Miller, M. A. Fellow of Trinity College, was presented to the Vicarage of Walkeringham.—The Rev. Thomas Revett Carnac, A. M. to the Rectory of St. Michael, Shawleigh, in the county of Somerset.—The Rev. W. Gurney, M. A. Rector of St. Clement Danes, to be a Domestic Chaplain to the Duke of Kent.—The Rev. W. Cornforth, M. A. to the Rectory of Long Stanton, St. Michael's, Cambridgeshire. A dispensation has passed the great seal, enabling the Rev. J. H. Sparke, M. A. Prebendary of Ely, to hold the Rectory of Cottenham, in Cambridgeshire.—The Rev. James Donne, B. A. to the perpetual Curacy of South Carlton, Lincolnshire.—The Rev. J. J. Brasier, L. L. B. Rector of Whitmore, county of Salop, to the Rectory of Cleobury North, in same county.—C. F. Wyatt, B. A. to the Rectory of Broughton, Oxfordshire.—Rev. J. T. Huntley, M. A. to the Rectory of Swinesford.

Births.] At his house in Nottingham-place, the Lady of Hans Busk, Esq. of a daughter.—The Lady of J. F. Lockhart, Esq. Tavistock-square, of a son.—At Doctors' Commons, the Lady of Charles Edward Fenton, Esq. of a son.—The Lady of F. Reade, Esq. of a daughter.—In Gower-street, the Lady of John Henry Defell, Esq. of a son.—In Upper Gower-street, the Lady of J. A. F. Simpkinson, Esq. of a son.—The Lady of the Rev. Dr. Butler, of Harrow, of a son.—In Guildford-street, Russell-square, the Lady of John Brander, Esq. of a daughter, still-born.—At Brompton, the Lady of the Rev. George Augustus Elliott Marsh, M. A. of a son.—In Doctors' Commons, the Lady of Wm. Fox, Esq. of a daughter.—The Lady of Thomson Bonar, Esq. of a son.—In Seymour-place, Lady Katherine Halkett, of a son.—The Lady of of Lieut.-Colonel Carey, of the 57th Regiment, of a daughter.—At Camberwell Vicarage, the Lady of the Rev. Edward Smyth, of a son.—In Lincoln's Inn-fields, Mrs. G. Marriott, of a son.—The Lady of William

Jones, Esq. Marshal of the King's Bench, London, of a daughter, being the eleventh child within fourteen years.—Mrs. Bunning, of Bernard-street, of a son.—The Countess of March was safely delivered of a daughter, at his Lordship's house in New Norfolk-street.—At Greensted Hall, the Lady of Major Ord, of the Royal Artillery, of a son.—Mrs. Hill, of Cooper's-row, of a son.—The Lady of Captain George Simpson, of a son, still-born.—At her house in Upper Grosvenor-street, the Lady of the Hon. Gerard Vanneck, of a son.—In Hertford-street, the Lady of Major Edward Wildman, of the 6th Dragoon Guards, of a daughter.—In Portland-place, the Lady of N. B. Edmonstone, Esq. of a son.—Bedford-place, the Lady of Thomas Farrer, Esq. of a son.—Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, of a Princess.—The Duchess of Cumberland, of a son.

Married.] John Innes, Esq. of Guilford-street, to Caroline, second daughter of Sir Wm Beechey, of Harley-street.—Mr. Morgan of the Strand, to Mary, eldest daughter of Mr. Lloyd, same place.—B. Burton, Esq. of Pallerton, Carlow, Ireland, to Ann Grace, only daughter of W. Roberts, Esq. of Gloucester-place.—J. G. Children, Esq. of the British Museum, to Mrs. Towers, of Kensington-square.—Mr. John Chambers, of Gracechurch-street, to Sarah Elizabeth, eldest daughter of John Morgan, Esq. of Hackney.—Joseph Houson, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn-fields, to Sophia Catharine, youngest daughter of the late T. Tuckett, Esq. of the island of St. Christopher.—James Irving, Esq. of Jamaica, to Judith Bowen, third daughter of the late T. Nesmyth, Esq. M. D.—John Nicholl, jun. Esq. of Hendon, to Martha, daughter of Mr. Webb.—H. G. Pearson, Esq. of Islington, Middlesex, solicitor, to Amy, only daughter of the late John Barter, Esq. of Poole, Dorset.—The Rev. John Ruddell, A. M. of Christ's-college, Cambridge, to Mary, second daughter of the late William Peyton, Esq. of Brompton-crescent.—John Raine, Esq. of Great Cornam-street, Brunswick-square, to Harriet, daughter of W. Boothby, Esq. of Westgrove House, Sheffield, Yorkshire.—W. Wightman, Esq. of Lincoln's Inn, to Miss Baird, of Rose-hill, Hampton.—At St. Olave's Church, Southwark, Mr. John Carey, of the Stock Exchange, to Sarah, second daughter of J. T. Watts, Esq.—At St. George's, Hanover-square, Mr. James Prentice, of Southwold, to Caroline Amelia, sixth daughter of C. Brightley, Esq. of Bungay.—At St. George's, Hanover-square, Arthur Macnamara, of Langoed Castle, in the county of Brecon, Esq. to Anne, eldest daughter of the late William Lee, Esq. of

Anstey House, Hants.—At St. George's, Hanover-square, John Whyte Melville, Esq. of Mount Melville, in Fifeshire, to Lady Catharine Osborne, only daughter of the Duchess Dowager of Leeds.—At St. Mary-le-bonne Church, G. Matcham Tarleton, Esq. of the 6th regiment of foot, to Louisa, youngest daughter of the late Geo. Best, Esq. of Chilton Park.—At St. James's Church, the Rev. John Earle Welby, son of the late Sir William Earle Welby, Bart. of Danton Hall, Lincolnshire, to Felicia Eliza, only daughter of the late Rev. H. A. Holl.—At St. Andrew's, Holborn, David Carruthers, Esq. Assistant Commissary General to the Forces, to Sarah, only daughter of John Proctor, Esq. of Grandra House Monmouthshire.—S. Milnes, Esq. Hunterstreet, Brunswick-square, to Mary Sophia, eldest daughter of James Millns, Esq. Windsor.—Benjamin Burton, Esq. second son of the late Sir Charles Burton, Bart. of Pollerton, Carlow, Ireland, to Ann Grace, only daughter of William Roberts, Esq. of Gloucester-place.—Chandos Leigh, Esq. only son of James Henry Leigh, Esq. M. P. of Stoneleigh Abbey, Warwickshire, to Miss Willes, eldest daughter of the Rev. W. S. Willes, of Astrop-House.—At Lambeth Church, Griffith Williams, Esq. of Cefn, in the county of Anglesea, to Ann, youngest daughter of Henry Norton Willis, Esq. of Kennington Palace, and of Sunning Hill, Berkshire.—At Fulham Church, Mr. H. B. Elwell, of Staffordshire, to Hephzibah Eden, third daughter of R. Smith, Esq.—At St. James's church, the Rev. J. Gibson, rector of Worlington, in the county of Suffolk, to Mary Elizabeth, second daughter to J. Phillips, esq. of Pall-Mall.—The Rev. G. T. Andrewse, only son of the Dean of Canterbury, to Elizabeth Catherine, eldest daughter of Dr. Heberden, of Upper Brookstreet.—At St. George's, Hanover-square, the Rt. Hon. Lord Rossmore, to the Right Hon. Lady Augusta Charteris, youngest daughter of the late Lord Elcho, and sister to the Earl of Wemyss and March.—Mr. H. C. Field, surgeon, of Newgate-street, to Anne Sophia, eldest daughter of the late Mr. T. Gwinnell, merchant, of Worcester.—At Hampstead, Frederick Albert Winsor, jun. esq. of Shooter's Hill, to Catherine, eldest daughter of J. Hunter, esq. of Brunswick-square.—At St. Clement Dames, P. Cosgreave, M. D. to Maria, eldest daughter of the late Mr. J. Ford, of the Strand.—

E. H. Lochmere, esq. to the Hon. Maria Clara Murray, second daughter of the late D. Murray, Esq.—Mr. W. Y. Alban, of Lincoln's-inn, solicitor, to Anne, eldest daughter of John Benbow, Esq. of Mecklenburgh-square.—At the house of the Earl of Sefton, Charles Pascoe Grenfell, Esq. to the Right Hon. Georgiana Isabella Molyneux, eldest daughter of the Right Hon. the Earl of Sefton.

Died.—At Upper Edmonton, Margaret, relict of the Rev. Dr. Lloyd, of Lynn.—At Elstree, Middlesex, Mr. Wm. Phippen, 74.—At Romney Terrace, Westminster, J. Moser, esq. late magistrate of the police office, Worship-street.—In Yorkstreet, St. James's-square, Lady Asgill, wife of Gen. Sir C. Asgill, bart.—The Rev. R. Caddick, D.D. late of Whitehall, and of Caddick Lodge, Fulham.—At Fulham, Marianne, eldest daughter of J. Bowden, esq. 19.—In Hampton Court Palace, Catherine, relict of the late C. Chester, esq. 78.—Mrs. A. Porter, of New North-street, Red Lion-square, 85.—J. Shallis, esq. of Clerkenwell, 78.—In Sackville-street, the lady of Lieut. R. Hardinge, royal horse artillery.—Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the late J. H. Wackerbarth, esq. of Parson-street, 18.—In Bedford-row, Mr. W. Criswell.—In Portugal-street, J. Stratton, esq. of Farthinghoe Lodge, Northamptonshire, and Hawling, in Gloucestershire, 38.—S. Newmen, esq. of Sion College-gardens.—At Kentish Town, C. Wyatt, esq. of Bedford-row.—G. Oswald, esq. late in the civil service of the Hon. East India Company.—The Rev. T. G. Clare, B.D. rector of St. Andrew's, Holborn, and of Walmer, in Kent.—At his house in Queen Ann-street, West, Lieut. Gen. Sir J. Campbell, of Inverneil, bart. G. C. H. and K. S. F.—In Chester-street, Grosvenor-place, Hon. Arabella St. John, wife to Gen. the Hon. F. St. John, and sister to the Earl of Craven.—In Bedford-square, P. Dauncey, esq. king's counsel, 59.—At his residence, Charlotte-street, Blackfriars-road, W. Wallis, esq. 82.—In Portland-place, William, fourth son of J. Vivian, esq.—At his house in Hans-place, Sir J. Morris, bart. of Clarendon.—Eldred John, son of the Rev. J. Addison, rector of Ickenham, Middlesex.—At Hanwell, Middlesex, Julia Henrietta, widow of the late Hon. and Rev. H. J. de Salis, D.D. count of the Holy Roman Empire.

PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES

IN THE COUNTIES OF ENGLAND, ARRANGED ALPHABETICALLY.

BERKSHIRE.

The first stone of the Reading Gas works was laid by Alderman Annesley. The gen-

tlemen of the committee celebrated the event by dining together at the Upper Ship inn.

As the bill for erecting a new bridge at

Windsor has passed both houses of Parliament, it is expected the same will be erected immediately; during which time the public will be conveyed across the Thames by a ferry boat, from Brocas Lane, Eaton, to Beer Lane, Windsor.

A ringing match took place at Hurst for a silver cup and six beaver hats, by six sets of ringers; the cup was won in great style by the Reading youths, and the hats by the Mortimer youths: the ringing in general was performed in the best manner, and a great number of people attended.

Married.] At Wantage, Lieut. W. Meadows, of the Royal Navy, to Miss Matilda Ansell, third daughter of W. A.—At Welford, A. H. Perkins, esq. to Harriett, youngest daughter of the Rev. W. Erratt, late Great Hallingbury, Essex.—At Kilmersdon, F. H. Syngue, esq. to Mary Anne, second daughter of J. Paget, esq. of Newbury House.

Died.] Harriot, the relict of the late B. Brocas, of Wokefield House, Berks, and of Beaurains, esq. 76.—At Henley-on-Thames, Lieut. J. R. Ormsby, R. N.—At Abingdon, Mr. Samuel Cripps.

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

Married.] Mr. R. Ketton, of Stoney Stratford, to Sarah, daughter of the late Mr. J. Porter.—The Rt. Hon. G. R. Hobart, Earl of Buckinghamshire, to Miss Ann Glover.

Died.] At his seat, Chalfont House, T. Hibbert, esq. 74.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

The road from Royston to Potton, through Kneesworth, Bassingbourn, Littleington, and the Mordens, is at length put into such repair, as to induce many travellers to take that route instead of the more circuitous one by way of Baldock, which they have hitherto preferred, in consequence of the bad state in which the road through those villages has been generally kept.

Married.] At Willingham, Mr. G. Cockle to Miss Elizabeth Read.—The Rev. J. Buddell, M. A. of Chri's college, Cambridge, to Mary, second daughter of the late W. Peyton, esq. of Brompton-crescent.—J. R. Major, esq. B. A. of Trinity college, Cambridge, to Maria, second daughter of the Rev. P. Jones, vicar of Abthorpe.—Lieut. Willison, R. N. to Miss Berry, daughter of the Rev. B. Berry, of Thriplow.—At Chesterton, the Rev. T. D. Atkinson, to Hannah, fourth daughter of the late Dr. Stephen.—The Rev. G. Watson, rector of Milton, to Elizabeth Lant, youngest daughter of J. J. Bullock, esq. of Faulkbourne-hall.—J. Leader, esq. of Quendon, to Elizabeth, second daughter of W. Williamson, of Huntingfield.

Died.] At Cambridge, Mr. W. Gibson, 39.

CHESHIRE.

The south porch of Chester cathedral has been repaired and restored in a very ingenious manner.

A new bridge is building over the Ellesmere canal, in the city of Chester, connecting Foregate-street with Flookerbrook.

Married.] At Nantwich, Mr. R. Brain, of Ferry-bridge, Yorkshire, to Elizabeth, youngest daughter of the late Rev. G. Birch, of Wyburnbury.—At Davenham, J. Perrin, esq. of Liverpool, to Mary Anne, eldest daughter of J. Dudley, esq. of Wharton Lodge.—Mr. Brodbeck, solicitor, to Jane, youngest daughter of Mr. Chritchley, of Macclesfield.

Died.] The Earl of Stamford and Warrington,

lord lieutenant of this county. His lordship was born Oct. 1. 1737, and married, in 1763, Henrietta Cavendish Bentinck, second daughter of William, second Duke of Portland. He is succeeded in his titles and estates by his eldest son, George Harry, born in 1765.—At Ruthin, Thomas Hughes, esq.—Suddealy, Stephen Leake, esq.—Martha Lloyd, 66, relict of the late J. L. esq. of Warrington.—At Stockport, Mrs. Hope, formerly of Shudehill.—Mrs. S. Smith, of Salford, widow of the late Mr. G. S. 57.—Mrs. Tomlinson, of Thomas street, 47.—J. Holroyd, esq. of Stainland, 61.—The infant son of R. Dunn, esq. Southorpe Lodge, Driffield.—P. Wright, esq. of Tamworth, 76.—At Chradle, Mary, eldest daughter of the late Mr. T. Jepson, of Heaton Norris.—G. Whitley, esq. of Norley Hall.—At Strawberry Cottage, Stockport, I. Washington, esq.—Mr. Bosley, solicitor.—R. Harrison, esq. of Cheadle Bulkeley, a magistrate for the counties of Chester and Lancaster, 89.—Mr. I. Downes, sen. of Nantwich, 78.—Miss Margaret Grant, daughter of W. G. esq. of Congleton.

CORNWALL.

Births.] At Helston, the lady of H. Borlase, esq. of a daughter: same place, the lady of P. Vyvyan Robinson, esq. of a daughter.—At Hendra, St. Kew, Mrs. Grose, of a daughter.—At St. Austell, Mrs. Nottle, of a son: same place, Mrs. W. Rosevear, of a son.—At Truro, Mrs. Treloar, of a daughter.—Mrs. W. S. Treleven, of a son.—At Lannallos, Mrs. J. Parkin, of twins.—At St. Michael's Mount, Mrs. Mitchell, of a daughter: same place, Mrs. Oliver Glayas, of a daughter.—Mrs. West, of a son.—Mrs. Jones, of a daughter.—Mrs. Oke, of a son.—At Fowey, the lady of Capt. Hearle, of a son and heir.—Mrs. W. Morhead, of Landreath, of a son.—Mrs. J. Morhead, of Polynt, of a son.—Mrs. R. Thomas, of Trewoy, in Duloe, of a son.—Mrs. J. Bennett, of St. Germans, of a son.—Mrs. T. A'Lee, of Taland, of a son.—Mrs. J. Reynolds, of a daughter.—At St. Ives, the lady of the Rev. Mr. Frankland, of a son.—The lady of Capt. Adams, of a daughter.—The wife of Mr. R. Illegston, surgeon, of Liskeard, of a daughter.

Married.] At St. Hilary, Mr. I. Richards, of Goldsmithy, to Miss Mary Thomas, of Marazion.—At Falmouth, G. Abraham, esq. to Miss Jane L. Symons.—At St. Minver, Mr. S. Symons, of Treglines, to Miss Joanna Collings, only daughter of J. C. esq. of Rosera.—At St. Austell, Mr. C. Bennet, of Penryn, to Miss Ann Smith.—At St. Agnes, J. Williams, esq. to Miss Tregallas, daughter of the late J. T. esq. of Gooonva.—Mr. R. Uren, of the Dolphin cutter, to Miss Elizabeth Uren, of Alr.—Mr. J. Richards, preacher at the Independent chapel, Mevagissey, to Miss Elizabeth Mortimer, of Whitchurch.—At Bodmin, Mr. J. Oliver, surveyor of the Bodmin turnpike roads, to Miss Mary Hoskin.—At Illogan, Capt. M. Tonkin, of St. Anne, to Miss Elizabeth Provis, of Pool.—Mr. W. Clegg, of London, to Miss Geak, of St. Germans.—At Gluvias, J. Steele, esq. of Southwark, Surrey, to Miss E. M. Earle, daughter of Mr. R. E. merchant, Penryn.—At St. Columb, Mr. Pomey, to Miss Boad.—J. Tippet, esq. collector of the Customs in the port of Truro, to Miss Symons, daughter of the Rev. Mr. S. of Feock.—Captain Scott, of the Princess Elizabeth packet, to Miss Cotesworth, daughter of Capt. C. of the Duke of Kent packet.—At Madron, Capt. W. Pender Roberts, R. N. of Penryn, to Harriet, second daughter of Capt. Rowland, of Penance.

Died.] At Truro, J. Lambley, esq. barrack-master.—At Looe, N. Peacock, esq. commander of Majesty's packet Blucher.—In Ridgway, O. S. esq.—At Scilly, Mr. J. Austin, barrack-master of

Abol. garrison—At Truro, Mrs. Edwards, wife of J. E.—At West Looe, 79, Mr. J. Funs.

CUMBERLAND.

Married.] At Carlisle, Mr. J. Gredley, to Miss Jane Graham—At Caldbeck, Mr. T. Robinson, to Mrs. Scott, of Beck Stones—At Whitehaven, Mr. J. Simpson, to Miss E. Hall—At Keighley, Mr. W. Bradley, of Halifax, to Mrs. Allen, widow of the late Mr. J. A.—J. Thomlinson, to J. Snowden—J. Henry, to F. Oliphant—At St. Cuthbert's, E. Rust, to Mary Hutton—R. Robinson, to Ann Jackson—At Penrith, J. Connell, esq. of Carlisle, to Elizabeth, only daughter of M. Harrison, esq. of Penrith—At Stanwix church, J. Gandy, esq. of Kendal, to Mrs. Bonsfield—At Crosseauunby, Mr. Tyson, attorney, of Ulverston, to Miss Wilds, of Maryport—At Hall, Mr. W. Bragg, to Miss Isabella Taylor—At Appleby, Mr. J. Brogden, to Miss Isabella Taylor, of Appleby—Capt. R. Bell, of Maryport, to Miss Jane Fell, daughter of Mr. J. Fell, of Bank End—At Workington, J. Whiteside, esq. to Mrs. Catherine Hutton—At Penrith, Wm. Lancaster, to Miss Elizabeth Thatcher—At Nether-Dean, Mr. T. Holmes, of Clough-head, to Miss Ann Waugh, of Low Houses—At Whitehaven, Capt. W. Nicholson, to Miss Sarah Mitchell—Mr. R. White, to Miss Mary Pratt—At Bidekirk, Mr. H. Dalton, of Eggesfield, to Miss Palmer, of Great Broughton.

Died.] At Carlisle, at the Rev. S. Hartley's, Mr. Fleming, of Uswick, Lancashire, 73—Mr. J. Bell, of Combertdale—At Natland Cottage, near Kendal, 54, J. Merland, esq. late of Capplethwaite Hall—The Rev. T. Hayes, vicar of St. Oswald's, Durham—At Stamfordham, Mary, the wife of Mr. Josiah—At Skipton, Wm. Birtwhistle, esq. 80, major in the 4th Volunteer Infantry—At Brow, Mr. G. Davidson, 19—At Penrith, Mary Wright, 24; Isabella Stewart, 8—At Lilly Hall, Mr. T. Munro, 73—At Gosforth, Mrs. J. Jackson, widow, 76—J. Greyson, R. Bell, 71—Miss Elizabeth Walker, of Whitehaven, 39—At Egremont, J. P. Faumer, 11, eldest son of Col. M. Faumer.

DERBYSHIRE.

Clerical Industry.—A venerable minister of the establishment, in Derbyshire, walked 24 miles, did duty at three churches, by reading prayers and preaching four times; he also baptized an infant, and churched the mother; published the banns of one couple, married another, and interred a corpse. He is seventy years of age!

Married.] At Saint Alkmund's Church, Derby, G. Lowe, esq. to Martha, only daughter of the late Mr. E. Chamberlain—At Church Broughton, Mr. H. Jackson, of Tisbury, to Miss Sophia Chawser, of Lees Hall—J. Graham, esq. of Chesterfield, to Miss Lucas, second daughter of the late T. Lucas, esq.

Died.] At Hartshorne, Derbyshire, J. Taylor, esq. 44—At Brampton, Isabella, youngest daughter of A. Radford, esq. of Stoney Middleton—Gen. G. Garth, colonel of the 16th regiment of foot—Mr. J. Bingham, of Derby.

DEVONSHIRE.

There is now growing on a part of the glebe lands, at Updown, in Devonshire, a most promising crop of barley, nearly in full ear! The same field, last year, produced somewhat more than thirty bushels of barley per acre; and the present spontaneous crop (for the ground has not been

sown since the spring of 1818) is likely to exceed that quantity.

Upwards of 20,000l. have been subscribed, and the funds are weekly increasing, for the purpose of making an iron rail road from Dartmoor prisons to Plymouth harbour.

Births.] At Plymouth, the lady of the Rev. J. Meade, of Norton St. Philip, of a son—Mrs R. Day, of East Breat, of a son—Of twin daughters, the lady of E. Coles, esq. clerk of the peace for this county—At Stonehouse, near Plymouth, the lady of Sir J. Gordon Sinclair, of a daughter—The lady of T. Flood, esq. mayor of Exeter, of a daughter.

Married.] At Plymouth, Mr. G. Oak, dissenting minister, to Sophia Gardner Soudby, only daughter of W. Soudby, esq. of East Looe—Mr. S. Treeby, merchant, to Miss Mary Oake, daughter of E. Oake, esq.—At St. Mary le bone, the Rev. R. P. Carrington, rector of Bridford, Devon, to Camilla Anna, only daughter of W. Adair, esq. of Great Cumberland-place—At Sidmouth, the Rev. J. H. Bradney, of Halcot, to Elizabeth, the eldest daughter of R. Kekewich, esq. of Sidmouth—At St. Sidwell's Church, the Rev. W. Cookson, rector of Hungerford, to Mary, second daughter of J. Neave, esq. of Exeter—At Ermington, Mr. Willing, to Miss L. Brutton—R. Tyser, esq. M.D. of Tiverton, to Arabella Maria, only daughter of the late P. Bayley, esq. of Nantwich, Cheshire—At Dawlish, by the Rev. C. O. Osmond, G. Gardiner, to Anne, fifth daughter of the late J. D. Foulkes, esq.—At Sidcombe, Capt. Armitage, of the Coldstream Guards, to Charlotte Le Gendre Starkie, only daughter of the late L. G. Starkie, esq. of Hantroby, Lancashire—H. F. Lockyer, esq. of Plymouth, to Anne Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the late Wm. Curry, esq. of Southampton.

Died.] At Ridgway, near Plymouth, G. Selton, esq. 46—Henry, only child of J. Wapshare, esq. of Downton—At Exeter, the Rev. L. Williams, 37 years vicar of Whitechurch—Capt. J. Hawkins, paymaster in the South Devon Militia—At Ashburton, Mr. S. Tozer, attorney at law—At Broad-clist, near Exeter, the Rev. M. Barton—At Exeter the Rev. R. Bremonger, vicar of Wherwell, Hants, 40—At this seat, at Dartington, 50, Arthur Champenowse, esq.—The lady of E. Eyre, esq. of Lansdowne Crescent, Bath—At Monrath, L. Walrond, esq. eldest son of the late J. Lyons Walrond, esq.—At Sidmouth, Col. Garrett Walsham, of Knill Court, Hereford, 48.

DORSETSHIRE.

Births.] At Weymouth, the lady of Col. Horner, of Mells Park, of a son—At Lasham House, the lady of Lieut.-Col. Tufnell, of a son.—The lady of the Rev. W. Macdonald, vicar of Bishop's Cannings, of a son.

Married.] At St. John's Church, Mr. I. Bartlett, of Weymouth, to Miss Jane Hunter—At St. Philip's, by the Rev. Mr. Day, Mr. W. Jones, to Miss Harriot Flood, eldest daughter of Mr. T. Flood, brandy merchant—At St. Michael's, the Rev. R. Bickell, to Eliza, daughter of the late I. Andersson, esq. of Clifford's, in the island of Jamaica.

Died.] At Dorchester, at a very advanced age, Mrs. Bristed, widow of the Rev. N. Bristed, formerly vicar of this town, rector of Stourton Caudle, &c.

DURHAM.

Married.] I. Hawks, esq. of Gateshead, to Frances Jane, eldest daughter of the late Wm. Hawks, jun. esq.—Francis Bellow, esq. of the sq.

tive infantry, to Ann, only daughter of the late S. Temple esq. of Ilylton Castle.

Births.] At Halsdon, the lady of P. Vyvyan Robinson, esq. of Nansloe, Cornwall, of a daughter—At Toppesfield Rectory, Mrs. Lewis Way, of a daughter—At Debdon Hall, Mrs. W. Campbell, of a still-born child.

Married.] James, second son of J. Thurtell, esq. of Bradwell, near Yarmouth, to Sarah, second daughter of Mr. D. Holt, of Leaden—At West Ham, R. Kerrison, esq. of Panxworth, to Miss A. M. Dawson, of Stratford—W. R. Robinson, esq. of Walthamstow, to Jane, fourth daughter of Thos. Malby, esq.—Mr. R. Horner, of the Hythe Farm, Little Bardfold, to Julia, second daughter of W. Davies, esq. of Radwinter Hall—At Brightlinges, Lieut. O. Beasley, R.N. to Miss Fletcher, only daughter of Mr. Fletcher—Mr. W. Burbidge, merchant, of London, to Elizabeth Mary, daughter of the Rev. W. Erratt, late curate of Great Hallingbury—I. Leader, esq. of Quendon, to Elizabeth, second daughter of W. Williamson, esq. of Buntingford, Herts—At Harwich, Capt. Cust, of the 31st regt. to Miss Ward, daughter of the late Col. Ward, of the East India Service—George, youngest son of I. Clarke, esq. of Wanstead, to Sarah, eldest daughter of A. Bryson, esq. of Snarebrook house.

Died.] At Beverley Cottage, Colchester, 65, Lieut. Col. B. Harris, of the Honourable East India Company's service.—At Colchester, 30, Randolph, 6th son of the late T. Baines, of Halsestead—Mrs. Manning, of Woolverstone, 80—Mrs. Oddy, wife of Mr. J. G. of Stock—At Great Chesterford, Mrs. Cottingham, wife of Mr. R. C.—Mrs. Brown, wife of Mr. J. B. of Great Bardfield, 23.—At Leyton, Mrs. Hibbert, 74—Mary, wife of S. Chamberlayne, esq. of Ryes, and only daughter of the late W. Brockett, of Spains Hall T. Leader, esq. of Broxton—Mr. F. Tomlinson, of Maldon, 3d son of the late J. T. esq.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

Birth.] At Pucklechurch, the lady of the Rev. George Crabbe, of a son.

Married. At Haresfield, Baron Charles Philip de Thierry, of St. George's, Hanover-square, Middlesex, to Emily Rudge—The Rev. John Ford, of Eastington, to Caroline Rudge; both daughters of the Rev. Archdeacon Rudge—At Ashchurch, near Tewkesbury, Mr. T. Hobbs, of Notton, to Miss Davidson, of Fiddington—Michael Corbett, esq. of Lower Quinton, to Elizabeth, youngest daughter of the late Mr. Robert Arkell, of Whittington-court—At Lingridge, Mr. Henry Adams, to Miss Jennings, only daughter of Mr. John Jennings, of the former place—Mr. Thomas Jennings, to Miss Ann Medlicott—At All Saints, Gloucester, Mr. Walter, to Miss Jones—At Thornbury, Tho. Gwynn, esq. to Margaret, eldest daughter of the late Obed Thurston—Mr. Thomas Freer, of Weedley, to Miss Sarah Gwinnett, second daughter of Mr. F. Gwinnett, of Bishop's Cleeve.

Died.] At Gloucester, Mrs. Selwyn, widow of H. C. S. esq. lieut.-governor of the island of Montserrat—At Cheltenham, Mrs. Snell, relict of P. S. esq. of Whitley Court—Mrs. Brunt of Cross Street, Trnbury—Mr. Robert Whitall, of the Heath, near Tenbury—Joseph Williams, esq. late of Meot Court, Malvern, 83—At Holly Cottage, Cheltenham, Thomas Entwistle, esq. father to the lady of T. Coatts, esq. banker, London—At Norfolk-buildings, Gloucester, Mrs. Howell, 62, widow of the Rev. J. H. 33 years rector of Clutton—At his residence in Cheltenham, Thomas Holl, esq. 68—At Cheltenham, the Rev. Dr. Ward, senior

Prebendary of Ely Cathedral, and rector of Cottingham, in Cambridgeshire.

HAMPSHIRE.

An experiment was made in Bortsmonth harbour on Wednesday last, of the machinery for propelling ships in a calm, the invention of Lieut. Burton, R.N. which has been fitted on board his Majesty's ship, Active, Capt. Sir J. Gordon, K. C. B. when it was found to answer the intended purpose extremely well, and it is likely to prove of great utility. The weather was moderate at the time of the trial, and the ship was moved through the water at the rate of nearly three miles an hour, against the tide, which was running at the rate of about half a mile an hour. It is calculated that in places where there is little or no tide, ships may be propelled by this machinery at least five miles an hour.

Birth.] The lady of Captain Shakespear, of Exton, of a son.

Married.] At Boldre Church, in the New Forest, H. Hayter, esq. of Eden Vale, Wiltshire, to Eliza Jane, youngest daughter of the late J. Haylyn, esq. of Highbury Terrace, Middlesex—At Whitechurch, Randle Woodfield, esq. of Wellington Cross, to Miss Martha Mullenor, of Steel—F. Morgan, esq. of Middleton-place, to Louisa Grenfell, 2d daughter of the late W. G. Lobb, esq. Commissioner R. N.—G. M. Tarleton, esq. of 6th foot, to Louisa, daughter of the late G. Best, esq. of Chilton-park.

Died.] At her seat, Highfield-park, the Right Hon. Lady Pitt, relict of the late General, the Right Hon. Sir W. A. Pitt, K. B.—The Rev. R. Iremonger, Vicar of Wherwell, near Andover—At Winchester, 22, Lieut. H. M'Dermott, of the 9th regt. of foot, second son of Lieut. Col. M'Dermott, of the Royal Military College, Sandhurst—J. D. Penlezee, esq. of High Cliff House, near Christchurch.

HEREFORDSHIRE.

Married.] At Byford, near Hereford, Lieut. J. W. Stiles, R. N. to Sarah-Fowler, youngest daughter of the Rev. L. Maxey, rector of that place—At Puddleston, J. Beresford Turner, esq. of Miles Hope, of Middlestone, to Miss M. Collins, of Brockmanton Hall—R. H. Symons, esq. Meend Park, to J. D. Tolson, daughter of R. H. Tolson, esq. Woodland Lodge, Somersetshire—Lieut. E. Maxey, R. N. of Byford, to Eliza Hella, second daughter of the late R. Haslefoot, esq. Boreham, Essex—At St. Peter's, Hereford, Mr. C. Lloyd, of Hanley-court, to C. Poynts, third daughter of Mr. M. P. Matthews, woollapster, of Hereford—At Foy, J. Harris, esq. of Hereford, to Frances, 6th daughter of the late Rev. J. Jones, of Foy.

Died.] At Ross, 68, Mr. R. Cotes, formerly of Dormington Court, in the county of Hereford—Mrs. Cox, late of Hereford, 38—In Hereford, the Rev. R. Underwood, rector of St. Nicholas, Vicar of St. John the Baptist, and custos of the college of Vicars Choral, 75—Mary, wife of J. F. Mason, esq. of Aldenham Lodge.

KENT.

A head of *broccoli* was cut in the garden of Mr. Fisher, of the turnpike-gate on the Ashford road, near Maidstone, the weight of which was 10lbs. in circumference, it measured 20 inches, and it was 23 inches

over. The part measured was only that intended to be brought to table.

Hop Intelligence.—The accounts from Canterbury, state a very unfavourable appearance of the vine, with a great increase of flies and vermin. The estimated duty is now 95,000*l.* and prices have advanced full 10*s.* per cwt.

Births.] At Chevening, the Countess Stanhope, of a daughter.—The lady of Demetrius G. James, esq. of Ightham Court Lodge, of a son.—In Canterbury, the lady of the Rev. T. Bennett, of a son.

Married.] At Eastry, Capt. Sir Thomas Staines, R. N. Knight Commander of the most Honourable Military Order of the Bath, and Knight of the Order of St. Ferdinand, and of Merit, of the Kingdom of Sicily, to Sarah, youngest daughter of Robert Tournay Hargrave, esq. of Eastry-court.—At Lenham, Mr. R. N. Whitnall, of Milton, to Miss S. Head, third daughter of Mr. Head, of Lenham.—William Ockenden, esq. of East Guldeford, Sussex, to Miss S. Pankhurst, of the same place.—At Canterbury, Mr. Marten, to Miss S. Taplin, late of Blockley.—Mr. Edward Norwood, of Dover, surgeon, to Mary Ann, eldest daughter of the late Mr. J. Pilcher, of River.—At Folkestone, Mr. R. Woodriddle, to Miss E. Squire; same place, Mr. E. Wood, to Miss A. Hopkins.—At Lewisham, Joseph, son of O. Hawks, esq. of Blackheath, to Frances Jane, eldest daughter of the late W. Hawks, jun. esq.—At Stoue, Isle of Oxney, the Rev. J. Morris, of Windsor, to Margaret, eldest daughter of the late T. Hodges, esq. of Appledore.—At Horsemonden, Mr. B. Pawley, to Miss Ann Wilbey.—At Teynham, W. Gascoyne, esq. of Bapehild, to Sarah, second daughter of W. Whitehead, esq. of Teynham.—At Dover, J. H. Latham, esq. to Harriet Stringer, only daughter of E. Broderip, esq. M.D.—At Seven Oaks, Mr. J. Bartram, of Lewes, Sussex, to Miss Field, of Bradbourne-vale.—W. Bailey, esq. of Tuenbridge Castle, to Mrs. Sanders, relict of T. Sanders, esq.—The Rev. F. Cox, B.A. of Lincoln college, Oxford, to Matilda, youngest daughter of W. Holshill, esq. of North Cray.—At Plumstead church, the Rev. A. Evans, of Sandhurst, to Anne, third daughter of Capt. Dickinson, of Bramblebury house, Woolwich.

Died.] At Milton, Mrs. Webb, widow, 59.—At Biddenden, Mrs. Friscilla Weston, 21.—At Selling, Mr. J. Andrews, 82.—At Sandwich, A. Smithers, esq. 82.—At Blean, Miss L. Sparkes, 19.—At Wittersham, Miss E. Walsingfeld, 19.—At Rochester, Mrs. M. Parfett, 93.—At Chatham, L. Cohan, son of Mr. A. Cohan, 13.—Mrs. Miller, of Ewell, West Farleigh, 88.—At Tonbridge, Mr. Nightingale, 52.—At Swadling, Mr. J. Barber, 94.—At Whitstable, Mr. J. Moon, 50.—At Folkstone, J. Minter, esq. 83.—At Hawkhurst, Catherine, the wife of J. Gregson, esq.—At Lower Hardres, D. Gregory, esq.—Mrs. Smith, wife of the Rev. J. Smith, of Woodnesborough.—The Rev. T. G. Clare, rector of St. Andrew's, Holborn, and Walmer, Kent.—At Faversham, Mary, wife of Mr. G. Lucy, 45.—At Gillingham, Elizabeth, wife of T. Frame, esq. of Queen's Elms, Chelsea.—Mrs. Butler, wife of Mr. Butler, Holborn lane, Chatham, 25.—At Deptford, Mr. W. Butler, shipwright, late of Chatham, 25.—At Cranbrook, Mrs. Pethurst, widow, 80.—At Debting, Mrs. E. Hawkins, 82.—At Bromley, Mary Ann, youngest daughter of the late Rev. W. Strong, rector of Norton, in this county, 21.—Mr. T. Haigh, of the ordnance department, Woolwich, 70.

LANCASHIRE.

Births.] At Alderley Rectory, the lady of the Rev. E. Stanley, of a son.

Married.] Rev. J. E. Welby, son of the late Sir W. E. Welby, bart. of Danton Hall, to Felicia Eliza, only daughter of the late Rev. H. A. Holl.—B. E. Thornton, esq. of Whittington Hall, to Augusta, youngest daughter of N. Hall, esq. of Brighton and Maidenhead.—At Manchester, W. B. Hudson, esq.—Capt. Armytage, of the Coldstream guards, second son of Sir G. Armytage, bart. of Kirkstrees, Yorkshire, to Charlotte Le Gendre Starkie, only daughter of the late Le Gendre Starkie, esq. of Huntray.

LEICESTERSHIRE.

Married.] At Loughborough, Mr. G. Riddle, of London, to Lucy, second daughter of Mr. Staveley.—At Southwell, Mr. Fox, solicitor, to Miss Boot.—At Lockington, Lieut. Col. F. S. Miller, C. B. of Radway Grange, Warwickshire, (late of the Inniskilling dragoons), to Georgiana Sibilla Story, fifth daughter of the Rev. P. S. of Lockington Hall.—J. D. Barnard, esq. of Custon, to Jane, youngest daughter of Mr. Cross, of Woodborough.

Died.] S. Cotterell, M. D. of Hinckley, 63.—At Melton Mowbray, Mary, the daughter of T. Finlow, esq. of Leamington Spa, 25.—The Rev. P. Story, one of his majesty's justices of the peace for the county of Leicester.

LINCOLNSHIRE.

An extraordinary mortality amongst sheep is complained of in some parts of this county. The lambs, which were not particularly well kept last year, die in numbers this season: and, though the fall of lambs this year has been very good, the number raised will not be above an average. The loss of sheep on some farms is very serious indeed.

Birth.] Viscountess Cranley of a daughter.

Married.] W. Ingelow, jun. esq. of Boston, to Jean, second daughter of G. Kilgour, esq. of Highbury Grove, Middlesex.—Mr. J. Black, of Frampton, to Miss M. Bontoft, of Boston.—Mr. J. Beat, of Spalding, to Miss A. Morton, of Boston.—At Spalding, Mr. J. Gostolow, to Miss S. Tippe, both of that place.—At Gainsburgh, J. Hewardine, esq. of the Hampshire Light Infantry, to Mrs. Beaumont, widow of the late G. Beaumont, esq.

Died.] Mrs. E. Clifton, relict of the late Mr. C. of Boston, 74.—At Beau Manor Park, J. Herrick, esq.—Mrs. Gill, wife of Mr. J. Gill.—At Greeton, Mrs. Boon, wife of W. Boon, esq.—At Spalding, H. Measure, gent. 75.—Mrs. Torkington, relict of the late W. Torkington, esq. of Lincoln, 82.

MONMOUTHSHIRE.

A meeting of the coal merchants of Newport, and the proprietors of collieries in its neighbourhood (at which every colliery, working the brown ash coal, with the exception of one only, was represented,) was held at Newport; when distressing statements of the present situation of the trade were made, and a universal conviction prevailed of the absolute necessity of speedy relief. Great numbers of workmen have been discharged from the collieries within a short space of time, and others have suspended their workings.

NORFOLK.

* *Births.*] At Norwich, the lady of the Rev. E. S. Thurlow, of a daughter—At Barningham, the lady of J. T. Mott, esq. of a son.

Married.] Mr. G. Whittby, surgeon, of Upwell, to Miss Maria Callis Eccles, eldest daughter of Mr. Wm. E. of Elton, Hunts.—J. Heycock, gent. of Norton, to Miss Lewin, of Thruslington Grange, Leicestershire.—J. Barnard, esq. of Ouston, to Jane, youngest daughter of Mr. Cross, of Woodborough.—The Rev. J. Gibson, Rector of Worlington, to Mary Elizabeth, second daughter of J. Phillips, esq. of Pall Mall.—The Rev. T. Fawcett, of Nayland, to Elizabeth, only daughter of the late W. H. Davis, esq.—C. Lipscomb, esq. of Alton, to Anne Maria, youngest daughter of Mr. S. Moulkin, of Bury.—W. C. B. Goodwin, esq. to Charlotte, youngest daughter of the late Mr. Bramby, York.—Mr. J. Seaman, jun. of Melton, to Louisa, only daughter of Wm. Clarke, of Halesworth.—I. Preston, esq. Barrister at Law, to Mary Anne, eldest daughter of Sir T. Beevor, bart. of Hethel-hall.—Mr. T. Theobald, of Norwich, to Miss Ruth Clifton, of Yarmouth.—Mr. Wm. Page, to Miss Sarah Cutting, of Norwich.—I. Preston, esq. to Mary Ann, daughter of Sir T. Beevor, bart. of Hethel.—Mr. J. P. Royston, of Old Broad-street, London, to Mary Ann Smith, only daughter of the late Wm. Haylett, esq. of Norwich.—At Swaffham, the Rev. Wm. Dowell, Vicar of Locking, Somerset, to Charlotte Theresa, second daughter of the Rev. Chancellor Yonge.—Mr. Pain, to Mary Ann, eldest daughter of Mr. Martin, of Ellough-hall.

Died.] Elizabeth, the wife of Mr. R. Clack, Norwich.—At Yarmouth, Jemima, youngest daughter of Dr. Girdlestone.—Miss Smith, daughter of Dr. Jas. Smith.—At Mattishall, Ed. Donne, esq.—Mrs. Elizabeth Hunt, of King-street, 65.—N. J. Wodehouse, the eldest son of the Hon. Col. Wodehouse, of Wilton Park.—At Yarmouth, 45, Capt. Mortishead, of the *Mariner*.—Mrs. Mary Jay, 59.—Mrs. Sarah Gee, 94.—Mr. E. Proctor, 65.—At North Walsham, 13, son of Capt. Simpson.—At Loddon, 83, Mrs. Catherine Reynolds, wife of T. R. gent.—J. Doggett, gent. of Mendham.—67, Capt. S. Gunton, of Yarmouth.—87, J. Symonds, gent. of Trowse Mill gate.—T. S. Dixon, esq. of Saham Toney.—At Mattishall, 75, Mrs. Crisp, relict of J. C. esq. of East Dereham.—At Pulham parsonage, Ed. the infant son of the Rev. C. Boutell.—In Bank-place, Mrs. S. Thompson.—Westwick-house, J. B. Petre, esq.—47, Mrs. Mary High, wife of Mr. J. H. of Beighton, near Acle.—At Breckles, 19, William, the son of Mr. J. West.—At Tottenham, 58, Mr. J. Finch.—43, Mrs. Flower, wife of C. Flower, esq. of Norwich.—At Hempnall, the Rev. C. M. Donne, Vicar of Hempnall and Barningham.—At Norwich, Mrs. Beevor, widow of the Rev. G. B. late of Wilby.

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

Births.] At Keldwick Hall, the wife of the Rev. T. F. Wilson of a son.—At Bishop Auckland, Mrs. Ionn, wife of Mr. Wm. I. of a son.—In Hull, the lady of C. Wray, esq. of a daughter.

Married.] At Rothbury, Mr. Redhead, of Whitton, to Margaret, second daughter of Ed. Pringle, esq. of Snitter.—Mr. Terry, surgeon, to Mary Anne, eldest daughter of R. Scriven, esq. of Castle Ashby.

Died.] At Wesden, 42, Major Alexander Campbell, commanding the Royal Artillery.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

Births.] At Newcastle, the lady of J. Wilkinson, esq. of a son.—At the Rectory, Lockington, the lady of the Rev. F. Lundy, of a daughter.

Died.] Newcastle-upon-Tyne, 22, Sarah, the wife of J. Gray, esq.—J. Bailey, esq. of Chillingham, 68.—At Newcastle, C. Stuart, youngest son of Capt. J. Hunter.—Harriot Jane, second daughter of Mr. J. Dails.—R. Green, esq. of South Shields, 63, many years senior magistrate of that place.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.

Ornithology.—As a person was in the fields, near Colwick, Nottingham, a few days ago, he made a curious discovery of four birds lying together, and with every appearance of having been dead a considerable time. Their beautiful red plumage and uncommon appearance, denoted that they were not natives of this island; and, on taking them home, they proved to be Virginia nightingales. They have been stuffed, and have been inspected by many gentlemen and others. How they came into such a situation, all lying together, is yet a mystery.

Married.] Worksop, T. E. Maw, esq. to Miss Freckleton.

Died.] At Mansfield, in his 81st year, G. Cartwright, esq.

OXFORDSHIRE.

Died.] At Dunstrew, Betty Clerke Chamberlyne, daughter of the late Sir J. C. bart. 94.

RUTLANDSHIRE.

Died.] Whittlesea, Peter Desbrosses, esq. 81.—Mary Anne, daughter of R. Tomblin, esq. of Edith-weston, 21.—Whisandine, Mr. Roadley, 64.—Mr. Wynn, 48, of Haconby, formerly of Birththorpe.—Gedney Marsh, 30, Miss C. Sers, youngest daughter of the late P. Sers, esq. of the above place.—At Gedney Dyke, Elizabeth, the wife of J. Thimbleby, 49.

SHROPSHIRE.

Shrewsbury Election.—The contest for the representation of this Borough is terminated. Mr. Mytton was returned duly elected. The following is a correct statement of the total amount of each day's poll from the commencement of the struggle:

	1st day.	2d.	3d.	4th.
Mytton,	34	85	130	170
Corbett,	34	80	138	162
	5th.	6th.	7th.	8th.
Mytton,	222	268	305	384
Corbett,	205	245	256	287

Majority for Mr. Mytton 97.

Melksham Spa.—The crutches with which the lately afflicted Captain Edgcumbe used to walk, are fixed up in the Pump-room at Melksham Spa, with a card thus inscribed:—"These crutches are placed in this Pump-room by Captain Edgcumbe, R. N. in commemoration of an effectual cure (made on him) of a complication of disorders, attended by excessive debility and rheumatic affection, by application of the Melksham Saline Aperient and Chalybeate Spa."

Births.] In Stanley-place, the lady of the Rev. R. Massey, of a son, being her twenty-second child.

Married.] Rev. W. J. Hughes, vicar of Cardington, to Melina, eldest daughter of G. Corser, esq. of Whitchurch.—Captain Buchanan, R. N. to Matilda, second daughter of J. Dalbiac, Esq.—At Ludlow, W. Cullis, esq. R. N. of Gopford Cot.

tage, Herefordshire, to Mary, fourth daughter of the late Job Walker Baugh, esq.—W. Perks, esq. of Sutton-Hill, eldest son of the late J. Perks, esq. of Saredon Hall, Staffordshire, to Sally, youngest daughter of the Rev. G. Haslewood, of Bridgnorth.

Died.] Francis, son of the Rev. F. Marston, vicar of Stokesay, and Member of Worcester College, Oxford—The youngest daughter of Mr. Hulce, of Roddington—E. Knapp, esq.—In Highfield Park, the Hon. Lady Pitt, relict of the late General, the Right Hon. Sir W. A. Pitt, K. B. &c.—At Stapleton, the Rev. E. Boys, rector of that place—At S. Smith's, esq. Charlotte-street, Portland-place, Samuel Kenyon, esq. late of Ludlow—At Oswestry, the Rev. John Lloyd, rector of Llani-hangel, 82—W. Moss, second son of W. Phillips, esq. of Chetwynd House—Mrs. S. Easthope, wife of Mr. Easthope, of Millichope Park—At Withington, Mr. Cooke, of Shawbury—Mr. J. Southern, of Kempton—R. Betton, esq. of Great Berwick, major in the Shropshire Militia.

SOMERSETSHIRE.

Births.] At Freshford, the lady of the Rev. G. Bythnes, of a son—At Pucklechurch, the lady of the Rev. G. Cribbe, of a son—The lady of Dr. Naylor, of a daughter—At Belle-Vue House, Westbury, the lady of E. Franklin, esq. of a daughter—The lady of the Rev. T. Grenfield, jun. of a daughter—In Brock-street, the lady of Colonel Scroggs, of a daughter.

Married.] H. Lucas, esq. of Stout-Hall, Glamorganshire, to Caroline, youngest daughter of the late P. Tottenham, esq. of Clifton—Timothy, Powell, esq. of Brislington, to Elis. Hungerford, eldest daughter of the late Walter Powell, esq. of Maes-gwynne House, Carmarthenshire—Rev. R. Win-a-los, of Taunton, rector of Forrabury, to Emma, daughter of the late J. S. Patten, esq. of the Friary, Lichfield—At Caerleon, Mr. C. Savery, of Bristol, to Mary, eldest daughter of the late A. E. Butler, esq. of Caerleon—At Queen-square, R. Sullivan, esq. of Cheltenham, to Margaret, eldest daughter of the late E. Filmer, esq.—T. Ramsay, bart. of Balmain, to Miss Chisholm, of Chisholm—At Bristol, the Rev. Joseph Baynes, of Horsley, Gloucestershire, to Ann Day, daughter of Mr. Joseph Ash, Union-street—At St. Mary Redcliff Church, Mr. Samuel Bryant, to Mary; also Mr. Heseckiah Davis, Redcliff Crescent, to Ann, daughters of Mr. J. W. Lancaster, Guinea-street—At St. James's church, John Sparkes Byers, esq. captain in the Royal Artillery, to Mary, eldest daughter of John Hopkins, esq. of Westmoreland-Cottage—At Stowey, the Rev. William Owen, vicar of Almeley, Herefordshire, to Miss Raindle, of North-Perrot—At Taunton, Richard Harcourt Symonds, esq. Meend Park, Herefordshire, to Jane Dennis Tolson Tolson, only daughter of R. H. Tolson, esq. Woodland Lodge—At Winterbourne, Mr. W. Player, of Wells, to Miss Mary Taylor, of Frenchay—At Brislington, Charles, second son of J. S. Williams, esq. of Long Ashton, to Anne, second daughter of the late J. H. Kater, esq.—Mr. Wilkins, of Melksham, to Miss S. Smith, of Bristol—At Farleigh, Mr. John Bishop, to Miss Penny Collier—H. Syngue, esq. second son of the late Sir Robert Syngue, bart. to Mary Ann second daughter of John Paget, esq. of Newberry-house—At Clifton, the Rev. Richard Hodges, of Woolhope, Herefordshire, to Anne Mary, eldest daughter of the late Rev. John Foley, vicar of Newent—At Walcott, John Muxloe Wingfield, eldest son of John Wingfield, esq. of Tickencote.

house, Rutland, to Catherine Anne Harriet, only daughter of Harry Lancelot Lee, esq. of Cotton Hall, Salop.—P. E. Conter, esq. of Stanton Court, to Sarah, second daughter of the Rev. J. Hall, vicar of Chew Magna, and grand-daughter of the late Rev. Francis Blackburne, archdeacon of the Cleveland, York.

Died.] At Clifton, 73, Mr. Hutchenson, widow of John Hutchenson, esq.—48, Mary, wife of James Chapman, esq. of Holt, near Bradford—At Flestercombe, near Taunton, John Tyndale Warre, esq. lieutenant-colonel of the East Somerset yeomanry—Elizabeth Catharine, relict of Phillip Ball, esq. Minehead—At Bath, 21, Matilda, wife of colonel Robison, 24th Regiment—in Lansdown Crescent, Mrs. Charles Moysey, wife of the Rev. Dr. Moysey—South parade, Miss James, daughter of the late George James, esq. solicitor—Elizabeth, the wife of B. H. Bright, esq.—James Forsyth, esq. late a captain in the King's Dragoon Guards—At Kingsdown, Mr. Francis Smith 70—At Bath, William Wightman, esq.—At Broadclist, near Exeter, the Rev. Montague Barton, for many years rector of that parish—At Shirehampton, Lady Mary Meares, daughter of the late and sister of the present Earl of Kingston, and wife of George Meares, esq. of Clifton—7, Anna Maria, eldest child of Dr. Pritchard, College-green, Bristol—aged 20, Hester, youngest daughter of Edward Edwards, esq. of Sand—70, Mrs. Marsh, wife of C. Marsh, esq. of Barr, near Taunton—Mr. Francis Alcock, cadet in the service of the Hon. East India Company, and son of colonel Alcock, of Taunton—At Launceston, 79, Mr. John Acres.

STAFFORDSHIRE.

The trade of Wolverhampton is in a most miserable state. The order of things there is completely inverted. Now, the last resource of a starving journeyman is to set up master; his employer cannot find him work, on which there is any possible profit, and is therefore obliged to discharge him; the poor wretch then sells his bed, and buys an anvil, procures a little iron, and having manufactured a few articles, hawks them about to the different merchants, for what he can get; and thus the manufactured article fetches very little more than the price of the raw material! He might have previously received 10s. a week as a servant; but now he is lucky if he gets 7s. as a master manufacturer.

Birth.] At Aldridge, the lady of the Rev. Wm. Scott, of a son.

Married.] At Honeybourne, C. Corbett, esq. of Lichfield, to Amelia, third daughter of the late T. Holland, of Mickleton—At Madeley, G. Chase, of Coalbrookdale, to Ann, youngest daughter of Mr. J. Hornblower.

Died.] R. Harrison, esq. of Chaddie Belkeley, Cheshire, 39; a magistrate for the counties of Chester and Lancaster—Benj. Barratt, 77, clerk of the Collegiate Church, Wolverhampton, fifty-four years—Smith Child, esq. eldest son of the late Admiral Child, of Newfield, 50—At Cheadle, Mr. Ingleby.

SUFFOLK.

St. Mary Tower Organ.—The Right Hon. the Earl of Dysart, the High Steward of the Corporation of Ipswich, has contri-

buted the sum of 50l. towards the repairs which have been determined on in the organ of St. Mary Tower Church.

Married.] The Rev. H. G. Phillips, rector of Great Welnetnam, to Frances, fourth daughter of Capt. Thomas, of Dover-place, Kent-read—D. Alexander, of Hingham, to Miss Susan Atmore, of Foulden—Wm. Pigg, to Miss Ann Rose—M. Harte to Miss Sarah Carr, all of Hingham—The Rev. T. Fawcett, of Nayland, to Elizabeth, only daughter of the late W. H. Davis, esq. Jamaica—C. Lipscomb, esq. of Alton, in Hampshire, to Ann Maria, youngest daughter of S. Maulkin, of Bury—W. C. B. Goodwin, esq. of Yoxford, to Charlotte, youngest daughter of the late Mr. Bormby, of the same place—The Rev. J. Gibson, rector of Worlingworth, to Mary Elizabeth, second daughter of J. Phillips, esq.—W. H. Hayward, of London, to Miss Crisp, of Bury—At Lakenheath, W. Clarke, esq. of Thetford, Norfolk, to Charlotte, youngest daughter of R. Eagle, esq. of Lakenheath Hall—W. S. Hunt, esq. of St. Clement's Danes, London, to Miss Lock, of Newmarket.

Died.] At Cawston, Mrs. Walpole, 100—W. Allen, ship owner, Lynn, 72—At Bertley, Alice, youngest daughter of the late N. Raven, of Sculthorpe—At Loddon, Mrs. C. Reynolds, wife of T. Reynolds, gent.—J. Spalding, esq. of Long Melford—At Norton, B. L. Clayton, esq.—At Loxdon, near Colchester, J. Thurtell, second son of J. T. esq. of Hobland.

SURREY.

Births.] At Mitcham Grove, the Lady of Sir T. Ackland, bart. of a son.

Married.] At Streatham, the Rev. J. T. Tyron, Rector of Bulwick, Northamptonshire, to Sarah, only daughter of the Rev. J. Whalley, of Balham-hill.

Deaths.] At his seat, Birdhurst Lodge, near Croydon, Samuel Davis, esq. late a member of the Court of Directors of the Affairs of the East India Company.

SUSSEX.

Married.] At Wareham, D. F. Haynes, esq. of Lonesome Lodge, to Mary, second daughter of Sir T. Shelley, bart. of Field-place.

WARWICKSHIRE

Married.] Lieut. Colonel F. S. Miller, C. B. of Hadway Grange, to Georgiana Sibilla, fifth daughter of the Rev. P. Storey, of Lockington Hall, Leicestershire.—S. Marindin, esq. to Eliza, youngest daughter of the late J. Iddins, esq. of Summerfield House, near Birmingham—At Stowey, the Rev. Wm. Owen, vicar of Almoley, Herefordshire, to Miss Randle, of North Perrott, Somerset.

WORCESTERSHIRE.

The foundation stone of the Public Library and Music-room to be erected at Malvern, by the liberality of Edward Foley, esq. of Stoke Edith, was laid by the Rev. H. Card, vicar. The site of this intended edifice is peculiarly convenient, being placed between the two hotels, and adjoining the new walk called Devereux Terrace.

Died.] The Hon. Arabella St. John, wife to General, the Hon. Frederick St. John, and sister to the Earl of Craven, 45—Joseph Spencer, of Hurcott Mills, near Kidderminster—Near Broadway,

Mrs. Walsh Porter, relict of Prince Walsh Porter, esq.—John Tolley, esq. of Elmley Green, near Droitwich, 60—At Kidderminster, Francis Best—At Kidderminster, Thos. Willis, 73—Mrs. Rowe, of Eckington.

WESTMORELAND.

Births.] At Acorn Bank, the wife of C. Poynte Byne, esq. of a son—The wife of Mr. T. Hutchinson, of East Percy-street, of a son—At Cheswick House, the wife of J. Strangeways Donaldson, esq. of a daughter.

WILTSHIRE.

A crop of hay was last month ricked in excellent order, from a field of Mr. Scott's, of Sherborne.

There is a field of barley now in full ear on Radipole estate, near Weymouth, the property of E. Henning, esq.

Births.] At Lackham house, the lady of Lieut. Col. Tufnell, of a son—The lady of the Rev. M. Slinger, of a daughter—The lady of the Rev. E. Goddard, of Cliffe Pypard of a daughter—At Bellevue house, Westbury, the lady of E. Franklin, esq. of a daughter.

Married.] At Hambleton, F. Morgan, esq. of Middlington place, to Louisa Grenfell, second daughter of the late W. G. Lobb, esq. commissioner, R. N.—At Westbury, Mr. T. Sambrocks, of Wilmore, to Miss Sambrocks, of Aston—At Whiteparish, Mr. G. Bowden, to Miss Ann Tucker—At Somford Keyne, the Rev. F. R. Barker, vicar of Teynton, Oxfordshire, to Julia, eldest daughter of the late G. Chawner, esq. of the elm—At Sarum, Capt. J. Fawson, of the late 2d batt. 59th regt. to Emma Goodenough Goddard, youngest daughter of the late J. H. G. esq. of West Woodyates, Dorset.

Died.] At Doncaster, Miss Tulip, daughter of H. T. esq. of Bruntoun House, near Hexham, 11.

YORKSHIRE.

The distress at Leeds is so great, that it is under consideration to afford from the parish funds means for conveying some hundreds of the cloth-manufacturers and families to the Cape of Good Hope or Canada!

Birth.] At Leeds, the lady of Major Lynch, 63d regt. of a daughter.

Married.] At Darfield, near Wakefield, Mr. J. W. Graham, of Mansfield, to Sarah, eldest daughter of the late G. Brooke, esq. of Old Moor house—At Northallerton, W. Bayley, esq. of Stockton-upon-Tees, to Miss D'Oyley, daughter of Major D'Oyley, late of Sion Hill, near Kirby Wike—At Cottingham, Mr. J. Cochran, of Newland, to Eleanor, youngest daughter of J. Cochran, esq. of Blyndon—At Newburn, Mr. I. Powell, of Denton Burn, to Miss Isabella Hall, of Callerton—At Durham, Mr. J. Allinson, to Miss Margaret Coulson—At Hamsterley, Mr. W. Watson, of Badburn, to Miss E. Townes—H. Taylor, esq. of Crofton, to Mrs. Anderson, youngest daughter of Captain J. Stavers, of North Moor—At Gainsborough, Lieut. Hewardine, of the army, to Mrs. Beaumont, widow of the late Mr. B. wharfinger—At Bristol, near Leeds, Mr. Tulloch, of Newcastle, surgeon, to Margaret, youngest daughter of the late W. Battye, esq.—H. Sorby, of Hall Carr, to Miss Amelia Lambert, second daughter of the late W. L. esq.—At Leeds, T. Bentley Locke, esq. to Miss Mary Ann, youngest daughter of B. Winter—At York, Mr. Carter, of Alford, Lincolnshire, to Miss Harriet Taylor—J. Booth, esq.

eldest son of T. B. esq. of Killerby, to Jane, third daughter of the late C. Wright, esq. of Cleasby—At Boynton, C. Wain, esq. of Nostall Priory, to Priscilla, youngest daughter of Sir W. Strickland, of Boynton, bart.

Died.] W. Chaytor, esq. vice-lieutenant of the North Riding of the county of York, 86—Mr. H. Grahame, architect, son of the Rev. J. Grahame, of York, 24—At York, the Rev. F. Quentice, 77—At Scarborough, Mrs. Temple, the lady of Dr. Temple, Bedford-square, London, 56—At North Walsham, the son of Capt. Simpson, 13—Stamp, esq. of Queensborough, 80—The Rev. T. Hayes, M. A. vicar of Oswald's, Durham, and one of the minor canons and precentor of that cathedral, 86—At Widmore, Thomas, second son of G. Telford, esq. formerly of York—At York, A. Boulby, esq. late of Whitby, 61: same place, Anna Maria, wife of J. Crompton, esq. of Esholt Hall.

WALES.

Birth.] In Bangor, Carnarvonshire, the lady of W. Williams, esq. of Peniarth-uchaf of a son.

Married.] At Haverfordwest, Timothy Powell, esq. of Brington, to Elizabeth Hungerford, eldest daughter of the late Walter Powell, esq. of Mewgwyn House—S. Fox Parsons, esq. of Cwmwr, to Felicia, daughter of George Haynes, esq. banker, Swansea—Arthur Macnamara, of Llangord castle, Breconshire, esq. to Anne, eldest daughter of the late William Lee, esq. of Anesty house—At Llangladwen, Carmarthenshire, William Garrick B. Schaw, esq. captain 46th regiment, to Emma Hart, only daughter of Evan Protheroe, of Dolowilliam, esq. M.D.—At Hawarden, Mr. John Healing, jun. of Parkgate house, to Miss Mary Bithell, only daughter of Mr. Benjamin B. of Shotton, Flintshire—At Brecon, John Wilkins, esq. of Cui, late sheriff, to Miss Williams, of Brecon—William Griffith Williams, esq. of Cefn, in Anglesea, to Ann, daughter of Henry Norton Willis, esq. of Kensington Palace.

Died.] At Welsh Pool, the Rev. I. H. Williams, vicar of that parish—Mrs. Hamer, of Rhiw-dan-y, Kerry, Montgomeryshire, 61—Colonel James, of Pantseisou, Pembrokehire—Colonel Garbett Walsham, of Knill Court, Radnorshire, colonel of the regular militia—At Oswestry, the Rev. J. Lloyd, rector of Llanfihangel, Montgomeryshire, and of Thorpe, Derbyshire—John Tunno, esq. proprietor of the Boverton estate, in Glamorganshire. This truly respectable merchant is said to have accumulated the immense fortune of 750,000l.—Jane, wife of J. Roberts, esq. of the Royal Monmouth and Breckon regiment—At Bellan place, Ruabon, Denbighshire, R. Jones, esq.—At Tyglyn, Cardiganshire, the Rev. Alban Thomas Jones Gwynne, 68—Elizabeth, wife of John Syarrow, esq. and youngest daughter of the late Rev. Charles Chambers, of Dolycorsalwyu, Montgomeryshire.

SCOTLAND.

The Grampian Hills were completely illuminated a few nights ago by a large brilliant meteor from the N. N. W. of Perth, which was visible about two minutes, and threw an intensity of light. Its diameter appeared to be about that of the moon.

Births.] At Broomhill House, Mrs. Bruce, of a daughter—The lady of Wm. McKenzie, esq. of a daughter—At Edinburgh, the lady of F. Head, esq. royal engineers, of a son—At Aberdeen, the

lady of Dr. J. C. Ogilvie, of a daughter—At Bower, Wick, Mrs. Smith, of a son—At the manse of Kilconquhar, Mrs. Fernie, of a daughter—At his house in George street, Edinburgh, the lady of Major General John Hope, of a son—At Edinburgh, Countess of Flahault, of a daughter—Mrs Wm. Smith, Brown-square, of a daughter.

Married.] J. Cay, esq. of North Charlton, Northumberland, to Emily, second daughter of W. Bullock, esq.—Andrew Sword esq. Mulgahed, to Mrs. Brock, Falkirk—At Damfries, John Symous, esq. M.D. to Harriet, youngest daughter of the late Hugh Maxwell, esq.—At Glenstockdale, Appin, Lieut. Donald Campbell, late of the 57th regt. to Jessy, eldest daughter of the late Capt. Anderson, of that place—At Orchardston, Lieut. Col. Maxwell, of the 30th regt. to Miss Douglas, daughter to J. Douglas, esq. of Orchardston—At Liviot Row, Dr. James Saunders, Lecturer on the Practice of Medicine, to Miss Megget, only daughter of the late John Megget, esq. merchant, Edinburgh—At Leith, Mr. Archer Brown, merchant, Leith, to Miss Mary Johnston, eldest daughter of Mr. Wm. Johnston.

Died.] Jane Hamilton Craufurd, daughter of Archibald Craufurd, writer to the signet—At Inverary, James Harrower, esq.—At Inverary, Archibald Skirving, portrait painter—At Bannockburn, in Croyton, Thomas Wylie, esq. surgeon in the service of the Hon. East India Company at Madras—At Summerfield, Mrs. Jacobina Todd, 71, wife of George Fulton—At Portaskie, island of May, Mr. John Hill—At Perth, Major Christopher Saxon, of Ballinblae—At Orchardfield Place, Leith Walk, Mr. Alexander Bell, pursuer, late of his Majesty's ship *Lee*—At Greencroft, near Annan, Mrs. Catherine Johnston, wife of Colonel Douglas, of Greencroft, 62—At Elgin, Dr. Thomas Stephen, physician, 75—The Rev. Walter Stewart, of Alves—At Clammore, Miss Fowler, eldest daughter of the Rev. James Fowler, late Minister of Urquhart—At Aberdeen, George Gordon, 15, youngest son of George Gordon, esq. of Auchleuchries—At Glasgow, Dame Elizabeth Campbell, widow of the late Sir Humphrey Trafford Campbell, of Askisish, Sheriff Deputy of Argyleshire—At Kailen, North Uist, Marjion Macqueen, wife of Murdoch Macleod, esq.—At Ashgrove, Miss Jane Coull, daughter of James Coull, esq.—Greyfriars, near Elgin, Mrs. Munro, of Newmill, 84—At Edinburgh, J. Young, esq. of Bellwood, Perthshire.

IRELAND.

Births.] In Limerick, the lady of the Rev. W. Magrath Fitzgerald, of a son—In Ennis, the lady of John Tydd, esq. of a son and heir—At Port, county Clare, the lady of Hugh O'Loughen, esq. of a daughter—In Limerick, the lady of Captain Martin, of the Clare Militia, of a son—At Rathkeale, Limerick, the lady of Wm. Powell, esq. of a son—At Earl's Gift, the lady of the Rev. Sir John Lighton, bart. of a son—At Castle Lake, Clare, the lady of Captain John Gabbett, of a son and heir—At Shannon Lodge, Limerick, the lady of Edward Lloyd, jun. esq. of a daughter—The lady of Henry Smith, esq. of Aunsbrook, of a son—In Drogheda, the lady of Captain Pollock, of the 43d Light Infantry, of a daughter—At Wexford, the lady of H. Butler, esq. of a daughter—In Limerick, the lady of Captain Johnson, of a daughter—At Cairhill, Kilmurlock, the Hon. Mrs. Hamilton (daughter of Visc. Gert) of a son—At Newry, the lady of Major Hamilton, Inspecting Field Officer of the northern

district of Ireland, of a son—At Newbattle Manse, Mrs. Thomson, of a son—At Gardiner's row, the Hon. Mrs. Browne, of Brown hill, Carlow, of a son—In Upper Merriem street, Mrs. Wm. McCausland, of a daughter—In Temple street, the lady of Geo. Maunsell, esq. of a daughter—At Thurles, the lady of Patrick Quin, of a son—At Buttevant Castle, Cork, the lady of Sir J. C. Anderson, bart. of a daughter—At Fermoy, the lady of G. Walker, esq. of a daughter—At Rutland square, the lady of Edward Eyre Maunsell, esq. of a still born child—The lady of Joseph Cooke, esq. Cordangan, Tipperary, of a son and heir—At Bracklin Castle, Westmeath, Lady Eleanor Fetherston, of a son and heir—At Paradise, Clare, the lady of J. Scott, esq. of a son—At Fortfergus, Clare, the lady of Mathias Woodmason, esq. of a son—At Killeacle, Tipperary, the lady of Dennis Scully, esq. of a daughter.

Married.] W. Byrne, of Grangemore, Wicklow, esq. to Miss Coolang—At Clonmel, Mr. J. White, to Sarah, second daughter of the late Mr. J. Taylor—M. Sankey, esq. of Rockwell, Tipperary, to Eleanor, third daughter of H. O'Hara, of O'Hara brook, Antrim—At Doneraile, H. M. Smith, esq. of Balintra, to Priscilla W. Crough, of Castle, Widenham—Lieut. Col. Weyms, of the 50th regiment, to Miss Ball, only daughter of the late H. P. Ball esq. of Carmarthen—Major W. L. Wood, of the 4th, or King's Own Regiment, to Frances Mary, eldest daughter of C. Johnson, esq.—C. P. Leslie, esq. of Glass Lough, Monaghan, to Christina, youngest daughter of the late G. Fosbevy, esq. of Adare Farm, Limerick—J. Short, of Pallas, Tipperary, esq. to Marianne Louisa Fitzgerald—J. Cumming, esq. of Naplee, to Miss Magee, eldest daughter of W. Magee, esq. of the Lodge, near Belfast—The Rev. J. J. Fletcher, of Glanmore, to Miss Conway, of Merriem square, and Dunran, Wicklow—Lieut. Col. Pakenham, eldest son of the Hon. Admiral Pakenham, to Catherine Jane Ponsonby, only daughter to C. B. Barker, esq. of Killooly Abbey—P. G. Dumoulin, of Stephen's-green, to Susanna, daughter of the late W. Beeby, esq.—R. J. Theodore Orpen, esq. of Cork, to Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the late Rev. R. Stack, of Enghash—J. Reynolds, esq. lieutenant in the royal navy, to Catherine, eldest daughter of J. Hoelan, esq.—At Kenown, Westmeath, Major Vandeleur, of the 16th regiment, to Euphemia, eldest daughter of Col. Caulfield, Roscommon Militia—R. Townsend, jun Cork, esq. to Elizabeth, only daughter of the late Col. Mellifont—W. Coyle, esq. of Lougher, to Ann, eldest daughter of R. Reilly, esq. of Milestown, Meath—At Anna-

trim, H. Cornelius, Jun. esq. of Mentrath, Queen's County, to Ellen, daughter of A. Fitzgerald, esq. of Castletown—J. R. Barry, esq. of Donoughmore, to Ann, relict of the late J. Stack, esq. of Cork—John Marshall, esq. captain in the 91st regiment, to the Hon. Miss Butler, daughter to Lord Dunboyne, of Richmond Barracks—At Athlone, R. Armstrong, esq. of Emly House, Tyrone, to Sarah, youngest daughter of the late W. Potts, esq.—J. Hewlett, esq. of Raheen, Clare, to Constantia, daughter of the late F. Drew, esq. of Drewsbrough—R. Archbold, esq. eldest son of J. Archbold, of Davidston, Kildare, esq. to Mary, only daughter of J. Copeland, of Inn's quay, esq.

Deaths] In Waterford, Mrs. Skottowe, wife of Edmond Skottowe, esq.—Mrs. Quan, wife of Thos. Quan, esq.—At an advanced age, at Anstown, Waterford, Henry St. George Colr, esq.—At Moss Vale, Longford, Thos. Barbor, esq.—In Cork, Mrs. Westropp, wife of Alderman Westropp, of that city—At Bandon, the Rev. Patrick Geran, O. S. F. 100—At Lotapark, near Cork, the lady of Jas. Roche, esq.—Kingsmill Pennelather, esq. of Newpark, High Sheriff of Tipperary—At Spearvale, Cavan, Wm. Spear, esq. 81—Catherine Jane Ponsonby, only daughter of C. B. Barker, esq. of Killooly Abbey, Tipperary.—In Gardiner's place, Mrs. Browne, relict of Nicholas Browne, esq.—George Burleigh, esq. 20—Walter Nevill Byrne, esq. one of the principal officers of his Majesty's Excise—At Emevale, near Arklow, Colonel Christmas—At Mount Nugent, Cavan, James Henry Cottingham, esq. barrister at law—Henry White, esq. of Emagrove, Cork, 86—The lady of John Nagle, esq. of Rockvale, Cork—Corvell, Kerry, James Hilliard, esq. of Killonecrim—At Harristown, Queen's County, George Steel, esq.—In Clonmel, Mrs. May, relict of the late Rev. Thomas May.—At Clara, King's County, John Finucane, esq.—Henry Bunbury, esq. of Buzbury Lodge, Carlow.—At Bay View, near Tralee, James Connor, esq.—At the Cove of Cork, Joseph O'Brien, esq. lieutenant in the Royal Navy.—At Camas, Limerick, Miss Ann Gubbins, second daughter of the late William Gubbins, esq. Lieut.-Gen. Barton, 59, thirty-nine of which he served in the 2d Life Guards—At Santa Martha, Mr. A. Morron, eldest son of Mr. J. Morron formerly of Ormond's quay, Dublin—At Ievers-town, Clare, Mary, youngest daughter of Wm. Ievers, esq.—In Limerick, Mrs. Connell, wife of John Connell, esq.—At Downing, near Kilworth, of an unexpected attack of apoplexy, J. Hendley, esq.—At Castle Mary, Cork, Col. Mountford Longfield, Member for the city of Cork in many successive Parliaments.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

WE have again to apologize to numerous Correspondents for the non-insertion of their favours; in consequence, however, of various new arrangements, we shall presently be enabled amply to gratify both their wishes and our own.

We feel grateful for the hints of our several friends, of which we shall most certainly avail ourselves as far as possible.

Our Commercial Report will hereafter be considerably enlarged.

We have occasion to repeat, that Theological Disquisitions are not admissible.

ERRATA.

Page 215 Col. 2, Line 19, For partly, read *poultry*.

216 „ 1, „ last but 1, after the word things, read, *that the capitalist*.

218 „ 1, „ 32, for ewes, read *cows*.

328 „ 1, „ 18, from bottom, for wet, read *met*.

„ „ 2, „ 15, from bottom, for first, read *post*.

329 „ 2, „ 15, after evaporate, add, *it*.

444 „ 2, „ 25, for painted besides his other studies, read *exhibited* besides
his *unexhibited* studies.

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